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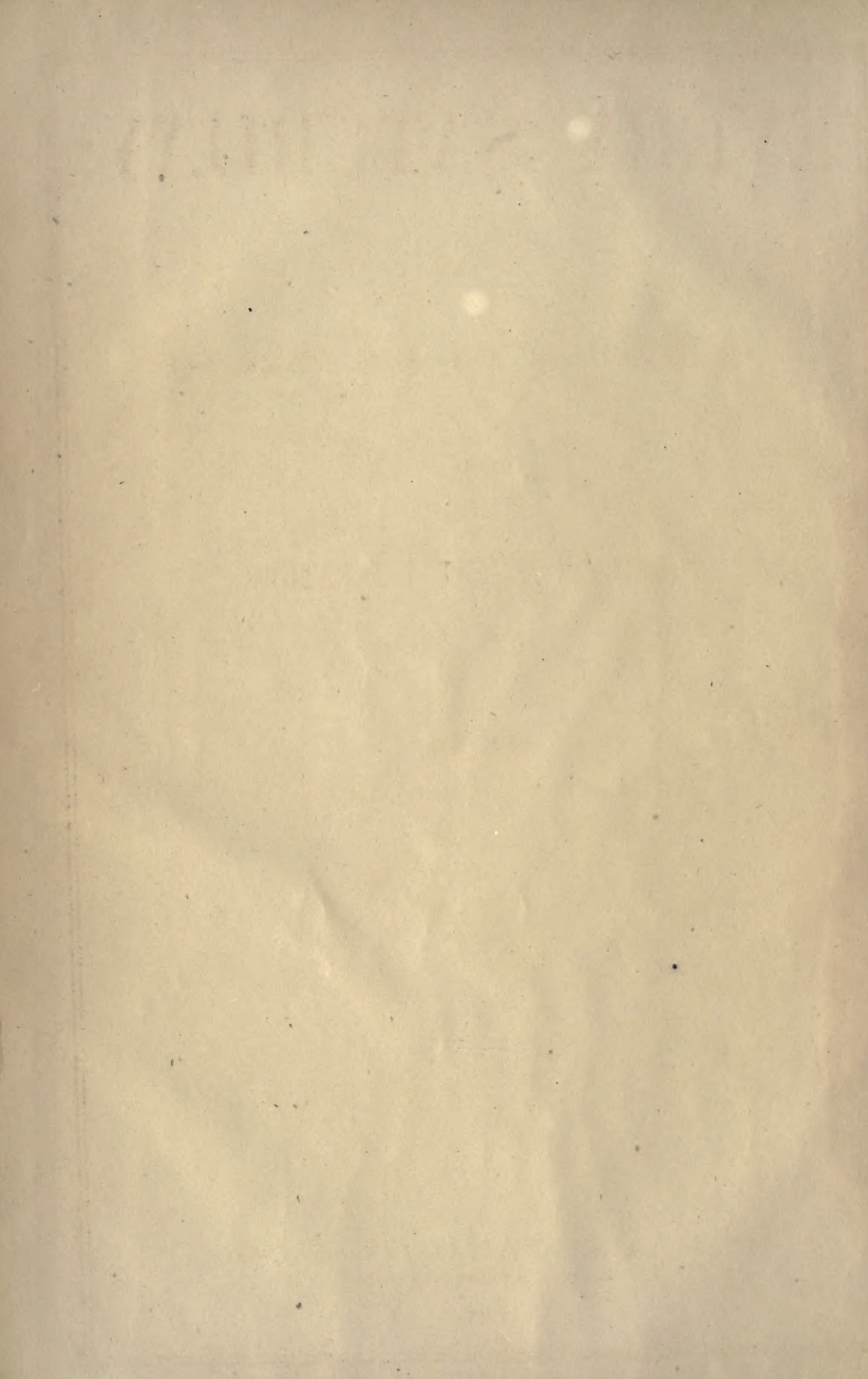
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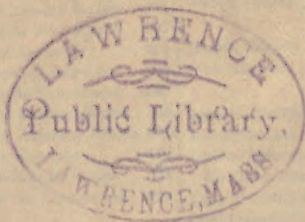
JOURNAL OF CHOICE READING

SELECTED FROM

FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1869.



BOSTON:  
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

1869.



EVERY SATURDAY:

JOURNAL OF THE

Reg. No. 17,078  
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CAMBRIDGE.

WILLIAM DEODOR & CO.  
BOSTON



# CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

	PAGE		PAGE
A Year's Work . . . . .	<i>Tinsley's Magazine</i> . 32	Feminine Amenities . . . . .	<i>The Saturday Review</i> 29
A Letter . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> . . 64	Four Sighs, The . . . . .	<i>The London</i> . . . 212
A Game of Chaff . . . . .	<i>Once a Week</i> . . 77	Four Sonnets, by Jean Ingelow . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> . . . 416
A Hidden Witness . . . . .	<i>All the Year Round</i> . 80	Forty Shillings and Costs . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> . 505
A Pipe of Tobacco . . . . .	<i>London Society</i> . . 96	French Courts of Justice . . . . .	<i>All the Year Round</i> . 781
A Visit to Vesuvius . . . . .	<i>Allgemeine Zeitung</i> . 99	Foreign Notes . . . . .	<i>Our Exchanges</i> 30, 63, 94, 125, 159, 191, 222, 254, 287, 320, 351, 383, 415, 447, 479, 509, 541, 574, 607, 638, 670, 701, 734, 767, 799, 827
A Chapter on Horseshoes . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> . 219		
A Modern Frankenstein . . . . .	<i>All the Year Round</i> . 225		
Aurelius, Marcus, and the Talmud, by E. H. Plumtre . . . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> 236	Grim Females . . . . .	<i>The Saturday Review</i> 88
A Woman's Club . . . . .	<i>The London Review</i> . 241	Gladstone, William Ewart . . . . .	<i>London Society</i> . . . 243
A Modern Alphabet Inventor . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> . 253	Goose-Pie and Argument . . . . .	<i>The London</i> . . . . 343
A Paper about Parrots . . . . .	<i>The Leisure Hour</i> . 406	Girls of the Period in Council, The . . . . .	<i>Girls of the Period</i> <i>Miscellany</i> . . . . 458
A Whist Reminiscence . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Mag.</i> . 431	Griffith Gaunt . . . . .	<i>London Telegraph</i> . 477
A Night among Wild Fowl . . . . .	<i>London Society</i> . . 492	Gunpowder, White . . . . .	<i>Belgravia</i> . . . . . 538
Ambigu . . . . .	<i>London Society</i> . . 511	Gyp . . . . .	<i>Cassell's Magazine</i> . 672
Athletics . . . . .	<i>The Saturday Review</i> 535		
April . . . . .	<i>London Society</i> . . 544	Hawthorne and Brookfarm, Concerning . . . . .	<i>M. D. Conway</i> . . . 13
All Fool's Day, by Charles Dickens, Jr. . . . .	<i>Gentleman's Mag.</i> . 558	Humorists and Satirists, American . . . . .	<i>Cassell's Magazine</i> . 20
A New Method of Making Bread . . . . .	<i>Annalen der Chemie und Pharmacie</i> . . 618	Housekeeping, English and American . . . . .	<i>Tinsley's Magazine</i> . 107
A Very Singular Story . . . . .	<i>London Society</i> . . 658	"Handsome Is that Handsome Does" . . . . .	<i>The London</i> . . . . 163
A Page of Autobiography, by Charles Lever . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Mag.</i> . 694	Hugo, Victor, at Home . . . . .	<i>Once a Week</i> . . . 165
A Burial at Machærus . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> . . . 703	Hippolytus to Artemis . . . . .	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> . 192
A Savage Beauty . . . . .	<i>St. Paul's</i> . . . . 721	How to sing an English Ballad . . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Philp</i> . . 210
An Optical Delusion . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> . 757	Hugo, Victor, More about . . . . .	<i>Once a Week</i> . . . 217
		Horology . . . . .	<i>All the Year Round</i> . 625
Beginning and End, by Paul Heyse . . . . .	<i>Translation</i> . . . 111, 149	He Knew he was Right, by Anthony Trollope . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> 1, 33, 65, 257, 289, 321, 353, 385, 417, 479, 481, 513, 545, 577, 609, 641, 673
Beaumarchais, The Fifteen Louis d'or of . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Mag.</i> 129, 181	Hetty, by Henry Kingsley . . . . .	<i>Once a Week</i> . . . 381, 409, 438, 465, 498, 527, 560, 589, 621, 653, 745
Bonbons . . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> . 220	Inscrutable People, by Charles Lever . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Mag.</i> . 732
Blue and White . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> . 224	International Copyright between Great Britain and America . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Mag.</i> . 742
Butter chemically considered . . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> . 637	Italy of To-Day, The, by Edward Dicey . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Mag.</i> . 788
Betel-Nut Chewing . . . . .	<i>The Leisure Hour</i> . 741	Jomini, General . . . . .	<i>The Saturday Review</i> 565
Bull-Fight, Mr Lufkin at a . . . . .	<i>All the Year Round</i> . 750	Jack Haviland . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> . 775
		Luck in Families . . . . .	<i>London Society</i> . . . 116
Charlotte Morel, by Julia Kavanagh . . . . .	<i>The Argosy</i> . . . . 26, 58	Lowell's Poems . . . . .	<i>The Saturday Review</i> 135
Christingles . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Mag.</i> . 127	London Theatres and London Actors in the Olden Time . . . . .	<i>Belgravia</i> . . . . . 145
Conjugal Tiffs . . . . .	<i>The London Review</i> . 189	Lady Margaret's Valentine . . . . .	<i>London Society</i> . . . 228
Caricature History . . . . .	<i>All the Year Round</i> . 205	Lord Campbell's Folly . . . . .	<i>The Athenæum</i> . . . 307
Cast away in the Cold . . . . .	<i>The Spectator</i> . . . 281	Lamartine . . . . .	<i>The Saturday Review</i> 436
Chirping Crickets, by Miss Thackeray . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> . 339	Like a Laverock in the Lift, by Jean Ingelow . . . . .	<i>Advance Sheets</i> . . 702
Chinese from Home, The . . . . .	<i>All the Year Round</i> . 460	Leith Pilot's Song, The . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> . . . . 736
Children . . . . .	<i>The London Review</i> . 504	Late for the Train . . . . .	<i>Blackwood's Mag.</i> . 815
Charming Women . . . . .	<i>The Saturday Review</i> 507		
City of the Simple, The . . . . .	<i>The Spectator</i> . . . 572	Man with Two Memories, The . . . . .	<i>The Spectator</i> . . . 170
Confucius . . . . .	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> . 628	Mature Sirens . . . . .	<i>The Saturday Review</i> 179
Chops . . . . .	<i>All the Year Round</i> . 719	Martineau, Harriet . . . . .	<i>The Examiner</i> . . . 251
Courtyard of the Ours D'Or, The, by Miss Thackeray . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> . 801	Modern Venetian Glass and Enamel Mosaics . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> . 601
Dies Ire . . . . .	<i>Macmillan's Mag.</i> . 32	Mid-day in Summer . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> . 672
Diary of Prince Salm-Salm . . . . .	<i>London Times</i> . . . 136	Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> . . . . 687
Difficulty, Mr. John Stott's . . . . .	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> . 567	Miss Dundas . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> . . . . 728
Dovecots . . . . .	<i>The Saturday Review</i> 605		
English Stage, Some Thoughts on the, by Tom Taylor . . . . .	<i>Under the Crown</i> . . 193		
European Emigration and American Progress . . . . .	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> . 252		
Easter Egg, The . . . . .	<i>Easter Annual</i> . . . 509		
Etching, The Philosophy of, by P. G. Hamerton . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> . 696		







# EVERY SATURDAY:

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VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1869.

[No. 157.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. BROOKE BURGESS.

THE hour at which Mr. Brooke Burgess was to arrive had come round, and Miss Stanbury was in a twitter, partly of expectation, and partly, it must be confessed, of fear. Why there should be any fear she did not herself know, as she had much to give and nothing to expect. But she was afraid, and was conscious of it, and was out of temper because she was ashamed of herself. Although it would be necessary that she should again dress for dinner at six, she had put on a clean cap at four, and appeared at that early hour in one of her gowns which was not customarily in use for home purposes at that early hour. She felt that she was "an old fool" for her pains, and was consequently cross to poor Dorothy. And there were other reasons for some display of harshness to her niece. Mr. Gibson had been at the house that very morning, and Dorothy had given herself airs. At least, so Miss Stanbury thought. And during the last three or four days, whenever Mr. Gibson's name had been mentioned, Dorothy had become silent, glum, and almost obstructive. Miss Stanbury had been at the trouble of explaining that she was specially anxious to have that little matter of the engagement settled at once. She knew that she was going to behave with great generosity; that she was going to sacrifice, not her money only, of which she did not think much, but a considerable portion of her authority, of which she did think a great deal; and that she was about to behave in a manner which demanded much gratitude. But it seemed to her that Dorothy was not in the least grateful. Hugh had proved himself to be "a mass of ingratitude," as she was in the habit of saying. None of the Burgesses had ever shown to her any gratitude for promises made to them, or, indeed, for any substantial favors conferred upon them. And now Dorothy, to whom a very seventh heaven of happiness had been opened, — a seventh heaven, as it must be computed in comparison with her low expectations, — now Dorothy was already

showing how thankless she could become. Mr. Gibson had not yet declared his passion, but he had freely admitted to Miss Stanbury that he was prepared to do so. Priscilla had been quite right in her suggestion, that there was a clear understanding between the clergyman and her aunt.

"I don't think he is come, after all," said Miss Stanbury, looking at her watch. Had the train arrived at the moment that it was due, had the expectant visitor jumped out of the railway carriage into a fly, and had the driver galloped up to the Close, it might have been possible that the wheels should have been at the door as Miss Stanbury spoke.

"It's hardly time yet, aunt."

"Nonsense! it is time. The train comes in at four. I dare say he won't come at all."

"He is sure to come, aunt."

"I've no doubt you know all about it better than any one else. You usually do." Then five minutes were passed in silence. "Heaven and earth! what shall I do with these people that are coming? And I told them especially that it was to meet this young man! It's the way I am always treated by everybody that I have about me."

"The train might be ten minutes late, Aunt Stanbury."

"Yes, and monkeys might chew tobacco. There! there's the omnibus at the Cork and Bottle; the omnibus up from the train. Now, of course he won't come."

"Perhaps he's walking, Aunt Stanbury."

"Walking, — with his luggage on his shoulders! Is that your idea of the way in which a London gentleman goes about? And there are two flies, — coming up from the train, of course." Miss Stanbury was obliged to fix the side of her chair very close to the window, in order that she might see that part of the Close in which the vehicles of which she had spoken were able to pass.

"Perhaps they are not coming from the train, Aunt Stanbury."

"Perhaps a fiddlestick! You have lived here so much longer than I have done that, of course, you

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must know all about it." Then there was an interval of another ten minutes, and even Dorothy was beginning to think that Mr. Burgess was not coming. "I've given him up now," said Miss Stanbury. "I think I'll send and put them all off." Just at that moment there came a knock at the door. But there was no cab. Dorothy's conjecture had been right. The London gentleman had walked, and his portmanteau had been carried behind him by a boy. "How did he get here?" exclaimed Miss Stanbury, as she heard the strange voice speaking to Martha down stairs. But Dorothy knew better than to answer the question.

"Miss Stanbury, I am very glad to see you," said Mr. Brooke Burgess, as he entered the room. Miss Stanbury courtesied, and then took him by both hands. "You wouldn't have known me, I dare say," he continued. "A black beard and a bald head do make a difference."

"You are not bald at all," said Miss Stanbury.

"I am beginning to be thin enough at the top. I am so glad to come to you, and so much obliged to you for having me! How well I remember the old room!"

"This is my niece, Miss Dorothy Stanbury, from Nuncombe Putney." Dorothy was about to make some formal acknowledgment of the introduction, when Brooke Burgess came up to her, and shook her hand heartily. "She lives with me," continued the aunt.

"And what has become of Hugh?" said Brooke.

"We never talk of him," said Miss Stanbury, gravely.

"I hope there's nothing wrong? I hear of him very often in London."

"My aunt and he don't agree,—that's all," said Dorothy.

"He has given up his profession as a barrister,—in which he might have lived like a gentleman," said Miss Stanbury, "and has taken to writing for a penny newspaper."

"Everybody does that now, Miss Stanbury."

"I hope you don't, Mr. Burgess."

"I! Nobody would print anything that I wrote. I don't write for anything, certainly."

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Miss Stanbury.

Brooke Burgess, or Mr. Brooke, as he came to be called very shortly by the servants in the house, was a good-looking man, with black whiskers and black hair, which, as he said, was beginning to be thin on the top of his head, and pleasant small bright eyes. Dorothy thought that next to her brother Hugh he was the most good-natured looking man she had ever seen. He was rather below the middle height, and somewhat inclined to be stout. But he would boast that he could still walk his twelve miles in three hours, and would add that as long as he could do that he would never recognize the necessity of putting himself on short commons. He had a well-cut nose, not quite aquiline, but tending that way, a chin with a dimple on it, and as sweet a mouth as ever declared the excellence of a man's temper. Dorothy immediately began to compare him with her brother Hugh, who was to her, of all men, the most godlike. It never occurred to her to make any comparison between Mr. Gibson and Mr. Burgess. Her brother Hugh was the most godlike of men; but there was something godlike also about the new comer. Mr. Gibson, to Dorothy's eyes, was by no means divine.

"I used to call you Aunt Stanbury," said Brooke

Burgess to the old lady. "Am I to go on doing it now?"

"You may call me what you like," said Miss Stanbury. "Only—dear me!—I never did see anybody so much altered." Before she went up to dress herself for dinner, Miss Stanbury was quite restored to her good-humor, as Dorothy could perceive.

The dinner passed off well enough. Mr. Gibson, at the head of the table, did, indeed, look very much out of his element, as though he conceived that his position revealed to the outer world those ideas of his in regard to Dorothy which ought to have been secret for a while longer. There are few men who do not feel ashamed of being paraded before the world as acknowledged suitors, whereas ladies accept the position with something almost of triumph. The lady, perhaps, regards herself as the successful angler, whereas the gentleman is conscious of some similitude to the unsuccessful fish. Mr. Gibson, though he was not yet gasping in the basket, had some presentiment of this feeling, which made his present seat of honor unpleasant to him. Brooke Burgess, at the other end of the table, was as gay as a lark. Mrs. MacHugh sat on one side of him, and Miss Stanbury on the other, and he laughed at the two old ladies, reminding them of his former doings in Exeter,—how he had hunted Mrs. MacHugh's cat, and had stolen Aunt Stanbury's best apricot jam, till everybody began to perceive that he was quite a success. Even Sir Peter Mancudy laughed at his jokes, and Mrs. Powel, from the other side of Sir Peter, stretched her head forward so that she might become one of the gay party.

"There is n't a word of it true," said Miss Stanbury. "It's all pure invention, and a great scandal. I never did such a thing in my life."

"Did n't you though?" said Brooke Burgess.

"I remember it as well as if it were yesterday, and old Dr. Ball, the prebendary, with the carbuncles on his nose, saw it, too!"

"Dr. Ball had no carbuncles on his nose," said Mrs. MacHugh. "You'll say next that I have carbuncles on my nose."

"He had three. I remember each of them quite well, and so does Sir Peter."

Then everybody laughed; and Martha, who was in the room, knew that Brooke Burgess was a complete success.

In the mean time Mr. Gibson was talking to Dorothy; but Dorothy was endeavoring to listen to the conversation at the other end of the table. "I found it very dirty on the roads to-day outside the city," said Mr. Gibson.

"Very dirty," said Dorothy, looking round at Mr. Burgess as she spoke.

"But the pavement in the High Street was dry enough."

"Quite dry," said Dorothy. Then there came a peal of laughter from Mrs. MacHugh and Sir Peter, and Dorothy wondered whether anybody before had ever made those two steady old people laugh after that fashion.

"I should so like to get a drive with you up to the top of Haldon Hill," said Mr. Gibson. "When the weather gets fine, that is. Mrs. Powel was talking about it."

"It would be very nice," said Dorothy.

"You have never seen the view from Haldon Hill yet?" asked Mr. Gibson. But to this question Dorothy could make no answer. Miss Stanbury had lifted one of the table-spoons as though she was going to strike Mr. Brooke Burgess with the bowl of



it,—and during a dinner-party! From this moment Dorothy turned herself round, and became one of the listeners to the fun at the other end of the table. Poor Mr. Gibson soon found himself “nowhere.”

“I never saw a man so much altered in my life,” said Mrs. MacHugh, up in the drawing-room. “I don’t remember that he used to be clever.”

“He was a bright boy!” said Miss Stanbury.

“But the Burgesses all used to be such serious, straight-laced people,” said Mrs. MacHugh. “Excellent people,” she added, remembering the source of her friend’s wealth, “but none of them like that.”

“I call him a very handsome man,” said Mrs. Powel. “I suppose he’s not married yet?”

“O dear, no!” said Miss Stanbury. “There’s time enough for him yet.”

“He’ll find plenty here to set their caps at him,” said Mrs. MacHugh.

“He’s a little old for my girls,” said Mrs. Powel, laughing. Mrs. Powel was the happy mother of four daughters, of whom the eldest was only twelve.

“There are others who are more forward,” said Mrs. MacHugh. “What a chance it would be for dear Arabella French!”

“Heaven forbid!” said Miss Stanbury.

“And then poor Mr. Gibson would n’t any longer be like the donkey between two bundles of hay,” said Mrs. Powel. Dorothy was quite determined that she would never marry a man who was like a donkey between two bundles of hay.

When the gentlemen came up into the drawing-room Dorothy was seated behind the urn and tea-things at a large table, in such a position as to be approached only at one side. There was one chair at her left hand, but at her right hand there was no room for a seat,—only room for some civil gentleman to take away full cups and bring them back empty. Dorothy was not sufficiently ready-witted to see the danger of this position till Mr. Gibson had seated himself in the chair. Then it did seem cruel to her that she should be thus besieged for the rest of the evening as she had been also at dinner. While the tea was being consumed, Mr. Gibson assisted at the service, asking ladies whether they would have cake or bread and butter; but when all that was over, Dorothy was still in her prison and Mr. Gibson was still the jailer at the gate. She soon perceived that everybody else was chatting and laughing, and that Brooke Burgess was the centre of a little circle which had formed itself quite at a distance from her seat. Once, twice, thrice she meditated an escape; but she had not the courage to make the attempt. She did not know how to manage it. She was conscious that her aunt’s eye was upon her, and that her aunt would expect her to listen to Mr. Gibson. At last she gave up all hope of moving, and was anxious simply that Mr. Gibson should confine himself to the dirt of the paths and the noble prospect from Haldon Hill.

“I think we shall have more rain before we have done with it,” he said. Twice before during the evening he had been very eloquent about the rain.

“I dare say we shall,” said Dorothy. And then there came the sound of loud laughter from Sir Peter, and Dorothy could see that he was poking Brooke Burgess in the ribs. There had never been anything so gay before since she had been in Exeter, and now she was hemmed up in that corner, away from it all, by Mr. Gibson!

“This Mr. Burgess seems to be different from the other Burgesses,” said Mr. Gibson.

“I think he must be very clever,” said Dorothy.

“Well,—yes; in a sort of a way. What people call a Merry Andrew.”

“I like people who make me laugh and laugh themselves,” said Dorothy.

“I quite agree with you that laughter is a very good thing—in its place. I am not at all one of those who would make the world altogether grave. There are serious things, and there must be serious moments.”

“Of course,” said Dorothy.

“And I think that serious conversation upon the whole has more allurements than conversation which, when you come to examine it, is found to mean nothing. Don’t you?”

“I suppose everybody should mean something when he talks.”

“Just so. That is exactly my idea,” said Mr. Gibson. “On all such subjects as that I should be so sorry if you and I did not agree. I really should.” Then he paused, and Dorothy was so confounded by what she conceived to be the dangers of the coming moment that she was unable even to think what she ought to say. She heard Mrs. MacHugh’s clear, sharp, merry voice, and she heard her aunt’s tone of pretended anger, and she heard Sir Peter’s continued laughter, and Brooke Burgess as he continued the telling of some story; but her own trouble was too great to allow of her attending to what was going on at the other end of the room. “There is nothing as to which I am so anxious as that you and I should agree about serious things,” said Mr. Gibson.

“I suppose we do agree about going to church,” said Dorothy. She knew that she could have made no speech more stupid, more senseless, more inefficacious; but what was she to say in answer to such an assurance?

“I hope so,” said Mr. Gibson; “and I think so. Your aunt is a most excellent woman, and her opinion has very great weight with me on all subjects,—even to the matters of church discipline and doctrine, in which, as a clergyman, I am of course presumed to be more at home. But your aunt is a woman among a thousand.”

“Of course I think she is very good.”

“And she is so right about this young man and her property. Don’t you think so?”

“Quite right, Mr. Gibson.”

“Because, you know, to you, of course, being her near relative, and the one she has singled out as the recipient of her kindness, it might have been cause for some discontent.”

“Discontent to me, Mr. Gibson!”

“I am quite sure your feelings are what they ought to be. And for myself, if I ever were—that is to say, supposing I could be in anyway interested—. But perhaps it is premature to make any suggestion on that head at present.”

“I don’t at all understand what you mean, Mr. Gibson.”

“I thought that perhaps I might take this opportunity of expressing—. But, after all, the levity of the moment is hardly in accordance with the sentiments which I should wish to express.”

“I think that I ought to go to my aunt now, Mr. Gibson, as perhaps she might want something.” Then she did push back her chair and stand upon her legs,—and Mr. Gibson, after pausing for a moment, allowed her to escape. Soon after that



the visitors went, and Brooke Burgess was left in the drawing-room with Miss Stanbury and Dorothy.

"How well I recollect all the people!" said Brooke; "Sir Peter, and old Mrs. MacHugh; and Mrs. Powel, who then used to be called the beautiful Miss Noel. And I remember every bit of furniture in the room."

"Nothing changed except the old woman, Brooke," said Miss Stanbury.

"Upon my word, you are the least changed of all,—except that you don't seem to be so terrible as you were then."

"Was I very terrible, Brooke?"

"My mother had told me, I fancy, that I was never to make a noise, and be sure not to break any of the china. You were always very good-natured, and when you gave me a silver watch I could hardly believe the extent of my own bliss."

"You would n't care about a watch from an old woman now, Brooke?"

"You try me. But what rakes you are here! It's past eleven o'clock, and I must go and have a smoke."

"Have a what?" said Miss Stanbury, with a startled air.

"A smoke. You need n't be frightened, I don't mean in the house."

"No,—I hope you don't mean that."

"But I may take a turn round the Close with a pipe,—may n't I?"

"I suppose all young men do smoke now," said Miss Stanbury, sorrowfully.

"Every one of them; and they tell me that the young women mean to take to it before long."

"If I saw a young woman smoking, I should blush for my sex; and, though she were the nearest and dearest that I had, I would never speak to her—never. Dorothy, I don't think Mr. Gibson smokes."

"I'm sure I don't know, aunt."

"I hope he does n't. I do hope that he does not. I cannot understand what pleasure it is that men take in making chimneys of themselves, and going about smelling so that no one can bear to come near them."

Brooke merely laughed at this, and went his way, and smoked his pipe out in the Close, while Martha sat up to let him in when he had finished it. Then Dorothy escaped at once to her room, fearful of being questioned by her aunt about Mr. Gibson. She had, she thought now, quite made up her mind. There was nothing in Mr. Gibson that she liked. She was by no means so sure as she had been, when she was talking to her sister, that she would prefer a clergyman to any one else. She had formed no strong ideas on the subject of love-making, but she did think that any man who really cared for her would find some other way of expressing his love than that which Mr. Gibson had adopted. And then Mr. Gibson had spoken to her about her aunt's money in a way that was distasteful to her. She thought that she was quite sure that, if he should ask her, she would not accept him.

She was nearly undressed, nearly safe for the night, when there came a knock at the door, and her aunt entered the room. "He has come in," said Miss Stanbury.

"I suppose he has had his pipe, then."

"I wish he did n't smoke. I do wish he did n't smoke. But I suppose an old woman like me is only making herself a fool to care about such things. If they all do it I can't prevent them. He seems to

be a very nice young man—in other things; does he not, Dolly?"

"Very nice indeed, Aunt Stanbury."

"And he has done very well in his office. And as for his saying that he must smoke, I like that a great deal better than doing it on the sly."

"I don't think Mr. Burgess would do anything on the sly, aunt."

"No, no, I don't think he would. Dear me! he's not at all like what I fancied."

"Everybody seemed to like him very much."

"Did n't they? I never saw Sir Peter so much taken. And there was quite a flirtation between him and Mrs. MacHugh. And now, my dear, tell me about Mr. Gibson."

"There is nothing to tell, Aunt Stanbury."

"Is n't there? From what I saw going on, I thought there would be something to tell. He was talking to you the whole evening."

"As it happened, he was sitting next to me,—of course."

"Indeed he was sitting next to you; so much so that I thought everything would be settled."

"If I tell you something, Aunt Stanbury, you must n't be angry with me."

"Tell me what? What is it you have to tell me?"

"I don't think I shall ever care for Mr. Gibson; not in that way."

"Why not, Dorothy?"

"I'm sure he does n't care for me. And I don't think he means it."

"I tell you he does mean it. Mean it! Why, I tell you it has all been settled between us. Since I first spoke to you I have explained to him exactly what I intend to do. He knows that he can give up his house and come and live here. I am sure he must have said something about it to you to-night."

"Not a word, Aunt Stanbury."

"Then he will."

"Dear aunt, I do so wish you would prevent it. I don't like him; I don't indeed."

"Not like him!"

"No, I don't care for him a bit, and I never shall. I can't help it, Aunt Stanbury. I thought I would try, but I find it would be impossible. You can't want me to marry a man if I don't love him."

"I never heard of such a thing in my life. Not love him! And why should n't you love him? He's a gentleman. Everybody respects him. He'll have plenty to make you comfortable all your life! And then, why did n't you tell me before?"

"I did n't know, Aunt Stanbury. I thought that perhaps—"

"Perhaps what?"

"I could not say all at once that I did n't care for him, when I had never so much as thought about it for a moment before."

"You have n't told him this?"

"No, I have not told him. I could n't begin by telling him, you know."

"Then I must pray that you will think about it again. Have you imagined what a great thing for you it would be to be established for life, so that you should never have any more trouble again about a home, or about money, or anything? Don't answer me now, Dorothy, but think of it. It seemed to me that I was doing such an excellent thing for both of you." So saying Miss Stanbury left the room, and Dorothy was enabled to obey her, at any rate, in one matter. She did think of it. She laid awake



thinking of it almost all the night. But the more she thought of it, the less able was she to realize to herself any future comfort or happiness in the idea of becoming Mrs. Gibson.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE FULL MOON AT ST. DIDDULPHS.

The receipt of Mrs. Trevelyan's letter on that Monday morning was a great surprise both to Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse. There was no time for any consideration, no opportunity for delaying their arrival till they should have again referred the matter to Mr. Trevelyan. Their two nieces were to be with them on that evening, and even the telegraph wires, if employed with such purpose, would not be quick enough to stop their coming. The party, as they knew, would have left Nuncombe Putney before the arrival of the letter at the parsonage of St. Diddulphs. There would have been nothing in this to have caused vexation, had it not been decided between Trevelyan and Mr. Outhouse that Mrs. Trevelyan was not to find a home at the parsonage. Mr. Outhouse was greatly afraid of being so entangled in the matter as to be driven to take the part of the wife against the husband; and Mrs. Outhouse, though she was full of indignation against Trevelyan, was at the same time not free from anger in regard to her own niece. She more than once repeated that most unjust of all proverbs, which declares that there is never smoke without fire, and asserted broadly that she did not like to be with people who could not live at home, husbands with wives, and wives with husbands, in a decent, respectable manner. Nevertheless the preparations went on busily, and when the party arrived at seven o'clock in the evening, two rooms had been prepared close to each other, one for the two sisters, and the other for the child and nurse, although poor Mr. Outhouse himself was turned out of his own little chamber in order that the accommodation might be given. They were all very hot, very tired, and very dusty when the cab reached the parsonage. There had been the preliminary drive from Nuncombe Putney to Lissboro'. Then the railway journey from thence to the Waterloo Bridge station had been long. And it seemed to them that the distance from the station to St. Diddulphs had been endless. When the cabman was told whither he was to go, he looked doubtingly at his poor old horse, and then at the luggage which he was required to pack on the top of his cab, and laid himself out for his work with a full understanding that it would not be accomplished without considerable difficulty. The cabman made it twelve miles from Waterloo Bridge to St. Diddulphs, and suggested that extra passengers and parcels would make the fare up to ten and six. Had he named double as much Mrs. Trevelyan would have assented. So great was the fatigue, and so wretched the occasion, that there was sobbing and crying in the cab, and when at last the parsonage was reached, even the nurse was hardly able to turn her hand to anything. The poor wanderers were made welcome on that evening without a word of discussion as to the cause of their coming. "I hope you are not angry with us, Uncle Oliphant," Emily Trevelyan had said, with tears in her eyes. "Angry with you, my dear,—for coming to our house! How could I be angry with you?" Then the travellers were hur-

ried up stairs by Mrs. Outhouse, and the master of the parsonage was left alone for a while. He certainly was not angry, but he was ill at ease and unhappy. His guests would probably remain with him for six or seven months. He had resolutely refused all payment from Mr. Trevelyan, but, nevertheless, he was a poor man. It is impossible to conceive that a clergyman in such a parish as St. Diddulphs, without a private income, should not be a poor man. It was but a hand-to-mouth existence which he lived, paying his way as his money came to him, and sharing the proceeds of his parish with the poor. He was always more or less in debt. That was quite understood among the tradesmen. And the butcher who trusted him, though he was a bad churchman, did not look upon the parson's account as he did on other debts. He would often hint to Mr. Outhouse that a little money ought to be paid, and then a little money would be paid. But it was never expected that the parsonage bill should be settled. In such a household the arrival of four guests, who were expected to remain for an almost indefinite number of months, could not be regarded without dismay. On that first evening, Emily and Nora did come down to tea, but they went up again to their rooms almost immediately afterwards; and Mr. Outhouse found that many hours of solitary meditation were allowed to him on the occasion. "I suppose your brother has been told all about it," he said to his wife, as soon as they were together on that evening.

"Yes, he has been told. She did not write to her mother till after she had got to Nuncombe Putney. She did not like to speak about her troubles while there was a hope that things might be made smooth."

"You can't blame her for that, my dear."

"But there was a month lost, or nearly. Letters go only once a month. And now they can't hear from Marmaduke or Bessey"—Lady Rowley's name was Bessey—"till the beginning of September."

"That will be in a fortnight."

"But what can my brother say to them? He will suppose that they are still down in Devonshire."

"You don't think he will come at once."

"How can he, my dear? He can't come without leave, and the expense would be ruinous. They would stop his pay, and there would be all manner of evils. He is to come in the spring, and they must stay here till he comes." The parson of St. Diddulphs sighed and groaned. Would it not have been almost better that he should have put his pride in his pocket, and have consented to take Mr. Trevelyan's money?

On the second morning Hugh Stanbury called at the parsonage, and was closeted for a while with the parson. Nora had heard his voice in the passage, and every one in the house knew who it was that was talking to Mr. Outhouse, in the little back parlor that was called a study. Nora was full of anxiety. Would he ask to see them,—to see her? And why was he there so long? "No doubt he has brought a message from Mr. Trevelyan," said her sister. "I dare say he will send word that I ought not to have come, to my uncle's house." Then, at last, both Mr. Outhouse and Hugh Stanbury came into the room in which they were all sitting. The greetings were cold and unsatisfactory, and Nora barely allowed Hugh to touch the tip of her fingers. She was very angry with him, and yet she knew that her anger was altogether unrea-



onable. That he had caused her to refuse a marriage that had so much to attract her was not his sin,—not that; but that, having thus overpowered her by his influence, he should then have stopped. And yet Nora had told herself twenty times that it was quite impossible that she should become Hugh Stanbury's wife; and that, were Hugh Stanbury to ask her, it would become her to be indignant with him for daring to make a proposition so outrageous. And now she was sick at heart because he did not speak to her!

He had, of course, come to St. Diddulphs with a message from Trevelyan, and his secret was soon told to them all. Trevelyan himself was up stairs, in the sanded parlor of the Full Moon public-house, round the corner. Mrs. Trevelyan, when she heard this, clasped her hands and bit her lips. What was he there for? If he wanted to see her, why did he not come boldly to the parsonage? But it soon appeared that he had no desire to see his wife. "I am to take Louey to him," said Hugh Stanbury, "if you will allow me."

"What,—to be taken away from me!" exclaimed the mother. But Hugh assured her that no such idea had been formed; that he would have concerned himself in no such stratagem, and that he would himself undertake to bring the boy again within an hour. Emily was, of course, anxious to be informed what other message was to be conveyed to her; but there was no other message,—no message either of love or of instruction.

"Mr. Stanbury," said the parson, "has left something in my hands for you." This "something" was given over to her as soon as Stanbury had left the house, and consisted of checks for various small sums, amounting in all to £200. "And he has n't said what I am to do with it?" Emily asked of her uncle. Mr. Outhouse declared that the checks had been given to him without any instructions on that head. Mr. Trevelyan had simply expressed his satisfaction that his wife should be with her uncle and aunt, had sent the money, and had desired to see the child.

The boy was got ready, and Hugh walked with him in his arms round the corner to the Full Moon. He had to pass by the bar, and the barmaid and the potboy looked at him very hard. There's a young 'ooman has to do with that 'ere little game," said the potboy. "And its two to one the young 'ooman has the worst of it," said the barmaid. "They mostly does," said the potboy, not without some feeling of pride in the immunities of his sex. "Here he is," said Hugh, as he entered the parlor. "My boy, there's papa." The child at this time was more than a year old, and could crawl about and use his own legs with the assistance of a finger to his little hand, and could utter a sound which the fond mother interpreted to mean papa; for, with all her hot anger against her husband, the mother was above all things anxious that her child should be taught to love his father's name. She would talk of her separation from her husband as though it must be permanent; she would declare to her sister how impossible it was that they should ever again live together; she would repeat to herself over and over the tale of the injustice that had been done to her, assuring herself that it was out of the question that she should ever pardon the man; but yet, at the bottom of her heart, there was a hope that the quarrel should be healed before her boy would be old enough to understand the nature of quarrelling.

Trevelyan took the child on to his knee, and kissed him; but the poor little fellow, startled by his transference from one male set of arms to another, confused by the strangeness of the room, and by the absence of things familiar to his sight, burst out into loud tears. He had stood the journey round the corner in Hugh's arms manfully, and, though he had looked about him with very serious eyes as he passed through the bar, he had borne that and his carriage up the stairs; but when he was transferred to his father, whose air, as he took the boy, was melancholy and lugubrious in the extreme, the poor little fellow could endure no longer a mode of treatment so unusual, and, with a grimace which for a moment or two threatened the coming storm, burst out with an infantile howl. "That's how he has been taught," said Trevelyan.

"Nonsense," said Stanbury. "He's not been taught at all. It's nature."

"Nature, that he should be afraid of his own father! He did not cry when he was with you."

"No; as it happened he did not. I played with him when I was at Nuncombe; but, of course, one can't tell when a child will cry, and when it won't."

"My darling, my dearest, my own son!" said Trevelyan, caressing the child, and trying to comfort him; but the poor little fellow only cried the louder. It was now nearly two months since he had seen his father, and, when age is counted by months only, almost everything may be forgotten in six weeks. "I suppose you must take him back again," said Trevelyan, sadly.

"Of course, I must take him back again. Come along, Louey, my boy."

"It is cruel, very cruel!" said Trevelyan. "No man living could love his child better than I love mine; or, for the matter of fact, his wife. It is very cruel."

"The remedy is in your own hands, Trevelyan," said Stanbury, as he marched off with the boy in his arms.

Trevelyan had now become so accustomed to being told by everybody that he was wrong, and was at the same time so convinced that he was right, that he regarded the perversity of his friends as a part of the persecution to which he was subjected. Even Lady Milborough, who objected to Colonel Osborne quite as strongly as did Trevelyan himself, even she blamed him now, telling him that he had done wrong to separate himself from his wife. Mr. Bideawhile, the old family lawyer, was of the same opinion. Trevelyan had spoken to Mr. Bideawhile as to the expediency of making some lasting arrangement for a permanent maintenance for his wife; but the attorney had told him that nothing of the kind could be held to be lasting. It was clearly the husband's duty to look forward to a reconciliation, and Mr. Bideawhile became quite severe in the tone of rebuke which he assumed. Stanbury treated him almost as though he were a madman. And as for his wife herself, when she wrote to him, she would not even pretend to express any feeling of affection. And yet, as he thought, no man had ever done more for a wife. When Stanbury had gone with the child, he sat waiting for him in the parlor of the public-house, as miserable a man as one could find. He had promised himself something that should be akin to pleasure in seeing his boy; but it had been all disappointment and pain. What was it that they expected him to do? What was it that they desired? His wife had behaved with such indiscretion as almost to have compromised his honor; and



in return for that he was to beg her pardon, confess himself to have done wrong, and allow her to return in triumph! That was the light in which he regarded his own position; but he promised to himself that, let his own misery be what it might, he would never so degrade him. The only person who had been true to him was Bozzle. Let them all look to it. If there were any further intercourse between his wife and Colonel Osborne, he would take the matter into open court, and put her away publicly, let Mr. Bideawhile say what he might. Bozzle should see to that. And as to himself, he would take himself out of England and hide himself abroad. Bozzle should know his address, but he would give it to no one else. Nothing on earth should make him yield to a woman who had ill-treated him, — nothing but confession and promise of amendment on her part. If she would acknowledge and promise, then he would forgive all, and the events of the last four months should never again be mentioned by him. So resolving, he sat and waited till Stanbury should return to him.

When Stanbury got back to the parsonage with the boy he had nothing to do but to take his leave. He would fain have asked permission to come again, could he have invented any reason for doing so. But the child was taken from him at once by its mother, and he was left alone with Mr. Outhouse. Nora Rowley did not even show herself, and he hardly knew how to express sympathy and friendship for the guests at the parsonage, without seeming to be untrue to his friend Trevelyan. "I hope all this may come to an end soon," he said.

"I hope it may, Mr. Stanbury," said the clergyman; "but to tell you the truth, it seems to me that Mr. Trevelyan is so unreasonable a man, so much like a madman indeed, that I hardly know how to look forward to any future happiness for my niece." This was spoken with the utmost severity that Mr. Outhouse could assume.

"And yet no man loves his wife more tenderly."

"Tender love should show itself by tender conduct, Mr. Stanbury. What has he done to his wife? He has blackened her name among all his friends and hers, he has turned her out of his house, he has reviled her, — and then thinks to prove how good he is by sending her money. The only possible excuse is that he must be mad."

Stanbury went back to the Full Moon, and retraced his steps with his friend towards Lincoln's Inn. Two minutes took him from the parsonage to the public-house, but during these two minutes he resolved that he would speak his mind roundly to Trevelyan as they returned home. Trevelyan should either take his wife back again at once, or else he, Stanbury, would have no more to do with him. He said nothing till they had threaded together the maze of streets which led them from the neighborhood of the Church of St. Diddulphs into the straight way of the Commercial Road. Then he began. "Trevelyan," said he, "you are wrong in all this from beginning to end."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. If there was anything in what your wife did to offend you, a soft word from you would have put it all right."

"A soft word! How do you know what soft words I used?"

"A soft word now would do it. You have only to bid her come back to you, and let bygones be bygones, and all would be right. Can't you be man enough to remember that you are a man?"

"Stanbury, I believe you want to quarrel with me."

"I tell you fairly that I think that you are wrong."

"They have talked you over to their side."

"I know nothing about sides. I only know that you are wrong."

"And what would you have me do?"

"Go and travel together for six months." Here my Lady Milborough's receipt again! "Travel together for a year if you will. Then come back and live where you please. People will have forgotten it; or, if they remember it, what matters? No sane person can advise you to go on as you are doing now."

But it was of no avail. Before they had reached the Bank the two friends had quarrelled and had parted. Then Trevelyan felt that there was indeed no one left to him but Bozzle. On the following morning he saw Bozzle, and on the evening of the next day he was in Paris.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

HUGH STANBURY SMOKES ANOTHER PIPE.

Trevelyan was gone, and Bozzle alone knew his address. During the first fortnight of her residence at St. Diddulphs Mrs. Trevelyan received two letters from Lady Milborough, in both of which she was recommended, indeed tenderly implored, to be submissive to her husband. "Anything," said Lady Milborough, "is better than separation." In answer to the second letter Mrs. Trevelyan told the old lady that she had no means by which she could show any submission to her husband, even if she were so minded. Her husband had gone away, she did not know whither, and she had no means by which she could communicate with him. And then came a packet to her from her father and mother, despatched from the Island after the receipt by Lady Rowley of the melancholy tidings of the journey to Nuncombe Putney. Both Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley were full of anger against Trevelyan, and wrote as though the husband could certainly be brought back to a sense of his duty if they only were present. This packet had been at Nuncombe Putney, and contained a sealed note from Sir Marmaduke addressed to Mr. Trevelyan. Lady Rowley explained that it was impossible that they should get to England earlier than in the spring. "I would come myself at once, and leave papa to follow," said Lady Rowley, "only for the children. If I were to bring them, I must take a house for them, and the expense would ruin us. Papa has written to Mr. Trevelyan in a way that he thinks will bring him to reason."

But how was this letter, by which the husband was to be brought to reason, to be put into the husband's hands? Mrs. Trevelyan applied to Mr. Bideawhile and to Lady Milborough, and to Stanbury, for Trevelyan's address; but was told by each of them that nothing was known of his whereabouts. She did not apply to Mr. Bozzle, although Mr. Bozzle was more than once in her neighborhood; but as yet she knew nothing of Mr. Bozzle. The replies from Mr. Bideawhile and from Lady Milborough came by the post; but Hugh Stanbury thought that duty required him to make another journey to St. Diddulphs and carry his own answer with him.

And on this occasion Fortune was either very



kind to him, — or very unkind, Whichever it was, he found himself alone for a few seconds in the parsonage parlor with Nora Rowley. Mr. Outhouse was away at the time. Emily had gone up stairs for the boy; and Mrs. Outhouse, suspecting nothing, had followed her. "Miss Rowley," said he, getting up from his seat, "if you think it will do any good, I will follow Trevelyan till I find him."

"How can you find him? Besides, why should you give up your own business?"

"I would do anything — to serve your sister." This he said with hesitation in his voice, as though he did not dare to speak all that he desired to have spoken.

"I am sure that Emily is very grateful," said Nora; "but she would not wish to give you such trouble as that."

"I would do anything for your sister," he repeated, "for your sake, Miss Rowley." This was the first time that he had ever spoken a word to her in such a strain, and it would be hardly too much to say that her heart was sick for some such expression. But now that it had come, though there was a sweetness about it that was delicious to her, she was absolutely silenced by it. And she was at once not only silent, but stern, rigid, and apparently cold. Stanbury could not but feel, as he looked at her, that he had offended her. "Perhaps I ought not to say as much," said he; "but it is so."

"Mr. Stanbury," said she, "that is nonsense. It is of my sister, not of me, that we are speaking."

Then the door was opened, and Emily came in with her child, followed by her aunt. There was no other opportunity, and perhaps it was well for Nora and for Hugh that there should have been no other. Enough had been said to give her comfort, and more might have led to his discomposure. As to that matter on which he was presumed to have come to St. Diddulphs, he could do nothing. He did not know Trevelyan's address, but did know that Trevelyan had abandoned the chambers in Lincoln's Inn. And then he found himself compelled to confess that he had quarrelled with Trevelyan, and that they had parted in anger on the day of their joint visit to the East. "Everybody who knows him must quarrel with him," said Mrs. Outhouse. Hugh when he took his leave was treated by them all as a friend who had been gained. Mrs. Outhouse was gracious to him. Mrs. Trevelyan whispered a word to him of her own trouble. "If I can hear anything of him, you may be sure that I will let you know," he said. Then it was Nora's turn to bid him adieu. There was nothing to be said. No word could be spoken before others that should be of any avail. But as he took her hand in his he remembered the reticence of her fingers on that former day and thought that he was sure there was a difference.

On this occasion he made his journey back to the end of Chancery Lane on the top of an omnibus; and as he lit his little pipe, disregarding altogether the scrutiny of the public, thoughts passed through his mind similar to those in which he had indulged as he sat smoking on the corner of the churchyard wall at Nuncombe Putney. He declared to himself that he did love this girl; and as it was so, would it not be better, at any rate more manly, that he should tell her so honestly, than go on groping about with half-expressed words when he saw her, thinking of her and yet hardly daring to go near her, bidding himself to forget her although he knew that such forgetting was impossible, hankering after the

sound of her voice and the touch of her hand, and something of the tenderness of returned affection, — and yet regarding her as a prize altogether out of his reach? Why should she be out of his reach? She had no money, and he had not a couple of hundred pounds in the world. But he was earning an income which would give them both shelter and clothes and bread and cheese.

What reader is there, male or female, of such stories as is this, who has not often discussed in his or her own mind the different sides of this question of love and marriage? On either side enough may be said by any arguer to convince at any rate himself. It must be wrong for a man, whose income is both insufficient and precarious also, not only to double his own cares and burdens, but to place the weight of that doubled burden on other shoulders besides his own, — on shoulders that are tender and soft, and ill adapted to the carriage of any crushing weight. And then that doubled burden, — that burden of two mouths to be fed, of two backs to be covered, of two minds to be satisfied, is so apt to double itself again and again. The two so speedily become four and six! And then there is the feeling that that kind of semi-poverty which has in itself something of the pleasantness of independence when it is borne by a man alone entails the miseries of a draggled-tailed and querulous existence when it is imposed on a woman who has in her own home enjoyed the comforts of affluence.

As a man thinks of all this, if he chooses to argue with himself on that side, there is enough in the argument to make him feel that not only as a wise man but as an honest man, he had better let the young lady alone. She is well as she is, and he sees around him so many who have tried the chances of marriage and who are not well! Look at Jones with his wan, worn wife and his five children, — Jones who is not yet thirty, of whom he happens to know that the wretched man cannot look his doctor in the face, and that the doctor is as necessary to the man's house as is the butcher! What heart can Jones have for his work with such a burden as this upon his shoulders? And so the thinker, who argues on that side, resolves that the young lady shall go her own way for him.

But the arguments on the other side are equally cogent, and so much more alluring! And they are used by the same man with reference to the same passion, and are intended by him to put himself right in his conduct in reference to the same dear girl. Only the former line of thoughts occurred to him on a Saturday, when he was ending his week rather gloomily, and this other way of thinking on the same subject has come upon him on a Monday, as he is beginning his week with renewed hope. Does this young girl of his heart love him? And if so, their affection for each other being thus reciprocal, is she not entitled to an expression of her opinion and her wishes on this difficult subject? And if she be willing to run the risk and to encounter the dangers, — to do so on his behalf, because she is willing to share everything with him, — is it becoming in him, a man, to fear what she does not fear? If she be not willing, let her say so. If there be any speaking, he must speak first; but she is entitled, as much as he is, to her own ideas respecting their great outlook into the affairs of the world. And then is it not manifestly God's ordinance that a man should live together with a woman? How poor a creature does the man become who has shirked his duty in this respect, who has done



nothing to keep the world going, who has been willing to ignore all affection so that he might avoid all burdens, and who has put into his own belly every good thing that has come to him, either by the earning of his own hands or from the bounty and industry of others! Of course there is a risk; but what excitement is there in anything in which there is none? So on the Tuesday he speaks his mind to the young lady, and tells her candidly that there will be potatoes for the two of them, — sufficient, as he hopes, of potatoes, but no more. As a matter of course the young lady replies that she, for her part, will be quite content to take the parings for her own eating. Then they rush deliciously into each other's arms and the matter is settled. For, though the convictions arising from the former line of argument may be set aside as often as need be, those reached from the latter are generally conclusive. That such a settlement will always be better for the young gentleman and the young lady concerned than one founded on a sterner prudence is more than one may dare to say; but we do feel sure that that country will be most prosperous in which such leaps in the dark are made with the greatest freedom.

Our friend Hugh, as he sat smoking on the knife-board of the omnibus, determined that he would risk everything. If it were ordained that prudence should prevail, the prudence should be hers. Why should he take upon himself to have prudence enough for two, seeing that she was so very discreet in all her bearings? Then he remembered the touch of her hand, which he still felt upon his palm as he sat handling his pipe, and he told himself that after that he was bound to say a word more. And moreover he confessed to himself that he was compelled by a feeling that mastered him altogether. He could not get through an hour's work without throwing down his pen and thinking of Nora Rowley. It was his destiny to love her, — and there was to his mind a mean, pettifogging secrecy, amounting almost to daily lying, in his thus loving her, and not telling her that he loved her. It might well be that she should rebuke him; but he thought that he could bear that. It might well be that he had altogether mistaken that touch of her hand. After all, it had been the slightest possible motion of no more than one finger. But he would at any rate know the truth. If she would tell him at once that she did not care for him, he thought that he could get over it; but life was not worth having while he lived in this shifty, dubious, and uncomfortable state. So he made up his mind that he would go to St. Diddulphs with his heart in his hand.

In the mean time, Mr. Bozzle had been twice to St. Diddulphs; and now he made a third journey there, two days after Stanbury's visit. Trevelyan, who, in truth, hated the sight of the man, and who suffered agonies in his presence, had, nevertheless, taught himself to believe that he could not live without his assistance. That it should be so was a part of the cruelty of his lot. Who else was there that he could trust? His wife had renewed her intimacy with Colonel Osborne the moment that she had left him. Mrs. Stanbury, who had been represented to him as the most correct of matrons, had at once been false to him and to her trust in allowing Colonel Osborne to enter her house.

Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse, with whom his wife had now located herself, not by his orders, were, of course, his enemies. His old friend, Hugh Stanbury, had gone over to the other side, and had quarrelled with

him purposely, with malice prepense, because he would not submit himself to the caprices of the wife who had injured him. His own lawyer had refused to act for him; and his fast and oldest ally, the very person who had sounded in his ear the earliest warning note against that odious villain, whose daily work it was to destroy the peace of families, — even Lady Milborough had turned against him! Because he would not follow the stupid prescription which she, with pig-headed obstinacy, persisted in giving, — because he would not carry his wife off to Naples, — she was ill-judging and inconsistent enough to tell him that he was wrong! who was then left to him but Bozzle? Bozzle was very disagreeable. Bozzle said things and made suggestions to him which were as bad as pins stuck into his flesh. But Bozzle was true to his employer, and could find out facts. Had it not been for Bozzle, he would have known nothing of the Colonel's journey to Devonshire. Had it not been for Bozzle he would never have heard of the correspondence; and therefore, when he left London, he gave Bozzle a roving commission; and when he went to Paris and from Paris onwards, over the Alps into Italy, he furnished Bozzle with his address. At this time, in the midst of all his misery, it never occurred to him to inquire of himself whether it might be possible that his old friends were right, and that he himself was wrong. From morning to night he sang to himself melancholy silent songs of inward wailing as to the cruelty of his own lot in life; and, in the mean time, he employed Bozzle to find out for him how far that cruelty was carried.

Mr. Bozzle was, of course, convinced that the lady whom he was employed to watch was no better than she ought to be. That is the usual Bozzlian language for broken vows, secrecy, intrigue, dirt, and adultery. It was his business to obtain evidence of her guilt. There was no question to be solved as to her innocence. The Bozzlian mind would have regarded any such suggestion as the product of a green softness, the possession of which would have made him quite unfit for his profession. He was aware that ladies who are no better than they should be are often very clever, — so clever, as to make it necessary that the Bozzles who shall at last confound them should be first-rate Bozzles, Bozzles quite at the top of their profession, — and therefore he went about his work with great industry and much caution. Colonel Osborne was at the present moment in Scotland. Bozzle was sure of that. He was quite in the north of Scotland. Bozzle had examined his map, and had found that Wick, which was the Colonel's post-town, was very far north indeed. He had half a mind to run down to Wick, as he was possessed by a certain honest zeal which made him long to do something hard and laborious; but his experience told him that it was very easy for the Colonel to come up to the neighborhood of St. Diddulphs, whereas the lady could not go down to Wick, unless she were to decide upon throwing herself into her lover's arms, — whereby Bozzle's work would be brought to an end. He therefore confined his immediate operations to St. Diddulphs.

He made acquaintance with one or two important persons in and about Mr. Outhouse's parsonage. He became very familiar with the postman. He arranged terms of intimacy, I am sorry to say, with the housemaid; and, on the third journey, he made an alliance with the potboy at the Full Moon. The potboy remembered well the fact of the child being



brought to "our 'ouse," as he called the Full Moon; and he was enabled to say, that the same "gent as had brought the boy backards and forrards," had since that been at the parsonage. But Bozzle was quite quick enough to perceive that all this had nothing to do with the Colonel. He was led, indeed, to fear that his "governor," as he was in the habit of calling Trevelyan in his half-spoken soliloquies, — that his governor was not as true to him as he was to his governor. What business had that meddling fellow Stanbury at St. Diddulphs? — for Trevelyan had not thought it necessary to tell his satellite that he had quarrelled with his friend. Bozzle was grieved in his mind when he learned that Stanbury's interference was still to be dreaded; and wrote to his governor, rather severely, to that effect; but, when so writing, he was able to give no further information. Facts, in such cases, will not unravel themselves without much patience on the part of the investigators.

[To be continued.]

### STUDIES ON THACKERAY.\*

BY JAMES HANNAY.

#### IV.

#### THACKERAY AS A POET.

OF the mass of criticism which has been bestowed upon the writings of Thackeray, comparatively little has been devoted to his poetry. Nay, there are, probably, readers who will be surprised at my giving him the title of poet at all. But the truth is, that though poetry has never been adequately defined (and, indeed, the very difficulty of doing this makes much of its charm), a definition of it which should exclude Thackeray would be inadequate, and would exclude many men who will be called poets as long as the world lasts. It cannot, of course, be maintained that Thackeray's greatness as a poet was equal to his greatness as a humorist. He was rather a humorist who wrote poetry than a poet endowed with humor; and, in this respect, his affinities were with Hood, Præd, or Peacock; not with Chaucer and Shakespeare, nor, on the other hand, with Keats and Shelley, who had no humor at all. Yet his poetry was as real as any other of his gifts. Poetry was not, as I have said elsewhere, "the predominant mood of his mind, or the intellectual law by which the objects of his thought and observation were arranged and classified. But *inside* his fine sagacious common-sense understanding, there was, so to speak, a pool of poetry, — like the *impluvium* in the hall of a Roman house, which gave an air of coolness and freshness and nature to the solid marble columns and tessellated floor."† It is important to dwell upon this characteristic, because every endowment that a man has, in any marked degree, throws light upon all the rest of his endowments. The fact that a humorist has poetic genius affects the quality of his humor, and is of the greatest importance in helping to distinguish him from humorists of other types. This element in Thackeray, for instance, is one of the things in which he differs from such comic writers as Sydney Smith or Theodore Hook. His ludicrous insight, and his power of expressing the results of his observations, is not less keen than theirs. But there is a reverence, a delicacy, a tenderness, — a power of passing from playfulness to deep, sad feeling, — about Thackeray,

which one does not find in the other two. And these belong to that side of his intellect by which he was related to poets. Here he had a point of superiority even to Fielding, who, though perhaps a greater moralist, and certainly an equal humorist, lacked that finer touch, giving what Wordsworth calls the "true poetic thrill." Smollett, though at first sight seeming to be of coarser fibre than Fielding, had, a wild note of native music about him, recalling the bagpipes of his native hills. In Sterne we have the most exquisite blending of a tenderness essentially poetic, with humor at once thoughtful and arch; while Scott's poetry is only undervalued, because the transcendent merit of his prose keeps it out of sight. It is with the Scotts and Sternes, the Hoods and Lambs, the men of sentiment and sensibility, and an eye for the beautiful, as well as of humor, that the author of *Esmond* will ultimately rank.

Twenty years ago he was amused, and not displeased, by the daring zeal of a very young writer, who called him "a Goldsmith with a dash of Horace Walpole in him." At that time the likeness to Walpole would have been much more readily conceded by the mass of readers than the likeness to Goldsmith. For, at that time, in spite of The Hogarty Diamond, he was chiefly known as a wit and satirist, and, by many people, was thought a wit and satirist of the least amiable kind. Many a woman, no doubt, who thought the writer of *The Snob Papers*, and the early numbers of *Vanity Fair* cynical enough, lived to kneel at the death-bed of Colonel Newcome, and shed tears, — O, how much better for her moral nature than the tears drawn by mere maudlin sentimentalists! Yet, would he have been in earnest in his pathos, if he had not been in earnest in his satire? Or would he have had that pathetic power but for the delicate poetic vein belonging to him, — the poetic vein through which runs what is the blue blood of genius?

We might easily be led back into the deepest waters of the old Popian controversy of Bowles and Byron, were it attempted to define too closely Thackeray's exact position among poets. If Horace was not a poet, — if Pope was not one, then, assuredly, neither was Thackeray. He belongs to the school of which the Venusians in the ancient world, and our Queen Anne men in the last century, and Béranger in the generation just gone by, are the most famous masters. It is a school which has comprised many other men of genius; the best writers of the ancient anthologies; Martial, who must by no means be regarded as only a satirical epigrammatist; such Frenchmen as Voiture, and La Fontaine; such Englishmen as Suckling, Prior, and Gay.

These authors were none of them great poets. Nobody thinks of them in connection with Milton, or even with Dryden. But neither were they mere wits and humorists. They had a certain infusion of poetry in their wit, as there was of honey in that mixture of honey and wine which the Romans called *mulsum*. Hence they have a right to the title of poets, without reference to the special way in which they employed their powers, and without reference to their rank in the brotherhood. The difference between them and the great poets is one of degree. The critical movement of reaction against Pope, which, beginning in the last century, has almost exhausted itself in our own, and of which the Bowles and Byron controversy was a part, denied to Pope the title of poet altogether; and early in the present century,

\* See *Every Saturday*, Vol. VI., pp. 438, 553, 673.

† A Brief Memoir of the late Mr. Thackeray (Edinburgh, 1864).



Horace was exposed to similar assaults. There was this utility in both movements, that they acted as a check on the conventional way of thinking by which poetry had become almost synonymous with verse; and under the protection of which, the elegant mediocrity of Shenstone, and the lukewarm insipidity of Hayley, secured them undoubted and undisputed poetic honors. The revolt against Pope prepared the way for a revival of the Elizabethans, and that against Horace for a renewed and increased study of Catullus. Such results were good. But the smoke of the bonfires in which their books were burned having cleared away, the little man of Tibur, and the little man of Twickenham, are still shining overhead as stars. The romantic school has reached its days in the corrupt French fiction of the Second Empire, and in our own spasmodic poetry and fantastic novels; and the world is returning to the cool air of good sense, cultivated imagination, and pure, concise, lucid, simple diction.

Nor will it do to say that the poetry thus recovering its ground is the "poetry of reason" only, as that of Pope used to be nicknamed with what was surely a strange scorn. The passion of Eloisa's letter to Abelard, and of the Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady, the delightful and airy handling of the Rosicrucian machinery in the Rape of the Lock, reduce such criticism to absurdity; while he who can feel no strictly poetic beauty in the rural odes of Horace is excluded from the debate by that admission; he is like a deaf man watching the fingers of Tyndaris play over the lute-strings in the valley of Ustica.

Thackeray, then, I say, belonged to the school of Horace, and Pope, and Béranger, the school of what may be called the worldly poetic. — the poetry, but the genuine poetry, of the familiar aspects of life. It has fallen in my way to observe, elsewhere, that these poet-humorists, or humorist-poets (if such an expression be allowed), always follow great and creative epochs in poetry; and supply, as it were, the dessert to the banquet of the gods. Such was the case in antiquity, for such was Horace's relation to the early poets of his own land and the mighty bards of Greece. Such has been the case among ourselves more than once. The charming poetic wits of Charles I.'s time, Waller, Cowley, and others, began to appear just when the vast Elizabethan activity came to a pause; and Peacock, Praed, Hood, Thackeray, to whom I may add Father Prout, followed upon the triumphs of the grand revival of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Of these men, — Thackeray's own contemporaries, — Thomas Love Peacock, the author of *Headlong Hall*, has met with the scantiest appreciation. Yet, to say nothing of his wit or scholarship, and the fine classical comedy of his novels, the poems scattered up and down his books are almost the best things of the kind produced in their time, and I have good evidence that they were so esteemed by Thackeray himself.

Love and age, especially, which first appeared in *Gryll Grange*, is, for tenderness, at once grave and playful, and finished ease of simple, graceful, vivid execution, a most charming piece. To call such poems *vers-de-société* is to pay society too great a compliment at their expense. The phrase, however, is a convenient one. What such poets, Thackeray amongst them, do, is to express the poetic sentiment that belongs to every-day homely experience with a feeling which is truly poetic, but which is not expressed with such intensity as to sting the reader out of the sense of the common, or even the humorous, associations of things around him. For example, sorrow is the

burden of the poems in *Memoriam*, and there is sorrow in Thackeray's *Ballad of Bouillabaisse*. But while all playfulness is inevitably excluded from the first, there is in the second just that spirit of comedy moving over the face of the dark waters, which prevents the poem from being wholly melancholy, and the presence of which with the melancholy is the essence of this species of composition: —

"Where are you, old companions trusty,  
Of early days, here met to dine?  
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty, —  
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.  
The kind old voices and old faces  
My memory can quick retrace;  
Around the board they take their places,  
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

"There's JACK has made a wondrous marriage;  
There's laughing TOX is laughing yet;  
There's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage;  
There's poor old FRED in the 'Gazette,'  
On JAMES's head the grass is growing:  
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace  
Since here we set the claret flowing,  
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

"Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!  
I mind me of a time that's gone.  
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
In the same place, — but not alone.  
A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me, —  
There's no one now to share my cup.

"I drink it as the Fates ordain it,  
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:  
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
In memory of dear old times.  
Welcome the wine, what'er the seal is;  
And sit you down and say your grace  
With thankful heart, what'er the meal is.  
— Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!"

This is, perhaps, not Thackeray's best poem, but it is one of the most characteristic, both as regards the writer and the *genre*. He carries the tenderness of regret into the tavern without vulgarizing it, and preserves a certain lightness of tone proper to the conditions without destroying the prevailing but modified mournfulness. The combination is quite a Horatian one, recalling the Odes to Septimius and Pompius Varus (*Carm.* 2, 6, and 7), and some of the most interesting Epistles; and recalling also the "Grenier" and other poems of Béranger. Of Thackeray's Horatian enthusiasm and Horatian studies a good deal has been said already. He wrote a very pleasant imitation of the *Persicos Odi*, which I shall quote because he liked it himself: —

#### AD MINISTRAM.

Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is,  
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:  
Your silly entrées and made-dishes  
Were never intended for us.  
No footman in lace and in ruffles  
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;  
And never mind seeking for trifles,  
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,  
I prithee get ready at three:  
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,  
And what better meat can there be?  
And when it has feasted the master,  
'T will amply suffice for the maid;  
Meanwhile, I will smoke my canister,  
And tiddle my ale in the shade.

Thackeray also translated, though not much, from Béranger, to whom he had many points of likeness as regarded their poetry, and fragments from whom turn up in his books in a way that betrays a loving intimacy.

Thackeray rivalled Béranger, and perhaps Hood even, in poems purely comic; but he cannot be said to have reached the standard of *Les Souvenirs du*



*Peuple, Le Vieux Caporal*, or the Death-bed. Since, however, as is now well known, prose does not stand in *opposition* to poetry, but may be the vehicle even of high poetic genius (and surely poetry is primarily a condition of thought under all circumstances?) it is legitimate to refer to Thackeray's novels for illustrations of his poetic power. Every intelligent reader of these must have observed Thackeray's quick sensibility towards all natural beauty. He does not describe it much. His great strength is in the world of moral observation. But the feeling is present. There is a smell of the flowering clover of the Hampshire fields in *Esmond*. The old Château of Castlewood, with its high windows glittering in the sunlight; the little village bridge, over which my lord's heavy carriage rattled, — these form a very lasting picture in the memory. Another example of this kind of faculty is the visit of *Esmond* to his mother's grave in the Low Countries. And a still higher poetry belongs to the remarkable passages in which the last days of Colonel Newcome are described, and which assuredly rise into those higher regions of the imagination where mere sagacity and humor will carry no man. Such scenes give evidence of a loftier and diviner gift than we find in the best of his ballads and songs.

Yet the proper and characteristic expression of the poetical mind is metrical. Poetry, considered as mere abstract thought, may be embodied in prose; but the thought has more than twice the force in its proper metrical language. Nay, prose itself needs its music; and thus the diction of great orators — who have a near relation with poets, as Cicero observes — is eminently musical. Accordingly, let us turn again to Thackeray's ballads, one, at least, of which ranks still higher than the *Ballad of Bouillabaisse*. This is *The Chronicle of the Drum*, in which old Pierre, the last of a race of brave French drummers, gives a sketch of the wars of two centuries back. Here, again, the threads of humor and poetry and philosophy are subtly woven together, making a web, where either of the colors will seem predominant if you turn the light upon it, but which could only have come from the loom of a poetic imagination. There is the true Thackerayan comedy in the way the old's drummer's variety asserts itself: —

"Ah! those were the days for commanders.  
What glories my grandfather won,  
Ere bigots, and lackeys, and panders  
The fortunes of France had undone!  
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland,  
What foeman resisted us then?  
No: my grandsire was ever victorious,  
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

"He died, and our noble battalions  
The jade, sickle Fortune, forsook;  
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,  
The victory lay with Malbrook.  
The news it was brought to King Louis,  
Corbleu! how his majesty swore,  
When he heard they had taken my grandsire,  
And twelve thousand gentlemen more!"

When he reaches the era of the Revolution, the tone deepens; and a stanza like the following haunts the memory: —

"The glorious days of September  
Saw many aristocrats fall;  
'T was then that our pikes drank the blood  
In the beautiful breast of Camballe.  
Pardi, 't was a beautiful lady!  
I seldom have looked on her like;  
And I drummed for a gallant procession,  
That marched with her head on a pike."

There is something Hogarthian about this; and Hogarth, too, was long considered little more than a

satirist, till a wiser criticism established his place among the great creative and poetic minds of art. *The Chronicle of the Drum* concludes well, with a stroke of that higher imagination which leaves the reader's mind intellectually exalted, and throws back a flash of light on the story, revealing the object of the philosophical poet throughout. He is speaking in his own person, now, of the great Napoleon: —

"Though more than half the world was his,  
He died without a rood his own;  
And borrowed from his enemies  
Six foot of ground to lie upon.  
He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
And more than half the world was his,  
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,  
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is."

One of the noblest literary pleasures is to trace the resemblances of illustrious and congenial minds. The spirit of Thackeray on Napoleon is the spirit of Juvenal on Hannibal: —

"Expende Hannibalem: quot libras in duce summo  
Invenies? Hic est, quem non capit Africa, Mauro  
Percussa Oceano, Niloque admota tepenti,  
Rursus ad Æthiopum populos, altosque elephantos."

For the great satirists rank not with jesters and burlesque-writers, but with poets and moralists, and have left as noble reflective passages as they.

Old Pierre, the drummer of Thackeray, might have found a sweetheart worthy of him in the *Vivandière* of Béranger, who sings with such a merry tinkle of melody: —

"Depuis les Alpes je vous sers;  
Je me mis jeune en route:  
A quatorze ans, dans les déserts,  
Je vous portais la goutte.

"Puis j'entrai dans Vienne un matin,  
Tintin, tintin, tintin, r'lin tintin!  
Puis j'entrai dans Vienne un matin.  
Soldats, voilà Catin!"

But we shall listen now to a tenderer strain, — a strain where the omnipresent humor is still found woven, this time, not into sorrow as in the *Bouillabaisse*, nor into historical moralizing, as in *The Chronicle of the Drum*, but into the soft, silken thread of love, — love, under its gayer and lighter aspects. How charming these stanzas of *The Cane-Bottom'd Chair*: —

"If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,  
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms  
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair, —  
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

"It was but a moment she sat in this place,  
She 'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face!  
A smile on her face and a rose in her hair,  
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

"When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,  
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone, —  
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair, —  
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

"She comes from the past and revisits my room;  
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,  
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair."

This most pleasant intermingling of sentiment with fun has ever been a favorite recreation of the great wits of Europe. It can be traced upwards, — a sparkling river with flowers dancing on it, — through the madrigals of Voltaire, — the ballads of Gay and the Queen Anne men, — the ballads of Suckling and the Caroline men, — through Voiture up to Ronsard and Marot, — away beyond the Revival of Letters through Troubadours and Trouvères; — it is hidden in the darkness of the barbarian invasions, but reappears under the blue sky of classical Italy, flowing, flowing through Ausonius



and Claudian, and Petronius, and the Anthologies; up to the authors of the Greek *σκόλια*, and the lyrics of the *Ægean*, — till it is lost in the many-fountained hills of Hellas and Lydia. Thackeray was this kind of wit, a wit after the order of these men, and not after that of George Selwyn or Congreve; a poet in heart even more than in intellect; a poet who loved laughter; a humorist who moved tears.

But here these very imperfect Studies must be brought to a close. They have little to recommend them except as they are the fruits of long consideration and much sincerity. The essence of all I have had to say lies in the last few sentences. Thackeray's great distinction was that he was *complete*; a genius whose head and heart worked together; a wit whose wit did not spoil his reason; a novelist of solid reflection, as of imaginative power; a satirist whose earnestness was tempered by kindly feeling; a critic who looked at other men's work with the peculiar insight and power of judgment which belong to those who can themselves create. For convenience' sake he has been looked upon under different aspects, but always with a recollection of his great and comprehensive unity. Having walked round the stately figure, and looked at it from various points of view, the critic takes off his hat to it, reverently, and moves slowly, and somewhat mournfully, away.

## CONCERNING HAWTHORNE AND BROOK FARM.

BY M. D. CONWAY.

ABOUT seventeen years ago I came on a pilgrimage from five hundred miles south to the town of Concord, which the residence of a great thinker had made the chief literary centre in America; and on the same day I saw the two men whom Buonarrotti might have chosen as emblems of Morning and Twilight, to be carved over the gates of the New World. Emerson emerged from his bright new home, and the shade of well-trimmed evergreens in front, with "shining morning face," and eye still beaming with its last vision of the happier time. Hawthorne, at the other extreme of the village, came softly out of the Old Manse, — the gray, gabled old mansion, where dwelt in the past famous men and women, who have gained a new lease of earthly existence through his genius, — and glided down the long avenue of ancient ash-trees, which made a fit frame around him, and scattered their autumnal leaves for his carpet. A superb man he was! He was then, I should say, about forty-five years of age. His erect, full, and shapely figure might have belonged to a professional athlete, were it not for a certain grace and reserve which rendered the size and strength of frame unobtrusive. The massive forehead and brow, with dark locks on either side, the strong nose and mouth, would, with another soul beneath them, have been the physiognomy of some great military man or political leader, — some man impelled by powerful passions, to be commanded only by ambition; but with this man there came through the dark eyes, large and soft, a gentle glow, which subtly suffused the face and spiritualized the form. I was not surprised to learn afterwards, from one of his earliest friends, that, when a student at Bowdoin College, in Maine, Hawthorne was unequalled there for manly beauty and for physical

feats, which suggested the belief that he might become eminent as an athlete; and as little was I surprised — remembering the face which, once seen, was never to be forgotten — to learn that the influence he exercised over his classmates, among whom were the poet Longfellow and President Pierce, was almost one of fascination. When he was appointed to the Consulate at Liverpool, those who knew him doubly congratulated themselves that the English would not only know that America contained other representatives than the Hon. Mr. Pogram, but those who fancied the Anglo-Saxon *physique* was declining in the New World have before them a notable instance to the contrary. Yet a shrewd Englishman who had seen him, as I first did, under the ancient trees, and amid the shadows haunting the gray mansion of a bygone era, might have replied: This is hardly the type of the New England man of to-day; his form refers to the period about which his genius perpetually hovers, — the period when unmodified English people were laying in America the foundations on which other races were to build.

How completely the personages who, in that earlier period, inhabited this famous old home, had become his familiar friends and visitors, — preferred to others separated from him by reason of their flesh and blood, — no reader of *The Mosses from an Old Manse* need be told. As he came down the avenue, unconscious of any curious or admiring eye upon him, every step seemed a leap, as if his shadowy familiars, created anew by his wand, were whispering happy secrets. He was plainly the *genius loci*. He lived amid the shades of the past, though in the afterglow of his thought they seem sometimes to be the tinted mists of the morning. What was he thinking of as he walked there slowly as if reluctant to leave the consecrated ground whose term was the old gate with stone pillars opening into the "high road"? That same year he wrote to a friend: "I passed by the Old Manse a few days ago for the first time in nearly seven years. Notwithstanding the repairs, it looked very much as of yore, except that a large window had been opened on the roof, through which light and cheerfulness probably shine into the darkest part of the dim garret of my own time. The trees of the avenue, — how many leaves have fallen since I last saw them! — had an aspect of meagreness that disappointed me." I cannot help thinking, that it was not so much the meagreness of the trees as the repairs that caused the disappointment. It was in the spring of the year, and of his life, in 1843, that Hawthorne took his bride to dwell in the Old Manse; and its very dilapidation was congenial to him. "Between two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash-trees."

Hawthorne was born in the old town of Salem, in Massachusetts, about which so much of the romance of early American history gathers. It is a charming old town, with broad streets overarched by the foliage of aged elms, and many memorable old houses preserved amid the proud mansions of its generally wealthy citizens. Its oldest families were sprung of men who began life as seafarers, and then became merchants; and one of these was the family of Hawthorne. Here he could sit on Gallows Hill, where the witches were hung, and read the story of that tragical era up to the time when the peo-



ple arose, and went around opening the prison doors for the poor victims of superstition, until they arrived at the door of the judge who had sentenced them, whom they forced to fall on his knees and ask pardon of outraged humanity. Here he was wont to wander in his early youth, far in the night, along the scented sea-beach, finding already the twilight and night more congenial than the noonday. During these years there went forth those quaint, mystical stories which thousands read with pleasure, but whose authorship nobody could trace. Their breath was like that of the wild-flowers around Salem; the light and color of every historic day that had dawned and set in New England were garnered in them; but even when in 1841 the majority of them were put forth as *Twice-told Tales*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, their author seemed to many to be hiding in the shadow of a fictitious name. I remember reading an ingenious review in which it was shown plainly that "Nathaniel" had been suggested by the fondness of the early New Englanders for scriptural names, and "Hawthorne" borrowed from the hedges of Massachusetts.

This lack of recognition was an unexpected pleasure to the author: "I was," he wrote with undisguised gratification, "the most unknown author in America." There, in Salem, this most representative poet of the New England that had not yet been merged into the general life of America, might have been wandering, under the stars, on the beach to this day, had not his friends dragged him from his retreat. Never was there a man more entirely drawn by friendly force into public positions than he. His old friend O'Sullivan, then editor of *The Democratic Review*, his friend George Bancroft, collector at the port of Boston, invaded his solitude; while one compelled him to communicate with the public, the other made him a Custom-House surveyor.

It has been a source of deep delight to the friends and admirers of Hawthorne, that among his papers there have been found so many traces of the thoughts and experiences under which his exquisite genius was growing, in those days of obscurity and solitude. With this delight there must indeed mingle some of the sadness with which we now turn over the leaves of the *Sketches* left by Allston, — reminded once more of how many rich blossoms fall for one fruit that ripens! — but from the *Leaves* of his *Journal* now given to the public there are shed fine seeds of thought, not likely to float idly on the wind, nor to remain unproductive where they alight. But, besides this, their autobiographical value is, in the absence of the complete memoir for which so many hope, very great; and, indeed, one who reads *The Mosses from an Old Manse*, in connection with these casual notes, may gain a pretty fair estimate of a man who, however, is likely to be comprehended by but very few for many years to come.

It will be observed that some of the following pages were written while Hawthorne was connected — either as resident or friendly visitor — with the Brook Farm Community. How important were the impressions made upon him then has, indeed, been made known already by their having been woven into *The Blithedale Romance*. There has been a very general desire, both in America and in England, that some history of that interesting social experiment, which called about it many of the most eminent persons in America, should be written.

Mr. Hawthorne was very desirous that it should be done by the brilliant American writer and orator, George William Curtis, in whose training Brook Farm bore an important part; but he has not yet ventured to deal with a subject of such near interest to him. Nor have his duties as literary editor of the *New York Tribune* permitted the most active founder of the Community, Mr. George Ripley, to comply with the solicitations of his many friends that he should write it. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, though he never resided at Brook Farm, was an occasional visitor there, and a most careful observer of that and other movements whose existence was, indeed, traceable to his influence, has lately written a lecture, which no doubt contains the best account; but he habitually banishes reporters when he reads a lecture, and we must await some future volume of his before we can enjoy it. The newspapers of Boston have given but the barest outlines of the recent course of lectures in that city, one of which was on Brook Farm. Under these circumstances, it has been thought that even so meagre an account as I have been able to put together, from conversations with various persons who belonged to the Community, and from contemporary memoranda and reports scattered through old journals and magazines, would be interesting to the English reader.

A little less than thirty years ago, what is known in America as the "transcendental movement" was at its height. The writings of Thomas Carlyle, and the addresses of Ralph Waldo Emerson, had completely unsettled the public mind, and there had arisen a *Young America*, ready to be moulded into the first form that seemed to promise a new order of society. Emerson, the apostle of the new ideas, had no dexterity whatever in organizing expedients for the practical embodiment of his ideas in novel forms of Church and State, — his idea being rather, that the need of the world was, that a new spirit should animate and elevate the old forms of both. But there was at the time a school of English Socialists, which had been trained in the ideas of Robert Owen and Charles Fourier. These firmly held to the belief, that the only thing needed for the grand transformation of society was, that human beings should be placed under new circumstances; that they should live together on principles of commercial harmony, instead of those of competition; and that, by a combination of material resources and labor, they should be liberated from drudgery, and gain more leisure for the cultivation of the intellectual and spiritual powers. In short, the all-controlling power of circumstances, and the omnipotence of education to mould human nature, seem to have been the axioms of this English school of Socialists. America seemed to them, on account of the comparatively fluid state of society there, and the cheapness of land, to offer the arena for their experiments; and they went over to graft their new practical idea upon the vigorous sapling of transcendentalism. Emerson and Margaret Fuller, with their illimitable hospitality to all endeavors after a higher society, entertained kindly the Associative plan, but never gave themselves to it. They smilingly shook their heads, and said, Men and Women are yet the same as we have known them for some time past; in building your bridge, it is not alone a scientifically perfect architecture you need, but stones that have been tested, and may be warranted not to crumble. Nevertheless, the experiment had to a great extent this advantage



in the fact, that those who were ready to enter into such a community were mainly the finest and most earnest spirits in the country. So Brook Farm began; its form, however, emphasizing organization rather than circumstance, was taken from New England, and was very different from any contemplated by Fourier or Owen. Those who are intimately acquainted with American society will recognize, among the principal names associated with the community,—which started in the year 1841, near the suburb of Boston called West Roxbury,—representatives of the most influential and cultivated families in New England. The most energetic person in establishing it was Mr. George Ripley, a scholar and theologian from Harvard, who had already made important contributions to the intellectual and religious controversies of the time. Equally earnest in the affair with himself was his beautiful and accomplished wife, Sophia Ripley,—a niece of the poet Dana,—who afterward, however, became a Roman Catholic. Among the first members was Mr. John S. Dwight, who is now known as the editor of the Boston Journal of Music, and the finest writer on that subject in America.

With him came several sisters and friends, forming a choir which gave a soul of music to the community. The distinguished family of Channings had contributed the fine genius of the Rev. W. H. Channing,—the nephew of the famous Unitarian divine, and now an eloquent preacher in London,—and his inspired discourses, together with the sacred music, have hallowed the Sundays passed at Brook Farm in many memories. Mr. Charles A. Dana, since widely known as a journalist, and an efficient Assistant-Secretary of War under President Lincoln, with the family of McDaniels, with whom he was connected by marriage, added much to the social wealth of the place; and the same may be said of the Russells, Hoxies, and others, who were refined and highly educated people. Especial mention should be made of the gifted Elizabeth Peabody; of Messrs. Bronson, Alcott, Brisbane, and Orvis; and of the brothers George and Burrill Curtis (Oxonian), members of an old Rhode Island family, who came fresh from college walls, full of ability and faith in the "good time coming." The first of these brothers, though still young, has gained a foremost position in American letters, while he is incomparably the finest orator of the younger generation in America. Theodore Parker, settled over a church near by, was a constant visitor. Though Emerson did not become a member of the association, they who composed it were his life-long friends, and were always glad to greet him there. Margaret Fuller did not become a member, because she was compelled to teach school for the sake of her family, whose educational wants, after her father's death, were mainly supplied by herself. The elder Dr. Channing was interested in the movement, but died soon after it began. Hawthorne was among those who went out the first summer, a very graphic account of which introduces his *Blithedale Romance*. He chose to work on the farm, and wielded the hoe as faithfully, if not as successfully, as he before and afterwards wielded the pen. This, however, only lasted about six months; though to the last he passed a great deal of his time with his chosen friends, nearly all of whom had gone to Brook Farm, and he freely invested in it the first little earnings of his pen.

It is important to state, that these educated and

refined people were gathered together at Brook Farm, with very few exceptions, solely by moral enthusiasm. They were not in pecuniary want, but meant to show the world that all its commercial and social systems were inadequate, and that the hour had struck for their transformation under the spirit of fraternity. It is also important to state, that the "radicalism" of the community was strictly confined to its commercial aspects. It is true that the members of it belonged chiefly to the more advanced schools of religious opinion which transcendentalism had evoked; but what I mean in saying that its radicalism was strictly commercial is, that those who resided there held rigidly to the commonly received ideas of marriage and of the family. Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his *Spiritual Wives*, has devoted a page to Brook Farm, in which he conveys the idea of a closer relationship between Margaret Fuller and that community than really existed, and in which he erroneously intimates that the "picnic of poets and lovely women," as he styles it, was in a fair way to fail through female rivalries, had it not been brought to an end by other causes. The fact is, the harmony of the community was at no time seriously disturbed by any influences of the kind suggested, but continued to the end. Several socialists did indeed decline to enter, because they thought, by its retention of the ordinary system of marriage, and related institutions of outside society, the community was putting its new wine into old bottles, which must presently burst.

The community was situated on an old farm, about eight miles from the city of Boston; it owned two hundred and eight acres of land: and at the end of two years possessed about thirty thousand dollars, twenty-two thousand of which was invested in the stock of the company, and in good loans at six per cent interest. Among its chief directors were George Ripley, Charles A. Dana,—both good business men,—and Minot Pratt, who was an intelligent farmer, and superintended the agricultural interests of the place. The economic plan permitted residents to board in commons, or to reside in separate houses, as they might select; to choose each what sort of labor each might prefer, the labor to be paid for by the hour,—the times of labor, and its extent, to be also left to individual selection. Afterward, however, the payment was according to the work done. The community had its own warehouses. Bodily and intellectual labor were paid at the same rate of wages. Much attention was paid to the school, to which pupils might come from the outside world, and return, or remain, at will. Provision was made that the children might, if their parents desired, be supported and educated gratuitously, payment to be made subsequently by their remaining and working in the community. Good arrangements were made for giving young men a training in agricultural and mechanical science. There is no question whatever that the community fulfilled all of its engagements and promises in these matters. It had the best school in New England; it enabled each of those who resided there to look back, as Hawthorne did, upon "the old and affectionately remembered home at Brook Farm, as being certainly the most romantic episode of his life."

After a happy seven years' existence, however, during which it had gained many friends, the Brook Farm Community came to an end. The causes of its termination were very simple, and purely economical. The relation of its members to the general



world led them to select a spot near Boston, though that spot was utterly unsuited to an experiment whose basis must be necessarily agricultural. Brook Farm was, in fact, as barren as it was beautiful. Those who, centuries before, had settled on Plymouth Rock, hardly found the soil more inhospitable than these pilgrims to the New America. Not only so; they did not even have there any one of the many sparkling and vigorous streams which have enabled New England to find in manufactures a compensation for the hardness of the soil. They had to use steam for the mechanical departments of industry. All this demanded more capital than its members could furnish; and it speedily appeared that a blunder had been committed in laying the physical foundation of the community, from the effect of which no amount of moral enthusiasm could rescue it. Indeed, those best acquainted with the history of Brook Farm, so far from regarding its failure as a proof of the inherent weakness of the associative principle, have regarded its continuance for so long a time under such unfavorable conditions, as demonstrating a singular vitality in that principle; an opinion which the subsequent success of various communities, in friendlier relations with Nature, confirms.

Of those who made investments in Brook Farm, nearly all lost them; yet all of them, so far as I have heard, continue to regard themselves as amply rewarded by the returns they received in other than pecuniary forms. Hawthorne, who would have been the last to withhold a penny from anything that interested his intellect or heart, put, I believe, all he had in its stock; but those who have read *The Blithedale Romance* need not be told that he recovered it a thousand-fold in higher forms.

Of that romance it may be well to state, that while it is true, as its author has earnestly stated, that its characters and incidents are creations of his own imagination, it is also true that those personally acquainted with the Brook Farm Company are able to detect in it reminiscences of the early life that occurred there, and traits of some who lived there. As an artist takes for his ideal statue the limbs and features of many, so Hawthorne has blended the intellect and magnetism of Margaret Fuller with the beauty and passionate energy of another in the character of Zenobia. Only in honesty and homely intelligence can Silas Foster be identified with the real farmer of the community. The seamstress alluded to in this book, no doubt, suggested Priscilla; but there is another fine nature still more discernible in the character. Hollingsworth is, perhaps, more a fiction than any personage in the novel; but Miles Coverdale may be safely regarded as one of the most faithful specimens of self-portraiture ever made by any author, — indeed, Hawthorne has since been, among his literary friends, almost as often mentioned by that as by his real name.

Hawthorne, in using Brook Farm as "a theatre, a little removed from the highway of ordinary travel, where the creatures of his brain may play their phantasmagorical antics without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives," regretted extremely that the world should have persisted in ascribing a more historical and personal design to *The Blithedale Romance* than was just. He particularly regretted that so many should have identified Zenobia with Margaret Fuller, or that the death of his heroine by drowning should be associated with the tragic fate of a woman whom

he ever held in the highest regard, and who was notably free from the morbid feelings which drove Zenobia to suicide. The terrible intensity of that picture was, indeed, justly regarded as indicating its reality; but it is referable to another case altogether. There was, at Concord, a maiden much esteemed by the literary people of the village, who was compelled by poverty to lead a life of toil so discordant with her poetic nature and aspirations that she drowned herself in Concord River. Hawthorne was called out from the Old Manse after midnight, and, with a neighbor, dragged the river until near morning, when the body of the poor girl was brought up. The scene haunted Hawthorne until he had transmuted it by his art.

As for Margaret Fuller's real connection with Brook Farm, it was very occasional, and, as she said, when there she found herself in the novel position of a conservative. When she went there, the members of the community at once gathered about her, and were enriched by her rare conversation. There are several interesting allusions to her visits among her papers: "All Saturday I was off in the woods. In the evening we had a general conversation, opened by me, upon Education in its largest sense, and on what we can do for ourselves and others. I took my usual ground. The aim is perfection; patience, the road. The present object is to give ourselves and others a tolerable chance. Let us not be too ambitious as to our hopes as to immediate results. Our lives should be considered as a tendency, an approximation only. Parents and teachers expect to do too much. . . . I said I had not a right to come, because all the confidence in it I had was as an experiment worth trying, and that it was a part of the great wave of inspired thought. — declared they none of them had confidence beyond this; but they seem to me to have . . . In the evening, a conversation on Impulse." Again, a year afterwards, she writes of Brook Farm: "Here I have passed a very pleasant week. The tone of society is much sweeter than when I was here a year ago. There is a pervading spirit of mutual tolerance and gentleness, with great sincerity. There is no longer a passion for grotesque feats of liberty; but a disposition, rather, to study and enjoy the liberty of law. The great development of mind and character observable in several instances persuades me that this state of things affords a fine studio for the soul-sculptor." Nevertheless, she held to her doubt of the "groups-and-series" plan of reforming humanity: "My hopes might lead to Association, too, — an association, if not of efforts, yet of destinies. In such a one I live with several already, feeling that each one, by acting out his own, casts light upon a mutual destiny, and illustrates the thought of a master mind. It is a constellation, not a phalanx, to which I would belong."

The history — to leave Brook Farm — of the impression made upon him by the incident of the suicide at Concord indicates the character and genius of Hawthorne. He was a man whose nerves were without integument, and terribly exposed to all kinds of impressions without. Those who have met him need not be told how he shrank from unfamiliar persons; and it might well be so, — for if anything came into real contact with his mind, it sank deeply into him, drew upon his heart's blood, and remained until it was born into some mental offspring. Every new experience was a fatality to him for good or ill. Not every one who saw how reserved and gentle he was knew the great strug-



gle by which a nature full of fiery passion had been raised into harmony with its ideal elements. Beneath, there remained the vigorous soil which nursed into some kind of life every seed that managed to get into it. His works have a singularly autobiographical character. His friend, Mr. Bancroft (now American Minister at Berlin), obtained for him the offices which he held in the Custom-House of Boston, and afterwards in that of Salem; and it is certain that the characters whom we met, in the pursuance of his duties, are the Pyncheons, Westervelts, Maules, and Fauntleroy's of his stories. No one who has been startled by seeing the strange profile on the side of the Profile Mountain in New Hampshire can doubt where the story of The Great Stone Face was conceived. In fumbling among the old records of Boston, he once came upon a sentence, decreeing that a woman convicted of adultery should stand on the "meeting-house" steps, with the letter A marked on her breast; and a friend who saw him read it said to another at the time, "We shall hear of the letter A again." Soon after appeared *The Scarlet Letter*, the great New England epic. About the time when Hawthorne was leaving Liverpool for Italy, the volume of Mr. Trelawny's *Recollections of Byron and Shelley* appeared. Those who have read that book will remember the curious account given by its author of his examination of Byron's dead body: "I asked Fletcher to bring me a glass of water; and on his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Pilgrim's feet, and was answered, — both his feet were clubbed, and the legs withered to the knee: the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan Satyr." I am as certain as if he had told me so, that in this sentence lay the germ of the character of Donatello, "the Marble Faun," in *Transformation*.

It was just after leaving Brook Farm that Hawthorne was married to Miss Peabody. He was more fortunate in his marriage than it often falls to the lot of men of genius to be. His wife was one of a family variously distinguished in the world of letters; and, besides her personal attractions, she had already shown an ability as an artist which made Washington Allston regard her as a favorite pupil. She was herself a charming writer. Her letters, written to her friends from England and Italy, were regarded by all who read them as due to the public; but her husband shrank from seeing her name in the reviews; and, in this, as in all other things, his feelings were sacredly respected by her. The beauty and joy of the relation between these two was uninterrupted, save by death. Nor was Hawthorne's relation to his children — who were worthy of such parents — less beautiful.

When he first went to reside at Concord, he was regarded by his neighbors with awe; and the air was full of ludicrous gossip and speculations concerning the mysterious man whom no one ever saw, unless some very curious eye managed to surprise him at his nocturnal visits to the river, for a bath or a boating, by moonlight; for no Egyptian ever worshipped the Nile more than he Concord River. In fact, he held water in religious regard; and, though he never went to church, he respected the old superstition that the devil dreads water, as preserved in baptism and holy water.

A very interesting sketch of him, in his relations with others at that time, has been written by his friend, G. W. Curtis, who also went from Brook Farm to reside at Concord. "During Hawthorne's

first year's residence in Concord," says Curtis, "I had driven up with some friends to an æsthetic tea at Mr. Emerson's. It was in the winter, and a great wood fire blazed upon the hospitable hearth. There were various men and women of note assembled; and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was for some time scarcely aware of a man who sat upon the edge of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his black eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me as Webster might have looked had he been a poet, — a kind of poetic Webster. He rose and walked to the window, and stood there quietly for a long time, watching the dead-white landscape. No appeal was made to him, nobody looked after him; the conversation flowed steadily on, as if every one understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed æsthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence, that it presently engrossed me, to the exclusion of everything else. There was very brilliant discourse, but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers, but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson, with the 'slow, wise smile' that breaks over his face like day over the sky, said, 'Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night.'" After he had come to know the silent man personally, Curtis wrote: "His own sympathy was so broad and sure, that, although nothing had been said for hours, his companion knew that not a thing had escaped his eye, nor a single pulse of beauty in the day or scene or society failed to thrill his heart. In this way his silence was most social. Everything seemed to have been said."

I have already stated that Mr. Hawthorne had formed an intimate friendship with Franklin Pierce at college. When the latter was chosen as candidate for the presidency of the United States, Hawthorne wrote a small biography of him, which was used by the Democratic party in the canvas; and when, after his election, Mr. Pierce appointed the novelist consul at Liverpool, there were not wanting many who regarded the proceeding as a disreputable bargain. This opinion, however, was held by none who knew Hawthorne. The truth was Hawthorne could hardly be persuaded of anything against an early friend. In vain was he afterwards told of the violent proceedings of President Pierce, taken to make Kansas a Slave State; a quiet smile and shake of the head was his only reply. There is no doubt that the influence of the President widened the gulf between him and the general opinion of his literary brothers in America; and when the controversy between the North and South waxed more fierce, and he foresaw the war, he said to a friend in Liverpool that he would "go home and die with the Republic." A most earnest patriot, the war wore deeply upon his mind, and, in connection with illness in his family during the residence in Italy, undermined his physical health. He could not share the high hopes which sustained nearly all of his friends during that terrible ordeal; he could not see beyond the black cloud a country liberated from the blight of slavery. To him the war was an



overwhelming tragedy, and its inevitable end seemed to be the destruction of the Republic.

Shortly after his return from Europe, I met him at a dinner of the Literary Club in Boston. A larger number than usual had come together for the purpose of welcoming him home. But the contrast between the man I then saw and the one whom I had seen years before at the Old Manse was sad enough. He was now, indeed, more social with the persons about him. There is no doubt that residence abroad had done much toward enlarging his relations with others. Indeed, it had been noted before, by Americans who had seen and heard him on public occasions in Europe, that the silent and shy novelist had exhibited an unsuspected power of public speech and performance. He repaired, on his return, to the village he loved best, Concord; and there built him a charming modest home, which he was resolved never again to leave. Again the old shadows of New England began to weave their spells around him. Yet he was too ardent a lover of his country to be able to give himself up entirely to the repose for which he longed.

He went off to Washington while the war was still raging; and, in the absence of all faith in any great End, he walked there amid what seemed to be the ruins of his country. When he returned to Boston, I passed a night under the same roof with him, at the house of Mr. Fields, his publisher. He seemed much dejected. Mr. Fields had invited a little company; but, after the first arrivals, Hawthorne made his escape to his room, from which he did not emerge until the next morning at breakfast-time. He then came in with the amusing look of a naughty child, and pleaded that he had become lost the night before in Defoe's Ghost Stories, until it was too late to make his appearance in the company. He must, I should think, have been contemplating some phantasmal production at that time; for I remember his asking me many questions about the ghost-beliefs of the negroes, among whom I had passed my early life.

It was not long after that his friend Mr. Ticknor, — the partner of Mr. Fields, — seeing Hawthorne's declining health, asked him to go with him on a little excursion. When they arrived at Philadelphia, Mr. Ticknor was taken ill in the hotel, and died in his friend's arms. The shock of this event was the irrecoverable blow to Hawthorne. The fearful event in that solitary room of a great hotel never left his mind. His friends did all they could to revive his spirits; but he seemed to feel the shadow of death creeping steadily over him. Ex-President Pierce induced him to make an excursion with him. Once, when they were together in some hotel of the mountain districts, Mr. Pierce having observed one day an unusual dejection about his friend, went softly in the night to his room. Hawthorne was still. In the morning, he repaired thither again. A sudden fear seized him as he observed that his position was precisely the same as that in which he had seen him in the night. Hawthorne was no more. The truest and noblest children of America bore him to his grave in Concord, and dropped their tears on the roses they planted above his breast.

#### THE VOICE OF A PLAY-GOER.

I AM no-critic, I ignore the rules of Art for the same reason that I hate to hear how my food and drink is adulterated; he who knows too much loses a great deal of pleasure. There are plenty of men

whose profession it is to watch theatrical performances in the public interest, and award praise or blame according to their approach to or departure from a recognized standard (I take it for granted there is such a thing), and I am grateful to these guardians of the drama, who probably do something towards elevating my taste, though I do not know how, and hug my ignorance. I am simply one of those rare animals, a middle-aged play-goer, who retains his youthful faculty of unquestioning enjoyment; whose ears are ever open and his opera-glass ever bright; who would not go behind the scenes or — which is the much the same thing — enter a stage box for the world; who never seeks for orders, unholy because thievish, and who has no wish to become acquainted with any actor or actress in private life, dreading the shattering of illusions which might ensue. For I have been to amateur theatricals where the performers were known to me, and could never manage to identify my friends with their parts; the words might be the words of Hamlet, but the voice was Smith's. You see that I guard my Thespian pleasures somewhat jealously; yet I wish that I could more often get some one to share them with me. Fifteen or twenty years ago I was never at a loss for a congenial companion who could sit out five hours' dramatic performance without yawning; who would laugh with me, pity with me, thrill with me, and chew the cud of what we had just enjoyed during the entr'actes. But alas, my contemporaries have outgrown their theatrical tastes; one is a slave to his dinner, another to his post-prandial tobacco, a third to whist, a fourth writes plays himself, and cannot be expected to listen patiently to the works of others, while a fifth has turned critic, and goes to see a new English play with the same weary sigh I remember to have heard him utter five and twenty years ago on opening the pages of an unfamiliar Greek one.

So, for the most part, I visit the theatre alone, for I cannot bear dropping in at half-price, or even earlier, after the performance has commenced. I like to dine at five, so as to have plenty of time for digestion and a cigar, and repair in a calm and happy state of mind, and good time, to the doors of the previously selected playhouse. I like the musicians to be settling themselves in the orchestra and the conductor to be raising his fiddle-stick and looking round upon them as I take my seat and spread out my playbill, considering that to miss the inspiring sensations produced by the first notes of the music and the rising of the curtain is a loss only to be compared to coming in late to a dinner-party, when the soup and fish have been cleared away and the soul-stirring pop of the champagne corks is heard no more. The sparkling wine is open, and you can drink your fill of it; but the flavor is nothing without that exhilarating sound, for what is fruition to anticipation?

Why will my countrymen come to the theatre five minutes late, treading on my toes, rumping my hat, knocking down my umbrella, intercepting my view, drowning the dialogue? and why will they rise to go away five minutes before the conclusion of the piece, instead of waiting, as I do, till the black curtain has shut out the world of imagination? the time they gain for the weary world of reality is so minute, the annoyance they cause to others so great. As for those dreadful people who talk all the time, discussing either the merits of the performance, or treating of things in general, I do not esteem them my countrymen at all, but rank them



with organ-grinders, amorous cats; boys who whistle with their fingers in their mouths, dogs who bay the moon, and other plagues of society, whose horrid mission it is to promote insanity. I had nearly called them outcasts, but, alas, the cry of "Turn him out" is for the most part a barren suggestion seldom acted upon by the outraged audience.

I wish the theatres were a little more comfortable; stuffed cushions, velvet and gilt, I am quite indifferent to, but it is pleasant to have room for one's legs, since bruised knees and cramps in the calves certainly detract from an evening's enjoyment. The front row in the dress circle at Drury Lane is roomy, so is the back seat of all in the Haymarket pit, so are the stalls of the Lyceum. Indeed, the stalls of most London theatres — though by no means of all — are so arranged that a six-foot man can sit with his legs before him; but it is only in two or three that you can get a good view of the stage from that part of the house. The footlights are constructed on the *lucus a non* principle, to hide the feet, and you have to call analogical reasoning into play to feel quite assured that the performers are provided with the usual extremities. When they die, or take headers, or descend into caves, or bury treasures, the disadvantage of sitting below the level of the stage is, of course, much greater. Surely a very slight exercise of architectural ingenuity would suffice to remedy this evil.

Managers may well pardon this murmur of remonstrance from one who is so easily pleased as I am with the fare provided for my entertainment behind the curtain. I am a gourmand not a gourmet with respect to theatrical pabulum. People groan a great deal over the decline of the drama, and they may have reason; I do not know. I know this, that existing generations always think everything connected with them inferior to what went before, and they cannot all be right. Play-goers were not satisfied even in the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; and perhaps a future generation may think better of our present comedies than we do. I will not yield to any one in admiration for Shakespeare; I read him oftener than many growlers, who only make use of his name for the sake of odious comparison, and, what is more, I go to see his plays acted. The younger Colman and Sheridan always draw me when I see the names of their comedies on the playbills. But one cannot go on hearing the same play over and over again, however excellent it may be; I demand novelty, and get it, and generally find it tolerable, sometimes very good. It is true that when I tell my friends how charmed I have been with a new piece, they continually tell me that it is stolen from the French. Well, if the adaptation is so skilfully managed as to disguise the origin, what is that to me? The design of my beloved's bonnet is drawn, I believe, from the same source, but her head looks just as charming under it as if the idea of it came from the interior.

Of course I entertain a patriotic wish that the English excelled all nations in all things, and would like the French to be indebted to us for plays and fashions, crockery and constitutions; but practically I do not much care so long as I get what I want, which, at the theatre, is entertainment. It is quite right for the professional critics to call that man to order who translates a foreign play and passes it off as his own, but what does it matter to me, so long as the piece is a good one and well acted? There is one remonstrance, however, which I have to urge in this matter, and that is, that a French play is

sometimes so hurriedly and clumsily arranged in English dress as to jar upon the audience with a hundred incongruities. English families do not generally live on a flat, and ought not to be represented as doing so; English country gentlemen do not get themselves up in scarlet and tops for a ride with ladies in June, and, what is of more importance, our theories of domestic happiness and virtue are quite different from those of our neighbors, whatever our practices may be. If a man has not time to adapt a French play properly, I do wish that he would content himself with a simple translation, retaining the French names, and laying the scene in France. But this is only a branch of a wider subject, that of keeping up the illusion of the stage. We denizens of stalls, boxes, pit, and gallery, only ask to have our senses cheated, and I appeal to translators, adapters, and original playwrights to do their best to cheat them. The more truly they hold the mirror up to nature, the more perfect is the illusion, and they will constantly insist upon marring the effect of a good play with an impossible episode; pouring a cold incongruity down our backs when we are all in a glow. Now there is that interminable duel; lay your plot in the last century, or a foreign country, and have as many duels as you like, but why introduce that obsolete mahogany box of pistols into a modern English scene when you know very well that, if your characters fought the survivor would be hanged, the seconds get penal servitude for life at the very least, and the whole party be ridiculed by Punch. What would you say to a comedy treating of the present state of society, the plot of which hinged on a trial for witchcraft? Now the *duello* in this country is quite as much out of date.

There is a play, an excellent one in other respects, the enjoyment of which is, for me at least, almost entirely spoiled by the means which the hero, a mill-owner, employs to discover the virtue of the heroine, one of his hands. He sneaks into her room and prys into her private diary! True, he learns that she is a calumniated paragon, and marries her offhand; but in real life a fellow who would do such a thing would be a pitiful scoundrel. Faugh! There is another comedy, also generally meritorious, in which a husband brings his wife to a sense of duty and propriety by telling her, falsely, that her child is dead. Can we imagine a worthy man, as the husband is represented to be, acting like that? Can we imagine his wife forgiving him? For pity's sake, Mr. Author, let him dissipate her property, knock her down with the poker, jump on her; she might pardon all that, we see it done constantly, but such a brutal hoax could never be forgotten.

And then again, gentlemen, I wish that you would not occasionally make your *dénouements* so very puzzling; you cram sometimes events enough for a busy week into the short period which elapses between the break-up of a ball and the dawn of the following day. Two male characters drive off, fight the absurd duel, get wounded, have their bullets extracted, make friends again, and return, — not to their own homes, but to the house where the ball has taken place. Thither, likewise, at that very unseasonable hour, lawyers come with missing deeds, and all the guests, dismissed just now, return, the virtuous to be rewarded, the vicious to be punished. Dear, dear, if you have not space for another short act to wind the story up in, drop the curtain a trifle sooner, and leave something to our imaginations!



They would not make such a tangle of it as your final scene does, depend upon it. I do not allude to any one particular play; I believe that I have seen half a dozen in which all the events of an excised act are crammed in this way into a scene lasting ten minutes.

But I would reserve my most strenuous remonstrances for certain writers of burlesque and extravaganzas who sit down of *malice prepense* to destroy the illusions of the stage. Why can they not invent extravagant plots of their own, instead of distorting successful plays, and so spoiling them forever for those who have a keen sense of the ludicrous? Hawks should not pick out hawks' een; the burlesque writer has the whole real world to cull absurdities from, and surely he might refrain from preying almost exclusively on his brethren, undermining the theatrical tastes of play-goers for the sake of raising a temporary laugh, and so sawing off the branch on which he himself is sitting. This reckless determination to amuse at any price is carried to insanity when the machinery and properties of the stage are dragged before the attention of the audience; when a burlesque king bids his cup-bearer to give him a bowl of nothing from a pasteboard bottle, or directs his soldiers to walk round the scenes at the back and come on again to make his army look larger. Of course we all know that actors and actresses do not really take their meals on the stage, and that managers cannot keep up positive regiments; but we try to deceive ourselves for the time being, and surely it is the business of all connected with the performance to help, and not to thwart, us in attaining a state of mind without which theatrical entertainments must soon become a bore. Courts and camps, history, mythology, politics, science, — burlesque it all, but spare our stage illusions; for, ah me! how different is the real world of forced smiles and bitter tears to the mimic life of the theatre, where the mirth is so real and the sorrow all fictitious!

#### AMERICAN HUMORISTS AND SATIRISTS.

A PECULIAR type of American humorist has long been familiar to the English reader. Sam Slick was the first to portray Yankee character, — in exaggerated colors, to be sure, but sufficiently lifelike to give a zest and relish to his humor; while in Artemus Ward are to be observed many of the same peculiar expressions and traits, clothed in suggestive language, and having a sparkle which the covert satire — an undercurrent running through all his chapters — alone could impart. Following these two masters in this peculiar school are a host of imitators, varying from an ability inferior only to them to a senseless rapidity which is apt to disgust one even with the best. Petroleum V. Nasby, Josh Billings, Orpheus C. Kerr, and others, are inevitable inflections, certain to have been produced after A. Ward had "made his mark," and they may be dismissed as but feeble imitators of a humor which itself was at best but a coarse reflection of the humor of the nation, and whose greatest merit is that of castigating and holding up to ridicule many popular follies and delusions.

He is, however, sadly in error who believes that the humorous in American literature is confined to Sam Slick and A. Ward, and their host of imitators, and that these possess a monopoly in the field of satire and ridicule. American literature, in most departments, is of comparatively recent growth.

Half a century ago there were neither historians nor humorists, essayists nor philosophers of note, beyond the Atlantic. The people were too busy in the construction of their new political fabric, and, besides, they were free — being readers of English — to draw for their literary diet from the exhaustless stores of British letters. The native literature, however, is now growing with a rapidity and an exuberance which corresponds with the political growth of the country; and at this period there are American writers in almost every department of letters who may reasonably be ranked with the best examples of English authorship. There are humorists whose works are not destined, as are those of A. Ward and his imitators, to pass from the public memory almost as soon as they are uttered, and it is of several of these that I propose to speak.

Boston, in New England, may be regarded as the literary centre of America, much as Edinburgh was, half a century ago, regarded as the literary centre of Britain; it is the seat of a literary coterie in many respects similar to that of which sturdy Kit North was the leading spirit at the Scottish capital. Among that group you will find Longfellow, foremost of American poets, and Emerson, chief among American philosophers; Phillips, sweetest and most persuasive of American orators; and Sumner, at once the most graceful of American scholars, and one of the most enlightened of American statesmen; Howe, perhaps the most widely useful of American philanthropists, and Agassiz, America's adopted and favorite son of science; Whipple, the most polished of essayists, and Walker, the best of University presidents and one of the most convincing of theologians; and last, but not least, and most pertinent to my immediate theme, those finest of American humorists, — whose works are already classics, and whose versatility is equal to their excellence in almost every department of letters, — Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell. Both are connected as professors, with Harvard University, in Cambridge, near Boston; Doctor Holmes in the Medical School, where his lectures are often enriched by that humor which is so native to the man that every situation in which he finds himself seems but one more opportunity to give it play; and Mr. Lowell as the Professor of Modern Languages and Literature, in which chair he is the worthy successor of Longfellow.

In many respects very different men, Holmes and Lowell resemble each other in the exuberance and the refinement of their humor. Both are men of the highest scholastic culture; both have that invaluable gift, a keen appreciation of character, especially its humorous side, and a marvellous ability in portraying it; both are philosophers as well as poets and humorists; both shine in conversation, and, unlike Goldsmith, are as sparkling and brilliant at table, or in the social circle, as in the pages of the Atlantic; both are in the very prime of life, in the full vigor alike of body and intellect, when the harvest of the mind is richest and most plentiful. The English reader knows Holmes best by that inimitable and exquisite mixture of philosophy, practical maxims, overflowing humor, pathos, and rich description, the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, a work which the enterprise of English publishers has placed within reach of the humblest lover of letters. The Autocrat originally appeared in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, the organ of the Boston literary coterie, and which has for many years occupied the first place among American periodicals.

The publication of this series was an event in



American literature. No work, perhaps, since Irving's Sketch-Book had so clearly proved the refinement and maturity in literature of which America was capable. So *éclatant* was its success, so quickly did it become a "household word" on both sides of the Atlantic, that Doctor Holmes followed it up by bringing out in the Atlantic Monthly a second series, called *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*. But, like Milton's *Paradise Regained*, the *Professor*, although in many respects equal to its predecessor, failed to keep pace with it in public estimation, and has faded before the superior reputation of the *Autocrat*. In the latter, the author's impetuous humor fairly gallops, developing more and more in succeeding passages, until its richness and quaintness almost exhaust the reader. Its plan and style are just the vehicles to convey Holmes's peculiar vein. He is one of those writers who seemingly write with perfect ease; whose thoughts seem to well up as fast as he can gather them, and to pour themselves, almost spontaneously, and with the happiest garb of words, upon the page before him.

One beauty of the *Autocrat* consists in its entire independence of method and continuity. The writer rambles hither and thither, with no apparent connection between his themes, discoursing now gravely, now gayly, now funnily, now naively, now teaching great moral or physical truths, anon lashing with good-humored vigor the shortcomings of society, then bursting into beautiful verses, now painting a gorgeous descriptive picture; passing, indeed, from one subject to another with the same ease and not unnatural abruptness which characterizes breakfast-table conversation. Throughout there runs a genial, gentle current, which irresistibly attracts one to the author's identity. His wit is never harsh or cynical. There is a pleasant vanity which, far from repelling, draws out from the reader a yet more distinct sympathy; while on every page there is ample evidence how full of sentiment, tenderness, and imagination — warm, broad, and prolific — the writer is. There are exquisite little glimpses of character, peeping out suddenly now and then, of the boarders about the breakfast-table; and there is enough sentiment to draw the inattentive reader unconsciously on into the more sober parts, wherein, before he knows it, he is wrapt in a superb description, or receiving rules for guidance in every-day life. I would willingly linger longer with the genial and sparkling *Autocrat*, and quote some of his rich passages, but must hasten to other and equally attractive books.

Holmes, at the age of fifty-nine, gives promise of many more works of classic value. His most recent books are two tales, — *Elsie Venner* and *The Guardian Angel*, — both rich in the qualities already described as characteristics of the *Autocrat*. He contributes often to the Atlantic, and is one of its best and strongest allies. But in order to appreciate the exhaustless fund of Holmes's humor, and the equally exhaustless warmth and largeness of his heart, one must see him at home, in the midst of that brilliant circle of which he is not the least brilliant ornament. A little, active man, with large, bright eyes, a perpetual smile upon his round, jovial face, a Yankee briskness in every movement, a cheerful word always on his lips, a witty sally ready for all occasions, it would be hard to find a more attractive companion or a warmer friend. Above the snobishness and singularity of pretentious genius, he is quite accessible, and receives the curious and admiring stranger with the same bright affability which he displays everywhere and always.

To James Russell Lowell, however, belongs the rank of the prince of American humorists. It is sufficient to prove his right to that title to say that to him literature owes the Biglow Papers. If you would have a portrayal of the rustic Yankee character; — the genuine Jonathan from the country, young and old, — the typical country parson and prosperous newspaper-reading, politics-discussing, rustic-philosophical farmer, — in all their eccentricity, dry wit, quaint thoughts and expressions, strong native shrewdness, and entirely original modes of looking at a subject, read, and re-read, and heartily laugh at the effusions of the immortal Biglow.

You feel, even while reading this thoroughly "up-country" vernacular, that it is nevertheless the production of a scholar, a philosopher, and a humorist of the highest refinement. That coarseness and gross exaggeration which more than half spoils the exuberant humor of A. Ward is wholly wanting. Besides, you have always felt, in reading the sayings of the "Great American Showman," that there is a superficiality, a great lack of depth, a hollowness and utter absence of originality in the thoughts, concealed even by the wholly original style of expression and irresistibly funny notions. There is far different material, a strikingly different mental calibre, in the Biglow Papers. Under the homely, humorous garb of rustic expression, — in itself marvellously true to nature and illustrative of Yankee character, — politics and philosophy are discussed, and opinions forcibly sustained or bitterly satirized.

Lowell's forte as a humorist is in political satire; one of his short poems of this character, holding up to public ridicule John P. Robinson, a prominent Massachusetts politician, is said to have so deeply affected the subject that he never recovered from it. Although Lowell is a political philosopher, and one of the foremost of American lyrical poets, his fame will doubtless chiefly rest on the Biglow Papers; for that work seems to combine the best examples of his various talents, and to best illustrate his greatest talent, political satire. As Professor of Literature in Harvard University, he is renowned for the richness of language and humor of the lectures which it is his task to deliver to the senior class. All the characteristics of the elegant scholar and the keen satirist appear in these discourses. It has often been the fortunate lot of the writer to hear them; certainly, no literary treat could leave more pleasant or vivid recollections. Lowell is a keen lover of letters, and has for them a pure intellectual affection. He is especially familiar with English literature, and with the great French, German, and Italian authors. He is a master of correct, elegant, and forcible English, and seems to be equally at home in prose and verse.

A bitter political partisan, — a Radical, during the civil war, of the most advanced order, — he was accustomed frequently to issue from his beautiful Cambridge retreat, trenchant political essays, in which he castigated, in his peculiar satirical style, those statesmen and measures which he opposed. In 1864 he undertook, in addition to his professional duties, the editorship of the principal American review, — the *North American*, — and made it the organ of Radicalism in politics and religion. In its pages he frequently discoursed on public affairs, and his essays were read and quoted everywhere in the States, and materially strengthened the cause to which he devoted his pen. He summoned all his powers of rhetoric, satire, ridicule, and logical lucidity, to de-



molish "false doctrine," and to expose what he thought to be the villany or the weakness of the public characters whom he assailed. Since the close of the war, these essays have appeared more rarely; perhaps because the author thought his object to have been in a large measure fulfilled by that event. But Lowell has not been idle. Ever and anon the pages of the *North American* have been graced by critical essays at once chaste, learned, acute, and intensely interesting on various literary topics; and it is not too much to say that his name and exertions have elevated the *Review* from a humdrum and not too secure an existence, and from at least a very limited influence, to be one of the great literary and political powers of America. This result is also, doubtless, partly due to the fact that he has had, as an associate, one of the most accomplished of the younger race of American literati in Mr. Charles Eliot Norton.

Like Doctor Holmes, Professor Lowell is in the prime of vigorous and active manhood, and has preserved the buoyancy and enthusiasm of his youth, alike in his person and in his mental energies. He writes but little, and in that is wise, and might profitably serve as an example to the greatest geniuses. He composes with wonderful ease and rapidity, and the charm of his composition rivals that of his published essays. His early fame was won by his short lyrical poems, which are to be found in almost every American library, side by side with those of Longfellow, Bryant, and Poe. They abound in beautiful language and suggestive imagery, and are especially noteworthy for the simplicity of expression with which the poetical idea is uttered. In this department of literature, — the lyrical, — and in this alone, he is inferior to Longfellow; and besides Longfellow, he probably has no superior in America as a lyrical poet.

George William Curtis, the literary editor of *Harper's Magazine*, holds a high rank in America as a satirist and humorist, his reputation in this direction being based mostly, perhaps, on the "Potiphar Papers." His object in this production was not unlike that of Thackeray in writing the "Snobs of England," — the portrayal to society of its own faults, follies, and humbugs. It is a most humorous and entertaining social picture, full of striking character-drawing, and telling "hits" at the snobberies of fashion and worldly selfishness. But no writer has yet arisen in America who can be compared in this kind of writing with Thackeray. The field of social satire is one which has yet to be cultivated, and which, it may be said, promises as rich a harvest to him who is able to gather it as that in which Thackeray won his lasting fame. America yet awaits her Thackeray to expose the hollowneses, the hypocrisies, the sycophancy, and the snobberies of her "respectable" society: she awaits her Dickens, who shall hold up to ridicule and indignation social abuses and tyrannies, and depict the sufferings, the crime, and, as well, the redeeming qualities; of her lower orders.

Many attempts have been made to establish in America a satirical journal which should be to America what *Punch* has so long been to England and *Charivari* to France; but they have only been imitations of these; they have had neither the wit and humor nor the distinct national character which could insure success, and they have all, so far as I am aware, failed, — at least, they have failed to gain the position awarded to their French and English originals.

## NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.

It is a fact, concerning the soundness of which there can be no doubt, that we all keep by us, among our possessions, a considerable number of objects which we do not want, for which we have no possible use, which are very much in our way, and which we would be exceeding glad to be rid of if we only knew how. Some people, with little space at their disposal, have been so encumbered in this way with large accumulations of rubbish, inherited from many generations of collectors, that they have even been heard, after a day spent in futile attempts to deal with these unvalued possessions, to express, in the bitterness of their souls, a longing for a "judicious fire" to break out in the house. In default of that great comfort, it would be an excellent arrangement if a perambulating furnace could be brought round, at certain intervals, and moored for a time before our doors.

Incineration of this sort, however, is a way out of the difficulty only available in certain cases. Some kinds of rubbish are hardly suitable for burning. Metallic rubbish, earthen-ware rubbish, bone and ivory rubbish, old door-handles, disabled locks, bunches of obsolete keys, superseded door-knockers, ancient jam-pots, broken china figures, plaster-casts without noses, empty ink jars, medicine-bottles half full of mixture which was to be taken three times a day and was n't, worn-out toothbrush handles, knobs that have come off everything that could have a knob, handles of everything that could have a handle, — handles of parasols, of button-hooks, of butter-knives, of paper-knives, of water-jugs, of teapots. There are, besides such mere rubbish and refuse, certain objects which belong to most people, which are of some — occasionally of great — intrinsic value, but which we don't in the slightest degree appreciate, and secretly yearn to be delivered from. There is the pair of vases for the chimney-piece, which were given you on your marriage day, and which, entirely destroying the effect of your drawing-room, you have banished to a bedroom, where they are bitterly in the way. There is the set of dining-room chairs, bought by yourself, with your eyes open, when you paid away hard money, — and a good deal of it, — in order that you might become possessed of what you detest from the bottom of your soul. There is that claret-colored surtout, which will not answer at all, and which is not likely to wear out because you never put it on; also, the pair of unmentionables, the material of which, when they were brought home, turned out to be so much more violent in color than it looked in the tailor's pattern-book. What are you to do with such things as these? You cannot burn a whole set of dining-room chairs, or a claret-colored surtout; and you don't like the idea of selling them, because, if it got about, your friends would at once come to the conclusion that you were on the eve of bankruptcy, and so your social position might suffer. What are you to do?

What you are to do is simply this: You are to advertise in a journal called *The Exchange and Mart*. You are to advertise that you are willing to barter these objects which are harassing the life out of you for certain other objects, which you specify, and which are equally harrowing to their present proprietor.

*The Exchange and Mart* is a weekly periodical, which has been in existence something over six months. The object with which this journal has



been started may be best explained by a quotation from the first page of the work itself:—

"The Exchange and Mart Journal" has been established to provide a medium between the seller and buyer, and at a very cheap rate to enable any one who wishes to dispose of any article, either by exchange or by sale, to do so to the very best advantage.

"It will be desirable to give a short explanation of our scheme, so that intending advertisers may the more easily avail themselves of the advantages we offer.

"First, let us suppose a person wishing to effect an exchange through our columns, he will write to the editor thus: Sir, I wish to make the following exchange (*Here follows the list of articles to be exchanged*) for which I enclose—stamps (*enclosing the number of stamps as per regulations*). If the advertiser chooses to add his own name and address, he can of course do so; but, supposing he should wish to keep it secret, he will then send us his name and address, and we shall attach a number to his advertisement, in place of his name, and all letters answering his advertisement will therefore be addressed to that number at our office. In addition to this, the advertiser can, if he wish, send the article advertised for exchange to our office on view. The same rules apply to the department of 'The Mart,' with this addition, that a charge of five per cent will be made on all articles sold at our office. As to the department of 'Wants and Vacancies,' the desirability of having some organ where servants and masters can be brought into communication at a merely nominal cost is too obvious to need demonstration."

It will be seen here, that not only do the originators of this scheme take the interests of their clients very much to heart, but that great consideration for their feelings is also exhibited, and ample provision made for that tendency to shrink from observation which ever besets the amateur seller, and which we see provided against by the pawnbroking fraternity in the shape of those private doors round the corner always inseparable from such of their establishments as are found in our genteeler neighborhoods.

Some plain directions to intending advertisers follow:—

"Let us now proceed to point out the course to be pursued by any persons answering the advertisements; and first as regards 'The Exchange.' The person answering an advertisement of exchange must enclose that answer, stamped, and with the distinguishing number of the advertisement clearly written upon the top of it, under cover to the editor of The Exchange and Mart, who will thus bring the two parties into communication. The same course of procedure applies to 'The Mart.'

"To insure that the advertisement should be widely seen, we guarantee a *minimum circulation of ten thousand weekly*."

That last "guaranty" is a bold one, and shows that the proprietors of the undertaking regard the class which is ready to fly to ills it knows not of, rather than to endure those which it has, as rather a large one. And indeed, judging from the advertisements which fill more than a dozen large columns of this wonderful journal, it would seem to be so. It is pathetic to observe how—the means of making their miseries known having at length come in their way—the proprietors of all sorts of detested objects hurry forward in search of deliverance from their passive tormentors. The present writer once

went to see the "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs"; and as soon as he appeared in the yard, every one of those poor ownerless wretches rushed headlong to the bars behind which they were confined, each imagining that his especial proprietor had at last turned up. So with these advertisers. They were pining hopeless among those fatal possessions, when suddenly the proprietors of The Exchange and Mart appeared on the scene with signals of deliverance; and instantly the advertisers flung themselves at their feet, frantic with gratitude and hope. "Rescue me from this concertina, which I can't play!" cries one. "Deliver me from this statuette, the sight of which is killing me by inches!" shrieks another. "This gun," groans a third, "with which I have never shot anything! Remove it from above my chimney-piece, and take a load from my heart!"

The advertisers who seek to make their wants known through the pages of The Exchange and Mart seem to possess many characteristics in common. The same articles appear to be popular and unpopular with them. They all want sealskin jackets and sewing-machines, and none of them want incomplete pieces of Berlin wool work, and "boxes of oil paints nearly new." There is, by the way, a very brisk desire to get rid of these last, suggesting the idea that a considerable proportion of the advertisers have been the victims of a false impression that they had a vocation for art. Sometimes the revulsion of feeling brought about by the acquirement of these "paints" is very strong indeed, as in the case of an advertiser in the twentieth number of The Exchange, who suddenly discovers, after cultivating for a brief space the peaceful arts that soften men's manners, a certain bloodthirsty tendency, at once incongruous and terrible. "I have," says this gentleman, "an oil-paint box almost complete, and *very little used*. I want a small breech-loading revolver."

Among the characteristics shared in common by the clients of the Exchange journal must be noted a wonderful and touching hopefulness. They are so inexplicably sanguine. They see nothing outrageous in the idea of getting new lamps for old ones. The lamps they have to dispose of are very old ones, and they know it. The wares they offer for competition are, for the most part, no doubt, defective, imperfect, and disappointing; yet they expect that the objects which they are to get in exchange for them are to possess none of those qualities. Here is a wonderful instance of this hopefulness. It is headed "GOATS!"

"Three pure white Sicilian goats to be exchanged for a lock-stitch sewing-machine, Wilson preferred, in perfect condition."

A gentleman or lady possessed of a sewing-machine, by the best maker, in *perfect condition*, is expected to part with it, and to receive in return—three terrible goats! Is this a thing likely to happen? Is it likely, again, that the advertiser who has "a fine tame fox, which he wishes to exchange for a gold watch or guard," will meet with a customer? Or that the proprietor of an ivory card-case is to be able to exchange it, or "two pieces of Chinese and Japanese embroidery" for a "Cleopatra" or a "Wanzer" sewing-machine, in good order?

These sewing-machines are in continual request. In one copy of The Exchange there are no less than eleven advertisements for these useful articles, for which the most various and incongruous things,—guitars, celestial and terrestrial globes, bantam



cocks, and magic lanterns, among the rest, — are offered in exchange.

This incongruity between the object offered and that which is advertised for is another of the curiosities of advertisement which the new journal supplies us with. Besides such instances as have been already mentioned, we find such notices as the following in plenty; "Butter-dish of carved white wood, with green glass centre, quite new, never used, cost eight shillings and sixpence. To exchange for Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*; or a pair of lady's skates, or a round brass American clock, or a carved fretwork brooch, or Tennyson's poems." "I will give forty pencil drawings," says one advertiser, "all good, some excellent, for twelve pounds of good honey!" "Raising the Maypole," quite new," says another; "size, forty inches by thirty inches. Wanted *blankets*, or offers." Another advertiser wishes to change a pair of archery targets for a good guitar; another, to become possessed of a small revolver in place of Knight's Natural History; another to exchange a handsome lever gold watch and seals for — a cow!

Among the remarkable points to which one's attention is frequently drawn in considering these notices is the exceeding popularity of sealskin. The advertisements for sealskin jackets, sealskin muffs, sealskin waistcoats, sealskin purses, follow one another in close succession, and are even more numerous than those for sewing-machines. Neither do the owners of the former, any more than the latter, appear to tire of such possessions, or wish to be rid of them. There are no instances of advertisers wishing to part either with sealskin jackets or sewing machines.

Occupying ourselves still with the especial peculiarities developed in the columns of this curious periodical, one cannot help noticing what a rare quality accuracy and intelligibility in written description is. This is manifested by the Exchange advertisers, both in describing the objects they wish to part with, and those of which they desire to become possessed. Thus there are advertisers who announce their possession of a "very good long thick watch-chain," without specifying of what metal it is composed; others, who are in want of a yard "or so" of piece silk; others, who yearn for a large new album, "to hold four on a page" — four what? Some of the descriptions, too, are very minute in detail, and some characterized by a certain conscientiousness. A set of steel ornaments, for instance, which are "slightly rusty," are advertised; and a lace shawl, a "little soiled"; while one advertiser, in her desire to be strictly honest, enters into quite a little narrative of the autobiographical sort: "I have," she says, "a good bracelet, bought at the Exhibition in '62. I do not know of what metal it is made, but I think it cannot be plated, as I have worn one bought at the same time a great deal, and it has not in the least turned color."

Some people are possessed of very hopeless goods indeed, and seem to be perfectly conscious of their unfortunate position. Here is an unhappy case: "I have ten gross of plate-powder, each in packet boxes. I wish to exchange for anything useful. Open to offers." And here another: "I have about a hundred different, mostly free-thought, pamphlets, average price sixpence, which I would exchange for anything useful worth a guinea."

The strange phenomena connected with the stamp-collecting mania are among the peculiarities developed in these pages. Extraordinary revela-

tions are made, of the patience and perseverance exhibited by "collectors" of this kind. Some of these advertise, for exchange, books containing upwards of five hundred stamps, foreign and colonial, or eight hundred postmarks in an album. Is it conceivable that anybody can want eight hundred postmarks? Another collector offers "a book with double clasps, containing one thousand and seventy arms, crests, and monograms, all colored; Oxford and Cambridge Colleges, arms of all nations, county arms, nearly all the army, militia, volunteer, schools, &c." There are, likewise, strange and terrible treasures of the monogram and stamp kind, and some very mysterious matters indeed, which are called "eccentrics." Here is a fearfully mystifying announcement: "I have twenty military badges, and Adam and Eve eccentric, to exchange for others; or would give two badges for Tom Dawson's cat, Miss Senhouse, Miss Charlton's fan, Mr. Milbank's eccentric." Mr. Tom Dawson's cat is the subject of another advertisement, and is evidently a much-prized and well-known specimen among "eccentrics."

Through the agency of the department of this Periodical, called the "Exchange," persons encumbered may get a different set of objects more suitable to their wants; while another department of the Journal, the "Mart," affords them a chance of turning these same unappreciated wares into money. It is probably a good thing that such a system as this should be in existence, for even if the parties to these transactions do not acquire any very valuable additions to the number of their possessions, they at least get a change in the nature of their encumbrances, and that is something. For, even if you skip out of the frying-pan into the fire, it must still be admitted that you do get a change, and perhaps — though the general opinion seems to run the other way — a change not altogether for the worse.

#### ROBERT BROWNING'S NEW POEM.\*

THAT is a bad work of art the whole merits of which are at once obvious to you. So say Lessing, Goethe, Ruskin, — indeed, all the great critics who have dwelt introspectively on the principles of their art. When you are instantly pleased with a poem, or a picture, or a piece of sculpture, — when diligent and faithful study reveals no beauties previously undreamed of, — when you know at the first glance *why* you have been pleased, the work of art before you is a work of mediocrity, or of imitation, or of meretricious make-believe. . . . A true poem has what botanists call an involute æstivation; and it requires the warm breath of close and loving study to unfold its twisted petals, reveal the perfect flower, and elicit the perfume that was hidden deep down in the bud.

It is somewhat hazardous, therefore, to pronounce off-hand on a new poem by so great and profound a genius as Robert Browning. The intense, vivid clearness with which all the dramatic outlines of a story lie before his practised eye is itself a mist of darkness for many of his readers. The skeleton of the drama is to him so unmistakable, so obvious, that he apparently fancies it necessary only to indicate here and there lines of divergence, suggest points of color or drapery, and give quaint and powerful reasons for the living peculiarities of a body, the dead mass of which is invisible to his

\* The Ring and the Book. By Robert Browning.



most anxious disciples. The only way to understand such a poem as "James Lee" in the "Dramatis Personæ" is to read it lightly over, go back and reconstruct the story for one's self, and then carefully read what Mr. Browning tells us about the story. He is constantly working out theories without giving us the primary postulates. We have to infer these; and this is a labor hateful to the soul of those who like to run as they read. Hence the cry about Browning's mysticism; and it is a cry, we are firmly convinced, which is regarded as a godsend by hundreds of people, who are glad of an excuse for omitting to read Browning altogether. It is part of a polite education that a man should have read some contemporary poets. Tennyson is an easy and pleasant task; and so one reads Tennyson. But Tupper one may escape, as he is said to be stupid; Swinburne one may escape, because he is said to be sadly immoral; Buchanan one may escape, because he writes of "costermongers and their trulls"; and as for Browning, — is it not enough to shrug one's shoulders and say that "some people can understand what he means"? There is generally, however, some slight basis of fact for these windy popular echoes; and there is no doubt at all that Browning is occasionally so fragmentary in his reasonings, so jerky in his indications, as to puzzle the most patient of his students. He seems to forget that his reader is not upon the same standpoint as himself. The landscape lies so vividly before him that he contents himself with mentioning that gleam of white, that glow of pink, or the spectral shapes in the clouds overhead. One wants to know whether one is in Switzerland or in Holland, on the banks of a stream or on the side of a mountain.

Was it some late consciousness of this peculiarity of his genius that induced Mr. Browning to lay down the basis of his present poem as clearly as good printer's type could do it? The story which forms the thread on which are strung the various interpretations of a great tragedy is related in terms nearly as sharp and succinct as the title of the book from whence it is borrowed: —

"A Roman murder-case :

Position of the entire criminal cause  
Of Guido Franceschini, nobleman,  
With certain Four, the cut-throats in his pay,  
Tried, all five, and found guilty and put to death  
By heading or hanging as befitted ranks,  
At Rome on February Twenty Two,  
Since our salvation Sixteen Ninety Eight :  
Wherein it is disputed if, and when,  
Husbands may kill adulterous wives, yet 'scape  
The customary forfeit."

The particulars of this trial for murder are simply these, — Guido Franceschini, a poor nobleman, disappointed of receiving preferment at Rome, retires into the country, taking with him as wife a young girl, the supposed daughter of two aged people of the middle class. The parents give up their house, and go to live with their son-in-law. Shortly thereafter they leave the Count Guido's house, and return to Rome, where the mother makes open confession that she has deceived her husband and her son-in-law. Pompilia, the heroine, is not the daughter of the old woman, Violante, but of some wretched woman from whom Violante had purchased her infant. Count Guido comes forward and protests against this confession as a lie invented to cheat him out of his bride's dowry. The courts rule that Violante has spoken the truth, but that the Count shall keep his wife's dowry. After a certain time Pompilia flies from her husband's home, in company with a young priest. They are overtaken by the

husband when near Rome, and the priest is found to be armed with a sword, which he offers to use in defence of the young wife. The husband, however, calls in the aid of the police, and the case is again shifted to the public courts. The husband's statement of the case is obvious. The wife's is that, tortured beyond endurance, she resolved to fly, and accepted the only protection she could gain, that of the priest. The husband shows love-letters written by his wife to the priest; the defence is that these must be forgeries, since the poorly educated Pompilia cannot write at all. The court adjudges that Pompilia's statement is (like a great many things which actually happen around us)

"Difficult to believe, yet possible,"

and ordains that, whoever may be in the wrong, Pompilia shall go in the mean while to a convent, the young priest be relegated for a few months to Civita, the husband be requested to return home. Some time after, Pompilia petitions to be allowed to go to the house of the old couple whom she once regarded as her parents, and in their house she is delivered of a child. The Count Guido, and four ruffians, gain access to the house, and murder the young wife and the two old people. Then ensues the trial for murder, the Count resting his defence on his wife's alleged adultery. The court refuse to accept the defence, find him and his companions guilty of murder, and the five are accordingly executed.

Such is a brief epitome of the tragic and mysterious story which Mr. Browning now proceeds to expand. But his aim is not to give any single version of his own, — to say how the narrative strikes him, — to decide which party in the trial was in the right, and so enlist our sympathies for the outraged and indignant husband, or for the outraged and innocent girl-wife. He gives, indeed, a series of dramatic representations of the tragedy as it appears to different people, and while they brighten up this point with vague surmise, or elucidate that mystery with the keen insight of sympathetic emotion, they also give us a picture at the same time of themselves and of their notions of human circumstance. It is as if we could at the same time look over a landscape and regard the pictures which it produces on the canvasses of various artists. Here is his own view of the case: —

"A novel country : I might make it mine  
By choosing which one aspect of the year  
Suited mood best, and putting solely that  
On panel somewhere in the House of Fane,  
Landscaping what I saved, not what I saw :  
— Might fix you, whether frost in goblin-time  
Started the moon with his abrupt bright laugh,  
Or, August's hair afloat in filmy fire,  
She fell, arms wide, face foremost on the world.  
Swooned there and so sined out the strength of things.  
Thus were abolished Spring and Autumn both,  
The land dwarfed to one likeness of the land,  
Life cramped corpse-fashion. — Rather learn and love  
Each facet-flash of the revolving year ! —  
Red, green, and blue that whirl into a white,  
The variance now, the eventual unity,  
Which make the miracle."

In the present volume, which is only one of a series of four,\* we are told in the first place what "Half-Rome" says of the marriage and murder of the young girl, and, in the second, what "The Other Half-Rome" says. Half-Rome sides with the husband; imagines dreadful things about the girl's doings; represents her putative mother to be a

\* The American edition of "The Ring and the Book" (Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.) will be in two volumes, each volume containing two of the English monthly parts.



miracle of treachery, cunning, meanness, and duplicity.

She first dupes her husband, and then sells the produce of her imposture to Count Guido, in order that they may all sit at a nobleman's board. She is enraged because the Count does not allow them unlimited luxury, leaves the house with her husband, and, indeed, prompts her supposed daughter to the wickedness which follows. Pompilia is an abandoned creature, repaying unusual generosity with unexampled ingratitude. But the other half of Rome is full of pity for the girl who lies dying of the cruel wounds. It talks of the cowardly and brutal husband who schemed to get the dowry, who was then only desirous to get his young wife out of the house, who laid traps for her, who forged letters addressed to the priest, who so ill-used her that she had to fly, and who, when all his schemes of malice were like to fall through, was so carried away by rage that he hired four ruffians to murder his wife and the old people who had confided her to his charge. The marvellous dramatic faculty of Mr. Browning has never been better exhibited than in these divers versions of the same story. Both of them are logical, consistent, and apparently necessary theories, and yet they are diametrically opposed. Every reader of the book will, of course, elect to stand with "the other Half-Rome," which says, as the murdered wife lies in the hospital, —

"Another day that finds her living yet,  
Little Pompilia, with the patient brow  
And lamentable smile on those poor lips,  
And, under the white hospital-array,  
A flower-like body, to frighten at a bruise  
You 'd think, yet now, stubbed through and through again,  
Alive! the ruins. 'Tis a miracle.  
It seems that, when her husband struck her first,  
She prayed Madonna just that she might live  
So long as to confess and be absolved;  
And whether it was that, all her sad life long,  
Never before successful in a prayer,  
This prayer rose with authority too dread, —  
Or whether, because earth was hell to her,  
By compensation, when the blackness broke  
She got one glimpse of quiet and the cool blue,  
To show her for a moment such things were, —  
Or else, — as the Augustinian Brother thinks,  
The friar who took confession from her lip, —  
When a probationary soul that moves  
From nobleness to nobleness, as she,  
Over the rough way of the world, succumbs,  
Bloodies its last thorn with unflinching foot,  
The angels love to do their work betimes,  
Stanch some wounds here nor leave so much for God."

"Half-Rome" will gain little credence for its narrow and spiteful representation of the case, consistent and reasonable as that is, even were it denuded of its narrow self-sufficiency, censoriousness, suspicion, and Cockneyism. The reader may ask how the vulgarest of Roman citizens could possibly be guilty of Cockneyism; but does not Mr. Browning, perhaps using the handiest form of indicating the social grade and training of one of his Roman citizens, make the man say, —

"Beside I'm useful at explaining things, —  
As how the dagger *laid* there at the feet," &c. &c.

We have heard incidentally that, in the remaining three volumes of the poem, Mr. Browning will make the respective characters in the drama give their own version of the story; that so the wheel of various colors may be completed, and the white light of truth be obtained from its blended tints.

In the mean while, what is to be said of this first section of "The Ring and the Book"? Perilous as a hasty judgment must always be, we are confident that the general voice of criticism will say that Mr. Browning has never written, except, perhaps, in the first episode of "Pippa Passes," with finer dramatic

power than he evinces in this volume. The sharp cross-lights that he sheds upon his characters, the vivid, shaft-like indications with which he touches off incidents and local accessories, the wonderful insight he shows into certain mental moods are here, as of old, in all their unequalled power. There is not an atom of mysticism in the volume. In the white heat of passion there was no room for intellectual subtleties; and the story of Pompilia stands out clear and naked as a Greek statue, against a lurid background of tragic pain and wrong. For behind all the passionate poetry of the lines there lies the unsolved problem of human suffering; and it is only here and there that a brief word is spoken as to how these terrible things were allowed to be. When the garrulous half of Rome asks itself what harm there was in Violante taking up the child of this castaway and nursing it as her own, the answer lies in the tragic results: —

"This fragile egg, some careless wild bird dropped,  
She had picked from where it waited the foot-fall,  
And put in her own breast till forth broke finch  
Able to sing God praise on mornings now.  
What so excessive harm was done? — she asked.  
To which demand the dreadful answer comes, —  
For that same deed, now at Lorenzo's church,  
Both agents, conscious and unconscious, lie;  
While she, the deed was done to benefit,  
Lies also, the most lamentable of things,  
Yonder where curious people count her breaths,  
Calculate how long yet the little life  
Unspilt may serve their turn nor spoil the show,  
Give them their story, then the church its group."

We cannot dwell at present on the minuter poetical graces which adorn these pages. Mr. Browning was never a lapidary poet; and yet there are passages in "The Ring and the Book" which have a wonderful delicacy of structure and epithet, and music which no laborious polishing of syllables could possibly give. With one of these passages we close this hasty announcement of a book which may find more extended criticism, at some future time, in these columns: —

"O lyric love, half angel and half bird,  
And all a wonder and a wild desire, —  
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,  
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,  
And sang a kindred soul out to his face —  
Yet human as the red-ripe of the heart —  
When the first summons from the darkling earth  
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their blue,  
And barred them of the glory, — to drop down,  
To toil for man, to suffer or to die, —  
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?  
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!  
Never may I commence my song, my due  
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,  
Except with bent head and beseeching hand —  
That still, despite the distance and the dark,  
What was, again may be; some interchange  
Of grace, some splendor once thy very thought,  
Some benediction anciently thy smile: —  
— Never conclude, but raising hand and head  
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn  
For all hope, all sustenance, all reward,  
Thy utmost up and on, — so blessing back  
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,  
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,  
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!"

## CHARLOTTE MOREL.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

It is the way of the world to speak of the Middle Ages as if they were dead and buried. It is also the way of the world to rear ponderous books over them, like so many gravestones, — volumes in the pages of which are inscribed epitaphs that are not always records of mediæval virtues.

Dead in most places the Middle Ages are, — dead and forgotten. They have left no traces in the lives of men and women; they may linger in a few



old churches, or castle walls, or ivied towers, but from the human mind and heart they have utterly passed away.

But, far from the tracks of the railway travellers, now and then find out spots where mediæval life is not dead, but sleeping. The men wear coats, and the women chignons; but beneath these outward signs of the nineteenth century lie modes of thought and habits of life which certainly belong to another age than this. These places are mostly found abroad; little mousey provincial towns are they, not sufficiently interesting to attract antiquarians, and too poor to stimulate enterprise; places in which life is as dull and as torpid as it was three hundred years ago and more.

To this quiet tribe belongs Verrières, in one of the central provinces of France. Wars and revolutions seem to have passed over it in vain. It has heard the mighty whirlwind of a people's wrath, and echoed to the cannon's roar; but like the enchanted Durandarte, whom Don Quixote saw in the cave of Montesinos, it has turned on its side, and taken a philosophical nap.

Money is of great account in places like this, and money has reached its full value in Verrières. That little humdrum town, with its long, silent street, and its green gardens spreading behind its old houses so quaint and gray, thinks a great deal of Mammon, not as seen in Three per Cents., or in railway shares, or even in bank-notes; but Mammon, as he shows himself to his worshippers in gold, silver, or copper aspect, or in such goods as are daily exchanged for the same.

Thanks to Mammon, therefore, Monsieur Morel, the richest man in Verrières, held a high position in his native place. Monsieur Morel was a grocer and general dealer. He literally fed and clothed Verrières. Monsieur Morel sold flour, bacon, eggs, sugar, colonial goods, spirits and wine even, crockery, hardware, boots and shoes, cloths, silks, calico, linen, and every species of cheap stuff, not liable to sudden changes of fashion. He not only fed and clothed Verrières, as we said, but a whole set of villages and hamlets which clustered around it as well; and as no competitor had ever stepped in to make him lower his prices, which were rather high, Monsieur Morel soon became a rich man, and grew richer with every year.

He lived in a very old house with many windows to it; windows high and narrow, which, as well as the steep roof and massive chimney-stacks, spoke of a bygone age. In the broad and lofty rooms of that house, — and it had many, — he stored away his multifarious goods. Casks of butter, bales of coffee, sacks full of flour, piles of sugar-loaves in blue paper, could be seen by the admiring eyes of the children of Verrières, through the dusty and grated windows of the ground-floor. But still greater wonders were reported of the first, second, and third floors of Monsieur Morel's house. Piles upon piles of shining silks and fine broadcloths were there, it was said; precious goods, never visited in their solemn and dusky retreat save by Monsieur Morel and his clerk Lenoir, a little, wiry old man, who went through life with a pen behind his ear. These two, Monsieur Morel and Lenoir, assisted by two stout servant-women, attended to the shop. This was not in the street, as might have been expected, but in the yard at the back of the house. A low dingy-looking shop it was, in which perpetual twilight reigned, and where the sun never entered; but a shop in which the clink of money was heard all the day long, and all the year round. Light and sun it had

had in its early days, when the yard merged into a pleasant garden, bounded by a little river which flowed between willows and aspen trees. But when Monsieur Morel's business so increased that he knew not where to turn to for spare room, the garden was sacrificed. Out-houses were raised in its stead, and a skylight roof extending from them to the large old house in front enclosed the whole yard; in which, thanks to this shelter, more goods were stowed away.

Madame Morel was young when this was done, and she sorely lamented the loss of the garden where she used to sit on summer evenings, knitting, and looking at the flowing river and the aspen-trees and hoary willows, with the flushed sunset sky above them. To reconcile her to the change, her husband turned the yard into a sort of greenhouse. Glossy ivy was trained against the walls, and soon covered them with sombre verdure. With ivy mingled light summer creepers that climbed up to the skylight, and hung thence over sacks and bales and packages in graceful banners, receiving air from a high-arched gateway that led from the street to the shop, and thriving in their captivity.

Very cool, green, and pleasant looked this yard from the street. Strangers wondered at it, and the people of Verrières were proud of it. Madame Morel did not live to enjoy it. She died when her first child was born. Her widowed husband never married again; but though caring little for them himself, he cherished and tended the ivy and the creepers for his dead wife's sake.

Sovereigns have their cares. Wars, foreign alliances, bickerings with royal brothers and sisters, imbibed the lives of ladies and gentlemen who wear crowns and sit on thrones. No wonder, therefore, that, apart from his wife's death, Monsieur Morel had troubles incidental to his position. The chief of these was that the late Madame Morel had not given him a son, but a daughter.

"Ah, Lenoir," he would say to his clerk, "the mother abbess gives me the best account of the little thing's temper and abilities; my own eyes tell me that she is both pretty and healthy. But it is a great trial that I have not got a Charles, but a Charlotte. The business, you know."

"It is a great pity that Mademoiselle Charlotte is not Monsieur Charles," Lenoir would ruefully answer. "It certainly was a great mistake." And this error of the late Madame Morel became a standing grievance between these two.

When Madame Morel's mistake was about seven years old, she came home to her father's on a week's holiday. A very pretty, quiet, demure child, with black eyes and a rosy face was Charlotte Morel. And very pretty she looked when she acted as bridesmaid to her father's sister, who married Monsieur Roussel, the notary, about this time. Monsieur Roussel was a widower, and his son, Henri, a lad of twelve, took a great fancy to Mademoiselle Charlotte. He sat by her at the wedding dinner; he danced with her in the evening; and when she complained of being fatigued, he chivalrously put her on his back, and carried her home. Monsieur Morel, who was already looking out for a son-in-law, and who liked the aspect of this handsome and spirited lad, slapped him on the back, and said, cheerfully: —

"That's right, Henri; carry your little wife."

"Upon which Henri, turning his frank face and blue eyes to Charlotte, said gaily: —

"Will you marry me, Charlotte? Eh, will you marry me?"



The proposal, coming as it did when Charlotte was on her suitor's back, with her arms around his neck, was an awkward one. She looked shy and doubtful; before she could answer, Henri's uncle and godfather, Monsieur Roussel, the farmer, interfered, and said, sarcastically:—

"Do not say yes, Charlotte, or you will repent it, for you see Henri has a temper."

Henri became crimson, and bit his lip.

"Henri will improve," hesitatingly said his father.

"Please to put me down?" asked Charlotte.

"I will not," passionately replied the boy. "I will carry you, whether you like it or not, mamzelle."

Charlotte submitted; but when they reached home, and Henri put her down, she would neither look at him nor bid him good night.

"You are a sulky little thing," he said, angrily.

A remark which Charlotte did not deign to answer.

The breach might have widened if Mademoiselle Morel had not gone back to her convent the very next morning. When these two met again, she had grown to be a decorous young lady, and he a civil young man, and neither attempted to renew the passages of their childhood.

Charlotte was about eighteen when Monsieur Morel said one morning to Lenoir:—

"I must see about a son-in-law."

But where was the young man to be found who could be both Charlotte Morel's husband and Monsieur Morel's successor? Where was the lover and the man of business? All Verrières could not yield him. The shrewd, sharp man was either married, or too old, or blind of an eye, and the agreeable young man was either a spendthrift, or a bad accountant, or simply empty-headed.

"I must try Henri Roussel," said Monsieur Morel, with a sigh. Monsieur Lenoir heard, and groaned, and turned up his eyes. Matters must be bad indeed for Monsieur Morel to take such a resolve as this.

Henri Roussel was now a very fine, manly-looking young fellow, with plenty of brains, but with a reckless, ungovernable temper, which had already led him into various scrapes, and which kept his father, a weak, nervous man, and his step-mother, a timid, yielding woman, in a constant state of fever and uneasiness. Monsieur Roussel was the notary of Verrières, and he lived in the house next to that of his brother-in-law, another gray old mansion, but with two gilt 'scutcheons over the gateway, and numerous blue, red, and yellow bills, announcing sales of farms, and châteaux, and fields, and vineyards, stuck on either side of the entrance. To him Monsieur Morel first broached his proposal.

"Please yourself; but neither you nor any one else will do any good with Henri," despondently answered Monsieur Roussel. "In this very room I told him so only yesterday."

The room which had witnessed this paternal denunciation was a square and lofty apartment. It had a dingy bookcase full of ponderous law-books, a dingy table covered with yellow papers, and a dull, rusty-looking iron safe, no doubt full of title-deeds and valuable documents. It was not a fascinating room for a lively young man.

"Perhaps he will like business better than the law," said Monsieur Morel.

His brother-in-law shook his head.

"Henri can live on the little fortune his mother

left him," he said, "and Henri will like nothing. Mind," he added, expanding his hands, "you take him on your own responsibility."

Thus comforted, Monsieur Morel went down stairs. His sister was knitting in a dull parlor, with her two daughters by her. When they had been sent away, and her brother explained his plans, the good lady dropped ten stitches of her knitting.

"Poor Charlotte!" she said. "Why, he will break the child's heart with his temper."

Monsieur Morel said something about some one who was not so black as he was painted, upon which he was told that he did not know Henri Roussel.

"Well, then," he retorted, losing patience, "I cannot help myself; beggars cannot be choosers."

And he went forthwith to find the sinner—whom he had always liked, to say the truth—at the end of the garden. A pleasant, sunlit garden was this,—half garden, half orchard, and sloping down to the river-side. Monsieur Morel walked down trim paths, with beds of stocks and wallflowers blossoming very sweetly in the light shade of apple-trees, till he came to the river. There he found Henri Roussel in his shirt-sleeves, mending and hammering a boat with right good-will. He was twenty-three then, a tall and very handsome young man, with a tinge of red in his yellow locks, but with a frank look in his blue eyes and an open smile, which Monsieur Morel had always liked. At once, in few but plain words, he expounded his errand and made his proposal. Henri heard him, sitting on the side of the boat, with the hammer in one hand and his chin resting on the palm of the other.

"Thank you, uncle," he said, gravely; "but you know I never took to the law."

"The law is one thing, and business is another," replied Monsieur Morel.

"Yes; I want life, motion, variety. Business gives these,—the law does not. And you want me to marry Charlotte," continued the young man, gravely. "You know I am by no means so rich as she is."

"That is *my* business."

"But how will she like it, uncle?"

"That is *your* business," answered Monsieur Morel, smiling.

The color deepened on the young man's cheek; he was silent awhile, then he made one last objection.

"My father, my step-mother, my two sisters, all declare that I have a bad and violent temper. Are you willing, nevertheless, to trust me with your daughter's happiness?"

"I am," stoutly replied Monsieur Morel; "for if you have a warm temper, for which the color of your hair may be answerable, I believe you have also a generous heart, and that you are incapable of making my little Charlotte unhappy."

Henri Roussel said nothing, but his blue eyes were dim and his lips quivered as he rose and held out his hand, which Monsieur Morel grasped cordially. It was a bargain, and the young man came that same evening, not to live in the house, which was not needed, but to have a long business conversation with his uncle. He proved an apt pupil. There was life and activity in the business, as Monsieur Morel had truly said. Henri Roussel had to travel and go about to fairs and markets, and he showed such business talents and gave such satisfaction, that Monsieur Morel sent for his daughter, in order to conclude the matter as soon as possible.

[Concluded next week.]



FEMININE AMENITIES.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

A MAN'S foes are those of his own household, and the keenest enemies of women are women themselves. No one can inflict such humiliation on a woman as a woman can when she chooses; for if the art of high-handed snubbing belongs to men, that of subtle wounding is peculiarly feminine, and is practised by the best-bred of the sex. Women are always more or less antagonistic to each other. They are gregarious in fashions and emulative in follies, but they cannot combine; they never support their weak sisters; they shrink from those who are stronger than the average; and if they would speak the truth boldly, they would confess to a radical contempt for each other's intellect, which perhaps is the real reason why the sect of the "emancipated" commands so small a following. Half a dozen ordinary men advocating "emancipation" doctrines would do more towards leavening the whole bulk of woman-kind than any number of first-class women. Where they do stand by each other it is from instinctive or personal affection, rather than from class solidarity. And this is one of the most striking distinctions of sex, and one cause, among others, why men have the upper hand, and why they are able to keep it. Certainly there are reasons, sufficiently good, why women do not more readily coalesce; and one is the immense difference between the two extremes,—the silly being too silly to appreciate the wise, and the weak too weak to bear the armor of the strong. There is more difference between the outsiders among women than there is between those among men; the feminine characteristic of exaggeration making a gap which the medium or average man fills. The ways of women with each other more than all else show the great difference between their *morale* and that of men. They flatter and coax as men could not do, but they are also more rude to each other than any man would be to his fellow. It is amazing to see the things they can do and will bear,—things which no man would dream of standing, and which no man would dare to attempt. This is because they are not taught to respect each other, and because they have no fear of consequences. If one woman is insulted by another, she cannot demand satisfaction or knock the offender down, and it is unladylike to swear and call names. She must bear what she can repay only in kind; but, to do her justice, she repays in a manner undeniably effective and to the point. There is nothing very pronounced about the feminine mode of aggression and retaliation, and yet it is eloquent, and sufficient for its purpose. It may be only a stare, a shrug, a toss of the head, but women can throw an intensity of disdain into the simplest gesture, which answers the whole end perfectly.

The unabashed serenity and unflinching constancy with which one woman can stare down another is in itself an art that requires a certain amount of natural genius, as well as careful cultivation. She puts up her eyeglass,—not being short-sighted,—and surveys the enemy standing two feet from her, with a sublime contempt for her whole condition, or with a still more sublime ignoring of her existence altogether, that no words could give. If the enemy is sensitive and unused to the kind of thing, she is absolutely crushed, destroyed for the time, and reduced to the most pitiable state of self-abasement. If she is of a tougher fibre, and has had some experience of feminine warfare, she returns

the stare with a corresponding amount of contempt or of obliviousness; and from that moment a contest is begun which never ceases, and which continually gains in bitterness. The stare is the weapon of offence most in use among women, and is specially favored by the experienced against the younger and less seasoned. It is one of the instinctive arms native to the sex, and we have only to watch the introduction of two girls to each other to see this, and to learn how even in youth is begun the exercise which time and use raise to such deadly perfection.

In the conversations of women with each other we again meet with examples of their peculiar amenities to their own sex. They never refrain from showing how much they are bored; they contradict flatly, without the flimsiest veil of apology to hide their rudeness; and they interrupt ruthlessly, whatever the subject in hand may be. One lady was giving another a minute account of how the bride looked yesterday when she was married to Mr. A., of somewhat formidable repute, and with whom, if report was to be trusted, her listener had had sundry tender passages which made the mention of his marriage a notoriously sore subject. "Ah! I see you have taken that old silk which Madame Josephine wanted to palm off on me last year," said the tortured listener brusquely, breaking into the narrative without a lead of any kind; and the speaker was silenced. In this case it was the interchange of doubtful courtesies, wherein neither deserved pity; but to make a disparaging remark about a gown, in revenge for turning the knife in a wound, was a thoroughly feminine manner of retaliation, and one that would not have touched a man. Such shafts would fall blunted against the rugged skin of the coarser creature; and the date or pattern of a bit of cloth would not have told much against the loss of a lover. But as most women passionately care for dress, their toilet is one of their most vulnerable parts. Ashamed to be unfashionable, they tolerate anything in each other rather than shabbiness or eccentricity, even when picturesque; hence a sarcastic allusion to the age of a few yards of silk is a return wound of considerable depth when cleverly given.

The introduction of the womankind belonging to a favorite male acquaintance of lower social condition affords a splendid opportunity for the display of feminine amenity. The presentation cannot be refused, yet it is resented as an intrusion; and the smaller woman is made to feel that she has offended. "Another daughter, Mr. C.!" You must have a dozen daughters surely," a peeress said disdainfully to a commoner whom personally she liked, but whose family she did not want to know. The poor man had but two, and this was the introduction of the second. Very painful to a high-spirited gentlewoman must be the way in which a superior creature of this kind receives her, if not of the same set as herself. The husband of the inferior creature may be "adored," as men are adored by fashionable women who love only themselves, and care only for their own pleasures. Artist, man of letters, *beau sabreur*, he is the passing idol, the temporary toy, of a certain circle; and his wife has to be tolerated for his sake, and because she is a lady and fit to be presented, though an outsider. So they patronize her till the poor woman's blood is on fire, or they snub her till she has no moral consistency left in her, and is reduced to a mere mass of pulp. They keep her in another room while they talk to their intimates; or they admit her into their circle, where she is made to feel like a Gentile among the faith-



ful, where either they leave her unspoken to altogether, or else speak to her on subjects quite apart from the general conversation, as if she was incapable of understanding them on their own ground. They ask her to dinner without her husband, and take care that there is no one to meet her whom she would like to see; but they ask him when they are at their grandest, and express their deep regret that his wife (uninvited) cannot accompany him. They know every turn and twist that can humiliate her if she has pretensions which they choose to demolish. They praise her toilet for its good taste in simplicity, when she thinks she is one of the finest on an occasion on which no one can be too fine; they tell her that pattern of hers is perfect, and made just like the dear duchess's famous dress last season, when she believes that she has Madame Josephine's last, freshly imported from Paris; they celebrate her dinner as the very perfection of a refined family dinner without parade or cost, though it has all been had from the crack confectioner's, and though the bill for the entertainment will cause many a day of family pinching. These are the things which women say to one another when they wish to pain and humiliate, and which pain and humiliate some more than would a positive disgrace. For some women are distressingly sensitive about these little matters. Their lives are made up of trifles, and a failure in a trifle is a failure in their object of life.

Women can do each other no end of despite in a small way in society, not to speak of mischief of a graver kind. A hostess who has a grudge against one of her guests can always insure her a disappointing evening under cover of doing her supreme honor and paying her extra attention.

If she sees the enemy engaged in a pleasant conversation with one of the male stars, down she swoops, and, in the sweetest manner possible, carries her off to another part of the room, to introduce her to some school-girl who can only say yes or no in the wrong places, — "who is dying for the honor of talking to you, my dear"; or to some unfledged stripling who blushes and grows hot, and cannot stammer out two consecutive sentences, but who is presented as a rising genius, and to be treated with the consideration due to his future. As her persecution is done under the guise of extra friendliness, the poor victim cannot cry out, nor yet resist; but she knows that whenever she goes to Mrs. So and So's she will be seated next the stupidest man at table, and prevented from talking to any one she likes in the evening; and that every visit to that lady is made in some occult manner unpleasant to her. And yet what has she to complain of? She cannot complain that her hostess trusts to her for help in the success of her entertainment, and moves her about the room as a perambulating attraction which she has to dispense fairly among her guests, lest some should be jealous of the others. She may know that the meaning is to annoy; but who can act on meaning as against manner? How crooked soever the first may be, if the last is straight the case falls to the ground, and there is no room for remonstrance.

Often women flirt as much to annoy other women as to attract men or amuse themselves. If a wife has crossed swords with a friend, and the husband is in any way endurable, let her look out for retaliation. The woman she has offended will take her revenge by flirting more or less openly with the husband, all the while loading the enemy with flat-

tery if she is afraid of her, or snubbing her without much disguise if she feels herself the stronger. The wife cannot help herself, unless things go too far for public patience. A jealous woman without proof is the butt of her society, and brings the whole world of women like a nest of wasps about her ears. If she is wise, she will ignore what she cannot laugh at; if sensitive, she will fret; if vindictive, she will repay. Nine times out of ten she does the last, and maybe with interest; and so goes on the duel, though all the time the fighters appear to be most intimate friends, and on the best possible terms together. But the range of these feminine amenities is not confined to women; it includes men as well; and women continually take advantage of their position to insult the stronger sex by saying to them things which can be neither answered nor resented. A woman can insinuate that you have just cheated at cards, with the quietest face and the gentlest voice imaginable; she can give you the lie direct as coolly as if she was correcting a misprint, — and you cannot defend yourself. To brawl with her would be unpardonable, to contradict her is useless, and the sense of society does not allow you to show her any active displeasure. In this instance the weaker creature is the stronger, and the most defenceless is the safest. You have only the rather questionable consolation of knowing that you are not singular in your discomfiture, and that when she has made an end of you she will probably have a turn with your betters, and make them, too, dance to her piping, whether they like the tune or not. At all events, if she humiliates you, she humiliates her sisters still more; and with the knowledge that, hardly handled as you have been, others are yet more severely dealt with, you must learn to be content, and to practise a grim kind of patience as well as nature will permit.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

A SANSKRIT Scholarship has been founded at Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE second paper of Charles Dickens's "New Uncommercial Samples" is looked for with great interest.

MR. SAMUEL LUCAS, M. A., formerly the editor of *Once a Week*, and for many years the literary reviewer of the *Times* newspaper, died recently at Eastbourne, England, at the age of fifty.

A CHINESE College in Naples, established under the auspices of the Government, has been transformed into a school for teaching Asiatic languages, in order to facilitate relations between Italy and the East.

IN addition to the twenty-five theatres which Paris already boasts, four more are about to be added, with this peculiarity, that they are to be in one building. The four theatres will include a popular Opera, a Light Comedy house, a popular Adelphi, and one for the production of Broad Farce.

IF a man wants to ride down to posterity on a bronze or a marble horse, he had better follow the modest example of Napoleon III. and attend to the matter himself. An equestrian statue of the present Emperor of the French has just been fixed over the new gateways that lead beneath the great



gallery of the Louvre into the Place du Carrousel. It is executed in half-relief, in bronze, and is of great size, measuring about fourteen feet, each way, and weighing nearly a ton.

THE critic of the London Review thinks that "He Knew He was Right," promises to be the best story that Mr. Trollope has written. "As a novel of character it is eminently satisfactory, many subtle touches precipitating the development with a force and finish such as Mr. Trollope has seldom displayed before."

A LETTER from Paris says:—"The veteran composer (Auber) was lately asked his opinion of Adelina Patti as an *artiste*. 'I have seen and heard many singers,' he replied; 'I remember Catalini, Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Sontag, but I never heard so perfect an *artiste* as La Patti; as for her voice, it is without a flaw.'"

THE latest improvement in the Parisian velocipede is said to be a stationary time-piece, so placed as to face the occupant of the vehicle. It has been found that watches of American manufacture are the only ones not liable to be thrown out of working order by the motion of the velocipede. No others are used for this purpose. Good news for the Waltham Watch Co.!

If we are to believe the *Moniteur*, the Paris *sergents-de-ville* and police detectives are now gifted with a new quality,—that of fascinating robbers. Alluding to a female pickpocket who was lately arrested on the Boulevards, the official paper says that this feat was accomplished by the "police agent, who so fascinated her by his look that she instantly went up to him and restored the stolen objects."

A WRITER in the *Gaulois* relates the following anecdote of the late Baron Rothschild, as an instance of his disregard for the aristocracy. One day while busily engaged writing, a nobleman was ushered into his study, and to whom he bowed and continued his occupation, simply saying, "Pray be seated, take a chair"; but the visitor indignantly replied, "You have evidently not heard my name, I am Count ——" "Oh! in that case," said the Baron, "take two chairs."

MR. HENRY F. CHORLEY, the well-known musical critic, publishes the following note in the last number of the *Athenæum*:—

"I hope not to be considered as one taking a sudden advantage of the death of Rossini, if I announce my intention of attempting his biography with reference to his art. This project has been present to me for more years than it is now amusing for me to count. My admiration of his genius has been indicated in every work or paragraph on the subject which I have deliberately, or hour by hour, offered to the public. Some courage (or impertinence, it may be thought) was required on the part of an untried man to write what I wrote, some thirty years ago, in comparison of Rossini's operas with those of Mozart. I merely revert to the fact as a proof that I have never wavered in my judgment; still less, that I am now wishing to make instant capital out of a great man's memory.

"Should this announcement be received with any sympathy, I shall be only too grateful for any assistance in the shape of material confided to me. In

case I do not live to carry out my purpose, I will take due care that every communication shall be returned to its writer or contributor."

PIERRE ANTOINE BERRYER — who may be said to have been an epitome in himself of the great events which form the history of the French Empire for three quarters of a century — was born January 4, 1790. At the early age of twenty-one he had achieved a distinction that was generally accepted as a most emphatic augury of his brilliant future. He had originally proposed the Church as a profession, but became an advocate in deference to the wishes of his friends. In 1815 he supported his father in a defence of Marshal Ney, and, being accused of professing seditious sentiments, won the admiration of Louis XVIII. by the firmness with which he resisted the charge. His first great speech as a statesman was made in the tribune, 1830. In 1840, Louis Napoleon having been taken at Boulogne, was tried before the Court of Peers. Berryer and Marie were his advocates; the former contended that, as four million of votes had placed the Napoleon dynasty on the throne, Prince Louis was the heir to that throne, and could not be executed for seeking to obtain it. However, in 1851 he opposed the conduct of Napoleon, then President, and endeavored to procure his impeachment. In the debate of the 14th February, 1868, during a reply by Berryer to an accusation made against him by M. Baroche, a word resembling the term "dastard" was made use of. "Who uses this?" he exclaimed, pausing. "I," replied M. Granier de Cassagnac. "O, then it is nothing," replied Berryer, with the superb contempt of tone and gesture of which he was alone capable. It was at the time of the Baudin subscription that his illness first attacked him. He was removed, against the wishes of his medical advisers, to Angerville, where he died in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

THE Pall Mall Gazette considers Mr. Parton's "Smoking and Drinking" "a formidable attack on our little pleasures. Mr. Parton's articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*," says the critic, "have very likely been noticed by many readers on this side of the Atlantic who have never heard his name. We may mention especially a series on the great cities of the United States, which were very nearly the best specimens of the popular essayist's craft that we have met with in contemporary magazines. This little volume is a reprint of three more recent articles from the *Atlantic Monthly*. In the first, 'Does it Pay to Smoke?' Mr. Parton gives it as the result of his own experience that it does not pay to smoke, and that it does pay to leave off smoking. His arguments are not all good, and he does not settle the question; but let any one who thinks that the discussion is worn out read this essay and acknowledge the power of a first-rate literary cook. It is difficult to define Mr. Parton's style otherwise than by saying that it is eminently readable. . . . This skill comes out more remarkably still in the essay, 'Will the Coming Man drink Wine?' — a question which Mr. Parton, of course, answers in the negative. The last article excited some attention in this country on its appearance. It is an account of that singular American institution, inebriate asylums, and a horrible string of stories it tells of the soul's tragedies of drunkenness. Whether these protests from America will convert any Englishman or not we cannot say, but at any rate they will be



found both amusing and instructive in the process of reading, even if on digestion they should leave a bitter taste of remorse or self-discontent behind them. They convey, in a sensible form, some notion of that new American ideal of life which is a fact, though too vague and inchoate a fact to justify the stupendous nonsense which has been uttered for and against it. For an antidote to any disquieting effect on smokers and wine-drinkers, have we not the monthly and quarterly utterances of our own prophets, who prophesy smooth things?"

### DIES IRÆ.

[The accompanying lines do not pretend to add another new version to those already existing of this famous hymn. But it has sometimes occurred to the writer that the supposed necessity of forcing all translations into triplets corresponding to the Latin has produced an artificial stiffness, which fails to represent the spirit, in the attempt to preserve the form of the original.

The only exception to this is Sir Walter Scott's, — in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," — and this accordingly has alone achieved a permanent and universal place in our English Hymnody.

The following is an experiment of a version which has endeavored to compress only where compression was needed by the sense, and to enlarge where the sense could only be conveyed by enlargement.

Some stanzas have been omitted; as, indeed, in the hymn used in the Missal one third of the original poem is left out.

Lines from Scott's version, as well as from those of Archbishop Trench and Dr. Irons, have been freely used, where they represented the sense better than any other form of words that could be found. Into the original itself have been doubtless interwoven other earlier fragments; one is the opening line, taken directly from the Vulgate of Zephaniah i. 16; another is the stanza ascribed to St. Bernard. — A. P. S.]

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day,  
When this world shall pass away,  
And the heavens together roll,  
Shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
Long foretold by saint and sage,  
David's harp, and Sibyl's page.

Day of terror, day of doom,  
When the Judge at last shall come;  
Through the deep and silent gloom,  
Shrouding every human tomb,  
Shall the Archangel's trumpet-tone  
Summon all before the Throne.

Then shall Nature stand aghast,  
Death himself be overcast;  
Then at her Creator's call,  
Near and distant, great and small,  
Shall the whole creation rise  
Waiting for the Great Assize.

Then the writing shall be read  
Which shall judge the quick and dead;  
Then the Lord of all our race  
Shall appoint to each his place;  
Every wrong shall be set right,  
Every secret brought to light.

Then in that tremendous day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What shall I the sinner say?  
"What shall be the sinner's stay?"  
When the righteous shrinks for fear,  
How shall my frail soul appear?

King of kings, enthroned on high,  
In Thine awful Majesty,  
Thou who of Thy mercy free  
Savest those who saved shall be, —  
In Thy boundless charity,  
Fount of Pity, save Thou me.

O remember, Saviour dear,  
What the cause that brought Thee here;  
All Thy long and perilous way  
Was for me who went astray.  
When that day at last is come,  
Call, O call the wanderer home.

Thou in search of me didst sit  
Weary with the noonday heat,  
Thou to save my soul hast borne  
Cross and grief, and hate and scorn,  
O may all that toil and pain  
Not be wholly spent in vain!

O just Judge, to whom belongs  
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,  
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,  
Ere the dread account be past.  
Lo! my sighs, my guilt, my shame!  
Spare me for Thine own great Name!

Thou who bad'st the sinner cease  
From her tears, and go in peace, —  
Thou who to the dying thief  
Spakest pardon and relief; —  
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,  
Even to me, the hope of Heaven!

### A YEAR'S WORK.

#### I.

SITTING beside the casement  
In the chill October day,  
While Twilight, wrapped in her misty veil,  
Was sobbing her life away;  
Hearing the tinkle of the beck,  
And the chirp of the lingering bird,  
And the whistle of the homebound hind,  
And the low of the distant herd;  
Watching the red leaves floating down  
From the branches one by one;  
Thinking of all that a year could do,  
Of all that a year had done.

#### II.

Sweet as an April morn it rose,  
The love that had failed so soon,  
Strewing her path with bright May flowers,  
Brilliant and warm as June,  
It drooped in August's fervid smile,  
It fell like the year's last rose;  
She will scarcely trace its resting-place,  
'Neath December's coming snows.  
The blossoms will bloom into life again  
At the call of the summer sun,  
But nor time nor tide can undo for her  
What a single year has done.

#### III.

Sitting beside the casement  
Till the stars gleam through the firs  
The large tears dropping, slow and cold,  
On those folded hands of hers.  
They glitter as bright in the red firelight  
As the diamond that she wore  
Ere she drew it off, the mocking pledge  
Of a troth whose truth was o'er.  
The hollow darkness around her creeps;  
The day's long watch is run;  
And all that they swore but Death could do  
A little year has done.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

[No. 158.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### PRISCILLA'S WISDOM.

On the night after the dinner-party in the Close, Dorothy was not the only person in the house who laid awake thinking of what had taken place. Miss Stanbury also was full of anxiety, and for hour after hour could not sleep as she remembered the fruitlessness of her efforts on behalf of her nephew and niece.

It had never occurred to her, when she had first proposed to herself that Dorothy should become Mrs. Gibson, that Dorothy herself would have any objection to such a step in life. Her fear had been that Dorothy would have become over-radiant with triumph at the idea of having a husband, and going to that husband with a fortune of her own. That Mr. Gibson might hesitate she had thought very likely. It is thus, in general, that women regard the feelings, desires, and aspirations of other women. You will hardly ever meet an elderly lady who will not speak of her juniors as living in a state of breathless anxiety to catch husbands. And the elder lady will speak of the younger as though any kind of choice in such catching was quite disregarded. The man must be a gentleman, — or, at least, gentleman-like, — and there must be bread. Let these things be given, and what girl won't jump into what man's arms? Female reader, is it not thus that the elders of your sex speak of the younger? When old Mrs. Stanbury heard that Nora Rowley had refused Mr. Glascock, the thing was to her unintelligible; and it was now quite unintelligible to Miss Stanbury that Dorothy should prefer a single life to matrimony with Mr. Gibson.

It must be acknowledged, on Aunt Stanbury's behalf, that Dorothy was one of those yielding, hesitating, submissive young women, trusting others but doubting ever of themselves, as to whom it is natural that their stronger friends should find it expedient to decide for them. Miss Stanbury was almost justified in thinking that, unless she were to find a husband for her niece, her niece would never find one for herself. Dorothy would drift into being an

old maid, like Priscilla, simply because she would never assert herself, — never put her best foot foremost. Aunt Stanbury had therefore taken upon herself to put out a foot; and, having carefully found that Mr. Gibson was "willing," had conceived that all difficulties were over. She would be enabled to do her duty by her niece, and establish comfortably in life, at any rate, one of her brother's children. And now Dorothy was taking upon herself to say that she did not like the gentleman! Such conduct was almost equal to writing for a penny newspaper.

On the following morning, after breakfast, when Brooke Burgess was gone out to call upon his uncle, — which he insisted upon doing openly, and not under the rose, in spite of Miss Stanbury's great gravity on the occasion, — there was a very serious conversation, and poor Dorothy had found herself to be almost silenced. She did argue for a time; but her arguments seemed, even to herself, to amount to so little! Why should n't she love Mr. Gibson? That was a question which she found it impossible to answer. And though she did not actually yield, though she did not say that she would accept the man, still, when she was told that three days were to be allowed to her for consideration, and that then the offer would be made to her in form, she felt that, as regarded the anti-Gibson interest, she had not a leg to stand upon. Why should not such an insignificant creature as was she love Mr. Gibson, — or any other man who had bread to give her, and was in some degree like a gentleman? On that night, she wrote the following letter to her sister: —

"THE CLOSE, Tuesday.

"DEAREST PRISCILLA, —

"I do so wish that you could be with me, so that I could talk to you again. Aunt Stanbury is the most affectionate and kindest friend in the world; but she has always been so able to have her own way, because she is both clever and good, that I find myself almost like a baby with her. She has been talking to me again about Mr. Gibson; and it seems that Mr. Gibson really does mean it. It is certainly

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



very strange; but I do think now that it is true. He is to come on Friday. It seems very odd that it should all be settled for him in that way; but then Aunt Stanbury is so clever at settling things!

"He sat next to me almost all the evening yesterday; but he did not say anything about it, except that he hoped I agreed with him about going to church, and all that. I suppose I do; and I am quite sure that, if I were to be a clergyman's wife, I should endeavor to do whatever my husband thought right about religion. One ought to try to do so, even if the clergyman is not one's husband. Mr. Burgess has come, and he was so very amusing all the evening, that perhaps that was the reason Mr. Gibson said so little. He is a very nice man, and I think Aunt Stanbury is more fond of him than of anybody. He is not at all the sort of person that I expected.

"But if Mr. Gibson does come on Friday, and does really mean it, what am I to say to him? Aunt Stanbury will be very angry if I do not take her advice. I am quite sure that she intends it all for my happiness; and then, of course, she knows so much more about the world than I do. She asks me what it is that I expect. Of course, I do not expect anything. It is a great compliment from Mr. Gibson, who is a clergyman, and thought well of by everybody. And nothing could be more respectable. Aunt Stanbury says that with the money she would give us we should be quite comfortable; and she wants us to live in this house. She says that there are thirty girls round Exeter who would give their eyes for such a chance; and, looking at it in that light, of course, it is a very great thing for me. Only think how poor we have been! And then, dear Priscilla, perhaps he would let me be good to you and dear mamma!

"But, of course, he will ask me whether I—love him; and what am I to say? Aunt Stanbury says that I am to love him. 'Begin to love him at once,' she said this morning. I would if I could, partly for her sake, and because I do feel that it would be so respectable. When I think of it, it does seem such a pity that poor I should throw away such a chance. And I must say that Mr. Gibson is very good, and most obliging; and everybody says that he has an excellent temper, and that he is a most prudent, well-dispositioned man. I declare, dear Priscilla, when I think of it, I cannot bring myself to believe that such a man should want me to be his wife.

"But what ought I to do? I suppose when a girl is in love she is very unhappy if the gentleman does not propose to her. I am sure it would not make me at all unhappy if I were told that Mr. Gibson had changed his mind.

"Dearest Priscilla, you must write at once, because he is to be here on Friday. O dear, Friday does seem to be so near! And I shall never know what to say to him, either one way or the other.

"Your most affectionate sister,

"DOROTHY STANBURY.

"P. S. Give my kindest love to mamma; but you need not tell her unless you think it best."

Priscilla received this letter on the Wednesday morning, and felt herself bound to answer it on that same afternoon. Had she postponed her reply for a day, it would still have been in Dorothy's hands before Mr. Gibson could have come to her on the dreaded Friday morning. But still that would hardly give her time enough to consider the matter with any degree of deliberation after she should

have been armed with what wisdom Priscilla might be able to send her. The post left Nuncombe Putney at three; and therefore the letter had to be written before their early dinner.

So Priscilla went into the garden and sat herself down under an old cedar, that she might discuss the matter with herself in all its bearings. She felt that no woman could be called upon to write a letter that should be of more importance. The whole welfare in life of the person who was dearest to her would probably depend upon it. The weight upon her was so great that she thought for a while she would take counsel with her mother; but she felt sure that her mother would recommend the marriage, and that, if she afterwards should find herself bound to oppose it, then her mother would be a miserable woman. There could be no use to her in taking counsel with her mother, because her mother's mind was known to her beforehand. The responsibility was thrown upon her, and she alone must bear it.

She tried hard to persuade herself to write at once and tell her sister to marry the man. She knew her sister's heart so well as to be sure that Dorothy would learn to love the man who was her husband. It was almost impossible that Dorothy should not love those with whom she lived. And then her sister was so well adapted to be a wife and a mother. Her temper was so sweet, she was so pure, so unselfish, so devoted, and so healthy withal! She was so happy when she was acting for others; and so excellent in action when she had another one to think for her. She was so trusting and trustworthy that any husband would adore her! Then Priscilla walked slowly into the house, got her prayer-book, and, returning to her seat under the tree, read the marriage service. It was one o'clock when she went up stairs to write her letter, and it had not yet struck eleven when she first seated herself beneath the tree. Her letter, when written, was as follows:—

"NUNCOMBE PUTNEY, August 25, 1868.

"DEAREST DOROTHY,—

"I got your letter this morning, and I think it is better to answer it at once, as the time is very short. I have been thinking about it with all my mind, and I feel almost awe-stricken lest I should advise you wrongly. After all, I believe that your own dear sweet truth and honesty would guide you better than anybody else can guide you. You may be sure of this, that, whichever way it is, I shall think that you have done right. Dearest sister, I suppose there can be no doubt that for most women a married life is happier than a single one. It is always thought so, as we may see by the anxiety of others to get married; and when an opinion becomes general, I think that the world is most often right. And then, my own one, I feel sure that you are adapted both for the cares and for the joys of married life. You would do your duty as a married woman happily, and would be a comfort to your husband; not a thorn in his side, as are so many women.

"But, my pet, do not let that reasoning of Aunt Stanbury's about the thirty young girls who would give their eyes for Mr. Gibson have any weight with you. You should not take him because thirty other young girls would be glad to have him. And do not think too much of that respectability of which you speak. I would never advise my Dolly to marry any man unless she could be respectable in her new position; but that alone should go for nothing.



Nor should our poverty. We shall not starve. And, even if we did, that would be but a poor excuse.

"I can find no escape from this, — that you should love him before you say that you will take him. But honest, loyal love need not, I take it, be of that romantic kind which people write about in novels and poetry. You need not think him to be perfect, or the best or grandest of men. Your heart will tell you whether he is dear to you. And remember, Dolly, that I shall remember that love itself must begin at some precise time. Though you had not learned to love him when you wrote on Tuesday, you may have begun to do so when you get this on Thursday.

"If you find that you love him, then say that you will be his wife. If your heart revolts from such a declaration as being false, if you cannot bring yourself to feel that you prefer him to others as the partner of your life, then tell him, with thanks for his courtesy, that it cannot be as he would have it!

"Yours always and ever most affectionately,  
"PRISCILLA."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### MR. GIBSON'S GOOD FORTUNE.

"I'll bet you half a crown, my lad, you're thrown over at last, like the rest of them. There's nothing she likes so much as taking some one up in order that she may throw him over afterwards." It was thus that Mr. Bartholomew Burgess cautioned his nephew Brooke.

"I'll take care that she sha'n't break my heart, Uncle Barty. I will go my way, and she may go hers, and she may give her money to the hospital if she pleases."

On the morning after his arrival, Brooke Burgess had declared aloud in Miss Stanbury's parlor that he was going over to the bank to see his uncle. Now there was in this almost a breach of contract. Miss Stanbury, when she invited the young man to Exeter, had stipulated that there should be no intercourse between her house and the bank. "Of course I shall not need to know where you go or where you don't go," she had written; "but, after all that has passed, there must not be any positive intercourse between my house and the bank." And now he had spoken of going over to C and B, as he called them, with the utmost indifference. Miss Stanbury had looked very grave, but had said nothing. She had determined to be on her guard, so that she should not be driven to quarrel with Brooke if she could avoid it.

Bartholomew Burgess was a tall, thin, ill-tempered old man, as well known in Exeter as the cathedral, and respected after a fashion. No one liked him. He said ill-natured things of all his neighbors, and had never earned any reputation for doing good-natured acts. But he had lived in Exeter for nearly seventy years, and had achieved that sort of esteem which comes from long tenure. And he had committed no great iniquities in the course of his fifty years of business. The bank had never stopped payment, and he had robbed no one. He had not swallowed up widows and orphans, and had done his work in the firm of Cropper and Burgess after the old-fashioned safe manner, which leads neither to riches nor to ruin. Therefore he was respected. But he was a discontented, sour old man, who believed himself to have been injured by all his own friends, who disliked his own partners because they

had bought that which had, at any rate, never belonged to him; and whose strongest passion it was to hate Miss Stanbury of the Close.

"She's got a parson by the hand now," said the uncle, as he continued his caution to the nephew.

"There was a clergyman there last night."

"No doubt, and she'll play him off against you, and you against him; and then she'll throw you both over. I know her."

"She has got a right to do what she likes with her own, Uncle Barty."

"And how did she get it? Never mind. I'm not going to set you against her, if you're her favorite for the moment. She has a niece with her there, — has n't she?"

"One of her brother's daughters."

"They say she's going to make that clergyman marry her."

"What, — Mr. Gibson?"

"Yes. They tell me he was as good as engaged to another girl, — one of the Frenches of Heavitree. And therefore dear Jemima could do nothing better than interfere. When she has succeeded in breaking the girl's heart —

"Which girl's heart, Uncle Barty?"

"The girl the man was to have married; when that's done she'll throw Gibson over. You'll see. She'll refuse to give the girl a shilling. She took the girl's brother by the hand ever so long, and then she threw him over. And she'll throw the girl over too, and send her back to the place she came from. And then she'll throw you over."

"According to you, she must be the most malicious old woman that ever was allowed to live."

"I don't think there are many to beat her, as far as malice goes. But you'll find out for yourself. I should n't be surprised if she were to tell you before long that you were to marry the niece."

"I should n't think that such very hard lines either," said Brooke Burgess.

"I've no doubt you may have her if you like," said Barty, "in spite of Mr. Gibson. Only I should recommend you to take care and get the money first."

When Brooke went back to the house in the Close, Miss Stanbury was quite fussy in her silence. She would have given much to have been told something about Barty, and, above all, to have learned what Barty had said about herself. But she was far too proud even to mention the old man's name of her own accord. She was quite sure that she had been abused. She guessed, probably with tolerable accuracy, the kind of things that had been said of her, and suggested to herself what answer Brooke would make to such accusations. But she had resolved to cloak it all in silence, and pretended for awhile not to remember the young man's declared intention when he left the house. "It seems odd to me," said Brooke, "that Uncle Barty should always live alone as he does. He must have a dreary time of it."

"I don't know anything about your Uncle Barty's manner of living."

"No, I suppose not. You and he are not friends."

"By no means, Brooke."

"He lives there all alone in that poky bank-house, and nobody ever goes near him. I wonder whether he has any friends in the city?"

"I really cannot tell you anything about his friends. And, to tell you the truth, Brooke, I don't want to talk about your uncle. Of course you can



go to see him when you please, but I'd rather you did n't tell me of your visits afterwards."

"There is nothing in the world I hate so much as a secret," said he. He had no intention in this of animadverting upon Miss Stanbury's secret enmity, nor had he purposed to ask any question as to her relations with the old man. He had alluded to his dislike of having secrets of his own. But she misunderstood him.

"If you are anxious to know—" she said, becoming very red in the face.

"I am not at all curious to know. You quite mistake me."

"He has chosen to believe—or to say that he believed—that I wronged him in regard to his brother's will. I nursed his brother when he was dying,—as I considered it to be my duty to do. I cannot tell you all that story. It is too long and too sad. Romance is very pretty in novels, but the romance of a life is always a melancholy matter. They are most happy who have no story to tell."

"I quite believe that."

"But your Uncle Barty chose to think—indeed, I hardly know what he thought. He said that the will was a will of my making. When it was made I and his brother were apart; we were not even on speaking terms. There had been a quarrel and all manner of folly. I am not very proud when I look back upon it. It is not that I think myself better than others; but your Uncle Brooke's will was made before we had come together again. When he was ill, it was natural that I should go to him,—after all that had passed between us. Eh, Brooke?"

"It was womanly."

"But it made no difference about the will. Mr. Bartholomew Burgess might have known that at once, and must have known it afterwards. But he has never acknowledged that he was wrong—never even yet."

"He could not bring himself to do that, I should say."

"The will was no great triumph to me. I could have done without it. As God is my judge, I would not have lifted up my little finger to get either a part or the whole of poor Brooke's money. If I had known that a word would have done it, I would have bitten my tongue out before it should have been spoken." She had risen from her seat, and was speaking with a solemnity that almost filled her listener with awe. She was a woman short of stature; but now, as she stood over him, she seemed to be tall and majestic. "But when the man was dead," she continued, "and the will was there, the property was mine, and I was bound in duty to exercise the privileges and bear the responsibilities which the dead man had conferred upon me. It was Barty, then, who sent a low attorney to me, offering me a compromise. What had I to compromise? Compromise! No. If it was not mine by all the right the law could give, I would sooner have starved than have had a crust of bread out of the money." She had now clenched both her fists, and was shaking them rapidly as she stood over him, looking down upon him.

"Of course it was your own."

"Yes. Though they asked me to compromise, and sent messages to me to frighten me,—both Barty and your Uncle Tom; ay, and your father too, Brooke; they did not dare to go to law. To law, indeed! If ever there was a good will in the world, the will of your Uncle Brooke was good.

They could talk, and malign me, and tell lies as to dates, and strive to make my name odious in the county; but they knew that the will was good. They did not succeed very well in what they did attempt."

"I would try to forget it all now, Aunt Stanbury."

"Forget it! How is that to be done? How can the mind forget the history of its own life? No, I cannot forget it. I can forgive it."

"Then why not forgive it?"

"I do. I have. Why else are you here?"

"But forgive old Uncle Barty also!"

"Has he forgiven me? Come now. If I wished to forgive him, how should I begin? Would he be gracious if I went to him? Does he love me, do you think—or hate me? Uncle Barty is a good hater. It is the best point about him. No, Brooke, we won't try the farce of a reconciliation after a long life of enmity. Nobody would believe us, and we should not believe each other."

"Then I certainly would not try."

"I do not mean to do so. The truth is, Brooke, you shall have it all when I'm gone, if you don't turn against me. You won't take to writing for penny newspapers,—will you, Brooke?" As she asked the question, she put one of her hands softly on his shoulder.

"I certainly sha'n't offend in that way."

"And you won't be a Radical?"

"No, not a Radical."

"I mean a man to follow Beales and Bright, a republican, a putter down of the church, a hater of the throne. You won't take up that line,—will you, Brooke?"

"It isn't my way at present, Aunt Stanbury. But a man should n't promise."

"Ah me! It makes me sad when I think what the country is coming to. I'm told there are scores of members of parliament who don't pronounce their h's. When I was young, a member of parliament used to be a gentleman; and they've taken to ordaining all manner of people. It used to be the case that when you met a clergyman you met a gentleman. By the by, Brooke, what do you think of Mr. Gibson?"

"Mr. Gibson! To tell the truth, I have n't thought much about him yet."

"But you must think about him. Perhaps you have n't thought about my niece, Dolly Stanbury."

"I think she's an uncommonly nice girl."

"She's not to be nice for you, young man; she's to be married to Mr. Gibson."

"Are they engaged?"

"Well, no; but I intend that they shall be. You won't begrudge that I should give my little savings to one of my own name?"

"You don't know me, Aunt Stanbury, if you think that I should begrudge anything that you might do with your money."

"Dolly has been here a month or two. I think it's three months since she came, and I do like her. She's soft and womanly, and has n't taken up those vile, filthy habits which almost all the girls have adopted. Have you seen those Frenches with the things they have on their heads?"

"I was speaking to them yesterday."

"Nasty sluts! You can see the grease on their foreheads when they try to make their hair go back in the dirty French fashion. Dolly is not like that,—is she?"

"She is not in the least like either of the Miss Frenches."



"And now I want her to become Mrs. Gibson. He is quite taken."

"Is he?"

"O dear, yes. Did n't you see him the other night at dinner and afterwards? Of course he knows that I can give her a little bit of money, which always goes for something, Brooke. And I do think it would be such a nice thing for Dolly."

"And what does Dolly think about it?"

"There's the difficulty. She likes him well enough; I'm sure of that. And she has no stuck-up ideas about herself. She isn't one of those who think that almost nothing is good enough for them. But—"

"She has an objection."

"I don't know what it is. I sometimes think she is so bashful and modest she does n't like to talk of being married—even to an old woman like me."

"Dear me! That's not the way of the age,—is it, Aunt Stanbury?"

"It's coming to that, Brooke, that the girls will ask the men soon. Yes,—and that they won't take a refusal either. I do believe that Camilla French did ask Mr. Gibson."

"And what did Mr. Gibson say?"

"Ah, I can't tell you that. He knows too well what he's about to take her. He's to come here on Friday at eleven, and you must be out of the way. I shall be out of the way too. But if Dolly says a word to you before that, mind you make her understand that she ought to accept Gibson."

"She's too good for him, according to my thinking."

"Don't you be a fool. How can any young woman be too good for a gentleman and a clergyman? Mr. Gibson is a gentleman. Do you know—only you must not mention this—that I have a kind of idea we could get Nuncombe Putney for him. My father had the living, and my brother; and I should like it to go on in the family."

No opportunity came in the way of Brooke Burgess to say anything in favor of Mr. Gibson to Dorothy Stanbury. There did come to be very quickly a sort of intimacy between her and her aunt's favorite; but she was one not prone to talk about her own affairs. And as to such an affair as this,—a question as to whether she should or should not give herself in marriage to her suitor,—she, who could not speak of it even to her own sister without a blush, who felt confused and almost confounded when receiving her aunt's admonitions and instigations on the subject, would not have endured to hear Brooke Burgess speak on the matter. Dorothy did feel that a person easier to know than Brooke never came in her way. She had already said as much to him as she had spoken to Mr. Gibson in the three months that she had made his acquaintance. They had talked about Exeter, and about Mrs. MacHugh, and the cathedral, and Tennyson's poems, and the London theatres, and Uncle Barty, and the family quarrel. They had become quite confidential with each other on some matters. But on this heavy subject of Mr. Gibson and his proposal of marriage not a word had been said. When Brooke once mentioned Mr. Gibson on the Thursday morning, Dorothy within a minute had taken an opportunity of escaping from the room.

But circumstances did give him an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Gibson. On the Wednesday afternoon both he and Mr. Gibson were invited to drink tea at Mrs. French's house on the Monday. \* Such

invitations at Exeter were wont to be given at short dates, and both the gentlemen had said that they would go. Then Arabella French had called in the Close and had asked Miss Stanbury and Dorothy. It was well understood by Arabella that Miss Stanbury herself would not drink tea at Heavitree. And it may be that Dorothy's company was not in truth desired. The ladies both declined. "Don't you stay at home for me, my dear," Miss Stanbury said to her niece. But Dorothy had not been out without her aunt since she had been at Exeter, and understood perfectly that it would not be wise to commence the practice at the house of the Frenches. "Your nephew is coming, Miss Stanbury, and Mr. Gibson," Miss French said. And Miss Stanbury had thought that there was some triumph in her tone. "My nephew can go where he pleases, my dear," Miss Stanbury replied; "and, as for Mr. Gibson, I am not his keeper." The tone in which Miss Stanbury spoke would have implied great imprudence, had not the two ladies understood each other so thoroughly, and had not each known that it was so.

There was the accustomed set of people in Mrs. French's drawing-room,—the Crumbies and the Wrights, and the Apjohns. And Mrs. MacHugh came also,—knowing that there would be a rubber. "Their naked shoulders don't hurt me," Mrs. MacHugh said, when her friend almost scolded her for going to the house. "I'm not a young man. I don't care what they do to themselves." "You might say as much if they went naked altogether," Miss Stanbury had replied in anger. "If nobody else complained, I should n't," said Mrs. MacHugh. Mrs. MacHugh got her rubber; and as she had gone for her rubber, on a distinct promise that there should be a rubber, and as there was a rubber, she felt that she had no right to say ill-natured things. "What does it matter to me," said Mrs. MacHugh, "how nasty she is. She's not going to be my wife." "Ugh!" exclaimed Miss Stanbury, shaking her head both in anger and disgust.

Camilla French was by no means so bad as she was painted by Miss Stanbury, and Brooke Burgess rather liked her than otherwise. And it seemed to him that Mr. Gibson did not at all dislike Arabella, and felt no repugnance at either the lady's noddle or shoulders now that he was removed from Miss Stanbury's influence. It was clear enough also that Arabella had not given up the attempt, although she must have admitted to herself that the claims of Dorothy Stanbury were very strong. On this evening it seemed to have been specially permitted to Arabella, who was the elder sister, to take into her own hands the management of the case. Beholders of the game had hitherto declared that Mr. Gibson's safety was secured by the constant coupling of the sisters. Neither would allow the other to hunt alone. But a common sense of the common danger had made some special strategy necessary, and Camilla hardly spoke a word to Mr. Gibson during the evening. Let us hope that she found some temporary consolation in the presence of the stranger.

"I hope you are going to stay with us ever so long, Mr. Burgess," said Camilla.

"A month. That is ever so long,—is n't it? Why I mean to see all Devonshire within that time. I feel already that I know Exeter thoroughly and everybody in it."

"I'm sure we are very much flattered."

"As for you, Miss French, I've heard so much



about you all my life, that I felt that I knew you before I came here."

"Who can have spoken to you about me?"

"You forget how many relatives I have in the city. Do you think my Uncle Barty never writes to me?"

"Not about me."

"Does he not? And do you suppose I don't hear from Miss Stanbury?"

"But she hates me. I know that."

"And do you hate her?"

"No, indeed. I've the greatest respect for her. But she is a little odd — is n't she, now, Mr. Burgess? We all like her ever so much; and we've known her ever so long, six or seven years, — since we were quite young things. But she has such queer notions about girls."

"What sort of notions?"

"She'd like them all to dress just like herself, and she thinks that they should never talk to young men. If she was here, she'd say I was flirting with you because we're sitting together."

"But you are not; are you?"

"Of course I am not."

"I wish you would," said Brooke.

"I should n't know how to begin, — I should n't indeed. I don't know what flirting means, and I don't know who does know. When young ladies and gentlemen go out, I suppose they are intended to talk to each other."

"But very often they don't, you know."

"I call that stupid," said Camilla. "And yet, when they do, all the old maids say that the girls are flirting. I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Burgess. I don't care what any old maid says about me. I always talk to people that I like, and, if they choose to call me a flirt, they may. It's my opinion that still waters run the deepest."

"No doubt the noisy streams are very shallow," said Brooke.

"You may call me a shallow stream if you like, Mr. Burgess."

"I meant nothing of the kind."

"But what do you call Dorothy Stanbury? That's what I call still water. She runs deep enough."

"The quietest young lady I ever saw in my life."

"Exactly. So quiet, but so — clever. What do you think of Mr. Gibson?"

"Everybody is asking me what I think of Mr. Gibson."

"You know what they say. They say he is to marry Dorothy Stanbury. Poor man! I don't think his own consent has ever been asked yet; but, nevertheless, it's settled."

"Just at present he seems to be — what shall I say? — I ought n't to say flirting with your sister; ought I?"

"Miss Stanbury would say so if she were here, no doubt. But the fact is, Mr. Burgess, we've known him almost since we were infants, and of course we take an interest in his welfare. There has never been anything more than that. Arabella is nothing more to him than I am. Once, indeed, — but, however, — that does not signify. It would be nothing to us, if he really liked Dorothy Stanbury. But as far as we can see, — and we do see a good deal of him, — there is no such feeling on his part. Of course we have n't asked. We should not think of such a thing. Mr. Gibson may do just as he likes for us. But I am not quite sure that Dorothy Stanbury is just the girl that would

make him a good wife. Of course when you've known a person seven or eight years, you do get anxious about his happiness. Do you know, we think her — perhaps a little — sly."

In the mean time, Mr. Gibson was completely subject to the individual charms of Arabella. Camilla had been quite correct in a part of her description of their intimacy. She and her sister had known Mr. Gibson for seven or eight years: but nevertheless the intimacy could not with truth be said to have commenced during the infancy of the young ladies, even if the word were used in its legal sense. Seven or eight years, however, is a long acquaintance; and there was, perhaps something of a real grievance in this Stanbury intervention. If it be a recognized fact in society that young ladies are in want of husbands, and that an effort on their part towards matrimony is not altogether impossible, it must be recognized also that failure will be disagreeable, and interference regarded with animosity. Miss Stanbury the elder was undoubtedly interfering between Mr. Gibson and the Frenches; and it is neither manly nor womanly to submit to interference with one's dearest prospects. It may, perhaps, be admitted that the Miss Frenches had shown too much open ardor in their pursuit of Mr. Gibson. Perhaps there should have been no ardor and no pursuit. It may be that the theory of womanhood is right which forbids to women any such attempts, — which teaches them that they must ever be the pursued, never the pursuers. As to that there shall be no discourse at present. But it must be granted that, whenever the pursuit has been attempted, it is not in human nature to abandon it without an effort. That the French girls should be very angry with Miss Stanbury, that they should put their heads together with the intention of thwarting her, that they should think evil things of poor Dorothy, that they should half despise Mr. Gibson, and yet resolve to keep their hold upon him as a chattel and a thing of value that was almost their own, was not, perhaps, much to their discredit.

"You are a good deal at the house in the Close now," said Arabella, in her lowest voice, — in a voice so low that it was almost melancholy.

"Well, yes. Miss Stanbury, you know, has always been a stanch friend of mine. And she takes an interest in my little church. People say that girls are sly; but men can be sly, too, sometimes."

"It seems that she has taken you so much away from us, Mr. Gibson."

"I don't know why you should say that, Miss French."

"Perhaps I am wrong. One is apt to be sensitive about one's friends. We seem to have known you so well. There is nobody else in Exeter that mamma regards as she does you. But, of course, if you are happy with Miss Stanbury, that is everything."

"I am speaking of the old lady," said Mr. Gibson, who, in spite of his slyness, was here thrown a little off his guard.

"And I am speaking of the old lady too," said Arabella. "Of whom else should I be speaking?"

"No, of course not."

"Of course," continued Arabella, "I hear what people say about the niece. One cannot help what one hears, you know, Mr. Gibson; but I don't believe that, I can assure you." As she said this, she looked into his face, as though waiting for an answer; but Mr. Gibson had no answer ready. Then Arabella told herself that if anything was to be



done it must be done at once. What use was there in beating round the bush, when the only chance of getting the game was to be had by dashing at once into the thicket. "I own I should be glad," she said, turning her eyes away from him, "if I could hear from your own mouth that it is not true."

[To be continued.]

### PARISIAN ECCENTRICS.

SOME whose eyes are following these lines at this moment must remember happy mornings when, full of cheerfulness, they exercised their industry on a succession of occupations, the work and time being just in proportion to the faculties employed on each. They will also recollect disagreeable afternoons, when their attention was distracted among conflicting cares and claims, when no one thing, however urgent, could be finished, owing to the intrusion of one or more inevitable distractions. Thus have we seen the melodramatic hero, a weapon in each hand, and eyes, hands, and ideas divided between assailing, and defending himself against six black-bearded braves.

A continued course of such inroads on the mind's serenity could be supported by few intellects. Most pitiable is the mind's state after some hours of such distracting occupation, in which every business interferes with every other, and none is satisfactorily accomplished.

Where there is any tendency to insanity, it is sure to be developed by such an undesirable condition of things; and, if the result be not insanity, it generally takes the form of eccentricity.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

Our literary neighbors on the other side of Dover's Strait are possessed by a vivacious and mercurial spirit, which frequently induces one or other of these states of mind. A pretty sure recipe for destroying or impairing a healthy mind is, to pursue one train of ideas uninterruptedly, or to dwell too much on personal grievances or personal merits. A combination of the two inconveniences,—conflicting cares, and an overweening sense of his own merits, united to the effects of a tolerably free life,—have rendered that prince of French novelists, Alexander Dumas, an eccentric of no small dimensions. Who among English, or perhaps French, men of letters, would say of a brother in art what Dumas said of Roger de Beauvoir, lately deceased, who had the misfortune to be born in affluence?

"Had he been poor, he would have composed verses equal to Mery's, comedies equal to Alfred Musset's, or romances equal to MINE!"

Had Mr. Dickens' man of business announced before his late tour in America that he would, after every reading, take off his dress-coat, assume a cook's apron and nightcap, and serve up choice omelets, ragouts, and other delicacies, to the first-class purchasers of tickets, what would the British and American public have thought of the mental health of the author of "Barnaby Rudge?" Yet such announcement is made on the part of Count Monte Christo when his multifarious duties permit.

If everything which Alexander relates of himself be true, he is perhaps a being set apart in mental and corporal qualities. Eugene de Mirecourt hints that his courage is somewhat questionable; but no one will believe the tale after reading the account of his encounter with his savage dog *Mouton*. The dog had capped the climax of his crimes, and his

master had just administered a kick to an undefended portion of his body which would have put any other canine savage *hors de combat*. Not so Mouton (so called from his white fleece).

"Mouton uttered a low growl, turned round, regarding me with his bloodshot eyes, recoiled three steps, and sprang at my throat.

"Fortunately I had guessed what was about to happen, and so had time to put myself on guard; i. e. at the moment of his spring I extended both hands towards him. My right hand went into his mouth, my left met his throat.

"At the moment, I felt a pang only to be compared with that felt on the drawing of a tooth,—with this difference, however, the pain from the jaw holds only a second, the pain I experienced endured five minutes.

"It was Mouton, who was grinding my hand.

"At the same time I was squeezing his throat.

"I was thoroughly sensible of one thing, namely, that, grasping the pharynx, my only choice of life was to hold on, squeezing still more vigorously, until his respiration was stopped.

"And that I did.

"Luckily my hand, though small, is firm; what it seizes, money excepted, it retains.

"It grasped and squeezed the throat of Mouton so forcibly that a rattling was heard. It was encouraging; I squeezed more determinedly; the rattling increased. Finally, collecting my entire strength for a last pressure, I had the satisfaction to find Mouton's teeth loosing. A second after his mouth opened, and his eyes rolled in their orbits. He fell, while I still was pressing his throat; but my right hand was all lacerated."

If intense conceit renders its possessor more or less eccentric, Alexander Dumas may be considered the prince of the class. He thus heads one of the chapters of his *Histoire de mes Bêtes*,—"How I brought home from Constantine a vulture, which cost forty thousand francs, and the government ten thousand," and thus sublimely enters on the subject. We are obliged to clip, to some extent, the wings of the narrative.

"Two men, attended by natives and Europeans, were returning from Blidah to Algiers. 'Strange!' said one, 'that this magnificent country which we are traversing should be so little known. Know you any means of popularizing it?' 'Were I you, minister,' said the other, 'I would get Dumas to go over this very ground, and write two or three volumes on it. His book would be sure to be read, and, out of the THREE MILLIONS of readers, fifty or sixty thousand would be deeply interested.' 'It is a good idea,' said the minister; 'I'll think over it.'

"These two men were M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction, and my good friend Xavier de Marmier.

"One fine morning in September, I received an invitation to dine with the Minister of Public Instruction. I was rather astonished, but nevertheless accepted it.

"M. de Salvandy received me in his best manner, showed his whitest teeth, and after dinner, taking my arm, conducted me to the garden, and the following conversation took place:—

"My dear poet, you must do me a service."

"A poet do service to a minister! With all my heart, if it were only for the novelty of the thing. What is the nature of it?"

"Have you made your arrangements for next winter?"



"Me make arrangements! I live on a bough like the birds. While it is calm I remain; if it blows I spread my wings, and sail away on the wind."

"Have you any objection to Algeria?"

"On the contrary. I was about to start for that country at five in the evening on the 26th of July, 1830. But at five in the morning appeared in the *Moniteur* the famous ordinances. So instead of taking the mail coach I took my musket, and three days after, instead of entering Marseilles, I entered the Louvre." (Dumas has ever loved the pomp of war, but, we think, has hitherto been innocent of shedding human blood.)

"I undertake to devote 10,000 francs to the mission."

"And I shall add four thousand myself. Formerly I went on my journeys, staff in hand; now I drag a whole family after me."

"When can you set off?"

"When you will. I have two or three stories to finish: that will take a fortnight. I have some railway shares to sell, but that can be done in an hour."

"But your Historic Theatre?"

"It can be let during my absence."

But Dumas would make the voyage as a prince, and the minister was obliged to give him full use and possession of a royal ship of the line to cruise about in the Mediterranean. The journey and voyage having been published soon after his return, he considerably remarks:—

"My intention is not to record here the famous journey through Spain, where people asserted that I went as historiographer to M. le Duc de Montpensier, nor the more famous voyage to Africa, which, thanks to M. de Castellane, to M. Leon de Malleville, and to M. Lacrosse, made such noise in the Chamber of Deputies. No; I mean here to speak only of the famous vulture, price as above stated."

The rest of the narrative can only be given in a contracted form. He purchased for twelve francs a prime vulture from a youth of the Beni-Mouffetard, an equivalent to the "Sons of the Cross Puddle or the Seven Dials," and was well pleased with his purchase. Jugurtha, named after the amiable Numidian King, had only one fault, he would bite off fingers or toes, or any other adjuncts of the human body, when they came within the domain of his beak. All went well till they had him (still well caged) within a league of Stora, the place of embarkation. There no conveyance was to be procured. What was to be done? The cage might be set on an Arab's head, but Jugurtha would in that case rip up his floor, and make free with the hair, scalp, ears, and nose of his bearer. Suspend him from a pole borne on the shoulders of two natives? But fifty francs should be thus expended on an animal purchased for twelve. A bright thought entered among the other equally bright denizens of the poet's brain. He lengthened the chain with a rope, and got a special good wand of the cornel-tree to use at need. An attempt to get Jugurtha out of his cage would insure the loss of eyes or fingers to the operator. So Dumas, taking the end of the rope in the left hand, and his long cornel wand in the right, directed two men armed with pickaxes to stand at opposite sides of the cage, insert the ends of their tools, and pull away like men. Jugurtha, being left at liberty by the dislocation of his prison, spread his wings for flight, but found a living impediment at the end of his rope.

His next move was a swoop at this impediment, but a sound whack of the twig disappointed him. He renewed the attack, but another blow again repulsed him, and the third was so little to his taste that he took the road to the port, directed by the ruling rod of his driver. So tame had he become in a few days that he would present his head through the bars of his new cage to be scratched by the fingers of his judicious and panurgic master.

There is one quality allied to M. Dumas's vanity, for the sake of which we could almost forgive an equal amount of a still worse thing, namely, pride. In his personal sketches he very rarely speaks ill of any contemporary, and a fund of kindness and good-nature is visible through the texture of all the vagaries of his wonderful self-complacency.

Rarely has Alexander been a favorite with the powers that be, a circumstance accounted for in his own lofty, unapproachable style.

"Compounded of a double element, aristocratic and popular; aristocratic by my father, popular by my mother, none ever united in a higher degree in one heart, respectful admiration for what is great, and tender and profound sympathy for the unhappy. I have never spoken so much of the Napoleon family as when under the junior branch (the Orleans dynasty): I have never spoken so much of the younger branch as under the republic and the empire. I worship those whom I have known and loved in misfortune, and I never forget them till they become happy and powerful. So no fallen greatness passes before me without my saluting it, no merit stretches its hand to me without receiving a grasp. It is when every one seems to have forgotten those who have passed away, that, like an untimely echo, I cry aloud their names; wherefore, I know not. It is the voice of my heart, which breaks forth without reference to my mind. I have written a thousand volumes, sixty dramas. Let any one open any of them at random, at the first page, at the middle, at the end, and he will see that I have always inculcated clemency, whether the people were slaves of kings, or kings prisoners of the people. . . . As soon as a personage falls I approach him, and stretch out my hand, whether he is called the Count of Chambord, the Prince de Joinville, Louis Napoleon, or Louis Blanc. . . . Thus it is that I am a more frequent visitor in prisons than in palaces. Thus it is that I have been three times at Ham, once at the Elysée, never at the Tuileries."

In the *Histoire de mes Bêtes* he relates that, within a week after the breaking out of the "Forty-eight," he had the following letter published in *La Presse*. If so, and we have no reason for throwing doubt on what he says, it proves his disinterestedness and moral courage to be great. Perhaps a love of singularity had something to do in the matter. He had been a great favorite with the young princes, though disliked by their father.

"TO MONSIEUR THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER.

"PRINCE: If I knew where to find your Highness, it would be with my living voice and in my own person that I would offer the expression of my grief for the great personal misfortune which has befallen you.

"I shall never forget that during three years, notwithstanding political differences, and contrary to the wish of the king, who was well aware of my opinions, you received my visits, and treated me as a friend.



"I boasted of this title of friend, Monseigneur, when you abode in the Tuileries; I claim it now, when you are no longer in France.

"I am certain, Monseigneur, that your Highness has no need of this letter to be assured that my heart was one of those which was fully yours.

"God forbid that I should not preserve, in all its purity, the religion of the tomb, and the worship of exile."

"I have the honor to be, with respect, Monseigneur, your Royal Highness's most humble and most obedient servant,

ALEX. DUMAS."

Colonel Desmoulins was sufficiently vandalic to order the statue of the Duke of Orleans, which stood in the court of the Louvre, to be thrown down. Dumas was furious at the wanton insult thus offered, and wrote to Emile de Girardin a letter which did his heart credit. He detailed therein the many acts of kindness and goodness done by the dead prince, though, as he says, he expected to receive an invitation next morning to go "cut a throat" with the Colonel.

Poor Alexander's self-estimation was sorely hurt during his canvass for a place in the House of Deputies by the language used towards him by some Jacks in office, who had no better name to spare him than "Monsieur," or "that Monsieur," or "that contractor for feuilletons." However, he had one friend, Mme. de Girardin, who made these "Messieurs" smart, if their skins were not as thick as that of the rhinoceros. If, in her defence of her admiring friend, her praise flowed over the margin of the just measure, Alexander was not the man to check her liberal hand. Alas for the uncertainty of life, the shortness of the reign of the kings and queens of literature, and the oblivion which soon obscures their memories! Mme. de Girardin (*née* Delphine Gay), the beautiful, the gifted, the witty,—she who mastered the triple octave of grace, intellect, and vigor, and who so ably assisted her husband at his editorial labors in *La Presse*, passed away in her prime, and Mons. Emile ere long consoled himself with a successor. We copy scraps of her defence of her friend, when addressing the three supercilious "dogs in office." She offers, as an excuse for some of Dumas's extravagancies, the fire of his imagination, the hot African blood coursing in his veins, and the giddiness attendant on literary glory.

"I would like to see you, O men of reason, in the midst of the whirlwind which envelopes him, or the face you'd wear if any one came to offer you three francs per line for your wearisome scrawls. Ah, how insolent you'd become, what superb airs you'd assume, what delirium would seize on you! Be, then, indulgent for those errors of the imagination and those fits of literary pride which you neither know nor can comprehend.

"The crowd has no time to read the works of Alexander Dumas. It believes that those who write much must write ill, and therefore concludes that the few it has read are his only good ones. That the ignorant public should so judge and speak is not wonderful, but that a young deputy, a man of intellect, should join the herd, and attack at the tribunal a man of genius, a man of European reputation, without appreciating his literary merit, without reflecting whether he deserved the nickname of 'contractor for feuilletons,' is almost incredible?"

She then speaks of her hero's facility of composition, and thus descants on it: "This rapidity in composition resembles the rapidity of locomotion in

railway trains . . . an extreme facility obtained by the conquest of immense difficulties. To what do you owe your rapid passing over long distances? To years of formidable labors, to millions spent on the work, and sown along that level line, to myriads of hands employed for days on days sweeping your path. You pass, you are gone; but for this how many have watched, surveyed, dug, and picked,—how many plans were made and rejected,—what pains, what cares, were endured to afford you this swift and facile passage? So with Alexander Dumas. Every volume written by him is the result of immense labors of infinite studies of universal information. Twenty years since Alexander Dumas had not that facility. His knowledge then was not equal to what it is now. Since that time he has learned everything; he has forgotten nothing; his memory is astonishing, his glance unerring. He possesses in perfection instinct, experience, recollection; he compares quickly; he comprehends involuntarily; he recollects all he has read; he has preserved the most serious passages of history, the most trivial memoirs of ancient times; he speaks familiarly of the usages of all ages and of all lands; he knows the names of all the arms, the dresses, and the furniture fashioned since the creation of the world; of all the dishes, from the black broth of Sparta to the last dish invented by Carême. If you speak of the chase, he knows the whole *Dictionnaire des Chasseurs* better than the prince of hunters; of a duel he is more learned than Grisier.

"When other men write, they are stopped every instant by some information to be procured,—by a doubt, a lapse of memory, an obstacle of some kind. He is stopped by nothing. Moreover, the habit of writing for the stage has given him a surprising facility of composition. Join to this a sparkling imagination, a gayety, an exhaustless flow of ideas, and you will easily comprehend how, with such resources, a man can obtain in his labors a wonderful rapidity, without sacrificing ability of construction, and without ever injuring the quality or sterling value of his work.

"And is it such a man whom you would call a *Monsieur*? Why a *Monsieur* is an unknown personage,—a man who has never written a good work, who has never performed a noble action, made an eloquent discourse,—a man whom France ignores, a man of whom Europe entire has not heard. Certainly M. Dumas is much less of a *marquis* (a ridiculous personage of French comedy) than M. Three-Stars; but M. Three-Stars is much more of a *monsieur* than Alexander Dumas."

Commend us to a true woman of mind when we need a friend!

Dumas, like other men great and small who were born in the early part of the present century, can number at this day but a small sprinkling of his early associates. He has lately been called on to write a biographical preface to a posthumous work of an old friend and man of letters, Roger de Beauvoir, one who was not driven into the profession by need. It were better for him, perhaps, if he had been; for though his friend handles his memory tenderly, it is evident that his was a life of dissipation. The book to which allusion has been made\* enters into some amusing particulars of eccentric characters known to the author, and forms a volume of amusing reading. The writer's real name was Roger de Bully; but his uncle (Deputy de Bully) obliged

\* "Les Soupeurs de mon Temps." Par Roger de Beauvoir. Paris: Achille Faure.



him, when he took to the profession of letters, to assume a new surname. The enforced change was really a happy one. He was born in Paris, 28 November, 1809, and at an early age imbibed a taste for fictions on mediæval subjects. In 1835 he went to Holland, and resided there for some time; and in his afterworks he introduced many interesting sketches of the life he witnessed there. He married Mlle. Leocadie Doze, a beautiful and accomplished actress, in 1840; but the union, as in many other similar conditions, was not a happy one. The separation of the gifted pair was effected, with much noise, in 1850, and the husband sought balm for his wounded feelings by publishing a metrical account of the trial. His wife, a native of Hennebont in Morbihan, Brittany, was known in the world of letters. She died 30 October, 1859, at the early age of thirty-seven years and ten days.

This is the prosaic side of the matter: let us look at it from Dumas's poetic point of view.

"At his return from Spain he fell in love with a beautiful, witty, poetic woman, predestined by her very name to be loved. There was genuine love, but with it came genuine sorrow. He fancied it one of these passing fancies such as he had before experienced, but he was deceived. This love, like the tunic of Nessus, scorched his heart. From the moment he began to love her he loved no other. He loved her faithful, he loved her false, he loved her living, he loved her dead!

"He quitted his house (l'Hotel Pimodan) in 1845. He would quit Paris, he would quit France, he would return to America, to Italy, to Spain, go where he had never been, to San Francisco, to India, to China, to New Caledonia. He remained, and the man least fitted in the world to be a husband wedded a woman the least fitted to be a wife. How explain this? He a charming young man, she an adorable young woman!"

Roger de Beauvoir, as his friend says, enjoyed an iron constitution, constant good health (he implies that he abused these gifts), and consoled himself for the domestic estrangement, but not in a Christian or philosophic way. In November, 1861, when reaching for a book in his library Rue Richer, he fell and the results were — a swelling of the abdomen and the legs. The most skilful doctors in Paris were among his intimate friends. They did all that could be effected by zeal and skill, but for eighteen months the malady went on increasing. At last an operation was deemed necessary, and Dr. Favrot was selected to perform it. But we are unable without Dumas's aid to describe the sequel.

"Favrot presented himself before the invalid with the resolution come to by the physicians in one hand, and the instrument of torture in the other. Roger felt the *trois quarts* (three quarters, the instrument), and said he would rather die than undergo the operation.

"Faith, I believe you are right," said Favrot, who belonged to the sceptic school.

"Well," said Roger, "as there is nothing further to be done in the operating line, let us have a glass of champagne together."

"Champagne let it be," said Favrot, who did not wish to annoy his patient.

"Instead of a glass apiece they emptied two bottles.

"Well," said Favrot, as they were separating, "let us embrace, for it is probable we shall never see each other again in life."

"You hope, then, that my suffering won't be long."

"I can promise no more than about twelve hours"; and the patient and doctor embraced again.

Favrot withdrew.

"Come to-morrow, at all events," said Roger.

"Certainly," said Favrot, "if it were only from curiosity."

"And Roger laid himself out on the sofa, to die as comfortably as he could.

"Contrary to his expectation, he enjoyed a profound sleep.

"During his sleep a crisis came on. An issue was formed in his legs. Out flowed the water, and Roger, on awakening, found the room inundated and himself healed.

"Next day Favrot came, expecting to find his patient dead. He knocked, and it was Roger himself who opened the door."

Poor Roger had fourteen physicians. He entertained them all at dinner one day, comparing himself to the Republic which had sent fourteen armies to march against death.

But the enemy had only made a temporary retreat. With the fogs and frosts of winter it returned, and for a long time the poor man was unable to lie down. He lived on, however, till 26th August, when he was visited by Count O'Hagarty (O'Egherty in the text) and Father Aubert, two of his early friends. Having received all the religious consolations in the power of his friends to afford, he died next day, retaining consciousness to the last.

Some verses composed by him during his long malady are not without their moral: —

"I had a friend for twenty years,  
He was the flower of my spring-time.  
All gave place to his mad joy,  
The most morose welcomed him.  
How he drank! how he sang!  
Laughter was my friend's name.

"Answer me, what better friend  
Than that youth? Look on him.  
He assumes empire over you,  
His eyes sparkling, his vest unbuttoned.  
He touched his flute at the dessert,  
And each one said, 'That is Laughter.'

"The last supper which I gave,  
He took my hand. 'O, my son,  
Adieu!' said he, 'I go to exile.  
In Paris I am loved no longer:  
There are too many lawyers, cunning Greeks,  
And no one goes to the Vaudeville.'

"Alas, alas! he has quitted me;  
To his ouths he has been false.  
I remain alone in my chamber,  
The hour-frost covers my windows.  
I warm myself with my journals:  
He was April, I December.

"What! can I have lost him so soon?  
I've broken my glass in which  
I have so often drunk in his company.  
Sometimes I make a feeble effort,  
But my poor laugh soon expires,  
And my soul is again in agony.

"For they've taken all — the cruel ones —  
My gaiety, my goods, and my songs.  
Around me climbs the ivy —  
The ivy which shall one day cover  
The lowly tomb in which they'll place me,  
Without regret, without prayers."

We shall now present some extracts from the sketches of eccentric acquaintances of the poet and romancer, who left behind him about a hundred volumes of romances, plays, and poetry.

#### SAINT CRICQ.

Roger de Beauvoir, in commencing his sketch of this strange figure, invokes the pencil of *Cruyskaëns* (can this be our George?) to help him in his attempt to catch his mental and physical features.



He first met with him at the Café Anglais, — a tall man, seated at dinner with a damaged hat on, and two gray tufts of hair creeping out from under it. His beard was long and in bad order. There was no shirt collar, but, instead, a large silver brooch securing the upper mantle of two which he ordinarily wore. He had before him a salad-dish full of corn-salad and beet-root, which he was carefully mashing. The operation being happily achieved, he peppered his dish with snuff shaken from his snuff-box, and prepared for work by a glass of Larose. After his meal he demanded from the garçon his customary pot of cold cream. This being furnished, he gravely removed his hat, rubbed the cream over his face, and then daintily filleted some pinches of snuff over this wash or coat, whichever it may be called.

While Roger was passing from wonder to wonder, the cream-and-snuff-visaged man approached him, and, seeing a trace of wonder still on his face, he prefaced his address by observing, "It is good against headaches; you need not mind it. I sometimes add Condrieux or Canary wine for the good of the flesh. The doctor sees no harm in it. Do you use?" said he, opening his box with a creak resembling that of Robert Macaire's.

"I believe you write in the papers. I wish you would chastise that rascal Harel (manager of the Théâtre Porte Saint-Martin). He won't allow me to speak to the actors when on the stage. But it is my custom. I always apply the *tu* to Bocage. It was very cold the other evening, so I cried out, in the middle of one of his tirades in *Angèle*, 'We must have warming foot-stoves.' The pit joined in chorus, and so I went out, got a foot-warmer, and when the Bedouins began their exercise, I aimed it at the eldest of them. I got great applause, and so I sent half a dozen of oranges after the warming-pan. They were going to arrest me, but Louis Philippe will soon see the end of his power. France is a volcano. Live Abd-el-Kader!"

He filled another glass of Larose, and said to the proprietor of the café, "Delaunay, take care of my pots of cold cream. Lubin fills them again, and saves me the price of fresh ones. I don't mind being robbed by you, but I won't by these beggars of perfumers."

The *monsieur* then began to expatiate on every subject under the sun, gleams of brilliant light flashing through the masses of absurdity. His remarks and the manner of them gave evidence of a diseased, irritating, and sometimes a cold and cruel spirit. He resembled at the same time Beaumarchais and Diogenes.

When you approached nearer, and could examine more at your ease, there were still traces of noble outlines, both in mind and person, and indications such as a worn medal presents of what once had been a majestic bust. Ability and a fine organization were still perceptible in the features. He had been in his youth a gallant and accomplished gentleman, looked up to and courted in salons. Sometimes wine taken freely brought out reminiscences of youth, and made the heart ache to witness the present degradation. His very gayety inspired nothing but sadness.

Saint Cricq was a restless promenader of Paris in its length and breadth. The populace mocked him at times, and he returned this disrespect by intense hatred. He sometimes abused them from the balcony of the Café Anglais, which he called his haranguing tribune.

Before his eccentricities exiled him from the Théâtre Français, he attended constantly, as he delighted to accost Michelot while going through his part. He would cry out at times, "Very well, Michelot, very well! When the play is over, I'll see you home." But Mdle. Mars did not please him at all. As soon as she appeared, he would remark aloud, "This little Mars is all the while the daughter of old Monvel; she was christened Hippolyte. Isn't it true, Mars?" he'd then cry aloud, "that your Christian name is Hippolyte?" Being obliged to quit the Théâtre Français, he selected that of the Porte Saint-Martin, then ruled by Harel for his permanent evening abode. There he entered into conferences with the actors, and would request Lemaitre, while presenting *Macaire*, to roll him up a cigar.

It was a very cold February. Boxes, pit, and gallery were shivering with cold; the poor musicians were keeping their fingers from being frozen by breathing some lukewarm air on them. Saint Cricq occupied the orchestra-box, a kind of den in which nothing could be distinguished but his flashing eyes at odd times. One dreadful cold night he spied a poor musician raising the collar of his coat and striving to draw on a pair of furred gloves. He was a trombone with every appearance about him of having been frozen up at Eylau. Victim of duty, he seemed intent on puffing forth his last breath.

Saint Cricq sallied out and soon returned, followed by a coffee-house waiter bearing on a tray a mighty bowl of punch. This he circulated among the musicians while the acting was going on. It was one concert of praises executed by the reheated ones.

All being consumed, he addressed them à l'Empereur. "Soldiers, I am well satisfied with you. To-morrow it will be your own General's turn. I shall be among you." So Harel felt himself obliged to supply heating materials next night. "It is something," said he, "to have Saint Cricq in the house. But, ah! if I could put him on the large play-bill!"

Much as our eccentric liked Porte Saint-Martin, he sighed after his Théâtre Rue Richelieu. By some means he got again into his den on the night of a first representation with his big roll of papers, his cloaks, his parapluie, and his opera-glass.

All was quiet till the middle of the third act, and then the house became aware of half the body of a tall man leaning out over the front rail of his box, crying out and gesticulating to the actors to stop. An outcry arose, but as soon as a partial lull ensued, these words were heard from Saint Cricq's pen, — "Listen to me; I wish to speak." "Out with the disturber!" cried some; "Go on!" cried others. "Let us hear what's annoying you." He then cried out in an audible, distinct voice, "I demand three thousand francs for the author." New uproar, and new demands for his expulsion; but he kept himself ready, and at the first moment of a lull he repeated again, "I demand three thousand francs for the author." "Why, why?" cried the claqueurs, who fancied he might be playing into their hands. "Because," he shouted, "with three thousand francs he'll not trouble us with any more bad pieces."

Shouts of laughter and cries of anger put a stop to the conversation, and even the acting, the actors and actresses drawing down to the flat. A policeman made his appearance before the offender's box, and politely requested his attendance at the police office near the theatre. He was obliged to submit, but almost put the inspector beside himself with his



reasonings and his tirades. However, he was let off on condition of not seeking an entrance again that night.

The fourth act was just over, the rain was coming down in torrents, and the heart of our hero rejoiced. When he expected the immediate issue of the people from the theatre he approached the coach-stand, crying out, "There is a wedding at the *Cadran Bleu*." He shook a thousand-francs note, entered a coach, and all went off in file, the poor issuers from the theatre in vain calling on them to come to their relief. Light dresses were seen sweeping the puddle, bonnets, shawls, coats, and gowns receiving the full benefit of the pouring deluge. All this delighted the cynical and revengeful Saint Cricq. At the *Cadran Bleu* there was no wedding, but plenty of guests, who paid the fiacre men for conveying them home. The grateful coachmen called their benefactor nothing but *Pavillon* after that. This adventure exposes the revengeful element in Saint Cricq's disposition; the next is another illustration of the same bad quality, as well as his turn for mischief. The doors of the *Café Anglais* opening on the street, and the *Théâtre des Italiens* being at hand and the winter extremely cold, our hero was continually disturbed in his perusal of the papers by the opening and shutting of the door to give admittance to guests after the closing of the theatre. He was in a snug compartment at one side, and devised the plan to punish the intruders. He fastened a string to the bottom of one of the folding-doors, and every now and then putting his hand under the table, he would, by a sudden check, open one door and let in the whole cold and fury of the night on the folk employed refreshing themselves. Great complaints were made to the proprietor by the guests, whose poor legs had no better covering than the silk stockings insisted on by the tyrant of the opera. At last all vowed they would quit for the night if the pestilent door further annoyed them. Delaunay, being put on his mettle, examined the neighborhood of the door, detected the machinery and its "primum mobile," reproached Saint Cricq, ordered him out, and, pulling away the chair on his refusal, brought him to the floor with no small fracas.

Breathing fury and vengeance, he presented himself next day at the bedside of his friend, Roger, before the latter had arisen. Sitting on the foot of the bed, and exhibiting a pair of new crutches, he insisted on his getting up, and coming with him before the next magistrate, as he had been witness of the assault. Having stated his grievance to that official, he wound it up by saying, "You see that I have been obliged to go on crutches since the fall Delaunay gave me." "I see no crutches." "Oh! I must have left them in the fiacre." "Well, well," said the magistrate, "leave the matter to me; I'll arrange it to your satisfaction."

In the famous roll of papers which Saint Cricq always carried about with him were always to be found leases of his Norman possessions, scented soap, pots of the cold cream, and a plan of the Battle of Waterloo. This plan was an object of terror to Mangin, an intelligent garçon of the Chinese baths; for as often as he could catch him unoccupied, he spread his map before him, and proceeded to the details of the fight, all of which the poor slave managed to forget by next day.

"One morning, coming early, he astonished Mangin not a little by despatching him for twenty-five kidneys for his breakfast. The youth went forth,

and on his return in three quarters of an hour he found his employer already in his bath, and he opened his eyes on seeing him, scissors in hand, cut the articles into pieces, and setting these afloat on the water, 'Take the plan now, Mangin,' said he, 'and let us enter on the all-important study.'

"Here we enter on St. Jean the 18th of June, 1815. We have at this moment the eyes of Europe on us. The wings of the two armies, as you remark, extend to the left of the two roads of Genappes and Nivelles, D'Erlon facing Picton, Reillé facing Hill. The English army occupy the higher ground, we the lower. Accursed Wellington! He secured the advantage of the ground. But the action is going to be begun by the French at *Kougemon* (*Hougomont*)."

"Thus speaking, and warming himself up by his recital, he continued pushing on a column of kidney fragments. His voice arose, while he continued his strategic demonstrations.

"Only for the catastrophe of the D'Ohain road, if Marcogoret was not swept clean, and Lobeau taken in flank, we would have come off safe, but patatra! There is no water in the bath; it's all blood. What slaughter! Courage, friends! Follow Ney or die!"

"And Saint Cricq, without minding the splashing he inflicted on Mangin, made a desperate charge on the Prussians and English *tirailleurs*.

"Mangin deplored so many men slain, and so many kidneys destroyed, but the welcome ringing of a bell released him from his tiresome inspection, and put an end to the Battle of Waterloo."

One very cold day he frightened poor Mangin, by requiring a warm coach to take him to the Place de la Bastille, but he soon relieved him from his anxiety by explaining his mode of coach-warming. "Take four robust commissionnaires (street porters), put them in a coach, let it be driven to the Place de la Bastille and brought back, the windows all the time being made air-tight." This was done, and the Auvergnats made happier than so many negro slaves on a holiday by the jaunt and the draught of wine given them as they came out. Such was Saint Cricq's recipe for a comfortable ride.

Our eccentric was a man of property, but at times he was in want of ready cash. He would then borrow, and return the loan to the hour and minute specified. One day, sitting in the Champs Elysées during a shower, he saw his acquaintance, we are told, Lord Seymour, standing by the wayside, and seeming on the lookout for a carriage. He made a sign of invitation, Lord Seymour entered the vehicle, Saint Cricq closed the door, and with little delay asked the loan of a thousand francs. The noble lord, thus beset, made the customary apologies, had lost immensely last night, was waiting for a remittance, &c. The man in need told him he was in dire want of the money, the money he should have, or some desperate deed would ensue. On getting a new refusal, he took up a small barrel of gunpowder which was lying at his feet, and, holding his lighted cigar in readiness, he exclaimed, "The money, or I blow myself into eternity, and you along with me." A check was given, and punctually repaid.

After the adventure of the crutches, and on other aggravating occasions, he would repair to his consoler, Madame Récamier, who by mingled firmness and gentleness and real sympathy always succeeded in calming down his angry transports. He said to De Beauvoir, on leaving her house on one of these



occasions, "It is not the first time that I felt as in an angel's presence. She can do what she pleases with me."

The poor man closed his days in a private asylum. Every afternoon he required a coach in order to visit his estates in Normandy. The coachman set off and drove through the Bois de Boulogne till the patient fell asleep. On awaking at his return, he always expressed pleasure at the little fatigue with which the long journey had been performed.

This man who put snuff into his salad, and sometimes salt in his tea, was an able linguist, and well versed in Egyptian antiquities. His double cloak was well known to the book-stall keepers along the quays. A volume might be filled by a philosophical pathologist on the subject of his mental aberrations.

#### THE COUNT DE COURCHAMPS.

About the year 1830, the literary people of France hailed with satisfaction the publication of a work entitled "The Memoirs of the Marchioness de Crequy," a supposed centenarian, or nearly so. So true were the pictures given in the work of French society in court, castle, and city, from an early part of the eighteenth century, that no one doubted the existence of the Marchioness or the truth of everything related. But the real author was a certain Comte de Courchamps, a man of exquisite taste in wines and choice viands, of great knowledge of heraldry, of Germanic chapters, and of literary subjects generally, one devoted to the ancient régime, and unchangeable in his politics. He said he had been on speaking terms with Cambacérès, and a reader to Madame de Beauharnais; moreover, that he was a canon, and he certainly displayed on his breast the crosses of many chapters. His forehead was high, his eyes and ears those of a satyr, his hands small, but like icicles in the feel. His biographer says "he united in himself the qualities of a monkey, an abbé, and a cat."

Eating, as we know, has been raised to the dignity of a science by our neighbors. They must have inherited their devotion to the table from the Teuton side among their ancestors, for the pure Celtic races have never been stomach worshippers. It was a caution, in the language of the Squire of Slickville, to see the Count de Courchamps enthroned at his own peculiar table at the Café des Provençaux from ten o'clock till midnight. Certain loaves were baked expressly for his use, the garçon who waited upon him felt proud of the privilege. Room cannot be spared for the enumeration of the meats and the wines which entered into the banquet, shared by him with our author, but they amounted to thirty in number. When the great work was at its most interesting point, he would take from his pocket small bottles filled with some fiery sauces best known to himself. The burning properties of these condiments he neutralized by the choice wines he patronized. Your American or business-absorbed Briton who eats against time goes through the operation merely to enable him to finish whatever work absorbs him for the moment.

The Count evidently endured the *ennuis* of the day merely by the pleasurable anticipations of supper. The poor provincial who made his meal at a neighboring table within twenty minutes, and amused the after-time by contemplating the enjoyment of the noble supper-eater, must have felt that he himself had yet much to learn in a science which he had hitherto only regarded in the light of a necessity.

De Beauvoir's first introduction to the Epicurean Count is thus related.

"At three o'clock I rapidly ascended the staircase of the Hotel de Mayence, and, with my letter of introduction in my hand, I rang at the door of M. de Courchamps.

"No answer.

"I rung again; still silence.

"I got impatient, and rang loudly this time; this time a voice uttered, 'Come in.'

"I pushed the door, which indeed was not closed, and found myself in a darkish room. In an uncurtained bed at the end was an old woman.

"All of her that was visible was wrapped in a tartan plaid, except her head, which was covered with a cap, profusely decorated with large ribbons and flowers.

"Thinking I had to do with a housekeeper or governante, I mentioned that I was the bearer of a letter to M. le Comte de Courchamps.

"The old lady scrutinized me, thanked me with an inclination of her head, put on her spectacles, and unconcernedly read the letter addressed to her master. This piece of impudence startled me. 'The letter?' said I.

"It is for me, monsieur,' came out in a strong masculine tone. 'Please take a seat.'

"I uttered a cry of surprise; I recognized the Count de Courchamps.

"Do not be surprised,' said he, 'at my accoutrements; I can't write otherwise.' At the same time he showed me his writing, disfigured by many erasures. His inkstand was a china-ware monkey.

"Would you ever have recognized in this travesty your neighbor at dinner the other day?"

"You only want a pot of rouge and some patches."

"It is a good hint. Do you think that with these aids I might captivate M. Dumont, or M. Fournier, the publishers? I think I'll try their power to-morrow on M. Ladvocat."

The Count was sarcastic to the last degree, especially on the ladies, and repeated with much unction an anecdote from *La Mode*, a popular journal.

Lady G., who took it into her English head that the Parisian dames lived on nothing grosser than ether or spiritualism, gave a magnificent ball in her new hotel, Rue Saint-Honoré. The sight of the ball-room was dazzling, so was the buffet. Alas! the contents of it had to be renewed a score of times. Oh, how the ladies as the dances ended, flung themselves on the confectionery, the cakes, the cold meat, the champagne! The lady of a certain chief of division arrived at her third turbot; she took three suppers at the buffet that night, divine creature!

He went on for a long time in this tone of mockery, pitilessly immolating all the victims which came to hand, in mingled verse and prose, couplets and epigrams. His visitor was an involuntary spectator of a general massacre.

To this, join the effect of the curious toilet of the speaker, gesticulating in the bedgown of an old portress, with splashes of ink on his sleeves and cap.

It is not given to every one to enjoy the ugliness possessed by the Count. An ape's malice animated the countenance, with its projecting chin, and its pinched mouth, ever ready to let out a sarcasm. He shook his head when talking like a mandarin ornament, and an old judge would be obliged to



laugh at the rolling of his eyes. He neither loved nor admired women, and was fond of repeating such anecdotes as the following:—

"When I was in London, a young Frenchman with a delicate womanish face put on female attire, and presented himself at a house where he knew Madame de Staël was to pay a visit in a day or two. None of the family had ever seen in person the gifted lady.

"The false Corinne enchanted the family with her grace, her beauty, and her agreeable manner. Next day the true Corinne was announced.

"They were at first a little surprised that she should have returned so soon.

"However, a welcome was prepared, but to their surprise they saw before them a quite different person from her they had entertained the evening before. The new comer had something masculine in her air,—a defect unpardonable among the English. She was attired in a strange fashion, and with neck and shoulders bare. The lady of the house took her for an impostor, and said in a tone of suppressed anger, 'Madame, you have arrived too late. We have the honor of knowing Madame de Staël, a very beautiful woman, whose manners are truly feminine, while you would be taken for a man were it not for your dress. That is not, however, sufficient to prove you to be Madame de Staël. So, Madame, the sooner you relieve us of your presence the better.'"

The Count's stories were told by every muscle of his face as well as his tongue; all were in motion. He delighted in imitating old Englishwomen, and chuckled over the English balls given by Messrs. Hope and Rothschild, when the nicest Parisian ladies had to suffer from digs of the foreigners' elbows in their sides, or pummellings on their backs.

Sarcastic as was the old gentleman, he was finely duped and mystified by an old friend, le Comte Horace de Vielcastel. Courchamps was a loyal adherent of the elder branch. His jocular friend informed a stationer, a sergeant in the National Guard, that the Count was a devoted partisan of Louis Philippe, and was most anxious to be seen under arms and in uniform. On this information the valiant sergeant proceeded to invite by circular the old victim to attend at the guard-room such a day. Letters on letters arrived, and finally a summons before the proper tribunal to answer for his non-compliance, and this was succeeded by an order for his incarceration for five days. The victim made a confidant of his tormentor, who, while apparently endeavoring to free him from his meshes, only wound them tighter round him. So exquisite became at last his mental tortures, that he was preparing to go into voluntary exile, when his persecutors relaxed, and shortly after, at their suggestion, he published his *Mémoires de la Marquise de Creguy*.

"He possessed notes, precious documents, wonderful letters, surprising stories, and secret correspondence in reams. He had known great personages, traversed nearly the whole of the eighteenth century, writing for his own amusement, and was gifted to the highest degree with that spirit of analysis which makes the success of a book. To put these notes in order, to collate the recitals, to give to every figure the value it merited, all this labor had a particular attraction for him. Three editions of his book were soon dispersed."

The poor old gentleman arrived at that hour when sitting from ten to twelve at supper was out of the question. Let us suppose that devout feelings succeeded to the vagaries of head and heart. He lived

in his very advanced years with the Friars of St. John of God, in their convent, Rue Plumet. Suppers were indeed no more, but he would descend to the kitchen at times to see how sauces and roasts were progressing. The brother cook did not approve of these visitations, and from a certain day the kitchen door remained closed against him. He died near Poitiers, in an establishment of sisters, with whom he was acquainted. The good ladies forgave the satirical humor of the aged child for the charm of his conversation.

#### ROMIEU AND ROUSSEAU.

Romieu and Rousseau (not Jean Jacques) were what may be called literary Bohemians before poor Mürger inaugurated the institution. They wrote a little, but drank much. Of the two, Romieu possessed more stamen and kept longer on his legs, when battling with the demon of drink. Rousseau, when found by the watch and requested for a reference, was perhaps unable to answer his own name, or tell what name his father bore, but he had engraved on a tablet in one of the chambers of his brain the name of an indulgent friend, a commissary of police. Before him he was brought, and when in a state of half consciousness, received a bitter rebuke from his patron, but generally escaped a long detention.

The two associates would get glorious in each other's company, and he that was less overpowered, would see the other home. Romieu, having the stronger head, half dragged, half carried his helpless friend in the direction of his abode one night. But beyond a certain point he could not induce the overpowered Rousseau to proceed. What was to be done? He laid him sitting in an angle, begged a lamp from a belated greengrocer, and left it lighted by his side, thus protecting him from involuntary invasions. When he awoke next morning he found himself the centre of a wondering crowd, and a few sous in his hand, there deposited by some good hearts, who had been up betimes, and had taken him for a houseless outcast.

Romieu once entered into conversation with a *portier*, who happened to be a cobbler. Leaning in at his window, he asked the poor man a series of questions, not altogether amounting to a hundred, on the number of his children, the name of his wife (the porter requesting him to say *spouse*), her genealogy, his own genealogy, the names of the people who lived within, the rent of the different suites of rooms, and his opinions on the various questions of the day. The poor man, completely exhausted at last, asked what he could do for him. "Nothing," said Romieu, "I have not the slightest trouble to put you to." "And what have you taken up so much of my time for?" "Merely to comply with this painted request, which caught my eye as I passed, 'Parlez au Portier.'" The irritated man of leather would have sent his heaviest-heeled sabot in the direction of Romieu's nose, but for the sudden departure of that humorist.

Romieu and Rousseau were the terror of all the grocers in their arrondissement. The tricks they played on them would fill a volume. Just as the shop of one of them whose sign was The Two Baboons, was about being closed one night, Romieu entered in haste, and asked for the owner. "He has gone to bed; he is not very well." "I must speak to him on a matter of the utmost importance." "Jacques, you had better go up to Monsieur X's bedroom, and say a gentleman wants to speak to him on a matter of weight." Jacques went, and



after a time returned, and requested the gentleman to take the trouble of walking up stairs. They entered the dormitory. "Sir, I am very sorry to disturb you, especially as you are not well. Is your name so and so?" "Yes; what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" "I am anxious to see your partner." "I have no partner." "No partner! Then, *nom d'une pipe*, why have you written over your shop, 'The Two Baboons'?" — I take my leave, sorry to find such a want of truth in a respectable man of business."

Many a lamp had Romieu broken in his wayward career, and when he was made sous-prefect in Dordogne, he found appropriate punishment descending on him. As he was returning home late, he found three young men of wit and vivacity endeavoring in vain to break the lamp of the sub-prefecture. He looked on for some time with much disgust on their successful attempts, and at last cried out impatiently, "Stop, you awkward fellows, and observe me." He took up a pebble, and the next moment the glass was shattered and the light gone.

Romieu, entering on his country duties, was seized with a determination to extirpate the *hannetons* (chaffers), which are a serious pest to France, and which the people themselves have perpetuated by their wholesale destruction of the small birds. His crusade against the pestilent insects was sung in the *Charivari*, the title of the poem importing, "How M. Romieu came to a premature and lamentable end, victim of the Hannetons of Lohans, by whom he was cruelly devoured."

The serious and pale-visaged prefect was gravely writing with the pen of a *canard*, when a noise was heard in the antechamber of his study.

"It was the *garde champêtre*,  
Who entered all in grief,  
Pale with fear, and faint,  
And thus displayed his woe, —  
Alas, alas, for love of heaven,  
O, haste, Monsieur Romieu!"

Romieu complains of being disturbed, and asks if a fire has broken out.

"Ah, 't is," says he, "another tale,  
It is the cruel z-hannetons,  
A coming in great squadrons  
To ravage all the land.  
And, if you make not haste,  
We shall be all devoured."

"In this egregious peril  
Consulting his heart only,  
Romieu, of valor brimful,  
Begirt himself for danger.  
He tenderly embraced  
His spouse and children dear."

The *garde champêtre* and his master march a long distance before they meet the foe.

"These hannetons detestable  
In such dense bodies flew,  
That like a veil they covered  
The sun that gives us light,  
And such a buzzing sound there came  
As made the warriors quake.

"Romieu, inflamed with rage,  
His trenchant falchion drew,  
His Cross of Honor and his pen  
He at the May-bugs flung;  
But the over-ensued animals  
More fierce and numerous grew.

"The insect like a leprosy  
Ate up the Sous-prefect,  
Commencing at his feathered crest,  
And ending at his shoe.  
In one short moment he devoured  
Hands, eyes, legs, feet, and all.

"He had a tender skin,  
And so no help was found;  
'T was pity for to see him,  
'T was pity for to hear;

The garde within a neighboring pool  
Was bathed all in tears.

"But vengeance from the sky  
Will overtake the knaves,  
For even now the prefects  
And subprefects of France  
Have formed a joint-stock company;  
To extirpate the pest.

"Upon the tomb of the great man  
Is written, 'He lies here,  
Who from the perverse hanneton  
The nation could not save.  
Good son he was, and good prefect,  
Good comrade, and right gay."

"Ye Frenchmen, all attention give,  
And learn hereby to pay  
Your taxes in all honesty,  
And loyally mount guard.  
God bless us all, both great and small,  
And good King Philip save!"

Dantan's caricature portrait of Romieu embodied his mental and physical man by a hanneton, whose head was moulded into a resemblance of Romieu's, swimming across an oil lamp, and repulsing with his antennæ the attacks of the *Charivari*, the *Vertvert*, and other periodicals. The grave humorist never allowed his serenity to be ruffled by these assaults, but generally repaid their advances twofold.

An impatience of restraint, and a wanton transgression of bounds set by religion and moral decency, are characteristic of too large a proportion of Parisian men of letters. Under the polished surface of manner, and the investment of the commonplaces of life, with the charms arising from kindly human sympathy, and the creations of fancy, lies a strong inclination to examine the morbid conditions of our nature, and to study the ghastly skeleton, rather than the goodly appearance of the frame of which it is the foundation. They not only delight in these gloomy studies, but make strenuous efforts to infuse a cynical and cheerless spirit into their readers. This tendency to the study of the ghastly and morbid side of humanity, and all belonging to it, gives a more uninviting character to the behavior of the insane and the eccentric among our neighbors than is found among other people. Can it be that from the union of separate races, such as the Franks and Celts, sprung a people combining the worse instead of the better qualities of both? For some centuries the sovereigns of England have had no more discontented subjects in Ireland than the descendants of Anglo-Saxons and native Celts. This is, however, advanced only as an illustration. The subject is interesting, but too difficult and extensive to be handled at the end of a light article.

## TRETHILL FARM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW IT ALL HAPPENED."

### I.

TRETHILL FARM was the most rambling, old-fashioned, inconvenient place you ever saw, yet it was most picturesquely situated. After having toiled up Parson's Hill, and enjoyed the view from it, you then went down the lane, across Warleigh Woods, and suddenly came upon the quaintest old house in the world, with black beams and diamond-paned windows. There was a green plat in front, with a big walnut-tree growing in it, and close by a water-mill that charmed the eyes and ears of everybody except the inhabitants of the farm. Let us look in upon them now, sitting in the large old kitchen, as the day draws to its close.

The tall, handsome woman, with the white net cap and gray gown, you can see, is the mistress of the



house. She is fidgeting her fingers because it is too dark for her to work any longer, though she has been busy all day. To sit idle is neither rest nor enjoyment to Kate Bradford. The man with the dreamy face and the yellow curly hair like a boy's (though he has passed his fifty summers), who is just now nodding over his pipe, is John Bradford,—not the master of the house, but only the mistress's husband. And now for the two pretty things sitting side by side on the window-seat, straining their eyes over a musty old book. Which is the elder of the two? You could not say, but I know quite well. It is Esty, the fair-haired one, with the dark gray eyes, and a face which looks all the paler beside that of Kitty, who is like "a red, red rose," has rippling hair the very color of a new-podded chestnut, with big brown eyes, and a figure that makes her the very queen of rustic beauties.

"Come, come, girls," says the mother, "do put away that book, or to-morrow you'll have eyes like ferrets'. Much better you was out breathing the fresh air than cramming your heads with such nonsense."

"O mother! why, it's a lovely story. Only read it," exclaimed soft-voiced Esther.

"Read it indeed! not I. I had enough of your lovely stories in that 'Romance of the Forest,' which your father was always talking about; and such a pack of trash for anybody to waste their precious time writing and reading!"

"What's that about me and my favorite book?" asks John, rousing himself. "Well, I can remember the fancy I took to that book,—it made me want the girls to read it, for I was about their age when it turned my head."

"O well, that ain't saying much for it!" retorts Mrs. Bradford. "It never takes much to turn an empty thing. But there goes nine o'clock, so be off, all of you; it'll be up ten, now, before you can be in bed,"—and she bustles off to look and see if the cupboards and safes are locked and bolted. At this John commences to knock out the ashes from his pipe, Esther and Kitty to shut up their book, and reluctantly betake themselves to their little room.

John Bradford was a half farmer, half miller. He was not obliged to work hard, nor had he any great anxiety about crops, his wife's father having left a goodish bit of money when he died, more, in fact, than people gave the old miser credit for having. Then they had but the two girls, Esther and Kitty, whom they had sent to the neighboring town to school, where they were kept until Esther was eighteen. Now they had been home a year, and Kate Bradford sometimes asked herself if she had been quite wise in keeping her girls away from home so long. Kitty seemed disposed to take to country life and to try to fascinate the best looking of the young farmers round about; but with Esther it was quite different.

"The child don't give herself airs, or I'd soon take 'em out of her, but she's like a fish out of water amongst our folk. However, I'm determined one of the two shall marry Randal Carey. I lost his father for myself, but the son sha' n't slip through my fingers easily." So thought Mrs. Bradford to herself; and, with these views in her mind, her consent had been easily obtained for the girls going next day to a picnic, returning by Crayshaws, old Mrs. Carey's house, and staying there for tea and a dance.

The sun had scarce risen next morning, when two eager faces were anxiously looking to see if the

day would be fine. Yes; there was not a cloud visible.

"O Esty! it is going to be lovely; we *shall* enjoy ourselves. I'm so glad, ain't you?"

"Yes, very," answers Esther.

"Then why on earth don't you show it, as I do!" And she catches hold of Esty and whirls her round.

"Kitty, how absurd you are! I know the reason you are so glad,—because you will meet Randal Carey; but I—there will be nobody there I shall care for."

"Yes, perhaps there will; for Randal has let the Erme fishing again to the gentleman who had it two years ago. He stops at the 'Roebuck,' and I dare say he will be there. Randal says he is not good looking, but a very nice gentleman, and he'll be better than nobody."

At eleven o'clock, Esty and Kitty, in their fresh pretty muslins and white straw hats, are carefully settled in the light spring cart by their mother, while their father stands in the doorway and sings, "How happy could I be with either!" Phoebe and Ann, the two maids, look with eyes of longing admiration; the dogs run round and round, barking and jumping at the nose of Mischief, the old pony, who, suddenly waking up to the general excitement, feels it incumbent upon him to try and start off, obliging Seth to jump up. So away they go, the girls kissing their hands and nodding their pretty heads to the group of admirers they leave behind.

"Well, I'm glad they're off," says Mrs. Bradford with a sigh of relief; "it's been warm work getting them ready; and as for that Kitty, she's as vain as a peacock."

"And no wonder," replies the father. "Why there is n't a prettier maid than our Kitty in Devonshire. I've heard great talk about the Plymouth girls, but I never see one there to touch her."

"Oh! 'every cook praises his own stew.' I dare say, if you asked old Tucker, he'd say he never see a girl like his Hepzibah."

"Well," laughs John, "he'd be pretty right there, for her squiat is most uncommon."

Mrs. Bradford, feeling John has been sharper than usual, wishes to know if he intends standing there all day, hurries Phoebe one way, Ann the other, and very soon is deep in the mysteries of the dairy. Then she will look after chickens and ducks, see to fruit for market and fruit for preserving, and how much butter she can spare. Such duties, with household arrangements and needlework, occupy her until day closes again.

John has gone to bed, ten o'clock has struck, and she sits in the kitchen alone, listening for the wheels to tell her that the girls have returned. The front door is set open, but not a sound enters. Nothing breaks the stillness, save the loud tick of the old eight-day clock. Most women, tired after the busy day, would have sat drowsily unoccupied. But not so Kate Bradford. The stocking she is darning certainly progresses more slowly than it might have done in the morning, but this is only because she is allowing her thoughts to run riot.

At length the sound of wheels, and girlish voices, and subdued laughter, tell her that Esty and Kitty are at the door.

"O mother!" they both cry out.

"Hush, hush, now," whispers the mother; "don't make a noise and wake everybody up. Stand to



Mischief's head, Kitty, while Seth comes in to get his pasty and jug of cider, and then there'll be no call for opening doors again."

Kitty obeys, and soon they are telling their mother, in subdued whispers, how they have enjoyed the day, how they had dinner in the woods, and then walked back to Crayshaws to tea.

"We had such lots of partners," Kitty says; "everybody asked us to dance; and, mother, what do you think? Esty has such a grand admirer! Guess who it is!"

The mother looks quickly from one to the other, and can't tell at all. Esty blushes her deepest shell-pink, and tells Kitty not to be silly. Kitty laughs, and points to the telltale color, while she says:—

"Why, the gentleman from London who has the Erme fishing, Mr. Arthur Vane. He danced with her three times, and walked from the woods with her, though both the Miss Rickets, the rector's daughters, were there."

"Well, and who paid you attention?"

"Me,—oh! everybody; first one and then the other."

"But who did Randal dance with?"

"Why, mother," cried Esty, "with Kitty, to be sure; he is always talking to her and laughing with her. He never finds anything to say to me. I don't think he spoke twenty words during our quadrille, for he was watching Mr. Vane and Kitty."

"Well, well," says Mrs. Bradford, with radiant face, "so long as both are pleased I'm content. Now don't lie talking half the night, but get up early like good girls, for I want you both to-morrow to help with the raspberries."

While this conversation is taking place at Trethill, Randal Carey, having seen the last of his guests depart, is sitting thinking. His hands are thrust into his pockets, and his face wears a most discontented expression.

"I can see that Mr. Vane is struck with her," Randal says to himself; "he did nothing but talk to her the whole day, and I can't think whatever it is makes me feel such a fool when I am near that girl. During the quadrille I mustered up courage to ask her to keep for me, I don't think that we got through a dozen words; and I only managed to tear her frock, making her think me a greater lout than I am. I can find enough to say to Kitty, but not to her. If we are alone, I wonder if I am doing the right thing; the time passes, and at the end I have said nothing, and even done what I didn't mean to."

Randal was a fine young fellow of four-and-twenty, his fair face tanned into a brown that nearly matched his curly hair. If the face were really index to the heart, you would have judged Randal very truly. He was not particularly quick nor clever, but nature had formed him a gentleman of the old type,—one who "loved his neighbor, feared God, and honored the king." What a contrast to him was the man to whom he had just said "Good night,"—who had been everywhere, seen and done everything, and was ready to avow that "there was nothing in it!" Nature had formed Arthur Vane particularly quick and clever, but the world made him a gentleman after its own fashion, who sneered at his neighbor (unless the neighbor provided money or amusement), who believed that God was only to be thought of and feared by women and sick people, who honored nobody and nothing, and yet was not what is termed a bad man. On the contrary, people by general consent admired him. Even now

our little Esty, instead of courting sleep, though her fair face rests upon the pillow, is setting Arthur Vane upon a pedestal in her heart, and will shortly fall down and worship him after the manner of her sex.

But he is not thinking one bit about her as he walks to his inn in the moonlight, puffing his cigar. No. His thoughts rather turn to Kitty, and run somewhat after this fashion:—

"By Jove, I have n't seen anything so bewitching as that little Kitty Somebody for a month of Sundays! Now, that's a face and figure after my own heart, always reminding one of life and sunshine. I wonder what made me so extremely virtuous as to resolve to keep out of her way, and not interfere with the claims of that interesting bumpkin who was honoring her with his bovine attentions. The sister is a pretty little thing too. I believe the child thought I was smitten by her. She shows off Miss Kitty to perfection. I'll get Carey to go that way to-morrow,—she told me their farm was not far from the Erme meadows,—and then I think I'll 'improve the shining hour.' We never know until we try what may suit us, and evidently self-denial does not agree with me; so my advice is 'Bon homme garde ta vache.'"

## II.

Next day, as the sun was losing its power, Arthur Vane and Randal Carey crossed Warleigh Woods, and came upon what each man thought about the prettiest picture he had ever seen. Under the shade of the big walnut-tree, in her gray gown, starched white apron, and net cap, sat handsome Mrs. Bradford, busy working. On the ground, with an immense yellow bowl of raspberries between them, sat Esty and Kitty, their spotless print dresses guarded by large white Holland aprons, their pretty figures all stained red by the fruit, which sent forth its delicious odor, that no sense might remain ungratified. No sooner did they see their visitors than both their faces were as red as their finger-tips. They did not mind Randal so much, but that the gentleman from London should see them thus! and they burst into laughter as the momentary vexation was driven away in the fun of being so caught. Arthur was the first to speak, and soon put them all at their ease. He had to be introduced to Mrs. Bradford, and in five minutes he conveyed to her mind that to be introduced to her was the sole object of his visit. Kitty had insisted on Randal helping them to stem the raspberries, and Esty, though she did not look up, saw only Arthur Vane, heard only his voice. He must have made Randal come, indeed she heard Randal say as much to Kitty; but why did he want to come? It must have been—and here her heart beat so loud that she feared they would hear it, and she bent over the fruit that the joy might not be read in her telltale blushes.

Arthur, in the mean time, is making a discovery which piques him considerably, for he sees that Miss Kitty is not at all averse to Randal's attentions, and that as long as she can secure these attentions he may devote himself to her mother, or to Esty, or to whom he pleases. "Well," he thinks, "I generally contrive to win my way, and it will be odd if I owe my first defeat to two members of this rustic community. So, my charming Kitty, I shall continue to pay my most devoted attentions to your pale sister, and after she has sounded my praises in your ears you will be all the more ready to appreciate my sudden surrender to your charms." Thereupon Esty hears a soft



voice asking if she will not allow herself to be helped, and, in imagination, Mrs. Bradford has soon married both her daughters, and is debating in her own mind where Esty is to find a house to suit her near by. Then she insists that they must stop to tea, and hurries off to get out the best china, to set forth all her delicacies, and to tell John to make himself fit to be seen.

When they all go under the tree again, John makes signs to Mrs. Bradford to come and sit with him in the porch, and leave the young people to themselves for a time; but she will not understand, and the young men are obliged to take their leave without getting anything but a promise of a ramble in the woods.

As soon as John and his wife were alone, he says, "Why, mother, I do believe our little Esty's got a sweetheart at last; and, as for that Kitty, it's easy to see that Randal has neither eyes nor ears for anybody but her. Well, well! you know, Kate, I cut out his father, and so I'll make it up to the son by giving him my daughter. I seem to grow a boy again when I look at those two young chaps. They were both longing for a bit of a chat alone with the girls last night. Why did n't you leave them and come and sit by me?"

"Not I, indeed," said Mrs. Bradford. "Better to leave longing than loathing. I'm not going to make my girls cheap to anybody."

This day's ramble in the woods decided poor Esty's fate, and much disgusted Miss Kitty, who had quite made up her mind that when she and Randal were alone he would no longer spar and laugh, but become earnest and tender, while she — why she would be cold and indifferent, and pretend she had never had an idea he meant them to be anything but friends. So she would drive him to despair, and then before they parted she would become shyly coy, and give him just enough hope to keep him in a fever until they met again. But, instead of all this, he tried to keep close to Esty and Mr. Vane, and when, at length, through her stopping for some ferns, they did lose the couple, Randal was moodily silent, and walked by her side, switching off the heads of all the flowers, until she could have cried with vexation and wounded vanity. Indeed, she was only too glad to say, "Good night" at the stile. Arthur noted the pouting expression, and was fain to think that Corydon and Phillida had had a quarrel; for although under other circumstances it would have been very pleasant to have received such homage and worship as he read in Esty's soft eyes, still, when he wanted the eagle, the dove bored him.

He had divided rightly that he should lose nothing in Esty's mouth; for now, as she sits brushing her golden hair, she repeats to Kitty all her hero's wonderful merits.

"And do you know," she says, "he can sing and play the piano and the guitar, and can speak French and Italian, and is so clever? But, for all that, I do not believe he is happy; he speaks as if he had no one to care for him."

"Perhaps he's been crossed in love," says Kitty, who is allowing Esty to have an unusual share of conversation just now.

"O Kitty, impossible!"

"I don't see it's at all impossible. He is not good-looking, and he's much older than Randal."

"Not good-looking! why, Kitty, you surely have no taste. His eyes are lovely."

"They may be, but they're poked into his head so far you can't see them."

"Why, that gives them all their expression; and then he has such a good nose, and his mustache!"

"O yes, I dare say he is perfection; but then, as I'm not in love with him, and you are, you must not expect me to appreciate him quite so much."

"Kitty, you should n't say that; it is n't nice."

"Why not? I am sure he is dreadfully in love with you. Randal does nothing but ask if you don't care for him." Before these words are fairly out, Esty has thrown her arms round her sister's neck, and Kitty says, "Why, I do believe you are crying," and Esty answers with a little sob, "No, I am not, only — only — if he really does care for me — O Kitty!"

The moon peeps through the diamond panes to look upon this pretty scene, and throws her soft light on Randal and Arthur as they stand at Crayshaw gate. Arthur is in the highest possible spirits, for he has been sounding Randal about Kitty, and during the conversation, without seeming unduly interested, has found out that the love lies on Miss Kitty's side, and also — although Randal thinks he has most artfully guarded his secret — that Esty has a devoted lover of whom she wots not.

"Well, Carey," says Arthur, "you know it's hardly fair to Miss Kitty to pay her so much attention if you mean nothing."

"Indeed," replies Randal, "you're mistaken, for beyond laughing and talking she never gave me a thought. I don't know how it is, we always seem to be thrown together; but if it causes remarks, I'll manage to keep out of the way after this."

"There you're wrong," answers Arthur; "I should break off the thing by degrees; it always makes it awkward for a girl when a man suddenly leaves off paying the attention he has been accustomed to show her. I should go there just the same as ever, but I should manage to pay less court to Miss Kitty, and more to her sister."

"What! you advise me to pay attention to Esty; I should n't get a chance while you were by."

"I! why, I talk to her simply because I thought you wanted the fair Kitty all to yourself. Both are equally charming to me; but the poor little thing complained that you never cared to speak to her, and had no eyes for any one when her pretty sister was near."

"Esty said so!" cries Randal; "she spoke about me!"

"Yes," returns Arthur. "Perhaps it is not quite right in me, but I fear your good looks have been too much for both the sisters, and one is allowing concealment to 'prey upon her damask cheek.' Now do you see the value of my attentions?"

"O Mr. Vane," Randal exclaims, forgetting all his caution in his joy, "I am so much obliged to you! you don't know what a kindness you have done me. I don't mind telling you now, but I am awfully in love with Esty Bradford; but because she never gave me the least encouragement, and somehow seemed so much above me, I could never show her what I felt. If she were only here now, I — I — could say anything."

"Well," laughs Arthur, "since I have been a friend to you, take my advice. Don't be too rash, or the girl will naturally think you and her sister have had a quarrel. Let matters go on as they are at present, and you will see how soon all will run in the right groove."

So, as the summer days went by, Kitty chafed under Randal's changed manner, while gentle Esty, seeing all was not going on smoothly, became more



talkative to Randal, sending Arthur to amuse Kitty. Randal found his awkwardness vanish before Esty's unconscious familiarity; and Arthur partly through Kitty's charms, and partly because no girl before had ever remained so long indifferent to him, was unreasonably and completely consumed by a passion which he called love. "By Jove!" he would say to himself, "I must put an end to this; it's too bad to that poor child. She must be awfully far gone, for I see her color coming and going, and her loving eyes shyly looking up to mine. For my life I can't help lowering my voice and looking back again; and then, when I feel her little hand trembling, I press it even while I am making up my mind I won't do so. O Kitty! you have a great deal to answer for. It would n't considerably surprise me if some fine evening I made a fool of myself, for I believe I have four times packed up my traps in the morning and unpacked them in the evening, and no man can stand that wear and tear long."

So, with the view of carrying out his virtuous intentions the next evening they met, Arthur paid so little heed to Esty, that she thought she must have offended him. Her heart felt very sore when, after he and Kitty had teased, and quarrelled, and laughed, they finally rambled off together, leaving her with Randal. Fancying he was sorry for her, she was very kind and gentle to him, only disturbing his happiness by saying that she must go home, as her head ached so badly she could hardly talk. Then he bade her not speak again; and, as she leans upon his arm, he helps her through the tangled brier and brushwood, praying that he may be her "staff to stay," and she his "star to guide," through all their life to come.

Mrs. Bradford is duly anxious about her daughter, and Esty kisses her mother, and tells her that she is not very bad, only she knows she shall not be better until she gets sleep, and she will go to bed as quickly and quietly as possible. And then Randal sits beneath the tree by Mrs. Bradford, under pretence of waiting for Arthur, but really because he can see the diamond-paned window of Esty's room.

Now, from certain signs she had lately seen, sharp-sighted Mrs. Bradford had felt a little uneasy, fearing that they were all playing a game of cross-purposes. But this evening Randal's anxiety and looks of tender compassion have openly shown his feelings, and she begins to think that, if she doesn't set her wits to work, her scheme will be upset when it appears nearest completion. So, when Kitty has returned, and they are left alone, she begins:—

"Why, Kitty, what's made you and Randal so chuff to each other lately? How was it you and Mr. Vane walked together? You've been showing off your airs to Randal, and he won't put up with it."

"I'm sure, mother," answers Kitty, with a toss of her head, "I don't want him to put up with my airs, as you call them; I don't value his attentions."

"O, I dare say not," replies Mrs. Bradford, quickly. "The cow did n't know the value of her tail till she'd lost it; but perhaps when I tell you that he's quite given you up for your sister, you'll wish you had n't been quite so high and mighty."

"Dear me!" says Kitty, quite scornfully, but with a sharp thorn of jealousy at her heart. "This is really too good; for Esty's lover is only waiting for me to hold up my finger, and he will come after me anywhere: and as she does n't mind taking other people's orts, I don't see why I need be above following her example," and as she said this she thought bitterly, "I'll not be pitied by Randal. He must

have seen I cared for him, and all the while he has been liking Esty. I understand it all now, and I hate him." Therefore, quite regardless of Esty, she resolves that Arthur shall propose to her, and that she will accept him, rather than let Randal suppose that she is breaking her heart about him.

Mrs. Bradford was in the habit of deciding most things for her family, and by the next morning had made up her mind that Esty must go and spend a week with Aunt Matilda. Just then the less she saw of Mr. Vane the better; and by the time she returned, if he intended anything by Kitty, they would have settled matters, or he might go away, as he had said he should do two or three times lately. Any way, he would most likely be disposed of, and the field left open to Randal.

"Things in this world," she thought, "always turn as crooked as a ram's horn; else why could n't Randal take to Kitty? She's just the wife for him; and then Esty, I can see, has set her heart on Mr. Vane. Poor little thing! I'm sure she should have him if I could have things as I want them. But there," she continued, as conscience began to give her little pricks, "I am doing all for her good, and Esty's easily turned; so she won't hold out against anybody long."

It was therefore made known to every one that, unless Esty immediately went to spend a week with Aunt Matilda, neither of the girls would ever be a farthing the better for the money she had to leave. Now, Aunt Matilda might drop off at any time, and what would folks say if her own sister's children could n't spare a few days to go and see her now and then? Esty was the favorite, and Esty must go first; and when she came back, Kitty should go. Esty showed more resistance to her mother than she had ever done before; and then, when she found she must go, she pleaded hard to be allowed to stay till the next day; but it was all to no purpose. Mischief was wanted then to take father to Modbury; and eleven o'clock found Esty some five miles on her way towards Aunt Matilda's house. She could indulge her own thoughts, for Seth's conversation was purely laconic. He seldom spoke except to enlighten Esty with such remarks as "Her's a heifer," "There's a bull," and then he would relapse into silence.

Poor Esty! how gray everything looked to her! All the rose-color which had lately seemed to flood her young life had suddenly vanished,—Arthur to be so altered all at once as never to look at her! She must have offended him, and now a whole week must pass, and she should n't know the cause. Perhaps that very day he would be sorry, and come to make it up, and find her gone. Oh! what could she do? Then there was Kitty quite cool and silent, and when she had asked what was the matter—had she vexed her in anything? she got for reply that nothing was the matter; how could Esty vex her? But then Kitty was often put out, and that was nothing to Arthur. Suppose he should think that she was angry, and had meant to leave without seeing him, and that he should go back to London! At this thought she clasps her little hands tightly together to still the feeling that impels her to jump out and run all the way to the "Roebuck" and implore Arthur to forgive her.

Mrs. Bradford had made a great mistake when she sent Esty to Aunt Matilda's that she might see less of Arthur Vane, and so think less of him. Had that been her only scheme, assuredly it would have failed; for in the dull house, with no one but her all-



ing aunt to speak to, the girl's whole thoughts were given up to him. Every one of his merits was magnified a hundred times by absence. If she walked out, she sighed that he was not by her side. If she sat silent, she wondered where he was. I doubt if ever such earnest prayers had been offered for his happiness and protection as Esty sent up.

So at the end of the week Esty returned home, her heart filled with "that bliss beyond all that the minstrel hath told." She was received by her mother and sister, who told her how much they had missed her, and how glad they were to see her; but no word was spoken of Randal or Arthur. It was evening, so Esty, after she had unpacked her things and put them away in her drawers, began to wonder why Kitty had not come up to her, for then she should hear all the news. She resolved to go down and find her, but first she readjusts her dress and hair, casting many a lingering look in the glass, for it is the time that Arthur generally comes, and he and Randal may walk over. She looks into the big kitchen, but there is no Kitty there, nor is she under the walnut-tree, nor anywhere about. She may be in the parlor, so Esty goes up the three low stairs, and along the little passage, and down another step into the best room, — a room made but little use of at Trethill, and always reminding the inmates of good prosy books and somewhat dull Sunday afternoons. Esty is rather surprised to see in it so many signs of recent occupation. Kitty's work is lying there, as well as some half-wound wool and a book left open. But she cannot give more than a passing thought, for every beat of her heart seems to say, "Will he come? will he come?" and she seats herself on the old-fashioned window-seat, where she can just catch a glimpse of the pathway leading to the wooden stile. In five minutes the anxious question is changed into a psalm, for two figures cross the wood-path, and Esty's face is covered with a soft, rosy color that joy will hardly let die out again. She waits for a minute, and then runs to the door and listens. It is only Randal's voice, for Arthur has gone round by the garden; he wants to meet her alone. Oh! she is so glad to see him again. Now she does not feel one bit shy; she will tell him how sorry she was to go, and that she has done nothing but think of him, and that — yes, there he comes; he opens the gate so softly, and then it swings to with a click as he impatiently strides forward. But to what? — to whom? To Kitty, who comes out of the little bower radiant with smiles, and on whose rosy face — while she feigns to push him away — Arthur prints a dozen kisses. Then he puts his arm round her, and they slowly go back to the little bower, while Randal, coming to seek Esty with his heart overflowing with a love he can no longer keep from her, sees the white face pressed against the window, its eyes dilated, and every feature sharpened by the torture she endures from what she has seen. He sees her slip from her seat, and hide her head in the cushions as she sobs out, "O, my heart will break!"

Then the truth dawned upon Randal, and with it a vague suspicion that Arthur had lied to him. His great, unselfish love swallowed up disappointment, and left only bitter agony that he could give no comfort to his darling, to secure whose happiness then he would willingly have given up every hope of his own; but he is powerless, and has to go softly away and say he thinks Esty is out of doors, as he cannot find her. Perhaps she is in the wood, and he will go and look for her there.

## III.

Two months have not cooled Arthur's passion for Kitty. He is more in love than he ever was before, and when he thinks of his mother's allowance to him of £200 a year being withdrawn, he consoles himself with the thought that Kitty has not been brought up a fine lady with a hundred wants. They must live abroad for a time, and then return to London and take lodgings somewhere. Kitty won't know whether the place be fashionable or not. Of course, he must keep up his club and show himself there, and some day he may pick up an appointment.

Kitty is supremely happy. As a lover Arthur is all that any girl could wish; and she is delighted, too, at the prospect of going abroad, and living in London. But a shadow has fallen between her and Esty. The girls no longer feel at ease when left alone.

Mrs. Bradford did n't "know what had come to the child." But when she noticed Esty's weary step and heavy eyes, or came upon her unawares, as she sat with her hands supporting her chin, and her eyes gazing into vacancy, her heart was stung. Then Kitty complained that Esty disturbed her by moaning in her sleep, and so now they had separate rooms. Esty is always tired, and cannot be induced to ramble in the woods, though Randal often comes to ask her. But she is very sweet and gentle to him, thinking that in losing Kitty he has suffered too, and that this makes him silent and low-spirited.

Poor Randal! Those are truly weary days for him. When he looks at Esty and thinks of the great sorrow that lies heavy at her heart, he feels as if he could take her in his arms, that in the love and pity he feels towards her he might find rest and peace. There is but one hope for him. Perhaps when Kitty is married, and they are both gone, Esty may in time come to think less about Arthur, and bring herself to like him a little.

Esty's great trial drew nigh, — the day that would forbid her to think of Arthur more. It is now the night before the wedding, and the sorrow which up till this time has lain dull and heavy now blazes forth, phoenix-like. The poor little head droops low, as between her sobs she prays that she may be able to wish happiness to Kitty, her dear sister, who was so pretty that it is no wonder she made Arthur love her. But oh! had it only been any one but Kitty she could have borne it better. Then she need never have seen him again, — she would not have felt so oppressed, so overwhelmed with wickedness and shame. She could not drive the man who was to be her sister's husband from her heart. But to-morrow she should see them married, and after that she would never think of him again.

All the day of the wedding Esty seemed to herself as one in a dream. When she stood by Kitty's side she was surprised how little of the agony she had so much dreaded possessed her heart. Her thoughts wandered off to things she had never heeded before. She wondered who had planted the ivy, a spray of which came in at the window? Whether Roger Codsandine and Audrey his wife were like those two small fat figures kneeling opposite each other?

Kitty would have liked a gay wedding, but Arthur had told her that he could never stand relations, and impressed upon her the delight he would feel in having nobody to interfere with their happiness on that day; and, as the church was half-way to the station, it would be best to leave without returning to Trethill.



Mrs. Bradford at first opposed this violently. But Arthur generally contrived to get his own way, and it was decided according to his wishes. So about half an hour after the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, Randal, and Esty were standing at the little station, waiting for the up train which would take Kitty away. Amid the confusion and the stir of "good bys," Mrs. Bradford tries hard to keep in the tears, while they roll down John's cheeks, and Esty looks pale and white. But the whistle shrieks, and she and Kitty kiss each other. Randal catches quick hold of Esty, for the train is in motion; another moment, and the newly wedded pair are gone.

IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, Randal, and Esty silently return to the old farm. Mrs. Bradford says, "Talk about weddings! there's only a pin to choose between them and funerals." John takes Esty beside him, and tells her that she must bide at home with father and mother for a good bit yet; and Esty protests she has no thought of leaving. Nor has she. When she thinks of herself now, it is without hope for the future. She tries to be cheerful, but joy will not come without an effort. When she goes to church she looks at Miss Cordelia, the Squire's sister, who, her mother says, was a great beauty, only she had had a disappointment. Now she is a sharp-faced, cross old lady, the terror of children and young housewives. She wonders if she will ever come to that, and a little shudder steals over her.

She had gone on thus quietly existing for some weeks, when one morning a thin letter comes from the newly wedded pair with the news, "We are at Vevay," and "How I wish you were at Interlaken!" and at this the restless feeling comes back again.

The snow is on the ground, yet Randal crosses Warleigh Woods as frequently as when he had to hold back the wild roses, and pick his way through celandine, wood-sorrel, and veronica. He has confided his trouble to Mrs. Bradford, and she has promised to sound Esty on her feelings towards him. The matron knows she has undertaken a task requiring much tact and diplomacy; and though she always tells Randal to have patience, that "no oak was ever felled with one stroke," yet she is not at all so sure of turning Esty round as in days gone by.

"Why, Esty," she begins, as they sit together in the old kitchen, "you've been looking at that coal for more than five minutes. What are you thinking of, child?"

"Me? Oh! nothing, mother."

"Thinking of nothing is poor work," says the mother. "I was thinking of our Kitty. I don't like her feeling so fretty in that outlandish place."

"But she is in Brussels now, mother, and if she does not feel stronger, they will come back I should think, as Kitty seems to long for home; yet she must have enjoyed all she has seen. How I should like to see Switzerland!"

"Well," answers her mother, "I dare say you will see it some of these days."

Here Esty gives a little deprecatory smile, and her mother continues, "When you get married, you must go to all the places Kitty has been to. I know somebody who would be only too proud and pleased to take you."

"Pleased to take me, mother! who do you mean?"

"Well, Esty, my dear, they say 'love is blind,' and sometimes people are blind to love, else you'd see that Randal is getting thin and pale, all because you don't seem to understand what he is always coming here for."

"Understand, mother! why, what can you mean?" says Esty, with a scared look. "I know that Randal has never been the same since Kitty left us; he often hints at the pain he has suffered, poor fellow!"

"Yes, Esty, but everybody but you knows who is the cause of his pain, — now, now let me speak out, — Randal always loved you, only he thought that you were so above him, that when he came near you he seemed as if struck dumb. Arthur Vane was the first who advised him to pluck up courage, and wait his time, and in the end he would win you. Nay, child, don't cry so; I can tell your feelings; you think you never want to be married. But, Esty, I cannot bear to think of you, when father and me are gone — lonely — old — perhaps unloved. 'The sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar,' and many a crabbed old maid was once as sweet and young as yourself. And Randal is a man to be proud of — so kind and gentle, even hiding his love for fear it should pain you. So, for father's sake and for mine, think over what I have said; and if you feel that he is not quite your choice, yet, think what happiness you will give to us all."

At this Esty hides her face in her mother's lap, saying, "O mother! mother! To make you and father happy I will do anything you wish."

V.

The June sun is again declining on the old farmhouse at Trethill, lighting up the patches of yellow moss on the roof, glancing along the diamond panes in the old-fashioned windows, slanting through the leaves on the big walnut-tree, and lingering fondly and softly on the very same group which two years ago had charmed the eyes of Randal Carey and Arthur Vane. There is Mrs. Bradford, handsome as then, but with many a silver streak in her dark hair, and lines about her mouth and eyes that we would not have seen before. Her knitting lies idly on her lap, and her eyes are closed as if to keep from view some sight which pains them. On the ground sits pale-faced Esty, her hair every now and again turning to brightest gold as it catches the sun's warm rays, for she bends over a reclining figure, and sways gently to and fro, fanning — Kitty? But no! — surely that face with the big wistful eyes and hectic flush can never be that of Kitty Bradford? Ah! but it is, although Katherine Vane is a very different person from our vain, self-loving, warm-hearted Kitty, who had, as Arthur said, "a face and figure after his own heart, and which would always remind him of life and sunshine." What had life, what had sunshine to do with the frail creature who seemed but kept from the grasp of the "dread monarch" by the loving hands which would not let her go from them? Kitty had come home to die; but the hardest thing of all was this, — that Kitty might say, life had been harder than death could be. For the first three months after marriage she had been Arthur's toy, his pet, his pleasure; but soon she had had to battle against neglect, jealousy, and wrong, until at length a time came when she succumbed, and only begged to be sent back to her mother and Esty. As her husband had been asked to make one of a fishing party to Norway, he gave his consent. Now the only fear



in the hearts of Mrs. Bradford and Esty is, that Arthur and Kitty will never see each other again in this world.

"Hark," says the faint voice, "I hear Randal coming across the footpath"; and then, with her old smile to Esty, "you ought to hear his step first; love should be blind, but not deaf." And Randal comes behind Esty, and bends over to show the tempting strawberries he has brought.

"How good you are to me!" says Kitty; "what should we do without him, Esty?"

Esty's little hand at this slides into Randal's, her face upturned to his, full of contented love. They were to have been married some time ago, but Kitty cannot spare her sister, and they know that she will not hinder them long.

As soon as she can do so, Esty joins Randal, to be told by him that Arthur has sent a telegram, saying that he is on his road to Trethill. Then Kitty has to be carried into the house, and the news gently broken to her.

Esty and Mrs. Bradford steal out of the room as Arthur enters, that the husband and wife may meet alone. Arthur would sacrifice all to save her now, but Kitty is content to die, knowing that, could a miracle raise her to health, six months hence the same old scenes would be enacted over again.

Shall we drop the curtain here and raise it six months after? A new year has come, and on the first Sunday in it, Esty Carey leaves her husband's arm to put her hand into her mother's; for they stand before a little cross with this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Katherine, the beloved wife of Arthur Vane, Esq., and daughter of John Bradford, of Trethill in this county," and underneath are the words, "It is better, if the will of God be so."

Esty points to the text, and says, "We can say so, mother, — can we not?"

And Randal, taking the dear hand in his, thanks God that he has given such a treasure into his keeping.

"Come, mother," says John, "you know you always say it's folly fretting where grief's no comfort; let us turn homeward, thankful that for both our children our hearts are at peace. While we live, our Esty will be the pride and joy of her old father and mother; and when we go hence, our Kitty with outstretched arms will welcome us there."

## NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### A SMALL STAR IN THE EAST.

I HAD been looking, yesternight, through the famous Dance of Death, and to-day the grim old woodcuts arose in my mind with the new significance of a ghastly monotony not to be found in the original. The weird skeleton rattled along the streets before me, and struck fiercely, but it was never at the pains of assuming a disguise. It played on no dulcimer here, was crowned with no flowers, waved no plume, minced in no flowing robe or train, lifted no wine-cup, sat at no feast, cast no dice, counted no gold. It was simply a bare, gaunt, famished skeleton, slaying its way along.

The borders of Ratcliffe and Stepney, eastward of London, and giving on the impure river, were the scene of this uncompromising Dance of Death, upon a drizzling November day. A squalid maze of streets, courts, and alleys of miserable houses let out in single rooms. A wilderness of dirt, rags, and

hunger. A mud-desert chiefly inhabited by a tribe from whom employment has departed, or to whom it comes but fitfully and rarely. They are but laborers. Dock laborers, water-side laborers, coal-porters, ballast-heavers, such like hewers of wood and drawers of water. But they have come into existence, and they propagate their wretched race.

One grisly joke alone, methought, the skeleton seemed to play off here. It had stuck Election Bills on the walls, which the wind and rain had deteriorated into suitable rags. It had even summed up the state of the poll, in chalk, on the shutters of one ruined house. It adjured the free and independent starvers to vote for Thisman and vote for Thatman; not to plump, as they valued the state of parties and the national prosperity (both of great importance to them, I think!), but, by returning Thisman and Thatman, each naught without the other, to compound a glorious and immortal whole. Surely the skeleton is nowhere more cruelly ironical in the original monkish idea!

Pondering in my mind the far-seeing schemes of Thisman and Thatman, and of the public blessing called Party for staying the degeneracy, physical and moral, of many thousands (who shall say how many?) of the English race; for devising employment useful to the community, for those who want but to work and live; for equalizing rates, cultivating waste lands, facilitating emigration, and, above all things, saving and utilizing the oncoming generations, and thereby changing ever-growing national weakness into strength; pondering in my mind, I say, these hopeful exertions, I turned down a narrow street to look into a house or two.

It was a dark street with a dead wall on one side. Nearly all the outer doors of the houses stood open. I took the first entry and knocked at a parlor door. Might I come in? I might, if I pleased, Sur.

The woman of the room (Irish) had picked up some long strips of wood, about some wharf or barge, and they had just now been thrust into the otherwise empty grate to make two iron pots boil. There was some fish in one, and there were some potatoes in the other. The flare of the burning wood enabled me to see a table and a broken chair or so, and some old cheap crockery ornaments about the chimneypiece. It was not until I had spoken with the woman a few minutes that I saw a horrible brown heap on the floor in a corner, which, but for previous experience in this dismal wise, I might not have suspected to be "the bed." There was something thrown upon it, and I asked what that was.

"'Tis the poor craythur that stays here, Sur, and 't is very bad she is, and 't is very bad she's been this long time, and 't is better she'll never be, and 't is slape she doos all day, and 't is wake she doos all night, and 't is the lead, Sur."

"The what?"

"The lead, Sur. 'Sure 't is the lead-mills, where the women gets took on at eighteen pence a day, Sur, when they makes applicaytion early enough and is lucky and wanted, and 't is lead-pisoned she is, Sur, and some of them gits lead-pisoned soon and some of them gets lead-pisoned later, and some but not many niver, and 't is all according to the constitooshun, Sur, and some constitooshuns is strong and some is weak, and her constitooshun is lead-pisoned bad as can be, Sur, and her brain is coming out at her ear, and it hurts her dreadful, and that's what it is and niver no more and niver no less, Sur."



The sick young woman moaning here, the speaker bent over her, took a bandage from her head, and threw open a back door to let in the daylight upon it, from the smallest and most miserable back-yard I ever saw.

"That's what cooms from her, Sur, being lead-pisoned, and it cooms from her night and day the poor sick craythur, and the pain of it is dreadful, and God he knows that my husband has walked the shreets these four days being a laborer and is walking them now and is ready to work and no work for him and no fire and no food but the bit in the pot, and no more than ten shillings in a fortnight, God be good to us, and it is poor we are and dark it is and could it is indeed!"

Knowing that I could compensate myself thereafter for my self-denial, if I saw fit, I had resolved that I would give nothing in the course of these visits. I did this to try the people. I may state at once that my closest observation could not detect any indication whatever of an expectation that I would give money; they were grateful to be talked to about their miserable affairs, and sympathy was plainly a comfort to them; but they neither asked for money in any case, nor showed the least trace of surprise or disappointment or resentment at my giving none.

The woman's married daughter had by this time come down from her room on the floor above, to join in the conversation. She herself had been to the lead-mills very early that morning to be "took on," but had not succeeded. She had four children, and her husband, also a water-side laborer and then out seeking work, seemed in no better case as to finding it, than her father. She was English, and by nature of a buxom figure and cheerful. Both in her poor dress and in her mother's there was an effort to keep up some appearance of neatness. She knew all about the sufferings of the unfortunate invalid, and all about the lead-poisoning, and how the symptoms came on, and how they grew,—having often seen them. The very smell when you stood inside the door of the works was enough to knock you down, she said, yet she was going back again to get "took on." What could she do? Better be ulcerated and paralyzed for eighteen pence a day, while it lasted, than see the children starve.

A dark and squalid cupboard in this room, touching the back door and all manner of offence, had been for some time the sleeping-place of the sick young woman. But the nights being now wintry, and the blankets and coverlets "gone to the leaving shop," she lay all night where she lay all day, and was lying then. The woman of the room, her husband, this most miserable patient, and two others, lay on the one brown heap together for warmth.

"God bless you, sir, and thank you!" were the parting words from these people,—gratefully spoken too,—with which I left this place.

Some streets away, I tapped at another parlor door on another ground-floor. Looking in, I found a man, his wife, and four children, sitting at a washing stool by way of table, at their dinner of bread and infused tea-leaves. There was a very scanty cinderous fire in the grate by which they sat, and there was a tent bedstead in the room with a bed upon it and a coverlet. The man did not rise when I went in, nor during my stay, but civilly inclined his head on my pulling off my hat, and, in answer to my inquiry whether I might ask him a question or two, said "Certainly." There being a window at each end of this room, back and front, it might

have been ventilated; but it was shut up tight, to keep the cold out, and was very sickening.

The wife, an intelligent quick woman, rose and stood at her husband's elbow, and he glanced up at her as if for help. It soon appeared that he was rather deaf. He was a slow simple fellow of about thirty.

"What was he by trade?"

"Gentleman asks what are you by trade, John?"

"I am a boiler-maker"; looking about him with an exceedingly perplexed air, as if for a boiler that had unaccountably vanished.

"He ain't a mechanic, you understand, sir," the wife put in, "he's only a laborer."

"Are you in work?"

He looked up at his wife again. "Gentleman says are you in work, John?"

"In work!" cried this forlorn boiler-maker, staring aghast at his wife, and then working his vision's way very slowly round to me; "Lord, no!"

"Ah! He ain't indeed!" said the poor woman, shaking her head, as she looked at the four children in succession, and then at him.

"Work!" said the boiler-maker, still seeking that evaporated boiler, first in my countenance, then in the air, and then in the features of his second son at his knee, "I wish I *was* in work! I haven't had more than a day's work to do this three weeks."

"How have you lived?"

A faint gleam of admiration lighted up the face of the would-be boiler-maker, as he stretched out the short sleeve of his threadbare canvas jacket, and replied, pointing her out, "On the work of the wife."

I forgot where boiler-making had gone to, or where he supposed it had gone to; but he added some resigned information on that head, coupled with an expression of his belief that it was never coming back.

The cheery helpfulness of the wife was very remarkable. She did slop-work; made pea-jackets. She produced the pea-jacket then in hand, and spread it out upon the bed,—the only piece of furniture in the room on which to spread it. She showed how much of it she made, and how much was afterwards finished off by the machine. According to her calculation at the moment, deducting what her trimming cost her, she got for making a peajacket tenpence halfpenny, and she could make one in something less than two days.

But, you see, it come to her through two hands, and of course it did n't come through the second hand for nothing. Why did it come though the second hand at all? Why, this way. The second hand took the risk of the given-out work, you see. If she had money enough to pay the security deposit—call it two pound—she could get the work from the first hand, and so the second would not have to be deducted for. But, having no money at all, the second hand come in and took its profit, and so the whole worked down to tenpence halfpenny. Having explained all this with great intelligence, even with some little pride, and without a whine or murmur she folded her work again, sat down by her husband's side at the washing-stool, and resumed her dinner of dry bread. Mean as the meal was, on the bare board, with its old gallipots for cups, and what not other sordid makeshifts; shabby as the woman was in dress, and tinging down towards the Bosjesman color, with want of nutriment and washing,—there was positively a dignity in her, as



the family anchor just holding the poor shipwrecked boiler-maker's bark. When I left the room, the boiler-maker's eyes were slowly turned towards her, as if his last hope of ever again seeing that vanished boiler lay in her direction.

These people had never applied for parish relief but once; and that was when the husband met with a disabling accident at his work.

Not many doors from here, I went into a room on the first floor. The woman apologized for its being in "an untidy mess." The day was Saturday, and she was boiling the children's clothes in a saucepan on the hearth. There was nothing else into which she could have put them. There was no crockery, or tinware, or tub, or bucket. There was an old gallipot or two, and there was a broken bottle or so, and there were some broken boxes for seats. The last small scraping of coals left was raked together in a corner of the floor. There were some rags in an open cupboard, also on the floor. In a corner of the room was a crazy old French bedstead, with a man lying on his back upon it in a ragged pilot jacket, and rough oilskin fantail hat. The room was perfectly black. It was difficult to believe, at first, that it was not purposely colored black, the walls were so begrimed.

As I stood opposite the woman boiling the children's clothes, — she had not even a piece of soap to wash them with, — and apologizing for her occupation, I could take in all these things without appearing to notice them, and could even correct my inventory. I had missed, at the first glance, some half a pound of bread in the otherwise empty safe, an old red ragged crinoline hanging on the handle of the door by which I had entered, and certain fragments of rusty iron scattered on the floor, which looked like broken tools and a piece of stove-pipe. A child stood looking on. On the box nearest to the fire sat two younger children; one a delicate and pretty little creature whom the other sometimes kissed.

This woman, like the last, was wofully shabby, and was degenerating to the Bosjesman complexion. But her figure, and the ghost of a certain vivacity about her, and the spectre of a dimple in her cheek, carried my memory strangely back to the old days of the Adelphi Theatre, London, when Mrs. Fitzwilliam was the friend of Victorine.

"May I ask you what your husband is?"

"He's a coal-porter, sir," — with a glance and a sigh towards the bed.

"Is he out of work?"

"O yes, sir, and work's at all times very, very scanty with him, and now he's laid up."

"It's my legs," said the man upon the bed. "I'll unroll 'em." And immediately began.

"Have you any older children?"

"I have a daughter that does the needle-work, and I have a son that does what he can. She's at her work now, and he's trying for work."

"Do they live here?"

"They sleep here. They can't afford to pay more rent, and so they come here at night. The rent is very hard upon us. It's rose upon us too, now, — sixpence a week, — on account of these new changes in the law, about the rates. We are a week behind; the landlord's been shaking and rattling at that door frightful; he says he'll turn us out. I don't know what's to come of it."

The man upon the bed ruefully interposed: "Here's my legs. The skin's broke, besides the swelling. I have had a many kicks, working, one way and another."

He looked at his legs (which were much discolored and misshapen) for awhile, and then appearing to remember that they were not popular with his family, rolled them up again, as if they were something in the nature of maps or plans that were not wanted to be referred to, lay hopelessly down on his back once more with his fantail hat over his face, and stirred not.

"Do your eldest son and daughter sleep in that cupboard?"

"Yes," replied the woman.

"With the children?"

"Yes. We have to get together for warmth. We have little to cover us."

"Have you nothing by you to eat but the piece of bread I see there?"

"Nothing. And we had the rest of the loaf for our breakfast, with water. I don't know what's to come of it."

"Have you no prospect of improvement?"

"If my eldest son earns anything to-day, he'll bring it home. Then we shall have something to eat to-night, and may be able to do something towards the rent. If not, I don't know what's to come of it."

"This is a sad state of things."

"Yes, sir, it's a hard, hard life. Take care of the stairs as you go, sir — they're broken — and good day, sir!"

These people had a mortal dread of entering the work-house, and received no out-of-door relief.

In another room, in still another tenement, I found a very decent woman with five children, — the last, a baby, and she herself a patient of the parish doctor, — to whom, her husband being in the Hospital, the Union allowed for the support of herself and family, four shillings a week and five loaves. I suppose when Thisman, M.P., and Thatman, M.P., and the public blessing Party, lay their heads together in course of time, and come to an equalization of Rating, she may go down the Dance of Death to the tune of sixpence more.

I could enter no other houses for that one while, for I could not bear the contemplation of the children. Such heart as I had summoned to sustain me against the miseries of the adults failed me when I looked at the children. I saw how young they were, how hungry, how serious and still. I thought of them, sick and dying in those lairs. I could think of them dead without anguish; but to think of them so suffering and so dying quite unmanned me.

Down by the river's bank in Ratcliffe, I was turning upward by a side street, therefore, to regain the railway, when my eyes rested on the inscription across the road, "East London Children's Hospital." I could scarcely have seen an inscription better suited to my frame of mind, and I went across and went straight in.

I found the Children's Hospital established in an old sail-loft or storehouse, of the roughest nature, and on the simplest means. There were trap-doors in the floors where goods had been hoisted up and down; heavy feet and heavy weights had started every knot in the well-trodden planking; inconvenient bulks and beams and awkward staircases perplexed my passage through the wards. But I found it airy, sweet, and clean. In its seven-and-thirty beds I saw but little beauty, for starvation in the second or third generation takes a pinched look; but I saw the sufferings both of infancy and childhood tenderly assuaged; I heard the little patients



answering to pet playful names, the light touch of a delicate lady laid bare the wasted sticks of arms for me to pity; and the claw-like little hands, as she did so, twined themselves lovingly around her wedding-ring.

One baby mite there was as pretty as any of Raphael's angels. The tiny head was bandaged for water on the brain, and it was suffering with acute bronchitis too, and made from time to time a plaintive, though not impatient or complaining, little sound. The smooth curve of the cheeks and of the chin was faultless in its condensation of infantine beauty, and the large bright eyes were most lovely. It happened, as I stopped at the foot of the bed, that these eyes rested upon mine with that wistful expression of wondering thoughtfulness which we all know sometimes in very little children. They remained fixed on mine, and never turned from me while I stood there. When the utterance of that plaintive sound shook the little form, the gaze still remained unchanged. I felt as though the child implored me to tell the story of the little hospital in which it was sheltered to any gentle heart I could address. Laying my world-worn hand upon the little unmarked clasped hand at the chin, I gave it a silent promise that I would do so.

A gentleman and lady, a young husband and wife, have bought and fitted up this building for its present noble use, and have quietly settled themselves in it as its medical officers and directors. Both have had considerable practical experience of medicine and surgery; he, as house-surgeon of a great London Hospital; she, as a very earnest student, tested by severe examination, and also as a nurse of the sick poor during the prevalence of cholera.

With every qualification to lure them away, with youth and accomplishments and tastes and habits that can have no response in any breast near them, close begirt by every repulsive circumstance inseparable from such a neighborhood, there they dwell. They live in the Hospital itself, and their rooms are on its first floor. Sitting at their dinner-table, they could hear the cry of one of the children in pain. The lady's piano, drawing-materials, books, and other such evidences of refinement, are as much a part of the rough place as the iron bedsteads of the little patients. They are put to shifts for room, like passengers on board ship. The dispenser of medicines (attracted to them, not by self-interest, but by their own magnetism and that of their cause) sleeps in a recess in the dining-room, and has his washing apparatus in the sideboard.

Their contented manner of making the best of the things around them, I found so pleasantly inseparable from their usefulness! Their pride in this partition that we put up ourselves, or in that partition that we took down, or in that other partition that we moved, or in the stove that was given us for the waiting-room, or in our nightly conversion of the little consulting-room into a smoking-room. Their admiration of the situation, if we could only get rid of its one objectionable incident, the coal-yard at the back! "Our hospital carriage, presented by a friend, and very useful." That was my presentation to a perambulator, for which a coach-house had been discovered in a corner down stairs, just large enough to hold it. Colored prints, in all stages of preparation for being added to those already decorating the wards, were plentiful; a charming wooden phenomenon of a bird, with an impossible top-knot, who ducked his head when you

set a counter weight going, had been inaugurated as a public statue that very morning; and trotting about among the beds, on familiar terms with all the patients, was a comical mongrel dog, called Poodles. This comical dog (quite a tonic in himself) was found characteristically starving at the door of the Institution, and was taken in and fed, and has lived here ever since. An admirer of his mental endowments has presented him with a collar bearing the legend, "Judge not Poodles by external appearances." He was merrily wagging his tail on a boy's pillow when he made this modest appeal to me.

When this Hospital was first opened, in January of the present year, the people could not possibly conceive but that somebody paid for the services rendered there; and were disposed to claim them as a right, and to find fault if out of temper. They soon came to understand the case better, and have much increased in gratitude. The mothers of the patients avail themselves very freely of the visiting rules; the fathers often on Sundays. There is an unreasonable (but still, I think, touching and intelligible) tendency in the parents to take a child away to its wretched home, if on the point of death. One boy who had been thus carried off on a rainy night, when in a violent state of inflammation, and who had been afterwards brought back, had been recovered with exceeding difficulty; but he was a jolly boy, with a specially strong interest in his dinner, when I saw him.

Insufficient food and unwholesome living are the main causes of disease among these small patients. So nourishment, cleanliness, and ventilation are the main remedies. Discharged patients are looked after, and invited to come and dine now and then; so are certain famishing creatures who were never patients. Both the lady and the gentleman are well acquainted, not only with the histories of the patients and their families, but with the characters and circumstances of great numbers of their neighbors; of these they keep a register. It is their common experience that people, sinking down by inches into deeper and deeper poverty, will conceal it, even from them, if possible, unto the very last extremity.

The nurses of this Hospital are all young,—ranging, say, from nineteen to four-and-twenty. They have, even within these narrow limits, what many well-endowed Hospitals would not give them, a comfortable room of their own in which to take their meals. It is a beautiful truth, that interest in the children and sympathy with their sorrows bind these young women to their places far more strongly than any other consideration could. The best skilled of the nurses came originally from a kindred neighborhood, almost as poor, and she knew how much the work was needed. She is a fair dressmaker. The Hospital cannot pay her as many pounds in the year as there are months in it, and one day the lady regarded it as a duty to speak to her about her improving her prospects and following her trade. "No," she said; she could never be so useful or so happy elsewhere any more; she must stay among the children. And she stays. One of the nurses, as I passed her, was washing a baby-boy. Liking her pleasant face, I stopped to speak to her charge: a common, bullet-headed, frowning charge enough, laying bold of his own nose with a slippery grasp, and staring very solemnly out of a blanket. The melting of the pleasant face into delighted smiles as this young gentleman gave an unexpected kick, and laughed at me, was almost worth my previous pain.

An affecting play was acted in Paris years ago,



called The Children's Doctor. As I parted from my Children's Doctor now in question, I saw in his easy black necktie, in his loose buttoned black frock-coat, in his pensive face, in the flow of his dark hair, in his eyelashes, in the very turn of his mustache, the exact realization of the Paris artist's ideal as it was presented on the stage. But no romancer that I know of has had the boldness to prefigure the life and home of this young husband and young wife in the Children's Hospital in the East of London.

I came away from Ratcliffe by the Stepney railway station to the Terminus at Fenchurch Street. Any one who will reverse that route may retrace my steps.

## CHARLOTTE MOREL.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

MADemoiselle CHARLOTTE MOREL had rarely left her convent, and her few glimpses of the world seemed to have had little effect upon her. She was as quiet and demure as any little nun. Rather little she was, though not ungracefully so, — little, but very pretty, with a rosy, round face, charming dimples, lovely black eyes, and glossy black hair. This attractive young person also had an amiable and even temper, and more practical sense than ladies of her years are supposed to possess. Her father laid his plans open to her with perfect candor. His fortune was invested in his business, and his son-in-law must also, if possible, be his successor. He was quite satisfied with Henry Roussel, and though he wished to lay no compulsion upon her, he hoped that his daughter would like the young man. Charlotte heard him out, with her eyes downcast, and her hands folded on her lap, and then said, gravely, "Has he not a bad temper?"

"Rather hasty, perhaps," reluctantly said Monsieur Morel; "but Henry Roussel would never be to a young and agreeable wife what he may have been to his family, you know."

Charlotte raised her eyebrows in mingled surprise and doubt on hearing this.

"I hope to get old," she said, quaintly.

Monsieur Morel, not knowing what to say, began praising the young man's talent, assiduity, and good looks.

"Henri always begins very well," composedly replied Charlotte, "and I know he is clever."

"And very handsome," persisted Monsieur Morel, shrewdly.

His daughter answered with the untranslatable "*comme ça*," to which "*so-so*" is no equivalent; and no more was said on the subject.

To all appearance, matters went on very well between the young people. Charlotte sat and worked in a room next the shop on the ground-floor, and there Henri would go and join her now and then. The door remained open, and from the shop Monsieur Morel watched them with a pleased eye. He saw his pretty daughter sitting near the window, around which the creepers hung. How quiet and demure she looked, with her downcast eyes, whilst Henri Roussel, leaning against the wall, gazed down at her in evident admiration!

"I fancy it will do," thought Monsieur Morel; but, to be sure of it, he questioned his daughter. Charlotte was silent awhile; then she said, "I mistrust him. He had a temper once, and he seems to have lost it."

"Because he is fond of you."

"Ah, but suppose he should cease being fond of me?"

Now, as ill-luck would have it, Monsieur Morel repeated this conversation to Henry Roussel. The young man heard him and said nothing, but bit his lip and turned very red. He sometimes rowed Charlotte and his sisters down the river of an evening, and he did so late on the afternoon of this day. The sun was setting behind the old church of Verrières. Blue and gold were in the sky, and mingled in the placid surface of the little stream with the green shadows of the aspens and the willows. The boat floated past quiet gardens; as he rowed, Henri looked at Charlotte with mingled love and anger. The young girl sat still, for Louise, Henri's youngest sister, had fallen asleep on her lap.

"Why do you not trust me, Charlotte?" asked Henri, abruptly.

Charlotte raised her eyes in some wonder; then, guessing the truth, she colored a little, but replied composedly, "What difference does it make to you whether I trust you or not?"

"Her cool tone, her unmoved look, exasperated him. In a moment Henri recovered the temper which the fair Charlotte supposed him to have lost. His eyes flashed, his lips trembled with resentment.

"You must be heartless to put such a question," he said impetuously.

Charlotte looked at him very earnestly: —

"Thank you," she said, bowing her head with ironical courtesy. "Pray be so kind as to row me back."

He complied without saying a word. That same evening Charlotte quietly informed her father that she should never marry Henri Roussel.

"The man who cannot rule himself shall never rule me," she said.

Monsieur Morel was much annoyed and much troubled. He did his best to convince Charlotte that she had better give Henri another trial; but the proposal was evidently so distasteful to her, and she shrank from it with such pain, that he did not insist.

"Very well," he said, desperately; "I must send off poor Henri, and you must go back to the convent till I have found some one else."

To this sentence Charlotte submitted without a word. She went away the very next morning. Henri said, bitterly, "I do not know why I regret her: she did not care a rush for me." And he too went, not merely from his uncle's house, but from Verrières, which he left for Paris and entered a large commercial house.

Nothing came of Monsieur Morel's search for some one else. He lived in hope, and left his daughter safe behind convent walls till she was twenty-one, when grim Death settled his perplexity by calling him very suddenly away one summer morning.

Verrières was much startled by the news, and Verrières' first thought on the subject was a pithy homily on the vanity of human sorrow. Verrières grieved very little for the dead man, but wondered very much who was going to step into his shoes.

Several individuals for whose business talents Monsieur Morel had entertained a strong contempt had visions of purchasing the business, and lording it in the great old house; they sounded Lenoir, the old clerk, and as he heard them out and returned diplomatic replies, they one and all felt pretty sure



of success. Monsieur Lenoir was very much perplexed. He consulted with Mademoiselle Morel's nearest relatives, and they all came to the conclusion that Monsieur Roussel, her uncle's brother, ought to be the successful applicant; he was not, indeed, the successor such a man as Monsieur Morel should have had, but he was the least objectionable of all the claimants for the dead man's honors. Monsieur Morel had been dead a fortnight when Lenoir thought he could broach the subject to his late master's daughter. She had come back for the funeral, and, being of age, had no thought of returning to the convent. Her grief was such as a good-hearted girl must feel for the death of a parent of whom she knows little; sincere, but by no means violent. Mademoiselle Charlotte Morel was, in short, in that subdued but even frame of mind which is perfectly equal to the transaction of business. Lenoir found her in one of the upper rooms, engaged with one of the maid-servants, in unrolling some cloth. She did not hear him coming in, and he could not help shaking his head as he saw her; a plump, rosy, good-humored girl of twenty-one, with glossy black hair, and lively black eyes, and a pretty, round, good-tempered face. Oh! if she had but been a boy, he thought, with a deep sigh. Charlotte heard the sigh, and, looking up, saw the old man standing in the doorway, with his pen behind his ear, and a woe-begone meaning on his wrinkled face.

"Monsieur Lenoir," she said, knitting her smooth brow into a frown, "do you know that this cloth is moth-eaten?"

Monsieur Lenoir was very sorry to hear it, but begged for five minutes' private conversation with Mademoiselle.

"To be sure," airily replied Charlotte. "Marie, you will fold up that calico, please. I shall be down directly."

Monsieur Lenoir sighed again. His errand was a sad one, but it must be spoken. To his amazement, Charlotte interrupted him at once.

"Thank you," she said, "but please tell that Monsieur Roussel that I shall carry on the business myself."

If the pen had not been very firm indeed behind Monsieur Lenoir's ear, it must have dropped at so astounding an announcement. Without seeming to perceive his amazement, as expressed in staring eyes and open mouth, Mademoiselle Morel continued: "Whenever my poor father came to see me, he lamented that I was a girl; so, not knowing what might happen, I did my best to qualify myself for business. I learned book-keeping."

"But, mademoiselle," interrupted Lenoir, "book-keeping is nothing — nothing. You do not know the intricacies of business."

In her turn Mademoiselle Morel interrupted the clerk. She laid her hand upon his arm, and, looking in his face, she said, good-humoredly but very firmly, —

"I know good butter, and good flour, and good cloth, and good wares, Monsieur Lenoir, and none but good wares will I keep. My father neither took nor gave credit, I believe. His word also was his bond; he was honorable in his dealings and prudent in his ventures. What he did, I shall do; and, Monsieur Lenoir," she added, feelingly, "no cloth of this texture and this price shall get moth-eaten under my rule. Why," she added, raising her eyebrows, pursing her lips, and shaking her young head, "here are several hundred francs lost at the very least."

Monsieur Lenoir stared and was dumb. Remonstrance was useless, and he knew it. Of course this poor deluded young thing would never get on, — never, not even with his assistance, — but she had a will of her own, she was of age too, and it was plain that she emerged from her convent with the determination of having her own way henceforward.

Monsieur Lenoir was simply and sadly sceptical, but Verrières was bitterly ironical. It foretold Mademoiselle Morel's downfall, and watched her going down. The process was not a rapid one. Charlotte got on very well. Monsieur Lenoir did the travelling and the going about, and she stayed at home and minded the business. It was hard for one so young to lead this dull, confined life, and so Charlotte soon found; but pleasure is unknown in Verrières, and she had no choice. Sometimes she wondered if she should go on so till old age, buying and selling, and making money; but she was so far a true daughter of mediæval Verrières, that she never thought of exchanging the dullness of her native place for the gayeties of a large city. Now and then, indeed, she longed for the country, and gardens, and green fields; but she could not have these and attend to business, so she tried to be content with her shop, and her store-rooms, and the yard, and the creepers, and to find music in that chink of money which had so long charmed her father's ears. In the mean while, Verrières went on wondering how long she would last. At first, Mademoiselle Morel knew nothing of the commotion her unexpected resolve had excited. But by and by good-natured people, who felt bound to tell her, let her into the secret. She thus learned that her downfall, slow but sure, was predicated, and that not even in her own family was a voice raised to prophesy her success. Louise Roussel, a little chatterer of some seven years old, whom Charlotte was very fond of, gave her more information on that head than Charlotte cared to hear. She came in to her one evening, flushed and breathless with excitement.

"O cousin," she cried, running up to Mademoiselle Morel, who was in the yard watering the creepers, "such news! My big brother Henri has just arrived."

"Indeed."

"Yes; for a week only, you know. They all say I am so like him. Am I like him?" And she raised herself on tiptoe, and shook her auburn hair, for Charlotte the better to see the likeness.

Mademoiselle Morel looked down into the child's bright face.

"Yes, you are like him," she said, abstractedly, and she remained thus, with the watering-pot in her hand, like one in a dream.

"And they told him about you, you know," pursued Louise, "and papa groaned, and said you would never do. And Uncle Joseph laughed, and said you would never do; and Henri, you know, said, 'Why not? Women do very well in business when they have brains and not heart.'"

Charlotte was silent; if it were not that she changed color a little, she looked as if she had not heard the child.

"And Henri is going to Uncle Joseph's to-night," continued the little thing; "and as he will not be back till Friday, mamma will ask you to come and spend to-morrow's holiday with us. They asked Henri if he would mind seeing you, — he said no; but it would be awkward for a whole day."



Still Charlotte was silent.

"How hot it is under this skylight!" she said, at last; "come out with me, Louise"; and, passing through one of the out-houses, they came out on the brink of the river behind it. Charlotte had had a wooden bench placed there, and of an evening, when the shop was shut, she liked to come and sit here and breathe a little fresh air. It was also a favorite haunt of Monsieur Lenoir's, who was a great angler, and who devoted to his favorite pursuit everything like spare time. They found him there, standing on a stone, stiff, straight, and still, like an old heron watching for his prey. Charlotte sat down on the bench without speaking to him, and Louise nestled against her. The evening was very calm and still. The stream was silvery and gray; above the willows and aspens on the opposite bank rose a pale crescent moon; the lowing of distant cattle came from remote pastures, and from the neighboring garden the gay laughter of the Roussels. Presently a boat shot forth, and turned on the stream. Charlotte saw that Henri, a strange young man, and Marie, the elder sister of Louise, were in it. Marie was laughing very gayly, and half in mirth, half in real fear, she was clinging to her brother.

"Take care," he said, gently; "take care." And even as he spoke he saw Charlotte sitting on the bench, with Louise by her side. He was bare-headed, but he rose and bowed very gravely, then sitting down again he rowed on. The voices lessened, then died away, the boat vanished in a bend of the river, everything was calm and silent, and the stars came out one by one in the deepening blue of the sky, and Charlotte Morel felt very sad and very lonely. But as she rose and went in with Louise, she thought: "I would do it over again."

She took the child to her own house. She found Monsieur Roussel in the garden. He asked her to sit down; and not having any fear of seeing Henri she complied, whilst her uncle resumed his digging.

"And how are you getting on?" he said, after a while, resting on his spade to address her.

"I am getting on well, uncle, I thank you."

Monsieur Roussel groaned, and shook his head.

"Get married," he said; "get married, Charlotte."

"I am in no hurry, uncle."

"Well, you did wonderfully well not to take Henri, at least," he said, ruefully. "What do you think he came for?"

Charlotte did not answer.

"Why, to ask me for seven thousand five hundred francs. Neither more nor less. 'What for?' said I. 'But that he could not tell,' he replied. Seven thousand five hundred francs!" exclaimed Monsieur Roussel, in pious horror. "That boy will not end well, Charlotte."

Perhaps Charlotte had found to her own cost that one's friends are liberal of such prophecies, for she did not look so horrified as Monsieur Roussel evidently expected.

"You do not mean to say you think that natural?" he exclaimed, looking injured.

"I think nothing about it, uncle. Where is aunt?"

Madame Roussel now joined them. She, too, was full of the seven thousand five hundred francs.

"You know what Henri came for?" she said, plaintively.

"Yes; uncle has told me. What a fine evening!"

"Will you come and spend to-morrow with us?"

Henri will not be at home," continued Madame Roussel.

"I am not afraid of Henri," rather proudly replied Charlotte; "but I shall be glad to spend to-morrow with you," she added, with a little sigh, "holidays seem so lonely."

The Verrières fashion of spending holiday is a dull one.

A good dinner, a walk in the garden, and a round game of cards in the evening, was all the entertainment that Madame Roussel thought needful for her family. A thunder-storm interfered with one part of the programme: the garden was inaccessible. The dinner and the round game remained. Very long and wearisome seemed the dinner to Charlotte, who did not care for good cheer; and the evening was not much better. She soon lost all her counters, and was henceforth out of the game. Whilst the others played on, she leaned back in her chair, listening to the wind, which was rising, and to the rain that now beat wildly against the window-panes. Monsieur Roussel was peering at the cards through his gold spectacles; Marie showed her hand to her mother, who nodded and smiled; and little Louise, leaning heavily against Charlotte, was falling asleep. Mademoiselle Morel looked at them a little wistfully. There is pleasure, and also pain, in beholding a family circle when we are ourselves alone.

"If they had not asked me to join them," thought Charlotte, "I must have sat alone in my room this evening; and, because they asked me, he left the house,—just as he left Verrières on my account four years ago. They do not seem to miss him much; and yet they surely care more about him than they care about me?"

A violent knocking at the front door roused her from her reverie. She looked up with a start, and found the notary, his wife, and daughter exchanging alarmed glances.

"Why, what can have happened!" began Monsieur Roussel. "Surely—"

Here the knocking was repeated more violently than before, and this time the shuffling step of the servant, coming from the back of the house, said that she was hastening to give the impatient visitor admittance. They heard the front door opening, and some one rushed in; then the door of the room in which they were sitting burst open, and Monsieur Joseph Roussel broke in upon them, with wild looks, wet garments, and a dripping umbrella.

"My money!" he gasped. "My money!" he shouted, recovering breath, and striking the floor with his umbrella. "Where is my money?"

They looked at him aghast. Monsieur Roussel remained with the uplifted card he was going to play in his hand, and stared at his brother with open mouth and eyes.

"I tell you I want my money," doggedly resumed Joseph. "I want my seven thousand five hundred francs."

"Seven thousand five hundred francs!" repeated the notary, turning livid, and a dreadful light seeming to break upon him as he heard the amount of the sum.

"Yes, seven thousand five hundred francs," sternly said Henri's uncle and godfather,—"seven thousand five hundred francs, which were taken out of my desk this afternoon when Henri was in the house,—do you hear?" and he rolled his eyes about and winked at them all with terrible significance.

Monsieur Roussel tried to speak, but words would



not come to him. He sank forward on the table, and, with his head lying there, uttered a deep, heart-broken groan. Madame Roussel raised her hands to heaven, and uttered a despairing cry.

"We are ruined, — ruined, disgraced, undone!" she said, wildly; and falling back into her chair, she went into hysterics; upon which Marie began sobbing violently, and little Louise, who had been staring round her in dismay, uttered a succession of piercing shrieks. Charlotte alone, preserving some presence of mind, ran to her aunt's assistance, and endeavored to calm her. Joseph Roussel looked around him in grim and gloomy triumph, winking rapidly.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," he said; "I knew how it would be, — I always said so."

"For Heaven's sake, have mercy on us!" cried Monsieur Roussel, looking up wildly. "Perhaps — perhaps Henri did not do it."

"Then who did?" angrily retorted his brother. "Do you want to cheat me out of my money, eh? You told me yourself he came to borrow seven thousand five hundred francs, — did you not? Well, I tell you that I left Henri alone in the room with my desk, and when I came back at the end of a quarter of an hour, Henri had vanished, the key, which I had forgotten on the table, was in the desk, and seven thousand and five hundred francs in notes were gone. But if you think that I am going to bear with that loss just because Henri is my nephew and godson, you are very much mistaken, all of you," added Monsieur Joseph Roussel, glaring at the dismayed family, and striking the floor again with his umbrella.

"Henri shall return that money; he only meant to borrow it, of course," agitatedly said the notary. "But he shall return it, Joseph."

"And do you suppose I am going to wait till he returns my money?" exclaimed Joseph Roussel, looking indignant and amazed at the suggestion. "What brought me here, pray?"

"And how do I know that my son took your money?" asked Monsieur Roussel, with a feeble effort at scepticism.

"Did I not tell you so?" cried his brother, enraged.

"Well, but did you see him doing it?" desperately asked Monsieur Roussel, — "did you see him?"

Joseph Roussel stared till his little eyes seemed ready to start out of their sockets.

"See him!" he at length gasped forth, — "see him open my desk, and take out my hard-earned money, seven thousand five hundred francs! — you ask me if I saw him doing that? No, sir," he indignantly exclaimed, answering his own question, "I did not see him, because he took care not to do it till my back was turned. But I can tell you what — Jean, my servant, heard and saw. He saw your son Henri at the post-office, handing over to the post-mistress a letter with five blue seals, — five blue seals, — and declaring it to be worth seven thousand five hundred francs! What do you think of that?"

The notary groaned. "For Heaven's sake, have mercy on me!" he said, piteously.

"I want my money, sir; my money!"

"You shall have it, though it will half ruin me," distractedly said Monsieur Roussel; "but keep it quiet, — O, keep it quiet!"

"And what did I come here for but to keep it quiet?" screamed Joseph, at the pitch of his voice; "what did I come here for?"

"It will ruin me," said Henri's father, despairingly; "it will ruin me."

On hearing this, Madame Roussel burst into tears, and with many piteous sobs she asked why her children were to be plundered for Henri's misdeeds. Her husband heard her with a dull, vacant stare of misery. There is a tragic hour in most lives, however tame and commonplace may seem their current, and that tragic hour had come to him. Grief and despair gave a terrible meaning to his little peevish face, and Charlotte's heart sank within her as she heard him mutter, in a low, dull voice, "I will not be disgraced. On the day when this is known in Yerrières, I shall just go down the garden, and make a hole in the water. I will not be disgraced."

Even as he uttered the words the door opened, and Henri, who had come back in his boat and walked up the garden, entered the room.

"Cards?" he said, carelessly, "cards? — who wins?"

No one answered. He gave a sharp look round the room, and at once his careless look vanished. But he did not speak. He stood without uttering one word, evidently waiting. His father rose.

"Henri," he said, sternly, "you sent off seven thousand five hundred francs to Paris to-day."

Henri looked thunderstruck.

"I did," he replied, at length.

"To whom?"

"I cannot tell."

"From whom did you get that money?"

"I cannot tell."

The young man spoke very sullenly, and looked black as night at that cross-examination.

"You must get that money back," said his father, trying to speak composedly, though he was deadly pale, "for your uncle," he added, pointing to the dark part of the room, where Joseph Roussel stood, leaning on his umbrella. "Your uncle had his desk opened to-day, and seven thousand five hundred francs taken from it."

Henri gave a sudden start, and turned dreadfully pale.

"You did not think I should miss it so soon, — did you?" asked his uncle Joseph, nodding grimly at him; "but you had scarcely turned your back on the house when I wanted some money, and found out that my seven thousand five hundred francs were gone. Thank your stars that I am your god-father as well as your uncle," he added, in a menacing voice. "Thank your stars, I say!"

Henri sank on a chair, and thence looked at him, then from him to his father. At first it seemed as if words would not pass his white lips. When he spoke at length, it was to address the notary and say: —

"Father, what do you say to this?"

Monsieur Roussel raised his trembling hand towards him.

"God forgive you, Henri," he said, in a broken voice.

Henri leaped up from the chair on which he was sitting; his blue eyes flashed like fire, his pale face grew still paler with wrath, as iron is at its hottest when it is whitest, and in a voice of thunder he cried, "Father! father! what do you mean?"

"Do! — threaten your father after dishonoring him," cried Madame Roussel, starting up in mingled fear and hate.

Henri gave his stepmother a look of indignation and scorn; but before he could open his lips to



reply, Charlotte went up to the notary, and, laying her hand on his arm, she said in a low, indignant voice, whilst her other outstretched hand pointed to Henri Roussel, "Uncle, uncle, do you not see that your son is innocent?"

"Innocent!" gasped the notary, staring round the room; "how so?"

"How so! look at him and see it. Henri Roussel is innocent,—I tell you he is innocent," she added, her eyes flashing with generous indignation, "and that you ought all to die with shame at having doubted him."

"Yes, I am innocent," sternly said the young man; "and, what is more, I can prove it. That money which uncle so kindly accuses me of having taken from his desk, I already had when I saw him. I borrowed it on my vineyard above Verrières. Ask Farmer Grangé, and see if he will deny it."

"Then who took my money?" cried Monsieur Joseph Roussel, looking very wild.

"That is your business, not mine," bitterly replied the young man; then, looking round him, he added: "I have learned this evening what trust in my honor I may expect in this house. Let none of you wonder that I shall henceforth make my home among strangers. I leave Verrières this very night,—now, this moment, and it will be strange indeed if I ever set foot in it again."

He looked round the room once more; then going straight up to the spot where Charlotte stood alone, "God bless you!" he said, with much emotion.

She did not answer. She stood there before him, passive, and like one in a dream. He said no more, but turned away, and was gone. As the door closed upon him, as they heard his step rapidly going up the staircase, the notary, recovering from his amazement, turned angrily on his brother, "How dare you come with your cock-and-bull stories to me?" he cried, with fury. "How dare you accuse my son of robbery?"

Monsieur Joseph Roussel slapped his forehead. Then a sudden light seemed to break upon him.

"I know who did it," he cried,— "I know"; and he rushed out of the house like one distracted.

The notary threw himself down on a chair, and, addressing his wife, said, very ruefully, "Louise, you should have told me not to believe it,—you should have told me."

Madame Roussel raised her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and, speaking from behind it, said, in a melancholy voice, "It all falls upon me because I am not his mother."

Charlotte signed to Marie to follow her out of the room. When they both stood outside the door, she whispered, "Go and beg of your brother not to leave the house to-night."

"I dare not," replied Marie, whose eyes were red with weeping; "Henri never minds me."

"Try, Marie, try," urged Charlotte.

The girl went reluctantly, and very anxiously. Charlotte waited for her at the foot of the staircase. Marie soon came down again; Henri's door was locked, and he had refused to admit her. Madame Roussel, who now joined them, heard this, and looked piteously at her niece.

"Do try, Charlotte," she said; "do try."

"I!" said Charlotte, with a start.

"Yes, do. My poor husband is broken-hearted, but will not say a word to keep him, and Henri would not mind me; but he will at least hear you. If he would only stay to-night! Do try, Charlotte!

You can go and sit up stairs, and speak to him when he is coming down."

She put a light in her niece's hand, and Charlotte took it like one in a dream. She went up to the room on the first floor and sat down, leaving the door open. Everything looked very gaunt and dreary in the pale light of the wax candle, burning quietly on the table. The tall, ledger-like books, the dull iron safe, the stiff black chairs, were very grim and forbidding of aspect; but Charlotte, if she saw, did not heed them. She was listening to sounds in the room above,—sounds of hurried footsteps and moving furniture, which ended at length in the unlocking of a door and a step coming down the staircase. Without leaving her chair, or even looking round, Charlotte said, in a low voice, "Henri!"

She spoke so low that he might not have heard her; but he did. He came in at once. He threw the carpet-bag he was carrying on the floor; he drew a chair near hers, and, sitting down upon it, he took the hand that hung loosely in the folds of her black dress, and he raised it to his lips.

"God bless you for your faith in me!" he said, in a low voice; "I shall never forget it—never."

"I trust you are not going," she said, without looking round at him. "Your father, your mother, are deeply grieved."

"Do not believe it," he interrupted, bitterly; "they never loved me, or they could not have thought me guilty so readily. What have I ever done to deserve such an insult as this?"

"Ah! nothing, nothing indeed," Charlotte could not help saying; "but they repent it; forgive them."

"Willingly; but I will not live with them. This evening has burned itself into my very soul. It has shown me two things it is not in my power to forget,—their doubt and your faith in my honor." He rose as he said this.

"Pray, do stay," she urged.

"Stay! What for?" he asked, moodily. "They will suspect me next for that money; they will want to know what I am doing with it, and if do I not tell—and I will not tell them—they will shake their heads, and say, 'Henri is going to ruin. We always said so.'"

Charlotte was silent.

"But you must think no harm of me for that," he resumed, eagerly; "that money is to save a friend from disgrace. I run no risk; I have security to double the amount I lend; but to have it known that he borrows would ruin him, and ruin him so thoroughly that I should not have told you so much, only I could not bear you should think, as they will be sure to say, that I am a spendthrift and a profligate."

"Pray, do stay," she said, again.

"I cannot. You have been very good to me this evening,—better than I deserve; but I cannot stay."

"Why so?"

"Do not ask me." His voice shook as he uttered the words.

For the first time Charlotte turned her face towards him. Their looks met; their eyes were very dim with tears, yet each read the same story in the other's gaze. In a moment the tale was told, understood, and firmly believed in forever.

"Then you like me,—you do like me!" cried Henri, amazed and delighted.

"A little, but very little," she replied, smiling demurely; "for, if you go, how can I like you?"



"Ah, how can I go now?" he exclaimed, overjoyed.

All the wisdom of Verrières went distracted on the day when Charlotte and Henri's banns were published. A nice mess of poor Monsieur Morel's money those two would make, and a nice life they would lead. It is mortifying to record it, but the wisdom of Verrières was again all wrong. The business flourished in the hands of the young pair, and Charlotte's faith in him was the spell which bound the dragon of Henri's temper forever. Never once — and three years have passed since their wedding-day — did that fierce dragon waken when she was concerned, though truth compels us to say that Henri's uncle and godfather once or twice found how that same dragon was not always sleeping.

The unfortunate gentleman's seven thousand five hundred francs were never recovered, and the mystery of their disappearance promises to become one of the legends of Verrières.

### FOREIGN NOTES.

MRS. JOHN WOOD has purchased the St. James's Theatre.

GOUNOD, who is in ill-health, has gone to Rome for the season.

ROBERT BUCHANAN is giving successful readings from his own poems.

BROWNING's new poem, "The Ring and the Book," is having a large sale in London.

THE French dramatic critics say that the glories of the *Biche aux Bois* are eclipsed by the splendors of the pageants in the *Dame de Monsoreau* at the Porte St. Martin.

PATTI is still suffering from some affection of the throat which prevents her singing. It is now ominously remembered that her mother lost her voice shortly after her marriage.

A PATENT has been taken out in France for the manufacture of crucibles from magnesia, which forms the best material for crucibles to melt platinum, iron, or steel in. Such crucibles are said not to be affected by sudden alterations of temperature.

BERRYER's funeral was attended by nearly 5,000 persons, and this in spite of bad weather and the difficulty of getting to Augerville, which lies nearly three miles from the railway station. All parties, with the exception of that party which is now in power, were represented round the tomb of the illustrious orator.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY has given another £100,000 to the poor of London. This makes £350,000 given to London, and £150,000 to Baltimore, or half a million in all. The London Review remarks: "There is nothing to be said that we see in praise of munificence like that, save that English millionaires leave a foreigner to show them the path of duty."

ACCORDING to the Leader, there is a rumor current in London to the effect that a certain popular novelist, who has taught his reader that "it is never too late to mend," has purchased two of the houses in Brompton Row, with the considerable piece of garden ground attached to them, on the site of

which he intends to build a theatre, to be opened at the end of next year.

THE Builder, speaking of the education question, says: "A traveller observed that as he was walking on one occasion under the arcade of the Horticultural Gardens, looking at the works of art displayed there, he came upon two well-dressed ladies examining a statuette of Andromeda, labelled 'Executed in terra cotta.' Says one, 'Where is that?' 'I am sure I don't know,' replied the other; 'but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was.'"

WE are to have "Faust" as a ballet, says the Paris correspondent of the *Star*, and Gounod has written the music for it. Lower, "on land," it is impossible for "Faust" to go. In the opera Goethe's play is badly enough treated; in the various dramas it is grossly outraged; but in a ballet! Imagine Faust dancing round the earth-spirit in the dress of a disguised harlequin, and Marguerite pirouetting in short petticoats and profuse muslin through a stage-garden!

THERE is to be an international exhibition of the fine arts at Munich next year, the King of Bavaria having directed his Minister of Public Instruction to take the proper initiatory steps. No better city than Munich could have been chosen for such an exhibition. Leaving out of the question its own splendid collections of painting and sculpture, the Bavarian capital is centrally situated, offering a suitable place of meeting for Paris, London, Berlin, and Vienna.

THE last letter penned by Berryer cannot be read with unmitigated satisfaction by the Emperor. The following is a translation of that very odd epistle:—

TO THE COUNT OF CHAMBORD,—

O Monseigneur! O my King! They tell me that I approach my last hour. I die with the sorrow of not having witnessed the triumph of your hereditary rights, consecrating the establishment and development of the liberties of which our country has need. I offer these prayers to heaven for your Majesty, her Majesty the Queen, and for our beloved country. In order that they may be less unworthy of acceptance, I quit this life armed with all the consolations of our holy religion. Adieu, sire. May God protect you and save France!

Your devoted and faithful

BERRYER.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Star* thus gossips about Emile Deschamps: "From Versailles I hear with deep regret, that Emile Deschamps, the first poet of the romantic school, or, as *Le Public* entitles him, the trumpeter of *romantisme*, has been struck by ophthalmia, and can scarcely distinguish light from darkness. This veteran poet, who, in 1830, with Alfred de Vigny, transplanted the genius of Shakespeare into France, and contributed by his imitations of the principal *chef d'œuvre* of our immortal bard to arouse the admiration of this country for his mighty works, has of late years retired into private life, and been a constant resident at Versailles. I have more than once heard him relate an anecdote, hitherto unpublished, and of which I give you the *primeur*. In 1852, he was fifty-seven. On the 2d December, having slept in Paris, he happened to be walking down the Champs Elysées at an early hour, intending to return to Versailles by the first train. Utterly unconscious of the political convulsion which had taken place during the night, he was about to cross the Avenue Marigny, which



runs along the garden wall of the Elysée Palace, when he found himself suddenly in the midst of a tremendous crowd, and pushed, driven, and knocked about by an excited multitude congregated outside the gates of the palace. Vainly he struggled to make his way out of the mob, and became seriously alarmed as to his personal safety when a carriage dashed up towards the gates of the Elysée. The mob naturally made way, and Emile Deschamps at once recognizing Princess Mathilde's livery, rushed after the equipage, scrambled up on the footboard, and, holding on behind by one of the footmen, in this strange position reached the *perron* of the Elysée Palace.

"He nimbly jumped down, opened the door of the carriage, and, stretching out his hand to Princess Mathilde, explained in a few words the expedient to which he owed his safety. The Princess smiled, and invited him to await her return from her interview with her cousin, the Prince President, in the audience chamber. But here new troubles awaited the translator of 'Romeo and Juliet.' That apartment was occupied by a hundred police agents awaiting orders. Presently M. Deschamps remarked that they began to inspect him. One or two walked round him, scrutinizing him from head to foot, and whispering to their comrades. At last one came up, and in an imperious tone said, 'Who are you, and what brings you here?' Emile Deschamps related his story, which, in truth, would have sounded improbable to the least suspicious, but to the head of the detectives it bore coinage on the face of it. Not one of the hundred present had ever read a line of poetry, and to them the head of the romantic school was evidently an emissary of the Republicans. Three amongst them were designated to escort him to a neighboring police-office, and he was just starting when the folding-doors opened, and Louis Napoleon appeared. 'Grace,' exclaimed M. Deschamps, 'I crave mercy.' 'For what?' calmly inquired the Prince President, who knew him intimately. 'I have not the remotest idea for what; but they are carrying me off to prison.' Louis Napoleon shook hands with him, and said, 'Yes, I will forgive you, but on this condition, that you will share my first dinner at the Tuileries,' which M. Deschamps accordingly did."

#### A LETTER.

WHERE were you when I suffered? My heart was very faint:

It wanted a heart to lean on; where was yours at the time?

I hope you were happy somewhere; I hope no passing taint

Of the chill air I was breathing troubled your softer clime.

Always I think about you, and I am afraid at night;

For before I dream I fancy, and my dreams are fancy-marred;

And I see you lying wounded, with your face upturned to the light,

And I cannot stoop to kiss it; and, O, my dream is hard!

Last night I read and waited,—there was but the light of the fire,—

When I thought you stood behind me, and I dared not turn my head.

Why was my heart so poor as to shrink from its best desire?

I think you were here for a moment; but when I turned, you were fled.

Where were you at that moment? were you thinking of me?

Were you watching the turbans wind up the dry brown slope?

And when they reached the top, and you knew they looked at the sea,

Were you dreaming of England? had you an hour of hope?

O, that hope is so dreary! I have it always here;

Whenever it plays me false, they tell me I *must* not doubt.

But though we call it hope, it is only a mask for fear;

And it never lets me rest, and I think it is wearing me out.

You will hardly know me again, I am grown so pale and thin;

I looked in the glass to-day, and my face is old and strange;

And I felt a pang of dread when they told me the mail was come in;

For I thought if you came home, that you would not like the change.

I suppose you are brown and fierce, and your eyes are ready to flash;

You walk erect and swift; you have always something to do.

Ah, you men are happy! you live with a burst and a dash;

Weeping wastes us away, but work ennobles you.

I am a pain in my home; they watch me with looks of distress;

Always they soften their tones when they ask me "Dear, will you go?"

And because I want them to smile, I often smile and say "Yes":

But as the dance grows gay, I wish I had dared to say "No."

For I should not like, when we sit together, and talk, and trace

Our joy coming step by step through the gloom while you were away,

I should not like to see one doubt flit over your face:

"Perhaps she hardly missed me, her life was so light and gay."

Ah, a letter again! It brings no tidings to me.

I have hardly the heart to look, and I feel too tired to speak.

What, you are coming home! you are crossing the dear, kind sea!

You are rushing home to me now! I shall see your face in a week!

He is coming! where are you all? He is coming! do you not know?

See, I am kissing the words which I was afraid to read!

What are you saying, mother? why do you look at me so?

"Ten years younger," mother? Yes, I should think so indeed.

M. B. SMEDLEY.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1869.

[No. 159.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XXXV. (*Continued.*)

#### MR. GIBSON'S GOOD FORTUNE.

MR. GIBSON'S position was one not to be envied. Were he willing to tell the very secrets of his soul to Miss French with the utmost candor, he could not answer her question either one way or the other, and he was not willing to tell her any of his secrets. It was certainly the fact, too, that there had been tender passages between him and Arabella. Now, when there have been such passages, and the gentleman is cross-examined by the lady, as Mr. Gibson was being cross-examined at the present moment, the gentleman usually teaches himself to think that a little falsehood is permissible. A gentleman can hardly tell a lady that he has become tired of her, and has changed his mind. He feels the matter, perhaps, more keenly even than she does; and though, at all other times he may be a very paladin in the cause of truth, in such strait as this he does allow himself some latitude.

"You are only joking, of course," he said.

"Indeed, I am not joking. I can assure you, Mr. Gibson, that the welfare of the friends whom I really love can never be a matter of joke to me. Mrs. Crumie says that you positively are engaged to marry Dorothy Stanbury."

"What does Mrs. Crumie know about it?"

"I dare say nothing. It is not so, — is it?"

"Certainly not."

"And there is nothing in it, — is there?"

"I wonder why people make these reports," said Mr. Gibson, prevaricating.

"It is a fabrication from beginning to end, then?" said Arabella, pressing the matter quite home. At this time she was very close to him, and, though her words were severe, the glance from her eyes was soft. And the scent from her hair was not objectionable to him as it would have been to Mrs. Stanbury. And the mode of her head-dress was not displeasing to him. And the folds of her dress, as they fell across his knee, were welcome to his feelings. He knew that he was as one under temp-

tation, but he was not strong enough to bid the tempter *avaunt*. "Say that it is so, Mr. Gibson!"

"Of course, it is not so," said Mr. Gibson, — lying.

"I am so glad. For, of course, Mr. Gibson, when we heard it, we thought a great deal about it. A man's happiness depends so much on whom he marries, — does n't it? And a clergyman's more than anybody else's. And we did n't think she was quite the sort of woman that you would like. You see, she has had no advantages, poor thing! She has been shut up in a little country cottage all her life, — just a laborer's hovel, no more, — and though it was n't her fault, of course, and we all pitied her, and were so glad when Miss Stanbury brought her to the Close, — still, you know, though one was very glad of her as an acquaintance, yet, you know, as a wife, — and for such a dear, dear friend —" She went on and said many other things with equal enthusiasm, and then wiped her eyes, and then smiled and laughed. After that she declared that she was quite happy, — so happy; and so she left him. The poor man, after the falsehood had been extracted from him, said nothing more; but sat in patience, listening to the raptures and enthusiasm of his friend. He knew that he had disgraced himself; and he knew also that his disgrace would be known, if Dorothy Stanbury should accept his offer on the morrow. And yet how hardly he had been used! What answer could he have given compatible both with the truth and with his own personal dignity?

About half an hour afterwards, he was walking back to Exeter with Brooke Burgess, and then Brooke did ask him a question or two.

"Nice girls those Frenches, I think," said Brooke.

"Very nice," said Mr. Gibson.

"How Miss Stanbury does hate them!" says Brooke.

"Not hate them, I hope," said Mr. Gibson.

"She does n't love them, — does she?"

"Well, as for love, — yes, in one sense, — I hope she does. Miss Stanbury, you know, is a woman who expresses herself strongly."

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



"What would she say, if she were told that you and I were going to marry those two girls? We are both favorites, you know."

"Dear me! What a very odd supposition!" said Mr. Gibson.

"For my part, I don't think I shall," said Brooke.

"I don't suppose I shall either," said Mr. Gibson, with a gravity which was intended to convey some smattering of rebuke.

"A fellow might do worse, you know," said Brooke. "For my part, I rather like girls with chignons, and all that sort of get-up. But the worst of it is we can't marry two at a time."

"That would be bigamy," said Mr. Gibson.

"Just so," said Brooke.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### MISS STANBURY'S WRATH.

PUNCTUALLY at eleven o'clock on the Friday morning Mr. Gibson knocked at the door of the house in the Close. The reader must not imagine that he had ever wavered in his intention with regard to Dorothy Stanbury, because he had been driven into a corner by the pertinacious ingenuity of Miss French. He never for a moment thought of being false to Miss Stanbury the elder. Falseness of that nature would have been ruinous to him, — would have made him a marked man in the city all his days, and would probably have reached even to the bishop's ears. He was neither bad enough, nor audacious enough, nor foolish enough for such perjury as that. And, moreover, though the wiles of Arabella had been potent with him, he very much preferred Dorothy Stanbury. Seven years of flirtation with a young lady is more trying to the affection than any duration of matrimony. Arabella had managed to awaken something of the old glow, but Mr. Gibson, as soon as he was alone, turned from her mentally in disgust. No! Whatever little trouble there might be in his way, it was clearly his duty to marry Dorothy Stanbury. She had the sweetest temper in the world, and blushed with the prettiest blush! She would have, moreover, three thousand pounds on the day she married, and there was no saying what other and greater pecuniary advantages might follow. His mind was quite made up; and during the whole morning he had been endeavoring to drive all disagreeable reminiscences of Miss French from his memory, and to arrange the words with which he would make his offer to Dorothy. He was aware that he need not be very particular about his words, as Dorothy, from the bashfulness of her nature, would be no judge of eloquence at such a time. But still, for his own sake, there should be some form of expression, some propriety of diction. Before eleven o'clock he had it all by heart, and had nearly freed himself from the uneasiness of his falsehood to Arabella. He had given much serious thought to the matter, and had quite resolved that he was right in his purpose, and that he could marry Dorothy with a pure conscience and with a true promise of a husband's love. "Dear Dolly!" he said to himself, with something of enthusiasm as he walked across the Close. And he looked up to the house as he came to it. There was to be his future home. There was not one of the prebends who had a better house. And there was a dovelike softness about Dorothy's eyes, and a winning obedience in her manner, that were charming. His lines had fallen to him in very pleas-

ant places. Yes, — he would go up to her and take her at once by the hand, and ask her whether she would be his now and forever. He would not let go her hand till he had brought her so close to him that she could hide her blushes on his shoulder. The whole thing had been so well conceived, had become so clear to his mind, that he felt no hesitation or embarrassment as he knocked at the door. Arabella French would, no doubt, hear of it soon. Well, — she must hear of it. After all, she could do him no injury.

He was shown up at once into the drawing-room, and there he found — Miss Stanbury the elder. "O Mr. Gibson!" she said at once.

"Is anything the matter with — dear Dorothy?"

"She is the most obstinate, pig-headed young woman I ever came across since the world began."

"You don't say so! But what is it, Miss Stanbury?"

"What is it? Why just this. Nothing on earth that I can say to her will induce her to come down and speak to you."

"Have I offended her?"

"Offended a fiddlestick! Offence indeed! An offer from an honest man, with her friends' approval, and a fortune at her back as though she had been born with a gold spoon in her mouth! And she tells me that she can't, and won't, and would n't, and should n't, as though I were asking her to walk the streets. I declare I don't know what has come to the young women, — or what it is they want. One would have thought that butter would n't melt in her mouth, and there she is as pig-headed and wrong-headed as though she had been born to have her own will in everything."

"But what is the reason, Miss Stanbury?"

"O, reason! You don't suppose people give reasons in these days. What reason have they when they dress themselves up with handboxes on their sconces? Just simply the old reason — 'I do not like thee, Dr. Fell, — why I cannot tell.'"

"May I not see her myself, Miss Stanbury?"

"I can't make her come down stairs to you. I've been at her the whole morning, Mr. Gibson, ever since daylight pretty nearly. She came into my room before I was up and told me she'd made up her mind. I've coaxed, and scolded, and threatened, and cried, — but if she'd been a milestone it could n't have been of less use. I told her she might go back to Nuncombe, and she just went off to pack up."

"But she's not to go?"

"How can I say what such a young woman will do? I'm never allowed a way of my own for a moment. There's Brooke Burgess been scolding me at that rate I did n't know whether I stood on my head or my heels. And I don't know now."

Then there was a pause, while Mr. Gibson was endeavoring to decide what would now be his best course of action. "Don't you think she'll ever come round, Miss Stanbury?"

"I don't think she'll ever come any way that anybody wants her to come, Mr. Gibson."

"I did n't think she was at all like that," said Mr. Gibson, almost in tears.

"No, — nor anybody else. I have been seeing it come all the same. It's just the Stanbury perversity. If I'd wanted to keep her by herself, to take care of me, and set my back up at her if she spoke to a man, and made her understand that she was n't to think of getting married, she'd have been making eyes at every man that came into the house. It's



just what one gets for going out of one's way. I did think she'd be so happy, Mr. Gibson, living here as your wife. She and I between us could have managed for you so nicely."

Mr. Gibson was silent for a minute or two, during which he walked up and down the room, — contemplating, no doubt, the picture of married life which Miss Stanbury had painted for him, — a picture which, as it seemed, was not to be realized. "And what had I better do, Miss Stanbury?" he asked, at last.

"Do! I don't know what you're to do. I'm groom enough to bring a mare to water, but I can't make her drink."

"Will waiting be any good?"

"How can I say? I'll tell you one thing not to do. Don't go and philander with those girls at Heavitree. It's my belief that Dorothy has been thinking of them. People have been talking to her, of course."

"I wish people would hold their tongues. People are so indiscreet. People don't know how much harm they may do."

"You've given them some excuse, you know, Mr. Gibson."

This was very ill-natured, and was felt by Mr. Gibson to be so rude that he almost turned upon his patroness in anger. In this matter he had been obedient, at any rate, to her. He had known Dolly for not more than three months, and had devoted himself to her, to the great anger of his older friends. He had come this morning true to his appointment, expecting that others would keep their promises to him, as he was ready to keep those which he had made, — and now he was told that it was his fault! "I do think that's rather hard, Miss Stanbury," he said.

"So you have," said she, — "nasty, slatternly girls, without an idea inside their noddles. But it's no use your scolding me."

"I did n't mean to scold, Miss Stanbury."

"I've done all that I could."

"And you think she won't see me for a minute?"

"She says she won't. I can't bid Martha and the girls carry her down."

"Then, perhaps, I had better leave you for the present," said Mr. Gibson, after another pause. So he went, a melancholy, blighted man. Leaving the Close, he passed through into Southernhay, and walked across by the new streets towards the Heavitree road. He had no design in taking this route, but he went on till he came in sight of the house in which Mrs. French lived. As he walked slowly by it, he looked up at the windows, and something of a feeling of romance came across his heart. Were his young affections buried there, or were they not? And, if so, with which of those fair girls were they buried? For the last two years, up to last night, Camilla had certainly been in the ascendant. But Arabella was a sweet young woman; and there had been a time — when those tender passages were going on — in which he had thought that no young woman ever was so sweet; and he had said so then, in the first month or two after he had been ordained, with an amount of fervor that he had never equalled since. A period of romance, an era of enthusiasm, a short-lived, delicious holiday of hot-tongued insanity had been permitted to him in his youth, — but all that was now over. And yet here he was with three strings to his bow, — so he told himself, — and he had not as yet settled for himself

the great business of matrimony. He was inclined to think, as he walked on, that he would walk his life alone, an active, useful, but a melancholy man. After such experiences as his, how should he ever again speak of his heart to a woman? During this walk his mind recurred frequently to Dorothy Stanbury; and, doubtless, he thought that he had often spoken of his heart to her. He was back at his lodgings before three, at which hour he ate an early dinner, and then took the afternoon cathedral service at four. The evening he spent at home, thinking of the romance of his early days. What would Miss Stanbury have said, had she seen him in his easy-chair behind the "Exeter Argus," — with a pipe in his mouth?

In the mean time, there was an uncomfortable scene in progress between Dorothy and her aunt. Brooke Burgess, as desired, had left the house before eleven, having taken upon himself, when consulted, to say in the mildest terms, that he thought that, in general, young women should not be asked to marry if they did not like to; which opinion had been so galling to Miss Stanbury that she had declared that he had so scolded her that she did not know whether she was standing on her head or her heels. As soon as Mr. Gibson left her, she sat herself down, and fairly cried. She had ardently desired this thing, and had allowed herself to think of her desire as of one that would certainly be accomplished. Dorothy would have been so happy as the wife of a clergyman! Miss Stanbury's standard for men and women was not high. "She did not expect others to be as self-sacrificing, as charitable, and as good as herself. It was not that she gave to herself credit for such virtues; but she thought of herself as one who, from the peculiar circumstances of life, was bound to do much for others. There was no end to her doing good for others, — if only the others would allow themselves to be governed by her. She did not think that Mr. Gibson was a great divine; but she perceived that he was a clergyman, living decently, — of that secret pipe Miss Stanbury knew nothing, — doing his duty punctually, and, as she thought, very much in want of a wife. Then there was her niece Dolly, — soft, pretty, feminine, without a shilling, and much in want of some one to comfort and take care of her. What could be better than such a marriage! And the overthrow to the girls with the big chignons would be so complete! She had set her mind upon it, and now Dorothy said that it could n't and it would n't and it should n't be accomplished! She was to be thrown over by this chit of a girl, as she had been thrown over by the girl's brother! And, when she complained, the girl simply offered to go away!

At about twelve Dorothy came creeping down into the room in which her aunt was sitting, and pretended to occupy herself on some piece of work. For a considerable time — for three minutes, perhaps — Miss Stanbury did not speak. She had resolved that she would not speak to her niece again, — at least, not for that day. She would let the ungrateful girl know how miserable she had been made. But at the close of the three minutes her patience was exhausted. "What are you doing there?" she said.

"I am quilting your cap, Aunt Stanbury."

"Put it down. You sha' n't do anything for me. I won't have you touch my things any more." Dorothy stopped her work, and sat with the cap on her lap. "I don't like pretended service."

"It is not pretended, Aunt Stanbury."

"I say it is pretended. It is all pretence. Why



did you pretend to me that you would have him, when you had made up your mind against it all the time?"

"But I had n't — made up my mind."

"If you had so much doubt about it, you might have done what I wanted you."

"I could n't, Aunt Stanbury."

"You mean you would n't. I wonder what it is you do expect, — you, who say you're so fond of clergymen."

"I don't expect anything, Aunt Stanbury."

"No, and I don't expect anything. What an old fool I am ever to look for any comfort! Why should I think that anybody would care for me?"

"Indeed, I do care for you."

"In what sort of way do you show it? You're just like your brother Hugh. I've disgraced myself to that man, promising what I could not perform. I declare it makes me sick when I think of it. Why did you not tell me at once?" Dorothy said nothing further, but sat with the cap on her lap. She did not dare to resume her needle, and she did not like to put the cap aside, as by doing so it would seem as though she had accepted her aunt's prohibition against her work. For half an hour she sat thus, during which time Miss Stanbury dropped asleep. She woke with a start, and began to scold again. "What's the good of sitting there all the day, with your hands before you, doing nothing?"

But Dorothy had been very busy. She had been making up her mind, and had determined to communicate her resolution to her aunt. "Dear aunt," she said, "I've been thinking of something."

"It's too late now," said Miss Stanbury.

"I see I've made you very unhappy."

"Of course you have."

"And you think that I'm ungrateful. I'm not ungrateful, and I don't think that Hugh is."

"Never mind Hugh."

"Only because it seems so hard that you should take so much trouble about us, and that then there should be so much vexation."

"I find it very hard."

"So I think that I'd better go back to Nuncombe. I do, indeed, Aunt Stanbury."

"That's what you call gratitude."

"I don't like to stay here and make you unhappy. I can't think that I ought to have done what you asked me, because I did not feel at all in that way about Mr. Gibson. But as I have only disappointed you, it will be better that I should go home. I have been very happy here, — very."

"Bother!" exclaimed Miss Stanbury.

"I have, — and I do love you, though you won't believe it. But I am sure I ought n't to remain to make you unhappy. I shall never forget all that you have done for me; and though you call me ungrateful, I am not. But I know that I ought not to stay, as I cannot do what you wish. So, if you please, I will go back to Putney."

"You'll not do anything of the kind," said Miss Stanbury.

"But it will be better."

"Yes, of course; no doubt. I suppose you're tired of us all."

"It is not that I'm tired, Aunt Stanbury. It is n't that at all." Dorothy had now become red up to the roots of her hair, and her eyes were full of tears. "But I cannot stay where people think that I am ungrateful. If you please, Aunt Stanbury, I will go." Then, of course, there was a compromise.

Dorothy did at last consent to remain in the Close, but only on condition that she should be forgiven for her sin in reference to Mr. Gibson, and be permitted to go on with her aunt's cap.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### MONT CENIS.

The night had been fine and warm, and it was now noon on a fine September day when the train from Paris reached St. Michael, on the route to Italy by Mont Cenis, — as all the world knows St. Michael is, or was a year or two back, the end of railway travelling in that direction. At the time Mr. Fell's grand project of carrying a line of rails over the top of the mountain was only in preparation, and the journey from St. Michael to Susa was still made by the diligences, — those dear old Continental coaches which are now nearly as extinct as our own, but which did not deserve death so fully as did our abominable vehicles. The coupé of a diligence, or, better still, the banquette, was a luxurious mode of travelling as compared with anything that our coaches offered. There used, indeed, to be a certain halo of glory round the occupant of the box of a mail-coach. The man who had secured that seat was supposed to know something about the world, and to be such a one that the passengers sitting behind him would be proud to be allowed to talk to him. But the prestige of the position was greater than the comfort. A night on the box of a mail-coach was but a bad time, and a night inside a mail-coach was a night in purgatory. Whereas a seat up above, on the banquette of a diligence passing over the Alps, with room for the feet and support for the back, with plenty of rugs and plenty of tobacco, used to be on the Mont Cenis, and still is on some other mountain passes, a very comfortable mode of seeing a mountain route. For those desirous of occupying the coupé, or the three front seats of the body of the vehicle, it must be admitted that difficulties frequently arose, and that such difficulties were very common at St. Michael. There would be two or three of those enormous vehicles preparing to start for the mountain, whereas it would appear that twelve or fifteen passengers had come down from Paris armed with tickets assuring them that this preferable mode of travelling should be theirs. And then assertions would be made, somewhat recklessly by the officials, to the effect that all the diligence was coupé. It would generally be the case that some middle-aged Englishman who could not speak French would go to the wall, together with his wife. Middle-aged Englishmen with their wives, who can't speak French, can nevertheless be very angry, and threaten loudly, when they suppose themselves to be ill-treated. A middle-aged Englishman, though he can't speak a word of French, won't believe a French official who tells him that the diligence is all coupé, when he finds himself with his unfortunate partner in a roundabout place behind with two priests, a dirty man who looks like a brigand, a sick maid-servant, and three agricultural laborers. The attempt, however, was frequently made, and thus there used to be occasionally a little noise round the bureau at St. Michael.

On the morning of which we are speaking, two Englishmen had just made good their claim, each independently of the other, each without having heard or seen the other, when two American ladies, coming up very tardily, endeavored to prove



their rights. The ladies were without other companions, and were not fluent with their French, but were clearly entitled to their seats. They were told that the conveyance was all coupé, but perversely would not believe the statement. The official shrugged his shoulders and signified that his ultimatum had been pronounced. What can an official do in such circumstances, when more coupé passengers are sent to him than the coupés at his command will hold? "But we have paid for the coupé," said the elder American lady, with considerable indignation, though her French was imperfect, — for American ladies understand their rights. "Bah! yes; you have paid and you shall go. What would you have?" "We would have what we have paid for," said the American lady. Then the official rose from his stool, and shrugged his shoulders again, and made a motion with both his hands, intended to show that the thing was finished. "It is a robbery," said the elder American lady to the younger. "I should not mind, only you are so unwell." "It will not kill me, I dare say," said the younger. Then one of the English gentlemen declared that his place was very much at the service of the invalid, — and the other Englishman declared that his also was at the service of the invalid's companion. Then, and not till then, the two men recognized each other. One was Mr. Glascock on his way to Naples, and the other was Mr. Trevelyan, on his way, — he knew not whither.

Upon this, of course they spoke to each other. In London they had been well acquainted, each having been an intimate guest at the house of old Lady Milborough. And each knew something of the other's recent history. Mr. Glascock was aware, as was all the world, that Trevelyan had quarrelled with his wife; and Trevelyan was aware that Mr. Glascock had been spoken of as a suitor to his own sister-in-law. Of that visit which Mr. Glascock had made to Nuncombe Putney, and of the manner in which Nora had behaved to her lover, Trevelyan knew nothing. Their greetings spoken, their first topic of conversation was, of course, the injury proposed to be done to the American ladies, and which would now fall upon them. They went into the waiting-room together, and, during such toilet as they could make there, grumbled furiously. They would take post-horses over the mountain, not from any love of solitary grandeur, but in order that they might make the company pay for its iniquity. But it was soon apparent to them that they themselves had no ground of complaint, and as everybody was very civil, and as a seat in the banquettes over the heads of the American ladies was provided for them, and as the man from the bureau came and apologized, they consented to be pacified, and ended, of course, by tipping half a dozen of the servants about the yard. Mr. Glascock had a man of his own with him, who was very nearly being put on to the same seat with his master as an extra civility; but this inconvenience was at last avoided. Having settled these little difficulties, they went in to breakfast in the buffet.

There could be no better breakfast than used to be given in the buffet at the railway terminus at St. Michael. The company might occasionally be led into errors about that question of coupé seats, but in reference to their provisions they set an example which might be of great use to us here in England. It is probably the case that breakfasts for travellers are not so frequently needed here as they are on the Continent; but, still, there is often to be found a

crowd of people ready to eat if only the wherewithal were there. We are often told in our newspapers that England is disgraced by this and by that; by the unreadiness of our army, by the unfitness of our navy, by the irrationality of our laws, by the immobility of our prejudices, and what not; but the real disgrace of England is the railway sandwich, — that whited sepulchre, fair enough outside but so meagre, poor, and spiritless within, such a thing of shreds and parings, such a dab of food, telling us that the poor bone whence it was scraped had been made utterly bare before it was sent into the kitchen for the soup-pot. In France one does get food at the railway stations, and at St. Michael the breakfast was unexceptional.

Our two friends seated themselves near to the American ladies, and were, of course, thanked for their politeness. American women are taught by the habits of their country to think that men should give way to them more absolutely than is in accordance with the practices of life in Europe. A seat in a public conveyance in the States, when merely occupied by a man, used to be regarded by any woman as being at her service as completely as though it were vacant. One woman indicating a place to another would point with equal freedom to a man or a space. It is said that this is a little altered now, and that European views on this subject are spreading themselves. Our two ladies, however, who were pretty, clever-looking, and attractive, even after the night's journey, were manifestly more impressed with the villany of the French officials than they were with the kindness of their English neighbors.

"And nothing can be done to punish them?" said the younger of them to Mr. Glascock.

"Nothing, I should think," said he. "Nothing will, at any rate."

"And you will not get back your money?" said the elder, — who, though the elder, was probably not much above twenty.

"Well, — no. Time is money, they say. It would take thrice the value of the time in money, and then one would probably fail. They have done very well for us, and I suppose there are difficulties."

"It could not have taken place in our country," said the younger lady. "All the same, we are very much obliged to you. It would not have been nice for us to have to go up into the banquettes."

"They would have put you into the interior."

"And that would have been worse. I hate being put anywhere, — as if I were a sheep. It seems so odd to us, that you here should be all so tame."

"Do you mean the English, or the French, or the world in general on this side of the Atlantic?"

"We mean Europeans," said the younger lady, who was better after her breakfast. "But then we think that the French have something of compensation in their manners and their ways of life, their climate, the beauty of their cities, and their general management of things."

"They are very great in many ways, no doubt," said Mr. Glascock.

"They do understand living better than you do," said the elder.

"Everything is so much brighter with them," said the younger.

"They contrive to give a grace to every-day existence," said the elder.

"There is such a welcome among them for strangers," said the younger.

"Particularly in reference to places taken in the



coupé," said Trevelyan, who had hardly spoken before.

"Ah, that is an affair of honesty," said the elder. "If we want honesty, I believe we must go back to the stars and stripes."

Mr. Glascock looked up from his plate almost aghast. He said nothing, however, but called for the waiter, and paid for his breakfast. Nevertheless, there was a considerable amount of travelling friendship engendered between the ladies and our two friends before the diligence had left the railway yard. They were two Miss Spaldings, going on to Florence, at which place they had an uncle, who was minister from the States to the kingdom of Italy; and they were not at all unwilling to receive such little civilities as gentlemen can give to ladies when travelling. The whole party intended to sleep at Turin that night, and they were altogether on good terms with each other when they started on the journey from St. Michael.

"Clever women those," said Mr. Glascock, as soon as they had arranged their legs and arms in the banquette.

"Yes, indeed."

"American women always are clever, — and are almost always pretty."

"I do not like them," said Trevelyan, — who in these days was in a mood to like nothing. "They are *exigeant*; and then they are so hard. They want the weakness that a woman ought to have."

"That comes from what they would call your insular prejudice. We are accustomed to less self-assertion on the part of women than is customary with them. We prefer women to rule us by seeming to yield. In the States, as I take it, the women never yield, and the men have to fight their own battles with other tactics."

"I don't know what their tactics are."

"They keep their distance. The men live much by themselves, as though they knew they would not have a chance in the presence of their wives and daughters. Nevertheless, they don't manage these things badly. You very rarely hear of an American being separated from his wife."

The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than Mr. Glascock knew, and remembered, and felt what he had said. There are occasions in which a man sins so deeply against fitness and the circumstances of the hour, that it becomes impossible for him to slur over his sin as though it had not been committed. There are certain little peccadilloes in society which one can manage to throw behind one, — perhaps with some difficulty and awkwardness; but still they are put aside, and conversation goes on, though with a hitch. But there are graver offences, the gravity of which strikes the offender so seriously that it becomes impossible for him to seem even to ignore his own iniquity. Ashes must be eaten publicly, and sackcloth worn before the eyes of men. It was so now with poor Mr. Glascock. He thought about it for a moment, — whether or no it was possible that he should continue his remarks about the American ladies without betraying his own consciousness of the thing that he had done; and he found that it was quite impossible. He knew that he was red up to his hairs, and hot, and that his blood tingled. His blushes, indeed, would not be seen in the seclusion of the banquette; but he could not overcome the heat and the tingling. There was silence for about three minutes, and then he felt that it would be best for him to confess his own fault. "Trevelyan," he said, "I am very sorry for the

allusion that I made. I ought to have been less awkward, and I beg your pardon."

"It does not matter," said Trevelyan. "Of course I know that everybody is talking of it behind my back. I am not to expect that people will be silent because I am unhappy."

"Nevertheless I beg your pardon," said the other.

There was but little further conversation between them till they reached Lanslebourg, at the foot of the mountain, at which place they occupied themselves with getting coffee for the two American ladies. The Miss Spaldings took their coffee almost with as much grace as though it had been handed to them by Frenchmen. And indeed they were very gracious, — as is the nature of American ladies, in spite of that hardness of which Trevelyan had complained. They assume an intimacy readily, with no appearance of impropriety, and are at their ease easily. When, therefore, they were handed out of their carriage by Mr. Glascock, the bystanders at Lanslebourg might have thought that the whole party had been travelling together from New York. "What should we have done if you had n't taken pity on us?" said the elder lady. "I don't think we could have climbed up into that high place; and look at the crowd that have come out of the interior. A man has some advantages, after all."

"I am quite in the dark as to what they are," said Mr. Glascock.

"He can give up his place to a lady, and can climb up into a banquette."

"And he can be a member of Congress," said the younger. "I'd sooner be senator from Massachusetts than be the Queen of England."

"So would I," said Mr. Glascock. "I'm glad we can agree about one thing."

The two gentlemen agreed to walk up the mountain together, and with some trouble induced the conductor to permit them to do so. Why conductors of diligences should object to such relief to their horses the ordinary Englishman can hardly understand. But in truth they feel so deeply the responsibility which attaches itself to their shepherding of their sheep, that they are always fearing lest some poor lamb should go astray on the mountain side. And though the road be broad and very plainly marked, the conductor never feels secure that his passenger will find his way safely to the summit. He likes to know that each of his flock is in his right place, and disapproves altogether of an erratic spirit. But Mr. Glascock at last prevailed, and the two men started together up the mountain. When the permission has been once obtained, the walker may be sure that his guide and shepherd will not desert him.

"Of course I know," said Trevelyan, when the third twist up the mountain had been overcome, "that people talk about me and my wife. It is a part of the punishment for the mistake that one makes."

"It is a sad affair altogether."

"The saddest in the world. Lady Milborough has no doubt spoken to you about it."

"Well, — yes; she has."

"How could she help it? I am not such a fool as to suppose that people are to hold their tongues about me more than they do about others. Intimate as she is with you, of course she has spoken to you."

"I was in hopes that something might have been done by this time."

"Nothing has been done. Sometimes I think I shall put an end to myself, it makes me so wretched."



"Then why don't you agree to forget and forgive, and have done with it?"

"That is so easily said, — so easily said." After this they walked on in silence for a considerable distance. Mr. Glascock was not anxious to talk about Trevelyan's wife, but he did wish to ask a question or two about Mrs. Trevelyan's sister, if only this could be done without telling too much of his own secret. "There is nothing I think so grand as walking up a mountain," he said after a while.

"It's all very well," said Trevelyan, in a tone which seemed to imply that to him in his present miserable condition all recreations, exercises, and occupations were mere leather and prunella.

"I don't mean, you know, in the Alpine Club way," said Glascock. "I'm too old and too stiff for that. But when the path is good, and the air not too cold, and when it is neither snowing nor thawing nor raining, and when the sun is n't hot, and you've got plenty of time, and know that you can stop any moment you like and be pushed up by a carriage, I do think walking up a mountain is very fine, — if you've got proper shoes, and a good stick, and it isn't too soon after dinner. There's nothing like the air of Alps." And Mr. Glascock renewed his pace, and stretched himself against the hill at the rate of three miles an hour.

"I used to be very fond of Switzerland," said Trevelyan, "but I don't care about it now. My eye has lost all its taste."

"It isn't the eye," said Glascock.

"Well; no. The truth is that, when one is absolutely unhappy, one cannot revel in the imagination. I don't believe in the miseries of poets."

"I think myself," said Glascock, "that a poet should have a good digestion. By the by, Mrs. Trevelyan and her sister went down to Nuncombe Putney, in Devonshire."

"They did go there."

"Have they moved since? A very pretty place is Nuncombe Putney."

"You have been there, then?"

Mr. Glascock blushed again. He was certainly an awkward man, saying things that he ought not to say, and telling secrets which ought not to have been told. "Well, — yes. I have been there, — as it happens."

"Just lately, do you mean?"

Mr. Glascock paused, hoping to find his way out of the scrape, but soon perceived that there was no way out. He could not lie, even in an affair of love, and was altogether destitute of those honest subtleties — subterfuges honest in such position — of which a dozen would have been at once at the command of any woman, and with one of which, sufficient for the moment, most men would have been able to arm themselves. "Indeed, yes," he said, almost stammering as he spoke. "It was lately, — since your wife went there." Trevelyan, though he had been told of the possibility of Mr. Glascock's courtship, felt himself almost aggrieved by this man's intrusion on his wife's retreat. Had he not sent her there that she might be private; and what right had any one to invade such privacy? "I suppose I had better tell the truth at once," said Mr. Glascock.

"I want to see Miss Rowley."

"O, indeed."

"My secret will be safe with you, I know."

"I did not know that there was a secret," said Trevelyan. "I should have thought that they would have told me."

"I don't see that. However, it does n't matter

much. I got nothing by my journey. Are the ladies still at Nuncombe Putney?"

"No, they have moved from there to London."

"Not back to Curzon Street?"

"O dear, no. There is no house in Curzon Street for them now." This was said in a tone so sad that it almost made Mr. Glascock weep. "They are staying with an aunt of theirs, — out to the east of the city."

"At St. Diddulph's?"

"Yes, — with Mr. Outhouse, the clergyman there. You can't conceive what it is not to be able to see your own child; and yet, how can I take the boy from her?"

"Of course not. He's only a baby."

"And yet all this is brought on me solely by her obstinacy. God knows, however, I don't want to say a word against her. People choose to say that I am to blame, and they may say so, for me. Nothing that any one may say can add anything to the weight that I have to bear." Then they walked to the top of the mountain in silence, and in due time were picked up by their proper shepherd and carried down to Susa, at a pace that would give an English coachman a concussion of the brain.

Why passengers for Turin, who reach Susa dusty, tired, and sleepy, should be detained at that place for an hour and a half, instead of being forwarded to their beds in the great city, is never made very apparent. All travelling officials on the continent of Europe are very slow in their manipulation of luggage; but as they are equally correct, we will find the excuse for their tardiness in the latter quality. The hour and a half, however, is a necessity, and it is very grievous. On this occasion the two Miss Spaldings ate their supper, and the two gentlemen waited on them. The ladies had learned to regard at any rate Mr. Glascock as their own property, and received his services, graciously indeed, but quite as a matter of course. When he was sent from their peculiar corner of the big dirty refreshment-room to the supper-table to fetch an apple, and then desired to change it because the one which he had brought was spotted, he rather liked it. And when he sat down with his knees near to theirs, actually trying to eat a large Italian apple himself simply because they had eaten one, and discussed with them the passage over the Mont Cenis, he began to think that Susa was, after all, a place in which an hour and a half might be whiled away without much cause for complaint.

"We only stay one night at Turin," said Caroline Spalding, the elder.

"And we shall have to start at ten, — to get through to Florence to-morrow," said Olivia, the younger. "Isn't it cruel, wasting all this time when we might be in bed?"

"It is not for me to complain of the cruelty," said Mr. Glascock.

"We should have fared infinitely worse if we had n't met you," said Caroline Spalding.

"But our republican simplicity won't allow us to assert that even your society is better than going to bed after a journey of thirty hours," said Olivia.

In the mean time Trevelyan was roaming about the station moodily by himself, and the place is one not apt to restore cheerfulness to a moody man by any resources of its own. When the time for departure came, Mr. Glascock sought him and found him; but Trevelyan had chosen a corner for himself in a carriage, and declared that he would rather



avoid the ladies for the present. "Don't think me uncivil to leave you," he said, "but the truth is I don't like American ladies."

"I do, rather," said Mr. Glascock.

"You can say that I've got a headache," said Trevelyan. So Mr. Glascock returned to his friends, and did say that Mr. Trevelyan had a headache. It was the first time that a name had been mentioned between them.

"Mr. Trevelyan! What a pretty name. It sounds like a novel," said Olivia.

"A very clever man," said Mr. Glascock, "and much liked by his own circle. But he has had trouble, and is unhappy."

"He looks unhappy," said Caroline.

"The most miserable-looking man I ever saw in my life," said Olivia. Then it was agreed between them, as they went up to Trompetta's hotel, that they would go on together by the ten o'clock train to Florence.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VERDICT OF THE JURY, — "MAD, MY LORD."

Trevelyan was left alone at Turin when Mr. Glascock went on to Florence with his fair American friends. It was imperatively necessary that he should remain at Turin, though he had no business there of any kind whatever, and did not know a single person in the city. And of all towns in Italy Turin has perhaps less of attraction to offer to the solitary visitor than any other. It is new and parallellogrammatic as an American town, is very cold in cold weather, very hot in hot weather, and now that it has been robbed of its life as a capital, is as dull and uninteresting as though it were German or English. There is the Armory, and the river Po, and a good hotel. But what are these things to a man who is forced to live alone in a place for four days, or perhaps a week? Trevelyan was bound to remain at Turin till he should hear from Bozzle. No one but Bozzle knew his address; and he could do nothing till Bozzle should have communicated to him tidings of what was being done at St. Didulph's.

There is, perhaps, no great social question so imperfectly understood among us at the present day as that which refers to the line which divides sanity from insanity. That this man is sane and that other unfortunately mad we do know well enough; and we know also that one man may be subject to various hallucinations, — may fancy himself to be a teapot, or what not, — and yet be in such a condition of mind as to call for no intervention either on behalf of his friends or of the law; while another may be in possession of intellectual faculties capable of lucid exertion for the highest purposes and yet be so mad that bodily restraint upon him is indispensable. We know that the sane man is responsible for what he does, and that the insane man is irresponsible; but we do not know, — we only guess wildly at the state of mind of those who now and again act like madmen, though no court or council of experts has declared them to be mad. The bias of the public mind is to press heavily on such men till the law attempts to touch them, as though they were thoroughly responsible; and then, when the law interferes, to screen them as though they were altogether irresponsible. The same jurymen who would find a man mad who has murdered a young woman, would in private life express a desire that the same

young man should be hung, crucified, or skinned alive, if he had moodily and without reason broken his faith to the young woman in lieu of killing her. Now Trevelyan was, in truth, mad on the subject of his wife's alleged infidelity. He had abandoned everything that he valued in the world, and had made himself wretched in every affair of life, because he could not submit to acknowledge to himself the possibility of error on his own part. For that, in truth, was the condition of his mind. He had never hitherto believed that she had been false to her vow, and had sinned against him irredeemably; but he had thought that in her regard for another man she had slighted him; and, so thinking, he had subjected her to a severity of rebuke which no high-spirited woman could have borne. His wife had not tried to bear it, — in her indignation had not striven to cure the evil. Then had come his resolution that she should submit, or part from him; and, having so resolved, nothing could shake him. Though every friend he possessed was now against him, — including even Lady Milborough, — he was certain that he was right. Had not his wife sworn to obey him, and was not her whole conduct one tissue of disobedience? Would not the man who submitted to this find himself driven to submit to things worse? Let her own her fault, let her submit, and then she should come back to him.

He had not considered, when his resolutions to this effect were first forming themselves, that a separation between a man and his wife once effected cannot be annulled, and as it were cured, so as to leave no cicatrice behind. Gradually, as he spent day after day in thinking on this one subject, he came to feel that, even were his wife to submit, to own her fault humbly, and to come back to him, this very coming back would in itself be a new wound. Could he go out again with his wife on his arm to the houses of those who knew that he had repudiated her because of her friendship with another man? Could he open again that house in Curzon Street, and let things go on quietly as they had gone before? He told himself that it was impossible; that he and she were ineffably disgraced; that, if reunited, they must live buried out of sight in some remote distance. And he told himself, also, that he could never be with her again night or day without thinking of the separation. His happiness had been shipwrecked.

Then he had put himself into the hands of Mr. Bozzle, and Mr. Bozzle had taught him that women very often do go astray. Mr. Bozzle's idea of female virtue was not high, and he had opportunities of implanting his idea on his client's mind. Trevelyan hated the man. He was filled with disgust by Bozzle's words, and was made miserable by Bozzle's presence. Yet he came gradually to believe in Bozzle. Bozzle alone believed in him. There were none but Bozzle who did not bid him to submit himself to his disobedient wife. And then, as he came to believe in Bozzle, he grew to be more and more assured that no one but Bozzle could tell him facts. His chivalry, and love, and sense of woman's honor, with something of manly pride on his own part, — so he told himself, — had taught him to believe it to be impossible that his wife should have sinned. Bozzle, who knew the world, thought otherwise. Bozzle, who had no interest in the matter, one way or the other, would find out facts. What if his chivalry and love and manly pride had deceived him? There were women who sinned. Then he prayed that his wife



might not be such a woman, and got up from his prayers almost convinced that she was a sinner.

His mind was at work upon it always. Could it be that she was so base as this,—so vile a thing, so abject, such dirt, pollution, filth? But there were such cases. Nay, were they not almost numberless? He found himself reading in the papers records of such things from day to day, and thought that in doing so he was simply acquiring experience necessary for himself. If it were so, he had indeed done well to separate himself from a thing so infamous. And if it were not so, how could it be that that man had gone to her in Devonshire? He had received from his wife's hands a short note addressed to the man, in which the man was desired by her not to go to her, or to write to her again, because of her husband's commands. He had shown this to Bozzle, and Bozzle had smiled. "It's just the sort of thing they does," Bozzle had said. "Then they writes another by post." He had consulted Bozzle as to the sending on of that letter, and Bozzle had been strongly of opinion that it should be forwarded, a copy having been duly taken and attested by himself. It might be very pretty evidence by and by. If the letter were not forwarded, Bozzle thought that the omission to do so might be given in evidence against his employer. Bozzle was very careful, and full of "evidence." The letter, therefore, was sent on to Colonel Osborne. "If there's billy-dous going between 'em we shall noble 'em," said Bozzle. Trevelyan tore his hair in despair, but believed that there would be billy-dous.

He came to believe everything; and, though he prayed fervently that his wife might not be led astray, that she might be saved at any rate from utter vice, yet he almost came to hope that it might be otherwise,—not, indeed, with the hope of the same man, who desires that which he tells himself to be for his advantage, but with the hope of the insane man, who loves to feed his grievance, even though the grief should be his death. They who do not understand that a man may be brought to hope that which of all things is the most grievous to him have not observed with sufficient closeness the perversity of the human mind. Trevelyan would have given all that he had to save his wife; would, even now, have cut his tongue out before he would have expressed to any one—save to Bozzle—a suspicion that she could in truth have been guilty; was continually telling himself that further life would be impossible to him if he and she, and that child of theirs, should be thus disgraced; and yet he expected it, believed it, and, after a fashion, he almost hoped it.

He was to wait at Turin till tidings should come from Bozzle, and after that he would go on to Venice; but he would not move from Turin till he should have received his first communication from England. When he had been three days at Turin they came to him, and, among other letters in Bozzle's packet, there was a letter addressed in his wife's handwriting. The letter was simply directed to Bozzle's house. In what possible way could his wife have found out aught of his dealings with Bozzle,—where Bozzle lived, or could have learned that letters intended for him should be sent to the man's own residence? Before, however, we inspect the contents of Mr. Bozzle's despatch, we will go back and see how Mrs. Trevelyan had discovered the manner of forwarding a letter to her husband.

The matter of the address, was, indeed, very

simple. All letters for Trevelyan were to be redirected from the house in Curzon Street, and from the chambers in Lincoln's Inn, to the Acrobats' Club; to the porter of the Acrobats' Club had been confided the secret, not of Bozzle's name, but of Bozzle's private address, No. 55, Stony Walk, Union Street, Borough. Thus all letters reaching the Acrobats' were duly sent to Mr. Bozzle's house. It may be remembered that Hugh Stanbury, on the occasion of his last visit to the parsonage of St. Diddulph's, was informed that Mrs. Trevelyan had a letter from her father for her husband, and that she knew not whither to send it. It may well be that, had the matter assumed no other interest in Stanbury's eyes than that given to it by Mrs. Trevelyan's very moderate anxiety to have the letter forwarded, he would have thought nothing about it; but having resolved, as he sat upon the knife-board of the omnibus,—the reader will, at any rate, remember these resolutions made on the top of the omnibus while Hugh was smoking his pipe,—having resolved that a deed should be done at St. Diddulph's, he resolved also that it should be done at once. He would not allow the heat of his purpose to be cooled by delay. He would go to St. Diddulph's at once, with his heart in his hand. But it might, he thought, be as well that he should have an excuse for his visit. So he called upon the porter at the Acrobats', and was successful in learning Mr. Trevelyan's address. "Stony Walk, Union Street, Borough," he said to himself, wondering; then it occurred to him that Bozzle, and Bozzle only among Trevelyan's friends, could live at Stony Walk in the Borough. Thus armed, he set out for St. Diddulph's; and, as one of the effects of his visit to the East, Sir Marmaduke's note was forwarded to Louis Trevelyan at Turin.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

MISS NORA ROWLEY IS MALTREATED.

Hugh Stanbury, when he reached the parsonage, found no difficulty in making his way into the joint presence of Mrs. Outhouse, Mrs. Trevelyan, and Nora. He was recognized by the St. Diddulph's party as one who had come over to their side, as a friend of Trevelyan, who had found himself constrained to condemn his friend in spite of his friendship, and was consequently very welcome. And there was no difficulty about giving the address. The ladies wondered how it came to pass that Mr. Trevelyan's letters should be sent to such a locality, and Hugh expressed his surprise also. He thought it discreet to withhold his suspicions about Mr. Bozzle, and simply expressed his conviction that letters sent in accordance with the directions given by the club-porter would reach their destination. Then the boy was brought down, and they were all very confidential and very unhappy together. Mrs. Trevelyan could see no end to the cruelty of her position, and declared that her father's anger against her husband was so great that she anticipated his coming with almost more of fear than of hope. Mrs. Outhouse expressed an opinion that Mr. Trevelyan must surely be mad; and Nora suggested that the possibility of such perversity on the part of a man made it almost unwise in any woman to trust herself to the power of a husband. "But there are not many like him, thank God!" said Mrs. Outhouse, briding in her wrath. Thus they were very friendly together, and Hugh was allowed to feel that he stood



upon comfortable terms in the parsonage; but he did not as yet see how he was to carry out his project for the present day.

At last Mrs. Trevelyan went away with the child. Hugh felt that he ought to go, but stayed courageously. He thought he could perceive that Nora suspected the cause of his assiduity; but it was quite evident that Mrs. Outhouse did not do so. Mrs. Outhouse, having reconciled herself to the young man, was by no means averse to his presence. She went on talking about the wickedness of Trevelyan, and her brother's anger, and the fate of the little boy, till at last the little boy's mother came back into the room. Then Mrs. Outhouse went. They must excuse her for a few minutes, she said. If only she would have gone a few minutes sooner, how well her absence might have been excused. Nora understood it all now; and though she became almost breathless, she was not surprised, when Hugh got up from his chair and asked his sister to go away. "Mrs. Trevelyan," he said, "I want to speak a few words to your sister. I hope you will give me the opportunity."

"Nora!" exclaimed Mrs. Trevelyan.

"She knows nothing about it," said Hugh.

"Am I to go?" said Mrs. Trevelyan to her sister. But Nora said never a word. She sat perfectly fixed, not turning her eyes from the object on which she was gazing.

"Pray, — pray do," said Hugh.

"I cannot think that it will be for any good," said Mrs. Trevelyan; "but I know that she may be trusted. And I suppose it ought to be so if you wish it."

"I do wish it, of all things," said Hugh, still standing up, and almost turning the elder sister out of the room by the force of his look and voice. Then, with another pause of a moment, Mrs. Trevelyan rose from her chair and left the room, closing the door after her.

Hugh, when he found that the coast was clear for him, immediately began his task with a conviction that not a moment was to be lost. He had told himself a dozen times that the matter was hopeless, that Nora had shewn him by every means in her power that she was indifferent to him, that she with all her friends would know that such a marriage was out of the question; and he had in truth come to believe that the mission which he had in hand was one in which success was not possible. But he thought that it was his duty to go on with it. "If a man love a woman, even though it be the king and the beggar-woman reversed, though it be a beggar and a queen, he should tell her of it. If it be so, she has a right to know it and to take her choice. And he has a right to tell her, and to say what he can for himself." Such was Hugh's doctrine in the matter; and, acting upon it, he found himself alone with his mistress.

"Nora," he said, speaking perhaps with more energy than the words required, "I have come here to tell you that I love you, and to ask you to be my wife."

Nora, for the last ten minutes, had been thinking that this would come, — that it would come at once; and yet she was not at all prepared with an answer. It was now weeks since she had confessed to herself frankly that nothing else but this, — this one thing which was now happening, this one thing which had now happened, — that nothing else could make her happy, or could touch her happiness. She had refused a man whom she otherwise would have taken,

because her heart had been given to Hugh Stanbury. She had been bold enough to tell that other suitor that it was so, though she had not mentioned the rival's name. She had longed for some expression of love from this man when they had been at Nuncombe together, and had been fiercely angry with him because no such expression had come from him. Day after day, since she had been with her aunt, she had told herself that she was a broken-hearted woman, because she had given away all that she had to give and had received nothing in return. Had he said a word that might have given her hope, how happy could she have been in hoping. Now he had come to her with a plain-spoken offer, telling her that he loved her, and asking her to be his wife, — and she was altogether unable to answer. How could she consent to be his wife, knowing as she did that there was no certainty of an income on which they could live? How could she tell her father and mother that she had engaged herself to marry a man who might or might not make £400 a year, and who already had a mother and sister depending on him.

In truth, had he come more gently to her, his chance of a happy answer — of an answer which might be found to have in it something of happiness — would have been greater. He might have said a word which she could not but have answered softly; and then from that constrained softness other gentleness would have followed, and so he would have won her in spite of her discretion. She would have surrendered gradually, accepting on the score of her great love all the penalties of a long and precarious engagement. But when she was asked to come and be his wife now and at once, she felt that, in spite of her love it was impossible that she could accede to a request so sudden, so violent, so monstrous. He stood over her as though expecting an instant answer; and then, when she had sat dumb before him for a minute, he repeated his demand. "Tell me, Nora, can you love me? If you knew how thoroughly I have loved you, you would at least feel something for me."

To tell him that she did not love him was impossible to her. But how was she to refuse him without telling him either a lie or the truth? Some answer she must give him; and as to that matter of marrying him, the answer must be a negative. Her education had been of that nature which teaches girls to believe that it is a crime to marry a man without an assured income. Assured morality in a husband is a great thing. Assured good-temper is very excellent. Assured talent, religion, amiability, truth, honesty, are all desirable. But an assured income is indispensable. Whereas, in truth, the income may come hereafter; but the other things, unless they be there already, will hardly be forthcoming. "Mr. Stanbury," she said, "your suddenness has quite astounded me."

"Ah, yes; but how should I not be sudden? I have come here on purpose to say this to you. If I do not say it now —"

"You heard what Emily said."

"No; what did she say?"

"She said that it would not be for good that you should speak to me thus."

"Why not for good? But she is unhappy, and looks gloomily at things."

"Yes, indeed."

"But all the world need not be sad forever because she has been unfortunate."

"Not all the world, Mr. Stanbury; but you must not be surprised if it affects me."



"But would that prevent your loving me,—if you did love me? But, Nora, I do not expect you to love me,—not yet. I do not say that I expect it,—ever. But if you would—. Nora, I can do no more than tell you the simple truth. Just listen to me for a minute. You know how I came to be intimate with you all in Curzon Street. The first day I saw you I loved you; and there has come no change yet. It is months now since I first knew that I loved you. Well, I told myself more than once—when I was down at Nuncombe, for instance—that I had no right to speak to you. What right can a poor devil like me have, who lives from hand to mouth, to ask such a girl as you to be his wife? And so I said nothing, though it was on my lips every moment that I was there." Nora remembered at the moment how she had looked to his lips, and had not seen the words there. "But I think there is something unmanly in this. If you cannot give me a grain of hope, if you tell me that there can never be hope, it is my misfortune. It will be very grievous, but I will bear it. But that will be better than pulling and moping about without daring to tell my tale. I am not ashamed of it. I have fallen in love with you, Nora, and I think it best to come for an answer."

He held out his arms as though he thought that she might perhaps come to him. Indeed, he had no idea of any such coming on her part; but she, as she looked at him, almost thought it was her duty to go. Had she a right to withhold herself from him,—she who loved him so dearly? Had he stepped forward and taken her in his arms, it might be that all power of refusal would soon have been beyond her power.

"Mr. Stanbury," she said, "you have confessed yourself that it is impossible."

"But, do you love me? do you think that it is possible that you should ever love me?"

"You know, Mr. Stanbury, that you should not say anything further. You know that it cannot be."

"But, do you love me?"

"You are ungenerous not to take an answer without driving me to be uncourteous."

"I do not care for courtesy. Tell me the truth. Can you ever love me? With one word of hope I will wait, and work, and feel myself to be a hero. I will not go till you tell me that you cannot love me."

"Then I must tell you so."

"What is it you will tell me, Nora? Speak it. Say it. If I knew that a girl disliked me, nothing should make me press myself upon her. Am I odious to you, Nora?"

"No; not odious,—but very, very unfair."

"I will have the truth if I ever so unfair," he said. And by this time probably some inkling of the truth had reached his intelligence. There was already a tear in Nora's eye, but he did not pity her. She owed it to him to tell him the truth, and he would have it from her if it was to be reached. "Nora," he said, "listen to me again. All my heart and soul are in this. It is everything to me. If you can love me you are bound to say so. By Jove, I will believe you do, unless you swear to me that it is not so!" He was holding her by the hand and looking closely into her face.

"Mr. Stanbury," she said, "let me go; pray, pray let me go."

"Not till you say that you love me. O Nora, I believe that you love me. You do; yes; you do

love me. Dearest, dearest Nora, would you not say a word to make me the happiest man in the world?" And now he had his arm round her waist.

"Let me go," she said, struggling through her tears, and covering her face with her hands. "You are very, very wicked. I will never speak to you again. Nay, but you shall let me go!" And then she was out of his arms and had escaped from the room before he had managed to touch her face with his lips.

As he was thinking how he also might escape now,—might escape and comfort himself with his triumph,—Mrs. Outhouse returned to the chamber. She was very demure, and her manner towards him was considerably changed since she had left the chamber. "Mr. Stanbury," she said, "this kind of thing mustn't go any further, indeed; at least not in my house."

"What kind of thing, Mrs. Outhouse?"

"Well, what my elder niece had told me. I have not seen Miss Rowley since she left you. I am quite sure she has behaved with discretion."

"Indeed she has, Mrs. Outhouse."

"The fact is my nieces are in grief and trouble, and this is no time or place for love-making. I am sorry to be uncivil, but I must ask you not to come here any more."

"I will stay away from this house, certainly, if you bid me."

"I am very sorry; but I must bid you. Sir Marmaduke will be home in the spring, and, if you have anything to say to him, of course you can see him."

Then Hugh Stanbury took his leave of Mrs. Outhouse; but as he went home, again on the knife-board of an omnibus, he smoked the pipe of triumph, rather than the pipe of contemplation.

## CHAPTER XL.

"C. G."

The Miss Spaldings were met at the station at Florence by their uncle, the American minister, by their cousin, the American secretary of legation, and by three or four other dear friends and relations, who were there to welcome the new-comers to sunny Italy. Mr. Glascock, therefore, who ten minutes since had been, and had felt himself to be, quite indispensable to their comfort, suddenly became as though he were nothing and nobody.

Who is there that has not felt these sudden disruptions to the intimacies and friendships of a long journey? He bowed to them, and they to him, and then they were whirled away in their grandeur. He put himself into a small open hackney carriage, and had himself driven to the York Hotel, feeling himself to be deserted and desolate. The two Miss Spaldings were the daughters of a very respectable lawyer at Boston, whereas Mr. Glascock was heir to a peerage; to an enormous fortune, and to one of the finest places in England. But he thought nothing of this at the time. As he went he was meditating which young woman was the most attractive, Nora Rowley or Caroline Spalding. He had no doubt but that Nora was the prettier, the pleasanter in manner, the better dressed, the more engaging in all that concerned the outer woman; but he thought that he had never met any lady who talked better than Caroline Spalding. And what was Nora Rowley's beauty to him? Had she not told him



that she was the property of some one else; or, for the matter of that, what was Miss Spalding to him? They had parted and he was going on to Naples in two days. He had said some half-defined word as to calling at the American Embassy, but it had not been taken up by either of the ladies. He had not pressed it, and so they had parted without an understanding as to a future meeting.

The double journey, from Turin to Bologna and from Bologna to Florence is very long, and forms ample time for a considerable intimacy. There had, too, been a long day's journeying together before that; and with no women is a speedy intimacy so possible, or indeed so profitable, as with Americans. They fear nothing, — neither you nor themselves; and talk with as much freedom as though they were men. It may, perhaps, be assumed to be true as a rule, that women's society is always more agreeable to men than that of other men, — except for the lack of ease. It undoubtedly is so when the women be young and pretty. There is a feeling, however, among pretty women in Europe, that such freedom is dangerous, and it is withheld. There is such danger, and more or less of such withholding as expedient; but the American woman does not recognize the danger; and if she withhold the grace of her countenance and the pearls of her speech, it is because she is not desirous of the society which is proffered to her. These two American sisters had not withholden their pearls from Mr. Glascock. He was much their senior in age; he was gentle in his manners, and they probably recognized him to be a safe companion. They had no idea who he was, and had not heard his name when they parted from him. But it was not probable that they should have been with him so long, and that they should leave him without further thought of him, without curiosity, or a desire to know more of him. They had seen "C. G.," in large letters, on his dressing-bag, and that was all they had learned as to his identity. He had known their names well, and had once called Olivia by hers, in the hurry of speaking to her sister. He had apologized, and there had been a little laugh, and a discussion about the use of Christian names, — such as is very conducive to intimacy between gentlemen and ladies. When you can talk to a young lady about her own Christian name, you are almost entitled for the nonce to use it.

Mr. Glascock went to his hotel, and was very moody and desolate. His name was very soon known there, and he received the honors due to his rank and station. "I should like to travel in America," he said to himself, "if I could be sure that no one would find out who I was." He had received letters at Turin stating that his father was better, and therefore he intended to remain two days at Florence. The weather was still very hot, and Florence in the middle of September is much preferable to Naples.

That night when the two Miss Spaldings were alone together, they discussed their fellow-traveller thoroughly. Something, of course, had been said about him to their uncle the minister, to their aunt the minister's wife, and to their cousin the secretary of legation. But travellers will always observe that the dear new friends they have made on their journey are not interesting to the dear old friends whom they meet afterwards. There may be some touch of jealousy in this; and then, though you, the traveller, are fully aware that there has been something special in the case which has made this new friendship more peculiar than others that have sprung up

in similar circumstances, fathers and brothers and wives and sisters do not see it in that light. They suspect, perhaps, that the new friend was a bagman, or an opera-dancer, and think that the affair need not be made of importance. The American minister had cast his eye on Mr. Glascock during that momentary parting, and had not thought much of Mr. Glascock. "He was certainly a gentleman," Caroline had said. "There are a great many English gentlemen," the minister had replied.

"I thought you would have asked him to call," Olivia said to her sister. "He did offer."

"I know he did. I heard it."

"Why did n't you tell him he might come?"

"Because we are not in Boston, Livy. It might be the most horrible thing in the world to do here in Florence; and it may make a difference, because Uncle Jonas is minister."

"Why should that make a difference? Do you mean that one is n't to see one's own friends? That must be nonsense."

"But he is n't a friend, Livy."

"It seems to me as if I'd known him forever. That soft, monotonous voice, which never became excited and never disagreeable, is as familiar to me as though I had lived with it all my life."

"I thought him very pleasant."

"Indeed you did, Carry. And he thought you pleasant too. Does n't it seem odd? You were mending his glove for him this very afternoon, just as if he were your brother."

"Why should n't I mend his glove?"

"Why not, indeed? He was entitled to have everything mended after getting us such a good dinner at Bologna. By the by, you never paid him."

"Yes, I did, — when you were not by."

"I wonder who he is! C. G. That fine man in the brown coat was his servant, you know. I thought at first that C. G. must have been cracked, and that the tall man was his keeper."

"I never knew any one less like a madman."

"No; but the man was so queer. He did nothing, you know. We hardly saw him, if you remember, at Turin. All he did was to tie the shawls at Bologna. What can any man want with another man about with him like that, unless he is cracked either in body or mind?"

"You'd better ask C. G. yourself."

"I shall never see C. G. again, I suppose. I should like to see him again. I guess you would too, Carry, — eh?"

"Of course, I should; why not?"

"I never knew a man so imperturbable, and who had yet so much to say for himself. I wonder what he is! Perhaps he's on business, and that man was a kind of a clerk."

"He had livery buttons on," said Carry.

"And does that make a difference?"

"I don't think they put clerks into livery, even in England."

"Nor yet mad doctors," said Olivia. "Well, I like him very much; and the only thing against him is that he should have a man six feet high going about with him doing nothing."

"You'll make me angry, Livy, if you talk in that way. It's uncharitable."

"In what way?"

"About a mad doctor."

"It's my belief," said Olivia, "that he's an English swell, a lord, or a duke; and it's my belief, too, that he's in love with you."



"It's my belief, Livy, that you're a regular ass"; — and so the conversation was ended on that occasion.

On the next day, about noon, the American minister, as a part of the duty which he owed to his country, read in a publication of that day, issued for the purpose, the names of the new arrivals at Florence. First and foremost was that of the Honorable Charles Glascock, with his suite, at the York Hotel, *en route* to join his father, Lord Peterborough, at Naples. Having read the news first to himself, the minister read it out loud in the presence of his nieces.

"That's our friend C. G.," said Livy.

"I should think not," said the minister, who had his own ideas about an English lord.

"I'm sure it is, because of the tall man with the buttons," said Olivia.

"It's very unlikely," said the secretary of legation. "Lord Peterborough is a man of immense wealth, very old indeed. They say he is dying at Naples. This man is his eldest son."

"Is that any reason why he should n't have been civil to us?" asked Olivia.

"I don't think he is the sort of man likely to sit up in the banquette; and he would have posted over the Alps. Moreover, he had his suite with him."

"His suite was Buttons," said Olivia. "Only fancy, Carry, we've been waited on for two days by a lord as is to be, and did n't know it! And you have mended the tips of his lordship's glove!" But Carry said nothing at all.

Late on that same evening, they met Mr. Glascock close to the Duomo, under the shade of the Campanile. He had come out, as they had done, to see by moonlight that loveliest of all works made by man's hands. They were with the minister, but Mr. Glascock came up and shook hands with them.

"I would introduce you to my uncle, Mr. Spalding," said Olivia, — "only — as it happens — we have never yet heard your name."

"My name is Mr. Glascock," said he, smiling. Then the introduction was made; and the American minister took off his hat, and was very affable.

"Only think, Carry," said Olivia, when they were alone that evening, "if you were to become the wife of an English lord!"

[To be continued.]

## A GAME OF CHAFF.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

### EVENING THE FIRST.

TIME, an hour before dinner on a winter's evening. Place, drawing-room of old Firwood Hall. A warm firelight casts a comfortable glow upon those nearest the ancient chimney-piece, and an occasional fall of a charred log shows that the quiet corners are occupied. It is the fashion nowadays to write no cards after the announcement of a wedding. The announcement itself is not infrequently led up to by no candles. There were no candles on this evening in the drawing-room of Firwood Hall. In the silence you could have heard a pin drop.

"I wish there was some substitute for conversation," I observed, soliloquizing, rather than venturing to disturb the delicious solemnity of our repose by addressing any one in particular.

"So there is," said my uncle, our host, taking me up somewhat sharply, "silence."

There was a short murmur of appreciative satisfaction, and I thought I had better not speak again. So I began wondering. I wondered why my uncle, a handsome man, prematurely gray (handsomeness runs in our family), who had seen the world, and, besides being well read, had a natural aptitude for argument, snubbed an attempt at conversation.

My cousin Mary is in a small easy-chair, so placed as to catch sight of any one coming in by the door on her right. I wonder why she is so silent, and I remember that Dick Grange has not come in from hunting.

If I turn my head very gently over my left shoulder, I become aware of Nelly Ayrton in an angle of low bookshelves; but I can't see Cecil Blane, our Indian major, who went through the Indian Mutiny, and has plenty to say about what he witnessed personally of the atrocious horrors of that dreadful time. He could entertain us all if he chose, as he has done often, in the presence of candles or of daylight. Why does n't the major talk?

There's the young flaxen-headed curate on the cane-bottomed chair. I must shift a bit to see him, as he is near the window recess where Mrs. Dympe is reclining on a sofa. Mrs. Dympe is a very handsome woman, and wears a miniature of poor Dympe, and an ornamented cross, suspended by a chain, round her neck. Dympe was a merchant, and being obliged to go on business to Australia two years after his marriage, took, also on compulsion, a longer voyage than he had intended, and never returned.

There was no conversation from them.

The door opened, and in came the cold air, followed by Dick Grange.

"All asleep?" cries Dick.

"Shut the door," says my uncle, by way of answer; and in another half-minute Dick subsides into some snug little seat not many inches off Cousin Mary's chair. We were not all in the room now, I mean not all the visitors at my uncle's house; there were three bachelors in their rooms up stairs, non-practising barristers, and a midshipman on leave, who had been out shooting. Then there was Alice Grant and her eldest sister, who, being ten years her senior, came out with her as a chaperone. The Grants were our musical force. Why did n't they come down and sing or play, or, at all events, talk?

"No, the fact is," I said within myself, addressing a log, which quite blushed and glowed at being thus singled out for my confidence in such company, "the fact is, my friend, we've all been too long here. We're getting tired of one another, or we all understand each other so well as to make conversation either useless or tedious."

So at Firwood our music and conversation had come to an end. "Some time ago," as the song says, "the stream did flow," but now we are stagnant.

"It was the tea hour after dinner on the memorable night when I have already sketched the party sitting before the fire. We were not one whit more lively than we had been before dinner. A telegram arrived, and with it an apology from the station-master for not having forwarded it three hours before, and a written explanation of the delay.

"From Mr. Gedge," said my aunt, to whom the message was addressed.

"From the Professor?" exclaimed my uncle, "that's capital!"

Every one was delighted at the prospect of seeing Professor Gedge, about whose room my aunt at once went to consult Mrs. Gough, the housekeeper.



Professor Gedge is popular everywhere, but nowhere more than at Firwood Lodge. The girls worship him (my cousins are Mary, Barbara, and Louise, the two latter were to come home from a visit on the day after Gedge's arrival), my aunt admires him, and my uncle consults him. Professor Gedge (whether he is really a Professor of anything, or whether it's the only name they've got for him at Firwood, I don't know) is an essayist: he writes on deep subjects in quarterly reviews; on varied subjects in monthly magazines and weekly periodicals; is secretary to some learned society; is great in geology; knows, as a musician, not only the greatest works of the greatest masters, but also their minor compositions, and gems both English and foreign, which, but for his indefatigable exertions in the cause of Art, would never have seen light in our time and country at all events. He has as much theological knowledge as is required for a Protestant archbishop nowadays, and more than most of the Episcopal Bench and the lesser clergy. As I think over Professor Gedge, and go from one subject to another, from Literature to Art, from Art to Divinity, from Divinity to Philosophy, from Philosophy to Political Economy, I cannot name one upon which his opinion would not be valuable. Put him in a nursery, he will let the children ride him, drive him, pelt him, and when they're tired of that he will gather them round him like a Hans Christian Anderson, and give them an original fairy-tale.

Dick Grange owns that the Professor knows a horse when he sees one (and an ass too); and it was the Professor who started the cricket-club at Firwood three summers ago, actually got up some of the best matches to set it going, and then enrolled its members as a skating-club for the winter. And no one ever yet saw — at least I've never yet met the person who has seen — the Professor out of temper.

The telegram foreran its sender by exactly three-quarters of an hour. I can't describe the welcome we all gave him. He was the Good Fairy coming into the Cavern of Dulness. Nay, even in the half-hour before he arrived we had begun to brush ourselves up, as it were, to receive him. We shook ourselves together, — in short, I have just written down in a former paragraph the name of the sleeping beauty, and the arrival of the Professor was not so much that of the good fairy as of the fairy-led prince who touched the princess's lips and she awoke.

The Professor saw through us in less than twenty minutes after he had entered the drawing-room. He was too wise to propose music or dancing, or telling stories, or any of this kind of kill-time business. No, he was down upon us with a new idea. Not heavily, but just at the right time, and with the right knack of striking flint against flint. In a second we were all sparkling, — Indian major, clergyman, the mighty hunter, match-making mamma, pretty cousin, the musical sisters, sly little Nelly, my uncle and aunt, too, all revived.

At last, the Professor, somehow or other working the conversation into an oiled groove of Social Science, which Dick, somehow or other, mispronounced Sociable Science, proposed an Academia for the promotion of this grand branch of knowledge. We were all at Firwood Hall to join the Academia for sociable discussion of social topics. It might be jest, it might be earnest. Those who took it in jest might have the pleasure of playing at a Game of Chaff. Those who took it in earnest might en-

joy all the importance of Sociable Science Associates.

"Well, and why not start such an academia?" asked the clergyman.

"Of course," returned the Professor; "we'll begin now, here. If our tree takes root, we'll send forth our ramifications, and ask, through the medium of some sociable publication, which will catch the notion, friends at a distance to establish their Local Academiæ, we retaining our central position."

"I don't understand it quite, Mr. Gedge," said my aunt.

"Well, I confess," said my uncle, "that I don't."

"You will, though," interrupted the Professor. "We commence it somewhat after the fashion of a game of forfeits."

"The prayer-bell will ring in ten minutes," observed my aunt.

"Then," answered the Professor, good-humoredly, "within that time I'll start it, and to-morrow —"

"There'll be a great many more here to-morrow," said Mary.

"Good," he continued; "then to-morrow we'll commence our operations."

"But the method?" I asked.

"S-s-h! you'll hear it," answered my uncle.

"I begin like a conjurer," said the Professor. "I ask for a hat" — here my aunt hoped it was n't table-turning; and, being assured that it was not, permitted the Professor to proceed — "or a basket. We all take sheets of note-paper, and envelopes —"

"Not the ones with crests," interposed my aunt.

"S-s-h, 's-s-s-h!" said my uncle, impatiently.

"And supply ourselves with pen and ink. Each one will then write down a question, sign it with some initial or motto, fold it up, and place it in an envelope, which is to be thrown with the others into the basket. Some one will be chosen to sit as judge (in a general assembly it would be a committee and a president), to open the envelopes, and decide upon what questions are to be read out: unsuitable questions will be dismissed without remark."

"You'll be the judge?" cries Dick Grange.

This was carried, of course, *nem. con.*

"I accept the office," answered the Professor.

"I read out three or four questions. They are to be answered at the next meeting, and answered in the same way as the questions were put, that is, on a single sheet of paper, with a signature of some sort, in a sealed envelope. These will be all thrown into the basket, fished out by me, and read aloud. There must be a forfeit or penance for an unsuitable answer, and, therefore, a prize for what appears to the judge or judges the best. What the prize and what the forfeit is to be is a matter for after consideration."

He finished, and every one appeared armed with the necessary implements except my uncle and aunt.

"They will join me as assistant judges *in banco*," said the Professor.

My aunt smiled, and compared her watch with the clock. We knew our time was short, and soon half filled the basket with our envelopes.

The Professor took out four envelopes at hazard.

"In this instance," he said, "I sha'n't stay to pick and choose, but will read the first that comes to hand."

My uncle nodded affirmatively in his character of assistant judge *in banco*.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Firwood Acade-



mia," began the Professor, rising, and bowing all round, "the first question proposed by an unknown member of our congress, unknown save by the signature"—here he referred to the paper—"of NIBBLER,—the first question, I say, proposed for your consideration, and to which answers will be in the basket by six o'clock to-morrow evening, is,—*How would you illustrate your notion of a flirt?*"

We all looked round at one another, every one smiling knowingly.

"No question must be asked by any member of another member," said the Professor, solemnly, "as to the authorship of questions or answers, on pain of expulsion from our honorable society."

"I think that quite right," observed my aunt. "He who could have started such a question as that, about a flirt, I can't make out, unless it was —"

Here the long-expected bell rang, and the first *séance* ended.

#### SECOND EVENING.

The Firwood Academia for the Advancement of Sociable Science, met after dinner, under the able presidency of Professor Gedge. Mr. and Mrs. Ayrtton assistant-judges.

Our party had received considerable additions during the day, and all the temporary guests for the dinner-party of that night were entered on the Academia's books, and duly supplied with paper, pen, and envelope before the time of meeting; so that my uncle's waste-paper basket was more than half full.

"I will at once proceed," said the Professor, "to read to you the answers to the question put by our esteemed contributor, NIBBLER."

*How would you illustrate your notion of a flirt?*

First answer. — Signed THE LAST ROSE.

*A flirt is one who has the power of inspiring a passion, without the capability of feeling one.*

There was a murmur. The Professor hummed; and my uncle asked him to read it again.

"We will put that on one side," he said, fixing it in a clip.

Number two. — By LA MARQUISE.

*A flirt! I detest a flirt; especially if married.*

"That's not an illustration, Marquise. Put it on the other side; this will come under the question of pains and penalties."

More than one of us tried to detect La Marquise. I think it was the lady with the marriageable daughters; at all events, she put up her eyeglasses at that moment.

Third. — Signed TIMON.

*How would I illustrate my notion of a flirt? I answer, a woman.*

"Most unfair," said my aunt.

It was put on the left side.

Fourthly. — Signed GARLICK. The ladies laughed, and thought it was a nasty idea. The assistant-judge, uncle, called silence.

*A flirt is male and female, and one definition will not meet the case.*

"Garlick begins well," observed the Professor.

*The flirt, then, is a selfish coward, who, like the savage king of Dahomey, thinks nothing of the sacrifice of life for the momentary gratification of his or her vanity or desire of amusement.*

"A strong illustration" was the Professor's comment.

"But —" broke in our Indian major.

"S-s-sh," interrupted my uncle.

I saw Mary lift her eyebrows in astonishment.

I wondered to myself if —

Answer five. — JIM. Jim says, —

*My illustration of MY notion of a flirt is that she's bad material for building a wife with.*

That went into the clip without remark. I thought it rather neat myself.

Answer six. — Signed WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*I will illustrate. A flirt is like Hamlet, who says, "Speak, I'll go no further."*

The Professor laughed. We all smiled. My aunt and the lady with the marriageable daughters seemed to be against its acceptance as an answer at all. However, the Professor entered it in the clip, and continued.

Answer the seventh. — Signed GIOVANNI.

*My notion of a flirt is that she's capital practice. Flirtation is rehearsal, and both flirts are actors.*

"I do not think that's a proper answer," exclaimed my aunt, emphatically.

"The protest shall be recorded," replied the Professor, bowing to her with great gravity, and making a note on Giovanni's paper.

The eighth. — QUAVER.

*A flirt is great fun; it is so delightful to sit out a quadrille with him in a quiet corner, and to know no harm can possibly come of it.*

"Hardly an illustration. We'll put it by as a reserve case, as the casuists say," said the Professor, looking towards the clergyman, who knew as much about casuists as I do about shirt-button sewing.

Ninth. — PHILOSOPHER.

"What does he say?" inquired a melancholy-looking young man, in turn-down collars, and as much intellect as all his red hair, brushed well off his face could give him.

"Philosopher says," slowly read the Professor, who seemed to find some difficulty in deciphering the writing, —

*A flirt is like a kettle —"*

"Nettle!" ejaculated the intellectual youth.

The Professor tore up the paper, and the poor creature appeared much abashed. Some one whispered to me that he was taken in the deed, not red-handed, but red-headed. Whoever it was, I told him to be quiet, and said it of the next carroty-haired person I met at another house.

Tenth. — TALLY-HO.

"Tally-ho is generally spelt," observed the Professor, "with two l's; but we'll suppose it arbitrary."

*A flirt carries you a burster up to the fence, and then refuses. The rider comes a cropper.*

"Not bad," said my uncle.

"A burster," said my aunt, thoughtfully.

It was put into the clip on the right, and the next envelope was opened.

Eleventh. — Signed EUCLID.

*A flirt is a being without heart or magnanimity.*

"Ahem!" coughed the Professor, and clipped it.

Twelfth. — VAN DYCK.

*A flirt is like a good portrait. Every one thinks the eyes are following him in particular, and he can interpret the look as best suits his own vanity.*



"There's one in the dining-room of a Puritan," said Nelly.

"It's like that story in Washington Irving," said a gentleman, vaguely.

Silence was again proclaimed.

Thirteenth. — BECKY SHARP.

*I am not a good hand at illustration, and I don't know what a flirt means.*

"A lady's handwriting," said my aunt, looking over the Professor's shoulder.

"Unfair!" exclaimed several voices at once.

"You mus' n't do that, mamma," remonstrated Mary.

"I think we may be allowed to comment upon the handwriting, especially when we've 'ramified,' and produced our questions and answers in print."

This was the Professor's opinion, and after some discussion the practice was voted permissible.

Fourteenth. — TWICE SHY.

*A flirt is like a toy firework, which you enjoy for a time, and throw away before it burns your fingers.*

"A gentleman's hand," said my aunt, using her privilege.

Fifteenth. — Signed A SAVANT.

"A difficult writing to make out," said the Professor. "It might be a lady's, and it might not. A Savant's illustration is, —

*A flirt is an experimentalist in the science of love.*

"Experimentalists destroy life for the public benefit," remarked a medical man.

"This is simple," said the Professor, reading the

Sixteenth. — Signed EVE.

*A flirt is a child of nature.*

"And, remaining a child," said a thoughtful person, who had not spoken since dinner, "never gets married."

"It is scarcely an illustration" was the Professor's decision. A dispute arising on this point, the paper was placed on the left.

Seventeenth. — PUSSYCAT.

"A lady's handwriting undoubtedly, and a very clear one too," said the Professor, smiling.

*Illustrate my notion of a flirt? Yes, with pleasure. Meet me in the Lane when the clock strikes nine," and —*

"It's past that time," observed the Professor, "and the illustration is, perhaps, too practical to be made public."

"It's the last," said my uncle, examining the basket.

"We will take to-morrow to consult upon the merits," the Professor proposed, "and now I will read out the three next questions. That is, ladies and gentlemen members of this honorable society, if you determine upon our continuing the course, and carrying out the plan originally suggested."

The Firwood Academia of Chaffcutters then agreed to the following resolutions: —

1. That through the medium of Once a Week, every one, in or out of the United Kingdom, shall be invited to send answers to the questions published from time to time by the Firwood Academia.

2. That such answers shall be directed to B., care of the Editor of Once a Week, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

3. That every one be invited also to propose questions addressed under cover in the same manner.

4. That the Professor, with a competent central committee of not more than four, shall decide upon the merits, and all questions of prizes, pains, and penalties.

5. That B. shall introduce this, the Academia's object, to the public, with what account of its rise and origin it may seem good to him to give.

6. That B. shall be the secretary of this society, acting for the Professor; but not apart from him, or without his particular authority.

7. That from time to time shall be issued a sum of the correspondence received in Once a Week; but that the Professor be at liberty to select as he will from the questions or answers communicated.

The Professor therefore announces the following questions, and invites answers from all the readers of Once a Week, under the conditions above named:

#### QUESTIONS.

1. The capability for whistling is in general masculine, not feminine. How would you account for this?

2. If you wanted to prove to your husband your love for him, how would you do it?

3. If you wanted to prove to your wife your love for her, how would you do it?

Ladies and gentlemen, honorary members of the Central Academia of Firwood, you are earnestly requested to observe the conditions, and send in your papers as soon as you possibly can.

#### A HIDDEN WITNESS.

"SHE is positively starving, and this money will be the saving of her."

These words were spoken in the course of a conversation between my old friend Mr. John Irwin, retired civil servant and myself; both sitting on a fine September morning in a little summer-house, in the garden of our mutual friend, the Rev. Henry Tyson, Rector of Northwick-Ballham, in the county of Berkshire. The subject of our conversation had been a piece of very flagitious behavior on the part of a wealthy retired tradesman, Harding by name, who lived in the neighborhood. A sum of money, amounting to a hundred pounds, was owing by this man to a widow, living also close at hand, for work done by her husband just before he died. The validity of the claim had been denied by Mr. Harding, and payment obstinately refused.

"I have made it all right, however," said my friend, with something approaching to a chuckle. "It happens that this Harding is to a certain extent in my power. The particulars of a transaction in which he was engaged some years ago, not of the most creditable nature, and all the facts relating to which came before me in the course of my official career, are not only perfectly well known to me, but he knows that I know of them, and is aware that I could, even at this day, use them against him if I chose. Consequently he is always exceedingly civil to me, and when, in the course of a conversation between us yesterday, I explained to him — assuming as I did so a dangerous look which I could see had its effect — that I should take it exceedingly ill if he did not at once consider this poor woman's claim, and forthwith pay her what he had owed to her husband, he turned very pale, and informed me that since a person on whose judgment he could so entirely rely as he could on mine was of opinion, after duly considering the claim, that it was a just one, he would at once give up his own view of the



case, which had certainly hitherto been opposed to mine, and would without delay discharge the liability. He only begged that he might be spared the annoyance of a personal interview with his creditor, and that I would undertake in my own person to see the widow and transact the business part of the arrangement myself.

"You know," continued Mr. Irwin, "how interested I have always been in this poor soul's case, and you will believe how readily I undertook the charge. This very afternoon the business is to be brought to a conclusion. I have arranged to call on Harding (who, as you know, lives close by) at three o'clock to get the money, and I will then convey it with my own hands to the poor woman as a surprise."

"You have never done a better day's work," I said. "How do you mean to go?"

"I shall walk. It is not above a couple of miles. The path across the fields by Gorfield Copse is the nearest way,—is n't it?"

"Yes, by a good deal," I answered. "Would you like a companion?"

"Well, I should like one, certainly," was my friend's answer, "but I feel a little delicacy about introducing a stranger into the business,—either that with Mr. Harding himself, or with my friend the widow, who is the proudest and most sensitive woman in the world."

I assented to the justice of this objection, and, having some letters to write, got up to go, leaving my friend sitting in the summer-house. As I quitted it, turning sharply round to go into the house, I came suddenly upon a man who was emerging from among the shrubs which formed the back of the little arbor.

He was an occasional helper about the place, and I had noticed him more than once, and not with favor. He was a very peculiar, and, as I thought, a very ill-looking man. He was a shy, slouching sort of creature, who always started and got out of the way when you met him. A man with hollow, sunken eyes, a small, mean, pinched sort of nose, and a prominent savage-looking underjaw, with teeth like tusks, which his beard did not always conceal. This beard, by the by, was one of the most marked characteristics of the man's appearance; it being—as was his hair also—of that flaming red color which is not very often seen,—really red, with no pretensions to those auburn or chestnut or golden tints which have become fashionable of late years. The blazing effect of this man's coloring was increased very much by the head-dress he wore, an old cricketing cap of brightest scarlet. He was otherwise dressed in one of those short white canvas shirts, or frocks, which are much worn by engineers, stokers, and plasterers, over their ordinary clothes. There was a great brown patch of new material let into the front of this garment, which showed very conspicuously, even at a distance. His lower extremities were clad in common velveteen trousers, old and worn.

Such was the man who appeared suddenly in my path as I left the summer-house, and who disappeared as suddenly out of it a moment after our encounter, gliding stealthily off in the direction of the kitchen-garden.

I saw my good friend Mr. Irwin once more before he started on his beneficent errand. He was in high spirits, and had got himself up in great style for the occasion with a light-colored summer overcoat, to keep off the dust, and a white hat. I think he had a flower in his button-hole.

There was one part of Mr. Irwin's equipment a little out of the common way, and this was a butterfly-net, fixed to the end of a stick. My friend was a most enthusiastic entomologist, and when in the country never stirred without carrying with him this means of securing his favorite specimens. I joked him a little on the introduction of this unusual element into a business transaction, suggesting that Mr. Harding would think that he had brought it as a receptacle for the widow's money. "I must have it with me," said the old gentleman, "for if I ever venture to go out without it I invariably meet with some invaluable specimen which escapes me in a heart-rending manner. But," he added, "I'm not going to let Harding discover my weakness, you may be sure. I'll leave it outside among the bushes, and recover it when the interview is over."

"Well, good luck attend you any way!" I called after him; "a successful end to your negotiations, and plenty of butterflies."

The good-hearted old fellow gave me a nod and a smile, and, flourishing his net, was presently off on his mission.

I had what we familiarly call "the fidgets" that afternoon. I could not settle down to anything. Having tried wandering about the garden, I now took, in turn, to wandering about the house, going first into one room and then into another, looking at the pictures, taking up different objects which lay about, and examining them in an entire purposeless way.

At the top of my friend's house there was a little room in a tower, which was used as a smoking-room, and also as a kind of observatory; my host being in the habit of observing the heavenly bodies through his telescope when favorable occasion offered. I remembered the existence of this apartment now, and, feeling that a small dose of tobacco would suit my present condition very well, determined to climb the turret staircase, and enjoy a quiet smoke in the observatory.

The room was charming. There were large windows in it, and the view was most extensive, taking in scenery of a very varied kind,—hill and dale, wood, river, and plain. The signs of habitation were not numerous, the country being but thinly populated; still, there were cottages and farm-houses scattered here and there, and even one or two villages in the distance. I lighted my cigar and gave myself up to tranquil enjoyment of the scene before me.

As I sat thus, the clock of my host's church struck three. Remembering that to be the hour of Mr. Irwin's interview with Harding, my thoughts reverted to the subject of the widow's debt, and to the good-nature which my old friend had displayed in giving himself so much trouble and undertaking such a thankless office. My mind did not dwell long on these things, however. I happened to catch sight of the telescope, which was put away in a corner of the room; and being restless, and not in a mood in which total inaction was agreeable to me, I determined to have it out, and examine the details of the landscape which I had just been studying on a large scale.

The day was very favorable for my purpose. The sun was shining, and there was an east wind,—a combination which often produces a remarkable clearness in the atmosphere. Circumstances could not possibly be more suitable for telescopic operations, so, placing the instrument on its stand be-



fore one of the open windows, I sat down and commenced my survey.

It was a superb telescope, and although I knew it well, and had often used it before, I found myself still astonished at its power and range. I set myself to trying experiments as to the extent of its capacity, taking the time by the church-clock of a village two miles off, trying to make out what people were doing in the extreme distance, and in other ways putting the capabilities of the instrument to the test. That done, with results of the most satisfactory kind, I went to work in a more leisurely fashion, shifting the glass from point to point of the landscape, as the fancy took me, and enjoying the delicious little circular pictures, which, in endless variety, seemed to fit themselves, one after another, into the end of the instrument. The little round pictures were some of them very pretty. Here was one—the first the telescope showed me—in the front of which was a small patch of purple earth just brought under the plough. A little copse bounded one side of this arable land; there was a very bright green field in the distance; and in the foreground the plough itself was crawling slowly along, drawn by a couple of ponderous and sturdy horses, a bay and a white, whose course was directed by an old man with a blue neckerchief, the ends hanging loose, a boy being in attendance to turn the horses at the end of each furrow, and generally to keep them up to their work.

A turn of the glass, and another picture takes its place. A roadside alehouse now. One of the upper windows has a muslin half-blind betokening the guest-chamber, another on the ground-floor is ornamented with a red curtain,—the tap-room this, where convivial spirits congregate on Saturday nights. The inn has a painted sign; somebody in a scarlet coat and with something on his head which I can't quite make out; perhaps it is a three-cornered hat, and perhaps the inn is dedicated to the inevitable Marquis of Granby. Stay! I recollect now seeing such an inn in one of my walks in the neighborhood. It is the Marquis of Granby, as I well remember. An empty cart is standing in front of the house, the driver watering his horses, and bearing himself, just before the house-door, where I can see him plainly.

Another and a more extensive turn, and the little railway station comes within the limits of the magic circle. Not much to interest here: a small white-washed, slate-roofed, formal building, hard, and angular, and hideous. A lot of sacks piled up against the wall, waiting to be sent off by the luggage train, a great signal-post rising into the air, a row of telegraphic poles stretching away in perspective.

Now a prosperous farmstead, with a big thatched house, where the farmer and his family reside, with well-preserved sheds and outhouses; there is a straw-yard, too, with cattle standing knee-deep, and eating out of racks well found in hay; and there are pigs wallowing in the mire, and there are cocks and hens jerking themselves hither and thither, and pecking, and generally fussing, as their manner is. This picture in its circular frame pleases me well, and so does the next. A gentleman's seat of the entirely comfortable, not of the showy and ostentatious sort. The grounds are large enough to be called a park, and the house lying rather low, as it was the fashion to build a century or two ago, stands in the midst of them, with a trim and pleasantly formal flower-garden round about it. It is a red brick

house of the Hanoverian time, with a rather high slate (green slate) roof, with dormer windows in it. The other windows have white sashes which are flush with the wall, and not, as in these days, sunk in a recess.

I look long on this scene, and then, not without reluctance, shift my glass, and, turning away from human habitations, begin to examine the more retired and unfrequented parts of the landscape. The magic circle now encloses nothing but trees and meadows, and little quiet nooks and corners, where the lazy cows stand about in shady places too idle even to feed, or where the crows blacken the very ground by their numbers, unmolested by shouting boys, unscared by even the old traditional hat and coat upon a stick. I come presently to a little bright green paddock, with a pony feeding in it,—a refreshing little round picture pleasant to dwell on. There is a pond in one corner of the paddock, surrounded with pollard willows: the water reflecting them upon its surface, as also a little patch of sky, which it gets sight of somehow between the branches.

It is a comfortable and innocent little place this, with a small wood close by, with a haystack near the gate, and stay—what is this? There are figures here—two men—how plainly I see them! But what are they doing? They are in violent movement. Are they fighting, wrestling, struggling? It is so. A struggle is going on between them, and one of the two—he wears a bright red cap—has the best of it. He has his antagonist, who seems to be weak and makes but faint resistance by the throat: he strikes fiercely at the wretched man's head with a thick stick or club he holds, and, pressing on him sorely, beats him fiercely to the ground. The man who has the best of it—there is something more of red about him besides his cap; is it his beard?—does not spare the fallen man, but beats him still about the head—a gray head surely—with his club. Horrible sight to look on! I would give anything to tear myself away from the telescope, or at least to close my eyes and shut out the sickening spectacle. But the butchery is nearly over. The gray-haired man continues yet to struggle and resist, but only for a little while. In a very short time the contest, as I plainly see, will be over. The conquered man, making one more supreme effort, rises nearly to his feet, receives another crushing blow, falls suddenly to the ground, and is still. Merciful Heaven! what is this? Who are these two men? Do I know them? It cannot be that that is my dear old friend lying helpless on the ground, and that the other is the man whom I took note of just now in the rectory garden. It cannot be that this deed of which I have been a witness—inactive, powerless to help or save—is a MURDER!

I felt for a moment as if all presence of mind and power of action had deserted me. What was I to do? That was all that I could say, over and over again, as I sat still gazing through the telescope with an instinctive feeling that I must not lose one single ingredient of the scene before me. All that happened I must see. I recalled my senses by a mighty effort and reasoned as men do in a crisis. What was to be done? The place where this horrible deed was being committed was so far off—about three quarters of a mile as the crow flies—more than a mile by any road I knew of—that there could be no possibility of my getting there in time to be of the slightest service. The end, if it had not come



already,—and I felt certain that it had,—must most surely have come before I could traverse that distance. There was but one way now in which I could be of the slightest service, and that was in securing the detection of the murderer. I must remain at my post and watch his every movement, besides endeavoring to render myself certain, so far as the glass would enable me to be so, concerning his appearance and dress. So there I sat, helpless and spellbound, but watching with devouring eyes. There was a sudden stillness where there had been before so much of struggling and movement. The blows had ceased to fall now. The deed was accomplished, and there was no more need for them. The man himself, the murderer, was still, and I made sure of his identity. There was the red hair, there was the red beard, there was the scarlet cap lying on the ground, there was the canvas frock with the patch in front. There was no doubt. Alas! was there any doubt either about that other figure lying on the grass beside him? The light-colored summer coat which he had worn when I last saw him,—the white hairs. It was nearly too much to bear, but a savage craving for vengeance came to my aid and braced up my energies. I dispelled by an effort of the will a dimness which came before my eyes, and, straining them more intensely than ever, saw the man with the red cap start up, as if suddenly conscious that he was losing time, and set himself to work to rifle the body of his victim. As far as I could see, he was engaged in emptying the poor old man's pockets, and once I thought I saw the gleam of something golden; but this might have been fancy. At all events he continued for some time to turn the body over and over, and then, having, I suppose, satisfied himself with what he had secured, he got up, and, dragging the corpse after him, made his way to the little wood close by, and, entering it, disappeared from sight. And now, indeed, a crisis had arrived when it was difficult in the extreme to know how to act. What if that disappearance were final? What if he should get out of the wood at the further extremity and I should see him no more?

It was a breathless moment. I continued to watch, and hardly breathed. At last; and when I was becoming desperate with uncertainty, I saw something move again. The trees were parted, and at the same place where the murderer had entered the wood, bearing with him the body of my old friend, he now reappeared alone. He stood a moment as if undecided, and then came out, looking behind him first, and then arranging the disturbed boughs as though to make the place look as if no one had passed that way. That done, he stood still for a moment, looking about him as if in search of something, and then he moved across—how unconscious of the pursuer on his track, the telescope following his every step, unseen and unsuspected!—to where at the corner of the meadow there was, as I have mentioned, a little pond with pollard willows round about its margin. He stooped and took up some object lying beside the pond. What was it? There was something green about it. Was it old Mr. Irwin's butterfly-net? I could not see with certainty, but no doubt it was; and no doubt the poor old gentleman had wandered away from the footpath, which was near at hand, in pursuit of some entomological specimen.

The man with the red cap threw this object into the water. Then, taking off his canvas frock, he began to wash the front of it, stained, no doubt, with

blood. Then he washed his hands and face, and putting on the frock, wet as it was in part, stood up, and once more looked suspiciously about. All this took time, but I dared not remove my eye from the glass for a single instant. Once I had tried to reach the bell-handle, but I could not. Something would, however, have to be done presently, and done on the instant.

For he was going. He turned his back upon the pond; looked about, as if to see whether there were any traces of his crime visible; then crossed the field, got over the gate by the haystack, was lost to sight for a moment, appeared again, disappeared again, and finally, after being out of sight for some time, showed at last, walking along the high road, until he came to a roadside inn, that very Marquis of Granby spoken of above, into which he entered.

And now, indeed, I felt that the time had come when some decisive step must be taken. If he were not secured now, while he was in the public-house,—if he got out of it without being taken,—he might get off by ways which were hidden from my range of vision, and so escape. I still dared not move my eye from the telescope or the telescope from the inn-door. It was absolutely indispensable that he should not be able to leave the house without my knowing it. I must not stir then; but as something required to be done instantly, somebody else must stir for me. In a moment I decided on my course. Remaining motionless at my post, I lifted up my voice, and gave utterance to such a succession of shouts that I confidently expected that the whole establishment would rush up stairs to the observatory, thinking that I myself was being murdered. It was not so, however; and, considering the noise I made, it seemed really astonishing how long I called in vain. At last it did appear that I was heard. The head gardener was in the grounds close by, and the sound of my voice reached him at length through the open window. Even when he heard, however, it was evident that he could not make out whence the cries which reached him came. "Who calls?" he cried. "Here," I shouted. "In the tower. Help, help at once! There is not a moment to lose." And very soon I heard the welcome sound of footsteps hurrying up the turret stairs. Almost before the door was opened, or the gardener in the room, I issued my orders. "Jump upon the pony," I cried, still with my glass fixed on the door of the old inn, "and gallop at full speed down to the Marquis of Granby. There has been a murder committed, and the murderer is in that house. He has on a scarlet cap, has red hair and a red beard, and a canvas frock, with a dark patch in front."

"What! My helper here?" cried the gardener.

"The same. Seize him, or, if he has left when you get there, raise the hue and cry, and follow him. He has murdered poor old Mr. Irwin. Don't stop to answer," I added, as the man uttered an exclamation of surprise and horror. "Go—go at once. I dare not leave this post. Go, and if you meet any one on your way send him—her—any one—to me."

The man was a sharp fellow, and disappeared instantly. Very soon I had the satisfaction of hearing the sound of a horse's hoofs galloping out of the yard at the back. Meanwhile, half the household, alarmed by what the man had told them, had rushed up to the observatory, and were now gathered round me as I sat at the telescope. They were silent for a time, and I could feel, though my eyes were engaged, that they were watching me intently.



"What was his name?" I asked after a while.

"His name is Mason," somebody replied: "William Mason." Then there was a silence again, as I went on watching.

"For God's sake, what is it, sir?" cried the old housekeeper, suddenly, in answer, I suppose, to an involuntary exclamation of mine.

"The door has opened," I answered.

"Is he coming out?"

No one appeared for a moment; at last some one passed out. It was not he, however, it was an old woman carrying a bundle.

There were several false alarms of this kind, as different people who had been taking refreshment at the tap came out, one after another, in pretty rapid succession. At last, after a longer interval than usual, the door opened quickly once again.

"It is he," I said, hardly knowing—till I heard the confused murmur of an exclamation from the group behind me—that I spoke. "He has come out. He is looking first one way and then another, and now he is gone, and the gardener will be too late!"

I could still see him, and could make out in which direction he was going.

"Is any one belonging to the stable here?"

"Yes, sir," replied a voice I knew.

"Get a horse saddled at once, Matthew, and bring him round. The swiftest you have in."

In a moment I heard the man's footsteps clattering down the stairs.

"Can you see him still?" asked the old housekeeper.

"At present I can, but I shall not be able to do so long. The part of the road he is approaching is hidden from my view."

Very soon my prediction came true. There was a turn in the road. Trees and buildings and rising ground intervened and hid the figure. It did not show again for a long space; when it did it came out by the railway station.

I sat and thought the situation over, and the conviction forced itself upon me more and more strongly, that this railway station would be the ultimate destination of the murderer, and that the only chance now was to keep a steady watch upon its approaches. But my eyes, especially the left eye, which I had to keep closed, were now so tired that I could hardly use them. I found it, however, by no means easy to get a substitute.

There were only present at this time the women servants and a boy. The boy could not be trusted, of course; and the women, one and all, proclaimed, as they seated themselves by turns before the glass, that they could only see "something dark bobbing up and down at the end of it." At last it was suggested that Martin, the vicar's factotum, who had been out, must be at home by this time, and a servant being despatched in search of him, he presently appeared and took my place at the glass, through which he could see perfectly.

"He lives just there, sir, between the part of the road where you say he disappeared and the station," said Martin, when he had heard all the foregoing particulars; "just behind that row of poplars you see down yonder."

This opened a new view of the matter. Martin suggested that perhaps he had gone home, and that the right course might be to send there to capture him. The propriety of this, however, I doubted.

"Keep your attention fixed upon the station," I

said, "and let me be informed of all that goes on there. He will find his way there at last."

Martin kept his glass fixed on the little building in silence. Everything appeared to be at a standstill for the moment.

"An old woman carrying a basket is making her way slowly to the station," said Martin; "one or two other people are beginning to arrive."

"What sort of people?"

"O, not our man. One is a lad, looks like a gentleman's groom, come to fetch some parcel. The other is a miller with a sack of meal. There are signs of some stir about the place, and I can make out the porters moving about. What time is it, sir?" asked the man, suddenly.

"Twenty minutes past four," I answered.

"The down train is due at 4.29," said Martin.

"That accounts for the bustle."

"Where does it go to?" I asked.

"It's the Bristol train, sir," was the answer.

Just the place where I thought the murderer would want to go.

"There's a cart driven by an old man with a great many parcels, which the porters are removing, and taking into the station; there's a man with a couple of pointers coupled. The train's coming, sir, I can see the smoke, and they're working the signals as hard as they can go. Here's a carriage driving up with a pair of white horses. It's the Westbrook carriage,—I can see the liveries. There's Squire Westbrook getting out, and there are the two young ladies. Here's the postman with his leather bag. Here's a woman with a little boy; the train's in now, and they're just going to shut the doors. Here comes somebody running. He's a volunteer, one of our own corps. He'll be too late. No; the porter sees him, and beckons him to make haste. The volunteer runs harder than ever, the porter drags him into the station, and the door is shut."

"Is there nobody else?" I asked in violent excitement.

"Not a soul, sir, and now the train is off."

"And are you sure you've not missed any one?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"I was profoundly disappointed, and for the moment puzzled how to act. Watching the station was, for the present, useless. There would not be another train until eight o'clock at night. The only chance under these circumstances seemed to be the chance of finding the man at his own house. Thither I determined to go, thinking that even if he were not there I might obtain some information from the neighbors which might prove of use. I got a description of the house and its situation from Martin, and leaving him with directions still to keep a watch on the station, ran down stairs, and, finding the horse I had ordered waiting for me at the door, went off at full speed.

The horse carried me so well that in a very short time I had reached the little clump of cottages to which I had been directed, and one of which was the dwelling-place of the murderer. I dismounted, and, throwing my horse's bridle on the palings in front of the cottage, passed along the little path which led to the door, and proceeded to try the latch. The door was locked. Looking up at the windows,—there were but two,—I saw that they also were firmly secured, and that the blinds were down. The small abode had a deserted look, and I felt that it was empty; but I knocked loudly, nevertheless, and shook the door.

The noise of my arrival and of my knocking at



length disturbed some of the neighbors, and one or two of them appeared.

"Is this William Mason's house?" I asked, addressing one of them; an old man who looked tolerably intelligent, but was n't.

"Yes, sir. But he's not there now. He's gone out," the man replied, after a minute or two devoted to thought.

"Gone out? How long ago?"

"Well," replied the man, after more time spent in reflection, "I should think it was about half an hour."

"Which way did he go?"

The old man took more time than ever to consider this question, driving me almost wild with his delay. Then, after looking first one way and then the other, he pointed in the direction of the station. I was already on horseback again, and just about to move off, when another of the neighbors interposed.

"I do think," said this one, speaking, if possible, more deliberately than the other, "that he went to his drill."

"Drill!" I cried. "What drill?"

"Why, volunteer drill, to be sure."

"What!" I screamed. "Was he a volunteer?"

"Yes, sir. The parson he requires everybody in his employment—"

I did not wait for more, but galloped off, as fast as my horse could go, to the railway station. I saw it all now. In the interval during which we had lost sight of the man he had been home, and, thinking that a change of costume might baffle pursuit, had assumed the volunteer dress as the best disguise at his disposal.

"Does any one here remember a man in a volunteer uniform, who went off just now by the down train?" This was my inquiry, addressed to the first person I met at the station, — a porter, who referred me to the station clerk, to whom I put the same question. This man answered in the affirmative at once. His attention had been particularly directed to this volunteer by his having required change for a five-pound note at the last moment, as the train was going to start.

"For what place did he take his ticket?"

"Bristol."

"That man is a murderer," I said, "and must be arrested. If you telegraph at once to Bath, the message will be there long before the train, and he can be stopped."

And so this terrible experience — the particulars of which I have related just as they occurred — came to an end. The murderer was arrested at Bath, and on his being searched the hundred pounds — except the small sum which he had expended on his railway ticket — were found upon him. The evidence against him was in all points overwhelming. The body of poor Mr. Irwin was discovered in the little wood. I myself directed the search. When it was concluded I wandered away to the willow pond to look for the butterfly net. One end of the stick was visible above the water, the other end being sunk by the weight of the metal ring which was attached to it.

There was no link wanting in the mass of proof. The evidence which it was my part to give on the trial was irresistible. Great attempts were made to shake it, to prove that I might easily have made a mistake of identity; and that such details as I had described could not have been visible through the telescope at such a distance. Opticians were con-

sulted; experiments were made. It was distinctly proved that it was really possible for me to have seen all that I stated I had seen; and though there was much discussion raised about the case, and though some of the newspapers took it up, and urged that men's lives were not to be sacrificed to the whims of "an idle gentleman who chose to spend his afternoons in looking out of window through a spyglass," the jury returned a verdict against the prisoner, and William Mason was convicted and hanged.

The reader may, perhaps, be sufficiently interested in the facts of this case to be glad to hear that the poor woman who was the innocent cause of the commission of this ghastly crime did get her hundred pounds after all, though not from the hands of Mr. John Irwin.

## CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.

[The following reminiscences of Rossini, by Ferdinand Hiller, one of the ablest musicians of the day, will be read at the present moment with peculiar interest. They exhibit many of the characteristics of the departed maestro in a very happy light, — his freshness and geniality, his extraordinary memory and vast knowledge of music, and that absence of selfishness and jealousy which, perhaps, distinguished him even more than his wonderful genius. The conversations which are here commenced will be continued from time to time in the pages of this journal.]

### I.

IN the autumn of 1855 a happy chance led me to Trouville, — that curious mixture of the fashionable bathing-place and the quiet country town. Rossini, at the time of my visit, was the great lion of the place, and the object of the most universal and extraordinary attentions. He had only to show his face to be surrounded by the best and handsomest people in the place; the front seats at the concerts were always his; streets were named after him, and, to crown all, a tailor's signboard in the principal thoroughfare bears, or bore, the name of "Cuiller, Tailleur de Monsieur G. Rossini."

My first introduction to the great composer was as a very young man in Paris. Both there and at Milan I saw him often, and was always treated by him with the greatest kindness and consideration. During my three weeks at Trouville we spent most of our time together. We promenaded for hours on the terrace by the sea, only occasionally suspending our walk for a game at dominos. But even that serious occupation hardly interrupted our conversation; and Rossini would continue through it all inexhaustible in his stories and insatiable in his questions. Our chief topic was music, notwithstanding, or perhaps because, owing to the want of a good piano, I was able to play to him but seldom.

Though sixty-three years of age, his features were still almost unchanged. It would be difficult to find a more intelligent face, a more delicately cut nose, a more expressive mouth, more speaking eyes, or a nobler forehead. There was a southern vivacity about his countenance which was immensely effective both in fun and in earnest; and inimitable in irony, anger, or drollery. His voice was no less pleasant than flexible, and could be infinitely sweet when he chose. His nature was the most sociable one can imagine, and he never tired of chatting and talking, or — often more difficult still — of listening. He had that equanimity characteristic of the nations of the south, — for old or young, great or small, always the right word, and always the same demeanor to all. In short, he had one of those happy dispositions in which everything is native and spontaneous, — nothing forced. As his music, so was he. His



memory was prodigious, and his knowledge of music and musicians—not only of Italy, but of other countries—far greater than most of my countrymen will give him credit for; while his judgment always seemed to me perfectly clear, sensible, and unbiassed, and ever ready to be convinced by argument.

"Those terrible newspaper people!" cried Rossini, one day; "one of them says that I hate railways almost as much as I do German music. What do you think of that? Besides really loving the great German composers, I studied them, as a lad, of my own accord, and never lost an opportunity of knowing them better and better. What pleasure I have had in hearing you play Bach!"

"I certainly have never played his glorious music with more pleasure than when playing to you."

"What a colossal creature to write that mass of music in such a style! It is inconceivable. What to others would be difficult or impossible was mere child's play to him."

"Bach's portrait is splendid," began Rossini again, "so full of life and vigor. He must surely have been a great player."

"Yes. He is said to have improvised things equal to those which the best composers of the day are glad to be able to master," said I.

"Are his works much performed in Germany?"

"Not so much as they should be; but still a good deal."

"That is impossible in Italy, and now more so than ever. We cannot get together large amateur choirs as you do. We used to have good singers in our churches and chapels, but that is all over now. Since Baini's death even the Sistine is going backwards. *Apropos*, how stands the question about the authenticity of Mozart's *Requiem*? Has anything definite been discovered?"

"Nothing new," said I.

"Anyhow, no one but Mozart wrote the *Confutatio*. Isn't it grand? And the *sotto voce* at the end? What modulations! I always had a liking for *sotto voce* in a chorus, but this one sends a cold chill down my back. Poor Mozart!"

"In a biography which concerns you, it is said that Mozart laughed at most three times in his life. What do you think of such nonsense? By the by, there are several things in that book which I want to ask you about. For instance, is it true, that, after you had been learning a short time with Padre Mattei, you asked him if you knew enough to write an opera; and, on his saying Yes, at once made off?"

"Not a bit of it! I had studied three years at the Liceo at Bologna, during which time I had to support myself and help my parents. This I managed, though very scantily. I accompanied the recitatives at the theatre at six paurs per night. I also had a good voice and sang in church. Then, besides my exercises for Mattei, I used to write things for Zamboni and other singers to introduce into operas, or to sing at concerts, and this also brought me in a trifle. When I had got through counterpoint and fugue, I asked Mattei what I might do next. "Pleinchant and canon" was his reply. How much time must I give to them? "About two years." That was too long for me, so I told the good padre, and he perfectly understood, and never bore me a grudge. But I have often regretted since that I did not work longer with him."

"I suppose you had written a great many things before you went to Mattei?"

"A whole opera, *Demetrio e Polibio*, which, in the list of my works, is always mentioned later because it was not performed till after some of my other dramatic attempts, four or five years later. I composed it for the Mombelli family, not even knowing that it would become an opera. When I began studying with Mattei, I could not produce anything for months; I trembled over every bass note, and each middle part made me shudder. But my old courage soon returned."

"Had you begun music at Pesaro?"

"I left Pesaro in my earliest childhood. My father was town-trumpeter, and also played the horn at the theatre; so we got on pretty well till the French arrived, when he lost his place. My mother had a nice voice, and made use of it to save us from want, and so we left Pesaro. My poor mother! she had some talent, though she did not know a note. She sang, as we say, *orecchiante*, purely by ear,—which, by the way, is the case with eighty out of every hundred Italian singers."

"Inconceivable!"

"It certainly is pretty strong. One can understand learning a cavatina by humming it after somebody, but how they manage to remember the middle parts of the *tuttis* is a riddle to me."

"One must be either very musical or very unmusical; but please let us return to yourself. Where did you begin to learn music?"

"At Bologna. A certain Prinetti, of Novara, taught me the spinet. He was a queer fellow; who made liquor, gave a few music-lessons, and so just managed to rub along. He never possessed a bed, but slept standing. At night he wrapped his cloak round him, leaned against the wall in the corner of some arcade, and slept. The watchmen knew him and did not disturb him. Then he came to me very early, got me out of bed, which I did not at all like, and made me play. Sometimes he had not slept enough, and used to go off standing, whilst I was hard at work at my spinet; but I always took advantage of that, and crept back under the bed-clothes. When he woke and found me there, he was quite content with my assuring him that, while he slept, I had played through my piece without any faults. His method was by no means the newest; for example, he made me play the scales with the thumb and first finger."

"That did you as little harm as shirking the canons. But who else taught you?"

"A certain Angelo Tesei taught me to play from figured bass, and how to accompany, and made me practise solfeggi. A once celebrated tenor, Babini, gave me more advanced lessons."

"You had a lovely voice?"

"As a boy I sang well, and I once played the part of the boy in Paer's *Camilla*. But that was my first and last appearance."

"Did any of your companions at the Liceo turn out well?"

"The first year which I spent there was Morlacchi's last, and my third year was Donizetti's first?"

"I thought that Donizetti was a pupil of Simon Mair's?"

"He tried him for a time, but his real musical education was acquired at Bologna; and that he learned to some purpose no one will deny."

## II.

"Who were the Mombelli for whom you wrote *Demetrio e Polibio*?"

Mombelli was a first-rate tenor," said Rossini.



"He had two daughters, one soprano and the other contralto; they got a bass to complete the vocal quartette, and then, without further help, gave operas in Bologna, Milan, and other places. They made their first appearance at Bologna in a small but very fair opera of Portogallo's."

"A Portuguese?"

"No, an Italian. He was not without talent, and thoroughly understood the voice. His compositions were much in favor with many of the best singers. My first wife, Madame Colbran, had about forty of his things in her *repertoire*. The way in which I made Mombelli's acquaintance was funny enough. Though but a boy of thirteen, I was an ardent admirer of the fair sex. One of my fair friends wished for an aria out of an opera of Mombelli's. I went to the copyist; but he would not hear of it. Then I tried Mombelli himself, but he also refused. "Very well," said I; "I'll hear the opera again to-night, and then write out whatever I like." "We shall see," answered Mombelli. In the evening, I listened to the opera as hard as I could, and wrote out a complete pianoforte copy, which I carried to Mombelli. He could not believe it, called the copyist a rogue, and so on. "If you can't give me credit for that," said I, "I will hear it a few more times, and then write out the full score before your own eyes." My great self-confidence, in this case perfectly justifiable, conquered his suspicion, and we became good friends."

"I have often witnessed your extraordinary memory; but to put a whole opera on paper is quiet marvellous."

"Well, it was not a score like Mozart's *Figaro*; but I really may pride myself on my tremendous musical memory at that time. As a young man, I could have accompanied Haydn's Oratorios without a book. I knew the whole Creation by heart, down to the smallest recitative, — true, I had played it through and accompanied it often enough."

"But to return to *Demetrio e Polibio*. Mombelli asked you, then, to write the opera?"

"He first gave me the words for a duet, then for an arietta, and paid me a few piastres for each, so as to make me get on faster; and in this way I wrote my first opera almost without knowing it. Babin gave me plenty of good advice over it. He was violently opposed to certain figures of melody then in vogue, and used every effort to make me avoid them."

"I remember a quartette from *Demetrio* which had a certain celebrity when I was in Italy, and was quoted as a specimen of your precocity. When the opera was put on the stage, did you do anything more to it?"

"No; I was away; Mombelli brought it out at Milan without my knowledge. The thing which astonished people so much in that quartette was its ending with a sort of exclamation from all the voices, instead of the usual close. A duet out of it was much sung for a long time: it was very easy, and that is the chief thing."

"It is strange that with your beautiful voice you never thought of being a singer."

"I thought of nothing else, my friend; but I wanted to learn music more thoroughly than most of the singers I met. I found it easy at an early age, and got a place as *maestro al cembalo*; my first attempts at composition were favorably received, and so I took to it almost by chance, and stuck to it, though I could always see how far better singers were paid than composers."

"No doubt of that. Beethoven barely got as much for all his works as they give Cruvelli every year at the Grand Opera."

"It had not then reached such an insane pitch; but the difference was the same; where the composer earned fifty ducats, the singer would get a thousand," said Rossini, angrily. "I confess that I have never been able to get over this injustice, and have often vented my ill-temper about it to the singers. 'You are a good-for-nothing set,' I said to them; 'you can't even sing as well as I can, and yet in one night you earn more than I get for a whole score.' But what's one to do? The German composers are no better off."

"Not a bit. But they get posts which, if not brilliantly paid, are enough to keep them from actual want. No German has yet been able to live on his operas. But in Italy such matters seem to have improved."

"Decidedly. The early Italian composers had to write God knows how many operas merely to gain a scanty existence. It was much the same with me before I got my appointment with Barbaja."

"Wasn't *Tancredi* your first opera to make a noise in the world? How much did you get for it?"

"Five hundred francs. And when I wrote *Semiramide*, my last Italian opera, at Venice, and stipulated for 5,000 francs, not only the manager, but the whole public, regarded me as a thief."

"It's a consolation to think that singers, managers, and publishers have all grown rich through you."

"A fine consolation. Excepting during my stay in England I never earned enough by music to enable me to put by anything. And in London it was not as a composer that I made money, but as an accompanyst."

"Still, that was because you were a celebrated composer."

"That was what they said to make me do it."

"It may have been prejudice, but I had a kind of repugnance to taking money for accompanying on the pianoforte, and I did it nowhere but in London. All they wanted was to see my nose and hear my wife. I had fixed the rather high price of fifty pounds for our attendance at soirées, and as we went to about sixty it was worth the trouble. But in London musicians do anything for money, and I had some queer experiences. For instance, the first time I accompanied at one of these soirées, they told me that Puzzi the horn-player and Dragonetti the contra-bassist were to be there. Of course I thought they would play solos; but nothing of the kind. They were to help me to accompany! "Have you got your parts for all these pieces?" I asked. "I should think not," was the answer; "we get well paid, and play whatever we like." However, such improvised instrumentation seemed to me rather too dangerous, so I begged Dragonetti to content himself with a few pizzicatos when I gave him the wink, and Puzzi merely to put in a few notes at the end, which, being a good musician, he easily managed. So it all went off smoothly, and every one was pleased."

"I knew a man in London," continued he, "who made a great fortune by teaching singing and music. He played the flute wretchedly, and that was all he could do. Another man, tremendously run after as a singing-master, did not even know his notes. He kept an accompanyst, who drummed into him all the pieces he taught and accompanied them at the lesson; but then he had a good voice."



"Don't you find that a really good singing-master is very seldom to be met with?"

"Most of the famous singers of our time, like Rubini and Pasta, owe their talent more to nature than to hard work. The real art *del bel Canto* ceased with the Castrati; though one certainly would not wish them back again. To these people their art was necessarily everything; and they devoted themselves with the most intense application and untiring care to their own development. They always became thorough musicians, and when their voices failed were capital teachers."

### GRIM FEMALES.

ALMOST all histories and mythologies embody the idea of a race of grim females. Whether as fabulous and complex monsters, like the Sphinx and the Harpies, or in the more human forms of the Fates and the Furies, unsexed women have been universally recognized as forming part of the system of nature, and to be accepted among the stranger manifestations of human life. Yet it is hard to understand why they should exist at all. As moral "sports," extravagances, exaggerations, they are so far interesting to the anthropologist; but as women with definite duties and fixed functions nothing can be less admirable. They are even worse than effeminate men, — which is saying everything. The grim female must be carefully distinguished from the masculine woman, for they are by no means essentially the same, though the types may run into each other, and sometimes do. But the masculine woman, if not grim, but only Amazonian, has often much that is fine and beautiful in her, as we see in her great prototype Pallas Athene; but the grim female *pur sang* is never noble, never beautiful; and the only meaning of her existence — the only mission she seems sent into the world to fulfil — is that of serving as a warning to the young as to what to avoid. The grim female is not necessarily an old maid, as would appear likely at first sight. We find her of all conditions indifferently, — as maid, wife, widow, as mother and childless alike, — and we do not find that her condition in any way affects her character. If she is born grim, she remains grim to the end; and neither marriage nor motherhood modifies her. The grim female of novelists is generally an old maid; but a caricature painted in the broadest lines and from the outsides of things. She is emphatically an odd woman; odd in her dress, her mode, her state. She wears a flapping cap, skimpy skirts, and rusty brown mittens on her bony hands; she has a passionate aversion to men and matrimony; and she lives queerly behind a barricaded house door, with a small slavey, or an elderly female afflicted with deafness, to do her work and bear the brunt of her temper. But she is always odd, and unmarried, and unfashionable, and unlike everybody else, and could never be mistaken for an ordinary woman from the first moment when she appears on the page to the last paragraph of her existence.

Now the grim female of real life may be one of the most conventional of her sex; in fact, she generally is one of the most conventional of her sex; she is one who rules her household with a rod of iron carefully wrought after the pattern of her neighbors' rods, and to whom a dish set awry, or the second-best china instead of the best, counts for as great a moral delinquency in her servants as a breach of one of the Ten Commandments. She is a woman who regards

being out of the fashion or foremost in the fashion, as equally reprehensible, and to whom dress is among the most important matters of life. Wherefore she is notorious for a certain grim grandeur of style, as one who respects herself by her clothes, and is known among other women as possessing handsome lace and costly velvet in profusion. Are not lace and velvet *de rigueur* for women of condition? and what is the grim female but the embodiment of the "rigor of the game" in all matters? Therefore she clothes herself sumptuously, without elegance or taste, and would as soon be seen abroad in her dressing-gown and slippers as without her characteristic heavy velvet mantle or rustling silk gown. But the artist's little wife, in her fresh muslin and nice admixture of colors, sails round her for grace and beauty at about one-twentieth part of what the grim female's stately ugliness has cost.

One characteristic of the grim female is her want of any of the womanly passion for children. She may have so much maternal instinct perverted as to be on friendly terms with a dog or two, a cat, or maybe a cockatoo; but she has no real affection for children, no comprehension of child nature, and the "sublime nonsense" of the nursery is a thing unknown to her from first to last. If she has children of her own, she treats them in a hard wooden way that has nothing of the ideal mother about it.

She generally sees that they are properly cared for, because she is a disciplinarian; but though she is inexorable on the score of cold baths and "no trash," she never condescends to the weakness of love. If her little ones are sick, they are set aside and dosed until they are well; if they are naughty, they are punished; but they never know those moments of tender indulgence which help them over a period of indisposition not severe enough for actual doctoring, yet throwing them out of gear, and inducing a spell of what ignorance calls naughtiness. Rhadamanthus was a weakling compared to the grim female in her nursery; and what she is in her nursery she continues to be in the school-room, and the drawing-room to follow. Her children are always causes of annoyance to the grim female, and the first stirrings of individuality, the first half-unconscious trials of their young strength, are offences she cannot away with. Children and inferiors they are in her eyes, even when grown up and married; and she exacts from them the humility and deference of their lower condition. Hence she is one to whom the present generation is undeniably worse than the past, one who groans over the follies and shortcomings of the times, and who thinks that good conduct died out with her own youth, and that it is not likely, by the look of things, to be restored. In fact, youth itself is the root and basis of offence; and if she coerces children, she tyrannizes over girls and snobs young men with a quite impartial hand.

The grim female is not necessarily a strong-minded woman, or a learned woman, like those who wear spectacles, go to scientific meetings, and are great in the classics and the 'ologies. She may be of the emancipated class; it all depends on chance; and a grim female, when of the emancipated, is a very formidable person indeed. But she is not necessarily one of these. On the contrary, part of her very grimness comes from her intense conservatism and uncompromising conventionality. Nothing is so abhorrent to her as innovation or novelty in any shape. She does not hold with any one out of the narrowest groove of respectable beliefs, in what direction soever the diverging line may go. A Ro-



manist or a Baptist, a Jew or or an infidel, it is all one to her; each is equally dreadful to her, and eternally foredoomed. She is of the orthodox Church, without fal-lals; as far removed from Ritualism as she is from ranting, and demanding for herself that infallibility of judgment and absolute possession of the truth which she denies to the Pope and all his cardinals. Beware how you broach new doctrines in her presence. She has been known before now to abjure her nearest relatives for no greater moral lapse than a weak belief in globules; while as for anything like graver aberrations, say on the ape theory or on the plurality of races, on historical religion or on a republican form of government, she has no toleration whatever. If the Smith-field fires existed at the present day, the grim female would be the first to light the fagots. It is all the same if she belongs to any Dissenting persuasion, part of her grimness coming from her intolerance, and her own beliefs being simply the springboard on which she stands.

Many causes produce the grim female. It may be that she is grim from social pride, as well as from natural hardness. If she has been used to live with people whom, rightly or wrongly, she considers her inferiors, she will probably queen it over them in a very unmistakable manner. The prelate blood is renowned for this sort of thing, and a bishop's daughter, or an archbishop's grand-daughter, or Mrs. Prondie, prelate by marriage only, if of the grim class, is one of the grimmest of her class. The halo of sanctity round the mitre and crozier will be greater in her eyes than the glitter of the strawberry-leaves, and she holds herself consecrated by her birth to the understanding of every moral question, and specially to the final settlement of every tough theological position.

Or she may be grim because of her isolation and meagre intercourse with the world at large; such as she is found in the remoter districts. This kind comes into the exceptional or novelist's class, and is often more masculine than grim. These are the women who hunt and fish and shoot like men, and who may be found in all weathers wandering alone about the mountains in short petticoats and spatterdashes, — women who affect to be essentially mannish in person, habits, and attire, and who may be quite jolly, easy-going fellows in their own way, or else grim and trenchant, as nature or the fit takes them. This is a kind not at all uncommon in country places among the higher class of resident ladies; ladies who are so highly placed locally that they can afford to disregard public opinion, and who are so independent by disposition that they naturally go off to the manly side, and make themselves bad imitations as the best they can do.

The grim female tries her strength with all newcomers. She is like one of the giants or black knights of old romance, who lived in castles or caves, whence they pounced like tigers on all passers-by, and either wrung their necks if they conquered, or retreated, howling, if discomfited. This is what the grim female does in her degree. She dashes on all who are presented to her, and has a passage of arms as the first act of the new drama. If her opponents yield out of timidity or good-breeding, or perhaps from not understanding the warlike nature of the encounter, she puts her foot on them forthwith, and ignominiously crushes them; if they defy her, and give her back blow for blow, ten to one she cuts them, and becomes their enemy forever after. For she has not breadth enough to be magnanimous, and

the one thing she never forgives is successful opposition. Very grim is she in the presence of human weakness, moral and physical.

Woe to that unhappy maid of hers who has slipped on the narrow path of prudence! She will be turned out to perish with no more compunction than if she were a black beetle to be swept out of the way. As a nurse the grim female is precise, punctual, but inexorable. She would give the patient a fit of nervous hysterics that would throw him back for a week, rather than allow him five minutes' grace in the matter of a painful operation or a nauseous draught. Without variableness or weakness herself, she cannot endure it in others, and whosoever comes under her hand must be content to remain in shape, and to keep well braced up to the utmost rigidity of duty. If she had to lose an arm or a leg, she would go to her trouble like a Trojan; and why not others? She would merely tighten her lips and hold her breath, and then would sit down to let herself be hacked and mangled without a groan or a word. To judge of her by the notice given of her in her sister's life, Emily Brontë was of the grim class, and about the grimmest for her age and state that could well be found. Had she lived, and lived unsoftened, she would have been one unbroken mass of iron and granite, without a soft spot anywhere. Her very love was fiercer than other women's hate; her strength was more terrible than a man's anger, and her passions were as fiery as furnace flames. Of all the examples we could cite, she seems about the fittest for our model.

A grim female has no mercy. She may be just, but if she is so it is in a hard uncompromising way that makes her justice worse than others' partiality. For justice can be sad, even if unwavering; and the grim female is never sad, how painful soever the work on hand and the sentence to be executed. Neither is she gay; for she is not plastic enough to be either one or the other. She is run into an iron mould, where her nature is compressed as in a vice, and she allows of no expansion, no lipping over, no bursting of bounds anyhow. What would become of us if all our women were like her? Without any of the little female weaknesses at which we have our laugh, and yet which we do not wholly dislike, — without any of the pretty coaxing ways which we know warp our better judgment and take us out of the strict course; and yet how pleasant that warping process is! — without any even of the transient petulances which gives so much light and shade to a woman's character, the grim female stands like an old-world Gorgon, turning living flesh and blood to stone. When we look at her, we are inclined to forgive all the smallness and silliness which sometimes vex us in the ordinary woman, and to think that there are worse things than the love of dress for which we so often reproach our wives and daughters; that flirting — which is reprehensible, no doubt — might be exchanged for something even more reprehensible; and that vanity of the giggling, coquettish kind, though to be steadily discouraged and sternly repressed, is not quite the worst feminine thing after all. Surely not! — a grim female who cannot flirt nor giggle, nor cry and kiss and make up when scolded, is far away a worse kind of thing than a feather-headed little puss who is always doing wrong by reason of her foolish brain, but who manages somehow to pull herself right because of her loving heart. Weak women, vain women, affected women, and the whole class of silly women, whatever the speciality of silliness exhibited, are tiresome



enough, Heaven knows; but unsatisfactory as they are, they are better than the grim female, — that woman of no sex, born without softness or sympathy, and living without pity and without love.

### RAWDON'S RAID.

A STORY OF THE SNOW.

#### I. — IN THE LOOSE-BOX.

THE ancient hostler of "The Jocelyn Arms" led the way across the hard-frozen stable-yard to the loose-box in the corner; the two men from the Court followed.

"Fyle have gone out, Major," old Spavin grunted to the elder of the pair; "but he said 't were likely you 'd be down to see the mare; and so he left the key with me."

"All right!" the Major nodded between two little blue clouds of Cavendish. "Yes; I've brought down Mr. Jocelyn to look at her. Let Fyle know I'm here when he comes back, — will you?" he added when the old man had unlocked the creaking door.

Mr. Spavin took the hint and his departure. The Major and his friend, Dick Jocelyn, passed into the well-warmed and littered loose-box.

"There she is, Dick!" the mare's owner remarked, when the biting breath of that bitter winter's day had been shut out once more; "there she is! Worth coming here to look at, — ain't she?"

Dick Jocelyn, usually a man of few words, wagged his handsome head affirmatively. The mare was rubbing hers, with a low whinny of delight against the Major's shoulder.

"Ah! Lucia, *mia bella*," Rawdon Daringham apostrophized his pet, patting her glossy neck; "you'll show them the way to-night, — won't you?"

Lucia dropped her ears, and whinnied again for answer. The Hussar looked meaningly in his companion's face as he whistled a bar of "Young Lochinvar." Dick Jocelyn seemed to understand, and responded with an eloquent grin.

Then, from sheer habit, the two fell to discussing the mare's points for the next five minutes, offering sacrifice, as it were, to the *genius loci*. For both were thinking about a very different matter all the time. At last they made an end of that, and were standing, the one leaning against the manger, the other against the wall, meeting each other's eyes, very much like a pair of Augurs.

"Well!" Dick Jocelyn said, breaking the silence with rather an injured air at its being left to his taciturn self to break it; "you'll have to do it, you know!"

"I think so," Daringham responded; "shortest way, and best way too. She could n't stand another week of this *butor's* persecution. And I don't see how else I'm to put a stop to it, unless I have a row with him, which would be a bore, and might do no good after all."

"Make it all the worse!" Dick affirmed. "Jeff would n't fight you, you know; and he'd simply take it out of her, the cad!"

Daringham's dark face grew darker, and his teeth closed ominously hard on the thick gray amber between them.

"I know that," he said; "I know that, Dick. That's what has made me quiet with the fellow so long. But that was before I knew she hated him, and — you understand?"

Jocelyn nodded. The other went on.

"Now it's different. I've a right now to inter-

fere if he annoys her; and I mean to, once for all. Only, as you say, the man won't fight; and I shall put it out of his power to revenge himself on her. There's only one way to do it, and that's this."

Dick signified assent in his favorite fashion.

"Of course," Daringham continued, "I'm sorry to cause any annoyance to Lady Hope; to have to upset her plans, and deprive her of her chosen *beau-fils*; but, under the circumstances, I don't see what else we're to do, your cousin and I. Lady Hope, you know, does me the honor to hate me very cordially. Natural enough she should when Mr. Marsden is her standard of perfection. I should have, as far as she is concerned, no chance whatever of winning in the usual way. Now I happen to have set my heart on winning this time, Marsden or no Marsden; and I simply mean to adopt my lady's motto, 'Every one for himself,' and act accordingly."

Rawdon pointed his words by a few more bars of "Young Lochinvar," while he knocked the tobacco-ash from the brown meerschaum bowl.

"Fancy I see the 'puir fulish bridegroom's' expressive countenance when he discovers you've bolted! the grinning Dick felt constrained to say. "It was a simply heavenly idea of mine, this!"

He chuckled fondly over the "heavenly idea," and the vision he had conjured up, for a minute or two. Then, relapsing into his wonted impassability of demeanor, he inquired: —

"To-night, eh?"

"That depends," the other answered, "on Fyle's report. I've sent him over to the Ashbridge Station to know if they will try and get the Paris Mail through to-night. The line's blocked heavily between Ashbridge and Dover; but as they've been at work for the last two days, and there has been no wind to-day to make a fresh drift, there is just the chance they will manage it. If they do, we're all right; if they don't, *partie remise*, that's all!"

"You're a jolly cool hand, Don!" Dick muttered, admiringly. "Said anything to her yet?"

"Not advisable till I've seen Fyle. No use in troubling her before her time, poor child! But I've had a little conversation with Mademoiselle Fanchon, who quite understands what she's got to do, and will be only too delighted to do it. The notion of a trip to Paris won her at once."

"Good girl that," observed Dick; "hates old Jeff like poison too."

"Most women generally do manage to hate Mr. Marsden, somehow," Rawdon responded, "like most men. Well, Fanchon is all right, and will see about the baggage. She'll join us at Ashbridge under Fyle's escort, if the business is to be done to-night."

"And the way we arranged hold, good?"

"Barring accidents or anything unforeseen in Fyle's report presently, — yes. There's some one riding into the yard now. He's come back, I dare say."

The Major pushed open the door and looked out.

"I thought so, Dick," he said. "Here he is."

A man in a groom's undress, with "soldier" stamped upon him unmistakably, was swinging himself off his horse, and bawling for Mr. Spavin.

"Here, Fyle!" Rawdon called, as the ancient hostler came shivering and shambling out of the warm tap-room, and took the hussar's bride. Mr. Fyle turned, made his appearance in Lucia's loose-box the next minute, and, subsequently, his soldier-like report. The line would be clear enough of snow, the Ashbridge station-master had told him, by an early hour the next morning to admit of an at-



tempt, at all events, being made to get the long delayed Paris Mail through to Dover, supposing, of course, no fresh fall took place and no wind came on to occasion a fresh drift. The Mail was expected in such case to reach Ashbridge about four A.M.; and Mr. Fyle had taken upon himself to secure a compartment for his master. Below Ashbridge the rails were reported free; so that if the train got as far as that station there was no likelihood of its being blocked up again further on.

On this Mr. Fyle had certain orders given him; and then Rawdon Daringham, Major of "Ours," and his friend, Dick Jocelyn the Guardsman, walked, talking rather earnestly together, through the straggling street of the little Kentish village where the last red rays of the wintry afternoon sun were gleaming on frosted window-panes, and so through the lower lodge-gates and the long avenue of snow-draped elms back to Dane Court.

Ex-private John Fyle watched them a brief while, stroking his mustache as he had seen his master stroke his.

"Ah!" he thought aloud, as he turned away; "that's the Major's little game, — is it? And a very pretty little game too!"

## II. — SEULE À SEULE.

"Hilda! You love him?"

"O Helen!"

Miss Jocelyn's confession in two words, made with such a piteous little sigh, such a telltale hiding of a blush-rose face in her confessor's lap! The said confessor looked grave, but stroked the penitent's fair hair fondly and forgivingly enough, notwithstanding.

Then there was silence for a space in that little chamber where the cousins sat that wintry gloaming over the log-fire. Cousin Helen's room, they called it at Dane Court. It looked over the lawn upon the park and the great elms of the Long Avenue, up which Dick Jocelyn and his friend were walking just then, after their visit to Lucia's loose-box.

It was of one of those two out there in the snow that Helen Carew and Hilda Jocelyn had been talking for the last half-hour, till their talk had ended in that last question and answer we have overboard. It began again, of course, in a minute or two. Naturally it could not be let to die there.

"My poor darling!" Helen said, bending over the golden head nestling in the folds of her dress. "Since when?"

"Always, I think. Always, since that first night I saw him. O Nell, I could not help it!" — as though the child anticipated rebuke, and were trying to deprecate it.

But the other had not, apparently, the heart to be hard with the criminal. Nay, she bent over her pet closer, and put her hands under the criminal's cheek and chin, and lifted up the flushed, tear-stained little face, and kissed it. That kiss was absolution in full. Hilda felt that; so the tears fell faster. Helen let them have their way awhile before she said: —

"That was six months ago, Mignonne. I remember; at that ball at Princes Gate. Dick brought him there. Just after you had let them tie you to the other it must have been. O Hilda, why did you ever let them?"

As if Mignonne had ever had a chance against mamma. That match between her daughter and Jeffery Marsden, the City banker, had been a pet project of Lady Hope's always; it was so likely any

objection on the child's part to the arrangement would have carried weight! My lady's word, as she proclaimed to all the world, was law; Hilda had never in all her life dared dream of disobedience, as she told her confessor now.

"What could I do?" she pleaded. "Mamma said I was to take him; and he asked me — O Nell, his cold, hard voice made me shiver! — and I did as I was told. And then he came, — Rawdon. And then I knew what I had done. We went away to Homburg, mamma and I; and I tried not to think about him. It was no use, Nell. He came to Homburg, too, with Dick. Mamma was terribly angry with me because he did. And I deserved it, for I was so happy! He never said a word to me anybody might not have heard; but I thought — but I *knew* he cared for me before we went away. I don't know whether Mr. Marsden fancied anything; but in his icy way I know he hated him. Mamma said cruel things to me about him. I did not mind; I was so happy — happy in such a strange painful way, dear! — to think he cared for me, my brave, strong Rawdon! Then we came home. O Nell, I thought I should have died that night I said good by to him; the last night I should ever see him, perhaps! We came home. I think if I had not got ill, and you had not come down here to nurse me and fight for me, mamma would have had me married to Mr. Marsden in the autumn. As it was, I got a respite till now. And now I can't do it! I won't do it!" poor Hilda sobbed out.

The elder girl's soft voice and loving hands soothed her tenderly.

"I begin to think you must not, Mignonne," Helen said. "And if you must not, you shall not! But let me hear the end of it. How came Major Daringham down here this Christmas?"

Mignonne smiled through her tears.

"Dick brought him again," she answered. "Dear old Dick! He's been so good to me, in his quiet, cool fashion, all through. I think he and Rawdon are bosom-friends, you know, like you and me; they've no secrets from each other; and —"

"I see!" Helen nodded. "And, moreover, Dick detests the Cræsus. Yes, I quite understand."

"And you know," Hilda went on, "mamma never quarrels with him, somehow; and Dane Court really belongs to him; so when she found Rawdon in the drawing-room one day, just before you came back, dressed for dinner, and Dick told her he'd brought him down for the shooting, why, she had to accept the situation. Only she wrote off to Mr. Marsden, I think, to come down too, a fortnight sooner than had been arranged. And before he came —"

Mignonne made pause here. The fair little face paled and flushed; the golden head began to droop again. It was clear enough to Miss Carew what had happened before Jeff Marsden came.

"He spoke to you? You let him, Mignonne?"

"Let him! Do you think I could stop him, Helen? I had not the power, — nor the will, perhaps. Yes, he did speak to me; he did tell me he loved me! And I listened to him."

She lifted her head up with a sudden, proud little gesture, and looked her questioner fairly in the eyes.

"I listened to him," she went on, — "listened to every word that made me thrill, and shiver, and grow faint, to every low passionate word he spoke, as you would never think his voice could speak. He loved me, my own! His own lips were telling



me so; how could I not listen? I was his, he said; no other man's. His own,—was it not so? Ah! he had no need to ask. *I was his! I am his, not this other man's.*

Passion transformed the child's face so that there was upon it something of my lady's "determined" look while she spoke those last words.

"You never can be the other man's now, Mignonne," Helen said presently, when the Major's wooing had been circumstantially described, and there were no more questions to be asked. "But you must tell Aunt Hope what has happened."

"Tell mamma? I dare n't, Helen. She's set her heart on my marrying her Cræsus. And, besides, she can't bear Rawdon."

"For all that, if you don't tell her, Rawdon must. Or I; I'm not afraid of her."

"But Rawdon says she must n't be told yet, nor Mr. Marsden."

"Yet! Have you forgotten what this day fortnight was to have been?" Mignonne gave a little shudder. "You would have been Mrs. Marsden by this time, poor child! He thinks you are to be, still. He's a right to think so, Hilda, till you tell him you've changed your mind. And you must tell him."

Hilda shook her head.

"Don says no!" she replied, dutifully. "He says mamma is too strong against us as it is."

"What are you going to do, then?" Miss Carew asked, rather impatiently.

"Whatever Don tells me, dear," Mignonne said. "I leave it all to him."

"I must have a little talk with this autocratic Don," Helen said to herself.

There came a knock at the door.

"May I come in, Helen?" Dick Jocelyn's voice asked.

"Of course," Helen answered; and Dick entered.

He went straight up to the log-fire and stirred it into a blaze. Then he leaned tranquilly against the low mantel-piece and warmed himself.

"Cold, ain't it?" he said. "Come in to tell you we've arranged about the sledges for to-night. Don will drive one of you, and I the other. I've told my lady about it."

"What did she say?" questioned Helen, glancing at Hilda.

"Objected, of course. She always objects, you know. However, I managed to convince her that she could n't get more than four people into the carriage,—herself, old Jeff, and the two Pierrepont women. She could n't very well offer to send *them* in a sledge, besides Don and I would n't have 'em at any price. We don't mind driving you two. I told my lady so."

"On n'est plus flatteur, Monsieur!"

"No, is one? Well, my lady suggested the carriage should come back for you. I said she might think herself lucky if it got her to the Boodles' on a night like this, with the snow drifted a dozen feet deep, at all. Then she would n't go. Need n't, I told her; but *we* meant to go,—you should have seen old Jeff's face, when I said that, Hilda!—for the fun of the thing. And, besides, what would the Boodles' think if she stopped away, when they came to her with four horses and a snow-plough? At last she dropped into my plan. You and Hilda are to be sleighed over. Old Jeff, it seems, has more confidence in my skill than in Don's, so I'm to take Mignonne, and you'll have to trust yourself to him."

"Oh!" remarked Helen, seeing an opportunity for her little tale.

"Yes," Dick returned. "Crumple your ball-dresses a bit the buffalo-ropes will; but it's the only way of getting there to-night, I do believe. Suppose you want to go?"

"Yes, of course!" both girls cried, quickly.

"All right, then. Start at ten. Don's had a mare he had in Canada sent over from the Barracks expressly for the occasion; and it's a splendid night."

Dick moved away from the mantel-piece as if he were going. Instead of that, however, he dropped into a chair, as though the unwonted eloquence he had indulged in had knocked him up. He smoothed Hilda's golden hair rather more fondly than usual, too, as he said:—

"Go and get me a rosebud for my coat out of the conservatory, Mignonne, will you?"

She looked up at him inquiringly. He drew her head closer, and whispered in her ear. A stage whisper, though; Helen heard what he said.

"Don's there, darling! My lady's dressing; so are the other women; and old Jeff's writing in the library for his life to save the post. Don wants to speak to you."

She gave a little cry, and ran out of the room.

"Dick!" Helen said, reproachfully.

"Pooh!" returned that individual. "Has n't she been telling you all about it? Thought so. And you don't suppose I'm going to let her marry that gray old icicle, Jeff Marsden,—do you? I'd have stopped that little game of my lady's at first if I'd been on the spot. I'm going to stop it now. Awful fun it'll be!"

"What do you mean?"

"Going to tell you. You're a sensible girl, Helen, and worth the trouble. Sit down and listen."

Miss Carew sat down, and did listen. Dick began to unfold a conspiracy. When the dressing-bell rang, Mignonne had n't come back, and Dick was talking away still.

### III. — THE BOODLES' BALL.

"I think it a most objectionable proceeding, and I repeat that it is my wish that you do not go!"

He who spoke was a grim, gaunt, grizzled personage, with a voice that grated on your nerves like a hand-saw; with thin, bloodless lips and freezing, steel-blue eyes; clothed in severe evening-dress; in a choking collar and a creaking cravat, and a decidedly bad temper. He was Jeffrey Marsden, banker, of Lombard Street and Roehampton; and, having managed to catch her alone for five minutes in the Dane Court drawing-room before the expedition started for the Boodles' ball, he was haranguing the fair-haired child, whom he counted on having in another fortnight undisputed right to harangue for the rest of her natural life, in his most autocratic manner, though with hardly the same effect as usual.

Hilda stood where he had stopped her, rather pale, and with her little gloved hands clasped tight upon each other, but neither trembling nor submissive.

"My wish, my *request*, that you give up this ball, under the circumstances!" enunciated the Cræsus, after an emphatic pause, and setting down his empty coffee-cup.

"Give up this ball?" Hilda repeated,—and he was vaguely conscious that she spoke in a different



way, somehow, to her usual one towards himself; — "why?"

Marsden looked at her over the creaking cravat as one who finds a difficulty in understanding what he hears, or fancies he can scarcely hear aright.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in his most icily rasping tone; "you asked me —?"

"I asked you why I should give up this ball?"

She met his hard eyes quite steadily. He looked at her in real surprise.

"Did you not hear me say it was my wish, my request? You can require no better reason."

"A plainer one, at all events."

"Hilda!"

He had never called her by her name half a dozen times in his life; he was only startled into doing so now. What had come to her, that she dared speak in this way, dared meet his rebuking glance so — yes, so defiantly? He must put an end to this once for all.

His thin lips shut close together once or twice. Then he said with his most offensively authoritative air, —

"You oblige me to lay my commands upon you not to go."

He was preparing to stalk gravely to a chair, or out of the room, when she spoke again, still in that same changed voice.

"You have no right to do that!" Hilda said.

"No right?" he repeated, mechanically.

"No. No right to 'command' me not to go. No right to 'command' me at all. No right to speak to me as you do speak. No right to tell me at the last moment that I am not to go to-night for no better reason than to parade your authority over me, — an authority to which you have no right either."

He turned very white, but stood speechless. She went on: —

"An authority you claim, I know, but which you have done nothing to gain. What have you ever been at the pains to win from me? And now you 'command' me! It is too late!"

Flat rebellion this, beyond question. Fool that he was to try and crush it with the heavy hand as he thought he could do!

"Enough, if you please!" he said, with what he flattered himself was irresistible severity; "I can listen to no more of this. Once more, and for the last time, I distinctly and formally forbid your going to this ball to-night. Be good enough to let that suffice."

How little he knew what he was really doing at that moment! Couldn't he almost see, though, in the face she turned towards him?

"It shall suffice!" she said. "Distinctly and formally I refuse to be forbidden. For the last time, as you say."

Before he could find his voice again, there came a sound of other voices from beyond the *portières*. The other women had come down. This pleasant little *tête-à-tête* was going to be interrupted. And she had defied him! This penniless child he thought he had broken so thoroughly to his hand had defied him, Jeffrey Marsden, the millionaire, who had actually condescended to ask her to be his wife! What did it mean? What could have come to her? And what was he to do? She had set his express commands at naught; she evidently was determined to have her own way and go.

His cold blood ran almost warm under the sense of his defeat. But he was so utterly taken by sur-

prise that he could only mutter awkwardly enough something about "Lady Hope" and "to-morrow" before the others were in the room. To-morrow! He remembered afterwards the smile that crossed the girl's pale face when he talked of that.

"What's been the matter, Mignonne?" Helen whispered as she came up to Hilda by the fire, and Marsden stalked away stridently in his varnished boots. "Have you told him?"

Hilda shook her head.

"He has been telling me that I was n't to go to-night, that's all," she answered. "Ordered me not to go; and, as he said, for the last time!"

"Now then!" Dick Jocelyn broke in, "come and be wrapped up, you two. Lady Jocelyn's carriage stops the way. Perhaps you'll give my lady your arm, Marsden. Don and I will see after the girls."

"Really, Richard," began that "faded beauty of the baths," Lady Hope, "I think they'd better let the carriage come back for them!"

"Wait till it gets there, first, *chère tante!* You don't know what the roads are like to-night. Better let us come back for you. But don't keep the horses standing, if you mean to go, I advise you. Now, Marsden, look alive, will you?" the irreverent youth went on. "Ah! here's Don, in his Canadian get up."

Rawdon came in with a fur pelisse over his ball-dress, and another over his arm.

"I think this won't crush you very much, Miss Jocelyn," he said, in his tranquil way, going straight up to Hilda: "it is very warm and very light. Let me put it on for you." He wrapped the glossy seal-skins about her tenderly, under Marsden's hostile eyes and my lady's.

The Lombard Street plutocrat cared as much, I verily believe, for the girl as he could care for anything but himself; though to "form" her for his wife he had, in his eternal self-assertion, tyrannized over her till she simply hated him; and, seeing another perform what should have been his duty, — watching her face when she met Rawdon's look, — a feeling of simple dislike he had always been conscious of for the Sabreur grew sharply into a stronger, and to him a very strange one, — jealousy. Yes, Jeffrey Marsden hated the man jealously now. Was it he who had undermined his authority over his future wife? Did he actually dare to —?

He tries to stifle that half-formed thought his overweening pride revolted at so angrily.

"But there shall be no more of this!" he said to himself as he led Lady Hope out to the carriage. The Pierrepont women and the other four followed.

Dick was right about the night: it was splendid. Clear, calm, moonlit, with the thermometer down a dozen degrees below zero. A sparkling snow mantle covered the deer-park and the hills beyond; feather flakes of snow draped every tree. Just the night for a sleigh drive, as Dick remarked.

The two sleighs were waiting just behind my lady's family ark of a carriage. Lucia's silver collar-bells rang out musically as the mare tossed her head and snorted, hearing her master's voice.

"Keep close to us, Richard," my lady said, as she settled herself in her corner; "and take care of Hilda, mind." The family ark moved on a little, and then waited till the others were ready.

Dick Jocelyn lifted his charge in his strong arms, and carried her down the steps to her place in his own sleigh, and rolled the great buffalo-robe round



her. Miss Carew followed, on the foot-cloth, under Don's escort.

"All right?" Dick inquired, taking his reins.

"All right!" came from the rear.

"Go on, Johnson!" and the expedition started.

The great ark lumbered along with a tortoise-like deliberation; the two sleighs slid smoothly after. Down the Long Avenue, through the Lodge gates, out into the iron-bound road, with a wall of snow a dozen feet high on either side, stretching and winding away yonder like a narrow white ribbon.

In the ark, the Pierrepont women did all the talking; my lady was sulky with cold, and Marsden sulky with wrath.

"Well, Mignonne!" Dick said presently to his silent companion; "it's all settled, — ain't it?"

"O Dick," she whispered out of her furs, "how can I?"

"You will, though!" was the wise youth's mental reply.

"And so, my dear Miss Carew," was how Don finished a long answer to certain objections — urged, half of them, it must be confessed, merely *pro forma* — which Helen had raised. "And so I really don't see what else we are to do, — do you, now? Hilda's no chance with my lady if she stays here, nor have I. They'll marry her to this — this man, Marsden. Think what that would be for both of us! My plan saves us both. Everything's arranged. If she says yes, you won't say no?"

I don't think Miss Carew did.

In due time the Dane Court expedition arrived at Boodle Park.

[Concluded next week.]

### FOREIGN NOTES.

M. VICTOR HUGO's new novel has been translated by Mr. William Young.

LORD LYTTON is among the contributors to the Christmas number of *Once a Week*. His contribution consists of a very poor dramatic sketch.

GARIBALDI thus writes to a friend: "Tell the Italians to work to avenge the death of Monti, and they will see whether or not I fail to be at my post."

THE author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is reported to be busy with a new story, to appear serially in Macmillan's Magazine, and to commence during the ensuing spring.

M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC has been sentenced to a week's imprisonment and a fine of 200*fr.* for having fought a duel with M. Lissagaray, in which the latter was wounded.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE has lately been much occupied in revising the whole of his works, which will shortly be issued in an entirely new edition by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

A SON of Sir Rowland Hill has invented and patented a machine for stamping letters. By its help as many as 218 letters can be "single-stamped" and 180 double-stamped in a minute.

THE author of "Le Vampire," "Les Deux Forçats," and "Pauline," M. Carmouch, has just died at the age of seventy-one. His latter years were

devoted to the formation of a dramatic library, which is said to have been one of the finest in France; but perhaps the most famous event in his life was his marriage with Jenny Vertpré.

THE American papers will have it that Robert Browning is giving public readings from his poems. Robert Buchanan is the gentleman who has just made a hit in Scotland as a reader of his own verses.

IN the course of a critical paper on Mr. Story's new volume of poems, the London Review says: "We cannot deny to Mr. Story the name of poet, for he has fairly won the honorable distinction. He will rank with Michael Angelo and Raffaele, as an artist, supreme in one art, who has won laurels in grappling with the mysteries of another, and whose predominating genius has not been in the least degree deteriorated by his singularly interesting excursions into the domain of the bards."

UNDER the high patronage of M. Victor Hugo a new paper is about to be started, amongst the contributors to which will be M. Rochefort. Its title was to have been *L'Avant Garde*. This has, however, been changed to *Journal des Exilés*. But to what exiles does the title allude? There is no such an individual to be found as a French political exile, considering that a general amnesty was proclaimed about fourteen years ago, and Victor Hugo is as free to live in Paris as are his sons, who constantly reside here. He may be an absentee, but he cannot claim the title of exile.

SOME odd proposals have been made from time to time about the erection of monuments to certain distinguished individuals, but who ever thought of one for Robinson Crusoe? The officers of one of her English Majesty's ships, however, have resolved to place a tablet on the Island of Juan Fernandez, bearing the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF  
ALEXANDER SELKIRK,  
MARINER,

A native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland,  
Who lived on this island, in complete  
solitude, for four years and four months.

He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, 96 tons,  
18 guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in the  
*Duke* privateer, 12th February, 1709.

He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. *Weymouth*,  
A. D. 1723, aged 47 years.

This Tablet is erected near Selkirk's look-out,  
By COMMODORE POWELL and the OFFICERS  
of H. M. S. *Topaze*, A. D. 1868.

A VERY pretty quarrel has arisen between M. Victorien Sardou and M. Jules Claretie. Each of them has written a drama relating to the revolt of the Netherlands, and the question is, whether M. Sardou somewhat smartly took a hint from M. Claretie, or whether two dramatists have innocently hit on the same idea. In the course of a letter to M. Sardou his adversary thus kindly enumerates the sources of that gentleman's most celebrated plays: "Vous avez pris les 'Ganaches' à Balzac et à Louis Ulbach, 'Piccolino' à M. de Florian, 'Nos Intimes' aux 'Faux Bonshommes' de Barrière et au 'Paratonnerre' de M. Gabriel; vous avez pris à Charles de Bernard les 'Pommes du Voisin'; à Barrière encore, la scène du contrat de la 'Famille Benoiton'; à une nouvelle de Gozlan, la donnée de 'Maison Neuve'; et le cadavre aux 'Mémoires de Vidocq'; 'Nos bons Villageois' aux 'Paysans' de



Balzac, et à un *novelliere* italien; les 'Pattes de Mouche' ne sont que de l'Edgar Poë, assaisonné à la parisienne."

"THE Conciergerie," says the Paris correspondent of the Morning Star, "is one of the most interesting of the historic relics of past ages still extant in Paris. There you see the miserable six or eight feet square dungeon where the beautiful Archduchess Queen spent the last six months of her life, in presence, day and night, of two sentinels, stationed there by the Republic, and commissioned by their humane will not to quit her for a single moment; and in the library are to be found, bound in huge folio tomes, the *écrous* of all state prisoners from the fifteenth century to the present day, which, by the gracious permission of the *savant* in whose care they are, I have been permitted to inspect, and thus have read Ravillac's cheerful end, the Marquise de Concini's, and so on to *veuve* Capet's, Charlotte Corday's, and, thank Heaven! Robespierre's. Then there are *lettres de cachets*, 'de par le roi,' signed by Louis XV., in dozens, by means of which inconvenient personages and extravagant eldest sons disappeared for a time, and perhaps forever; and there is a drawer full of square printed receipts, for the value of about a pound, paid to the *Septembriseurs*, for each murdered man or woman whom the Republican assassins could prove they had literally hammered, beaten, or otherwise crushed to death, as the wretched prisoners were, as they fondly believed, let free from the Abbaye and Heaven knows how many other prisons; and I have been allowed to turn over the sort of account-book in which the names of the intended victims were inscribed, with their ages and professions, and as each in turn was massacred, the hirelings sought in its pages for the next name, and with fingers dripping with blood turned the pages, which are stained to this day. Ay, in that Conciergerie library there are strange records. No romance there, no poetry; the back scenes of the glorious Republic, and of the reign of the Goddess of Reason, may there be judged in all their stern and naked reality."

A PARIS letter-writer says, "A marked degeneration has been observed to have taken place of late years in the *physique* of the inhabitants of this metropolis. The true Parisian is stunted in growth and of muddy complexion; his children are undersized, emaciated, and pale. He chiefly dies of anæmia, — at least, if we are to believe one of our Paris *savans*, Dr. Raoul le Roy, who has made this subject a special study for many years. According to M. Le Roy, for instance, in spite of the solicitude manifested by government towards the hygienic welfare of all classes, in spite of the new plantations, the new boulevards and open squares, the amount of carbonic acid produced by the pulmonary emanations of two millions of human beings, each of whom daily exhales 219 grammes of oxide of carbon, is something frightful. To this noxious vapor must be added that produced by the gas manufactories, &c., &c. Another cause for the impoverished blood is the enormous increase of the use of tobacco and alcohol. The consumption of the latter has exactly doubled since the year 1825. As to tobacco, in 1832 it produced a tax of 28,000,000*fr.*; whilst in 1862 the consumption of tobacco brought into the government a sum of 180,000,000*fr.* In 1852, 200,000,000 cigars were smoked in Paris, whereas

in 1867 the number increased to 761,625,000. These facts I gather from Le Roy's book, 'L'Anémie des Grandes Villes.'"

THERE is nothing new under the sun, not even the velocipede, as the Pall Mall Gazette proves: "The velocipede mania, which is now at its height in France, was very violent in England fifty years ago. A colored engraving published by Ackermann in February, 1819, shows the 'Pedestrian Hobbyhorse, now exhibiting at 377, Strand, Mr. Johnson patentee, 75, Long-Acre.'" It is identical with the two-wheeled velocipede now to be seen all over Paris (where it has penetrated to the stage in 'Hop-o'-my-Thumb,' at the Athénée), except that it was worked, not by treadles attached to one of the wheels, but by putting the feet to the ground on each side, just as the present French velocipede has to be started. The description given on the engraving says: —

"This machine is of the most simple kind, supported by two light wheels running on the same line; the front wheel turning on a pivot which, by means of a short lever, gives the direction in turning to one side or the other, the hind wheel always running in one direction. The rider mounts it and seats himself in a saddle conveniently fixed on the back of the horse (if allowed to be called so), and placed in the middle between the wheels; the feet are placed flat on the ground, so that in the first step to give the machine motion the heel should be the part of the foot to touch the ground, and so on with the other foot alternately, as if walking on the heels, observing always to begin the movement very gently. In the front, before the rider, is placed a cushion to rest the arms on while the hands hold the lever which gives direction to the machine, as also to balance it if inclining to either side when the opposite arm is pressed on the cushion."

"As was the custom of the day, a cloud of colored caricatures at once appeared, the legend beneath one of which, published by Tegg, representing a race between a horse and the velocipede, carries the origin of the machine further back. 'This famous hobbyhorse was bred in Germany; after winning everything there, it was shipped for Long-Acre.' Another, published by Jno. Hudson, of Cheapside, is a fierce veteran mounted on a velocipede which is called 'The Dandy Charger.' One of Tegg's shows Richard III. offering his kingdom for a horse, and Sir William Catesby, instead of replying, 'Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse,' says, 'My liege, here's a swift hobby will convey you from the field as fast as your legs will permit you.' The following weak lines appear on another of Tegg's engravings: —

"You have heard of old Pegasus flying, no doubt,  
But our Hobbies now beat him, good luck!  
For when you are tired of riding about,  
You may carry your horse on your back."

Curiously enough, these rhymes have almost an exact counterpart in 'Le Petit Poucet,' where the actor who enters on the velocipede makes his exit carrying it over his shoulder."

THE London Times gives the following description of the mausoleum which Queen Victoria has built at Frogmore for the reception of the remains of the Prince Consort: "The magnificent place of sepulture has been very nearly completed. All that remains to be added is, in fact, some further statuary and two large paintings which are yet unfinished. The cost, it is understood, already amounts to some £ 200,000, and the whole of this is defrayed from her Majesty's private purse. Access to the



mausoleum is obtained by crossing a handsome stone bridge which has been thrown across a portion of the ornamental water at Frogmore. The exterior of the mausoleum is stone; all the interior is marble, of every hue and description. In design the structure consists of a central octagon, around which are three recesses or chapels, the entrance occupying the site of what would be the fourth. The dome of the octagon is surmounted by a cross. The external breadth of the building is seventy feet and the length eighty feet; the extreme height, from the general level of the ground to the top of the cross is eighty-three feet, and the height from the floor to the ceiling of the dome is seventy feet. The interior is a work of art of wonderful magnificence, — rich in gold and color, in painting and sculpture, in specimens of the most skilful decoration. The entrance, which faces the east, is reached by a flight of black marble steps, leading to a porch supported by granite columns, and with a ceiling decorated with Salvati's Venetian mosaics. The floor of the entrance, as well as of the entire structure, is formed of variegated marbles, polished and inlaid in panels of beautiful design. In the centre of the octagon is a massive sarcophagus of highly polished Aberdeen granite, resting upon a slab of polished black marble, and at its corners there are kneeling angels in bronze. Upon the lid of the sarcophagus is a recumbent figure of the Prince Consort in white marble, the work of Baron Marochetti. The dome above has a ceiling of blue, spangled with golden stars, and the ribs of the dome, also rich with gold, are supported by golden angels. The lantern around the dome is filled with stained glass, beneath which are cherubs holding wreaths of *immortelles*. From the ceilings of each of the three recesses there is suspended a massive chandelier of bronze and gold. Around, the walls are formed of panelled and sculptured marbles, set with great taste and skill, and with inscriptions and traceries interspersed. In the recess opposite the entrance there is an altar, and over it a large painting of the Resurrection; above it, in the ceiling, a fresco of the Ascension. The large paintings for the other two recesses have not yet arrived. One of the frescos is Christ bearing the Cross. Over the entrance there is a picture painted by the Crown Princess of Prussia (Princess Royal of Great Britain), and her Royal Highness, skilful alike as a sculptor and a painter, contributes to the statuary which adds to the adornment of the building. There are paintings of the evangelists; three statues of the prophets have yet to come. Bas-reliefs, in statuary marble, depict various appropriate scriptural subjects. A great quantity of enrichment in gold bronze adds to the general effect. The result is marvellously grand, — a magnificent resting-place for the illustrious departed. All that affectionate reverence could dictate, wealth procure, and art achieve, has been done. It is a work worthy of our Queen, — a touching expression of Her Majesty's devoted affection and deep reverence for the memory of her beloved husband; and as a lasting memorial it is worthy of the Prince who so earnestly devoted himself to promote the cultivation of the arts which are in this royal mausoleum exhibited in their utmost splendor.

## A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

THE wind is loud this bleak December night,  
And moans, like one forlorn, at door and pane;  
But here within my chamber warm and bright  
All household blessings reign.

And, as I sit and smoke, my eager soul  
Somewhat at times from out the Past will win,  
Whilst the light cloud wreathes upwards from the  
bowl  
That glows so red within: —

And of the Protean shapes that curling rise,  
Fancy, godlike, so moulds and fashions each,  
That dead hands live again, and kindly eyes,  
And even dear human speech.

Often in this dim world two boys I see,  
Of ruddy cheek and open careless brow;  
And one am I, my fond heart whispers me,  
And one, dear Tom, art thou.

With many a rosy tint the picture glows, —  
Wild sport avenging school's hard tyranny, —  
Bright holidays, with games and fairy shows,  
And shouts of frolic glee,

Till all melts into air. Upon my ears,  
Sweet bells sound softly through the summer  
hours,

And Oxford, fairest city, slow uprears  
Her glittering spires and towers: —

And here by Isis' banks, and Cherwell's stream,  
And haunted Cumnor, and the hundred ways  
Where thou and I, dear friend, were wont to  
dream,  
My yearning spirit strays.

And now 'neath chestnut avenues we tread,  
Now by gray arch and lichen-covered wall;  
Or on tranced ear, in pillared fanes, the dread,  
Deep organ-thunderings fall.

And as the witching incense round me climbs,  
I feel those wealthy summer eyes once more,  
When from full hearts we read our venturous  
rhymes,  
Or favorite poet-lore,

And, pausing, saw the still night drawing on,  
And o'er the turret-roofs, serene and clear  
Within their ordered spaces, one by one,  
The solemn stars appear.

So in this odorous cloud full oft I see  
Sweet forms of tender beauty; and a tone  
Steals through the echoing halls of memory,  
That these are all my own.

Yea, — though, dear Tom, Death's passionless cold  
hand  
Hath thrust her sable cloud 'tween thee and me,  
And thou art lying in an alien land,  
Beyond the Atlantic sea.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1869.

[No. 160.]

## NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### A LITTLE DINNER IN AN HOUR.

It fell out on a day in this last autumn that I had to go down from London to a place of seaside resort, on an hour's business, accompanied by my esteemed friend Bullfinch. Let the place of seaside resort be, for the nonce, called Namelesston.

I had been loitering about Paris in very hot weather, pleasantly breakfasting in the open air in the garden of the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, pleasantly dining in the open air in the Elysian Fields, pleasantly taking my cigar and lemonade in the open air on the Italian Boulevard towards the small hours after midnight. Bullfinch — an excellent man of business — had summoned me back across the Channel, to transact this said hour's business at Namelesston, and thus it fell out that Bullfinch and I were in a railway carriage together on our way to Namelesston, each with his return ticket in his waistcoat pocket.

Says Bullfinch: "I have a proposal to make. Let us dine at the Temeraire."

I asked Bullfinch, Did he recommend the Temeraire? Inasmuch as I had not been rated on the books of the Temeraire for many years.

Bullfinch declined to accept the responsibility of recommending the Temeraire, but on the whole was rather sanguine about it. He "seemed to remember," Bullfinch said, that he had dined well there. A plain dinner, but good. Certainly not like a Parisian dinner (here Bullfinch obviously became the prey of want of confidence), but of its kind very fair.

I appealed to Bullfinch's intimate knowledge of my wants and ways to decide whether I was usually ready to be pleased with any dinner, or — for the matter of that — with anything that was fair of its kind and really what it claimed to be. Bullfinch doing me the honor to respond in the affirmative, I agreed to ship myself as an Able Trencherman on board the Temeraire.

"Now, our plan shall be this," says Bullfinch, with his forefinger at his nose. "As soon as we get to Namelesston, we'll drive straight to the Temeraire, and order a little dinner in an hour. And as we shall not have more than enough time in which to dispose of it comfortably, what do you say to giving the house the best opportunities of serving it hot and quickly by dining in the coffee-room?"

What I had to say was, Certainly. Bullfinch (who is by nature of a hopeful constitution) then

began to babble of green geese. But I checked him in that Falstaffian vein, urging considerations of time and cookery.

In due sequence of events we drove up to the Temeraire and alighted. A youth in livery received us on the doorstep. "Looks well," said Bullfinch, confidentially. And then aloud, "Coffee-room!"

The youth in livery (now perceived to be mouldy) conducted us to the desired haven, and was enjoined by Bullfinch to send the waiter at once, as we wished to order a little dinner in an hour. Then Bullfinch and I waited for the waiter until, the waiter continuing to wait in some unknown and invisible sphere of action, we rang for the waiter; which ring produced the waiter, who announced himself as not the waiter who ought to wait upon us, and who did not wait a moment longer.

So Bullfinch approached the coffee-room door, and melodiously pitching his voice into a bar where two young ladies were keeping the books of the Temeraire, apologetically explained that we wished to order a little dinner in an hour, and that we were debarred from the execution of our inoffensive purpose by consignment to solitude.

Hereupon one of the young ladies rang a bell, which reproduced — at the bar this time — the waiter who was not the waiter who ought to wait upon us; that extraordinary man, whose life seemed consumed in waiting upon people to say that he would not wait upon them, repeated his former protest with great indignation, and retired.

Bullfinch, with a fallen countenance, was about to say to me "This won't do," when the waiter who ought to wait upon us left off keeping us waiting at last. "Waiter," said Bullfinch, piteously, "we have been a long time waiting." The waiter who ought to wait upon us laid the blame upon the waiter who ought not to wait upon us, and said it was all that waiter's fault.

"We wish," said Bullfinch, much depressed, "to order a little dinner in an hour. What can we have?"

"What would you like to have, gentlemen?"

Bullfinch, with extreme mournfulness of speech and action, and with a forlorn old fly-blown bill of fare in his hand which the waiter had given him, and which was a sort of general manuscript Index to any Cookery-Book you please, moved the previous question.

We could have mock-turtle soup, a sole, curry, and roast duck. Agreed. At this table by this window. Punctually in an hour.

I had been feigning to look out of this window;



but I had been taking note of the crumbs on all the tables, the dirty tableclothes, the stuffy, soupy, airless atmosphere, the stale leavings everywhere about, the deep gloom of the waiter who ought to wait upon us, and the stomach-ache with which a lonely traveller at a distant table in a corner was too evidently afflicted. I now pointed out to Bullfinch the alarming circumstance that this traveller had *dined*. We hurriedly debated whether, without infringement of good breeding, we could ask him to disclose if he had partaken of mock-turtle, sole, curry, or roast duck? We decided that the thing could not be politely done, and that we had set our own stomachs on a cast, and they must stand the hazard of the die.

I hold phrenology, within certain limits, to be true; I am much of the same mind as to the subtler expressions of the hand; I hold physiognomy to be infallible; though all these sciences demand rare qualities in the student. But I also hold that there is no more certain index to personal character than the condition of a set of casters is to the character of any hotel. Knowing, and having often tested this theory of mine, Bullfinch resigned himself to the worst, when, laying aside any remaining veil of disguise, I held up before him in succession the cloudy oil and furry vinegar, the clogged cayenne, the dirty salt, the obscene dregs of soy, and the anchovy sauce in a flannel waistcoat of decomposition.

We went out to transact our business. So inspiring was the relief of passing into the clean and windy streets of Namelesston from the heavy and vapid closeness of the coffee-room of the Temeraire, that hope began to revive within us. We began to consider that perhaps the lonely traveller had taken physic, or done something injudicious to bring his complaint on. Bullfinch remarked that he thought the waiter who ought to wait upon us had brightened a little when suggesting curry; and although I knew him to have been at that moment the express image of despair, I allowed myself to become elevated in spirits. As we walked by the softly lapping sea, all the notabilities of Namelesston, who are forever going up and down with the changelessness of the tides, passed to and fro in procession. Pretty girls on horseback, and with detested riding-masters; pretty girls on foot; mature ladies in hats, — spectated, strong-minded, and glaring at the opposite or weaker sex. The Stock Exchange was strongly represented, Jerusalem was strongly represented, the bores of the prosier London clubs were strongly represented. Fortune-hunters of all denominations were there, from hirsute insolvency in a curricule to closely buttoned-up swindlery in doubtful boots, on the sharp lookout for any likely young gentleman disposed to play a game at billiards round the corner. Masters of languages, their lessons finished for the day, were going to their homes out of sight of the sea; mistresses of accomplishments, carrying small portfolios, likewise tripped homeward; pairs of scholastic pupils, two and two, went languidly along the beach, surveying the face of the waters as if waiting for some Ark to come and take them off. Spectres of the George the Fourth days flitted unsteadily among the crowd, bearing the outward semblance of ancient dandies, of every one of whom it might be said, not that he had one leg in the grave, or both legs, but that he was steeped in grave to the summit of his high shirt-collar, and had nothing real about him but his bones. Alone stationary in the midst of all the movements, the

Namelesston boatmen leaned against the railings and yawned, and looked out to sea, or looked at the moored fishing-boats and at nothing. Such is the unchanging manner of life with this nursery of our hardy seamen, and very dry nurses they are, and always wanting something to drink. The only two nautical personages detached from the railing were the two fortunate possessors of the celebrated monstrous unknown barking fish, just caught (frequently just caught off Namelesston), who carried him about in a hamper, and pressed the scientific to look in at the lid.

The sands of the hour had all run out when we got back to the Temeraire. Says Bullfinch then to the youth in livery, with boldness: "Lavatory!"

When we arrived at the family vault with a skylight, which the youth in livery presented as the Institution sought, we had already whisked off our cravats and coats; but finding ourselves in the presence of an evil smell, and no linen but two crumpled towels newly damp from the countenances of two somebody elses, we put on our cravats and coats again, and fled unwashed to the coffee-room.

There, the waiter who ought to wait upon us had set forth our knives and forks and glasses on the cloth whose dirty acquaintance we had already had the pleasure of making, and whom we were pleased to recognize by the familiar expression of its stains. And now there occurred the truly surprising phenomenon that the waiter who ought not to wait upon us swooped down upon us, clutched our loaf of bread, and vanished with the same.

Bullfinch with distracted eyes was following this unaccountable figure "out at the portal," like the Ghost in Hamlet, when the waiter who ought to wait upon us jostled against it, carrying a tureen.

"Waiter!" said a severe diner, lately finished, perusing his bill fiercely through his eye-glass.

The waiter put down our tureen on a remote side table, and went to see what was amiss in this new direction.

"This is not right, you know, waiter. Look here. Here's yesterday's sherry, one and eightpence, and here we are again, two shillings. And what does sixpence mean?"

So far from knowing what sixpence meant, the waiter protested that he did not know what anything meant. He wiped the perspiration from his clammy brow, and said it was impossible to do it, — not particularizing what, — and the kitchen was so far off.

"Take the bill to the bar, and get it altered," said Mr. Indignation Cocker: so to call him.

The waiter took it, looked intensely at it, did not seem to like the idea of taking it to the bar, and submitted, as a new light upon the case, that perhaps sixpence meant six pence.

"I tell you again," said Mr. Indignation Cocker, "here's yesterday's sherry — can't you see it? — one and eightpence, and here we are again, two shillings. What do you make of one and eightpence and two shillings?"

Totally unable to make anything of one and eightpence and two shillings, the waiter went out to try if anybody else could; merely casting a helpless backward glance at Bullfinch, in acknowledgment of his pathetic entreaties for our soup-tureen. After a pause, during which Mr. Indignation Cocker read a newspaper, and coughed defiant coughs, Bullfinch rose to get the tureen, when the waiter reappeared and brought it: dropping Mr. Indignation Cocker's altered bill on Mr. Indignation Cocker's table as he came along.



"It's quite impossible to do it, gentlemen," murmured the waiter; "and the kitchen is so far off."

"Well. You don't keep the house; it's not your fault, we suppose. Bring some sherry."

"Waiter!" From Mr. Indignation Cocker, with a new and burning sense of injury upon him.

The waiter, arrested on his way to our sherry, stopped short, and came back to see what was wrong now.

"Will you look here? This is worse than before. Do you understand? Here's yesterday's sherry one and eightpence, and here we are again two shillings. And what the devil does Ninepence mean?"

This new portent utterly confounded the waiter. He wrung his napkin, and mutely appealed to the ceiling.

"Waiter, fetch that sherry," says Bullfinch, in open wrath and revolt.

"I want to know," persisted Mr. Indignation Cocker, "the meaning of Ninepence. I want to know the meaning of sherry one and eightpence yesterday, and of here we are again two shillings. Send somebody."

The distracted waiter got out of the room under pretext of sending somebody, and by that means got our wine. But the instant he appeared with our decanter, Mr. Indignation Cocker descended on him again.

"Waiter!"

"You will now have the goodness to attend to our dinner, waiter," says Bullfinch, sternly.

"I am very sorry, but it's quite impossible to do it, gentlemen," pleaded the waiter; "and the kitchen—"

"Waiter!" said Mr. Indignation Cocker.—"Is," resumed the waiter, "so far off, that—"

"Waiter!" persisted Mr. Indignation Cocker, "send somebody."

We were not without our fears that the waiter rushed out to hang himself, and we were much relieved by his fetching somebody,—in gracefully flowing skirts and with a waist,—who very soon settled Mr. Indignation Cocker's business.

"Oh!" said Mr. Cocker, with his fire surprisingly quenched by this apparition. "I wished to ask about this bill of mine, because it appears to me that there's a little mistake here. Let me show you. Here's yesterday's sherry one and eightpence, and here we are again two shillings. And how do you explain Ninepence?"

However, it was explained in tones too soft to be overheard, Mr. Cocker was heard to say nothing more than "Ah-h-h! Indeed! Thank you! Yes," and shortly afterwards went out, a milder man.

The lonely traveller with the stomach-ache had all this time suffered severely; drawing up a leg now and then, and sipping hot brandy and water with grated ginger in it. When we tasted our (very) mock-turtle soup, and were instantly seized with symptoms of some disorder simulating apoplexy, and occasioned by the surcharge of the nose and brain with lukewarm dish-water holding in solution sour flour, poisonous condiments, and (say) seventy-five per cent of miscellaneous kitchen stuff rolled into balls, we were inclined to trace his disorder to that source. On the other hand, there was a silent anguish upon him too strongly resembling the results established within ourselves by the sherry, to be discarded from alarmed consideration. Again: we observed him, with terror, to be much overcome by our sole's being aired in a temporary retreat close to him, while the waiter went out (as we conceived) to see

his friends. And when the curry made its appearance he suddenly retired in great disorder.

In fine, for the uneatable part of this little dinner (as contradistinguished from the undrinkable) we paid only seven shillings and sixpence each. And Bullfinch and I agreed unanimously, that no such ill-served, ill-appointed, ill-cooked, nasty little dinner could be got for the money anywhere else under the sun. With that comfort to our backs, we turned them on the dear old Temeraire, the chugging Temeraire, and resolved (in the Scottish dialect) to gang nae mair to the flabby Temeraire.

## A VISIT TO VESUVIUS.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.]

THE two points of attraction of my last Italian journey lay above on Vesuvius and below in subterranean Rome. In the Roman catacombs we had for our distinguished guide a prince of the Church, who devotes himself to their investigation in conjunction and alternately with Rossi. The great results of such studies are now known, and a more natural and correct picture of the first centuries of Christendom is produced than those obscure representations of death-like paleness and the darkness of the grave. I wished on Vesuvius, ten times over for a scientific guide. How many dark secrets lie petrified around it! Longingly I thought, amid the smoke and roaring of the volcano, of my honored teacher at Göttingen who enlivened his sparkling geological lectures with a poetical intuition. Another new source of rich recollections I now found in Italy. But this lay neither above nor beneath the earth; the best part of it floated, as in Kaulbach's Battle of the Huns, in the air. It was the spirits of the old Goths, who, over the ruins of their royal city of Ravenna, over the half-buried tomb of Theodoric, over that wide, solitary pine forest by the solitary sea, go hither and thither in the air, mourning and sighing that they were slain so soon. Yet, always unsatisfied, they cannot quit the sight of that beautiful land in which Gothic virtue was at least able to establish permanent forms of government.

Yet of Ravenna and the catacombs perhaps another time; now I would tell of our visit to Vesuvius.

We had actually given it up. The mountain was too uneasy. As soon as it was dusk in Naples, the red tuft of flame shone upon its heights, threatening and solemn. All night through one saw every couple of minutes the summit veiled in smoke and fire. In Pompeii every one said, it is exceedingly dangerous, impossible even to climb up to the crater. Travellers who had come down from the mountain had scarcely seen anything but the current of lava which had broken out at the cone of ashes. There did not seem to me to be sufficient to compensate us, that I should ask my lady companion to undergo the pain and fatigue which I was able to appreciate from a former ascent. We went therefore from Pompeii as far as Sorrento.

For those who do not wish to go to Sicily, there is no more beautiful resting-place on the Italian journey than Sorrento. Our entrance was favored. Before the gates of the city Signor Gargiulo met us,—the proprietor of the Cocumella in which I had spent so many pleasant days five years before. The host recognized and greeted me immediately. The great flower-terrace with its rooms was vacant, the house not too full. A few minutes later we



were surrounded by the refreshing shade, the fresh scent of flowers, and the deep, unchanging quiet which fill this house on the shore, distinguished among all the splendid spots on the earth. Ah, what heavenly days of repose were those again in Sorrento. Our terrace projected like an elevated hall, far out into the orange-garden, over whose green tops one looked into the blue sparkling sea. From the green woods around, from the screen of flowers on the terrace, rise inexhaustible perfumes; from the sea floats up eternal freshness. But the Gulf of Naples is grand enough to be pre-eminently sublime and beautiful. The shore opposite, with the green mountain behind, the strand beneath as if sown with pearls, the blue pointed heads of the islands swimming in the pure ether, all combines to form the most magnificent tableau, and all is as if drowned in splendor, and surrounded by eternal rest. One observes not how time passes, in looking and thinking. And this sea so sparkling and so lovely! When we sat below between the rocks, how beautiful were the green waves in their swelling and murmuring, and so clear and transparent, like mountain water, transparent even beneath their mirror to the mossy rocks below, down to the gloomy depths out of which the white shells sparkled. The sun goes on its eternal course in the lofty firmament, the shadows grow longer; suddenly all the water swims in a red glow, and then a mist sinks down, and the rippling and whispering and plashing of the waves becomes louder,—yes, it is evening; one has not observed the passing of the day in this cool rest and quiet, where no thoughts throw any shadows of strife into the heart, and the soul is bright and clear to the bottom, as the wide, warm, blue ether around, and the illuminated depths of the sea.

Only a little disquietude ever again returned; it was Vesuvius even, which looked down so proud in its might, so challenging. As the ruler of the gulf it had already met us when we descended at Capua from the coach. How beautiful and magnificent he stretched upwards, clothed in the purest velvet blue like a prince's mantle, the white cloud of smoke like a crown on his head. When we rode down, two evenings later, from Camaldoli, and the sun was setting, the entire mountain seemed drowned in rosy light, just as if a mild inward glow had broken out on every side. And now he thundered sullenly through the silence of Sorrento, and now he threw up his sheaves of flame into the night. A giant of the gloomy primeval ages he projected into the gentle present, dark, mysterious, and hostile to man. The volcano occupied the mind even when one was not looking at it. On the fourth evening we made a sudden resolution, and a quick three-horse team brought us speedily the four hours' journey to Pompeii,—a lovely drive in the night through blooming fragrant gardens, or down by the sea beneath lofty hills from which the white towns threw down their lights on the quiet mirror of the gulf.

When we came through Castellamare there were great illuminations and splendid fireworks. They were celebrating the anniversary of the Constitution. Five years before I had joined in the celebration at Naples. Since then Italy has improved little, the people here are more industrious and cleaner, but there they have grown terribly wilder, the entire world of office-holders much more thievish, and yet five years had again passed and no ground had been lost, but Venice gained. So mournfully, so despairingly did the best look into the future to see if the unity of Italy should endure, yet in this they

were all united. What will this country be in five years more? The ravens of ill fortune still sit on the hedge and prophesy what is to come and does not.

Let us leave them on their hedge. Please God, they may also scream themselves hoarse in Germany!

The groups of happy ones in Castellamare gave me much pleasure. All the people were abroad, thronging round the lighted stalls; every one was rejoicing and jumping and laughing like children of a Christmas night. How splendid the old women looked when they put their heads together around the glow of the frying-pans. Many contend that Germany, and particularly England, have more beautiful maidens than Italy. When it comes to the crowd of pretty country girls, this is indeed true, at least for many parts of the German world. The most beautiful old women however, Italy certainly has; there one is always more picturesque than another.

It was late in the night when we arrived at the well-known inn "To Diomed," which lies close to the gates of Pompeii. One finds a lodging at need there. The upper room opens on a broad balcony. We stepped out. The wide starry heaven shone and sparkled with great power and brilliancy. The millions of stars looked down so earnestly and solemnly, and yet the night was so unspeakably mild and beautiful, full of softly breathing perfumes, of secret charms, as if beneath the veil of the gentle darkness were hid many sweet secrets. The old experience occurred to me, that Italy gives us Northerners a piece of the magical charms and perils of the Tropics. Nature here comes so cordially near us, yet in her gentle embrace lies something which softly seizes on the nerves of the soul and dissolves thought and will in delightful sensation.

Next morning we departed at daybreak. It was a wonderful morning, the 27th April, fresh and colored and bright everywhere. April, the Italian month of flowers, had not brought us this year much good; it had been a very damp April in Rome, a bitter northern companion. But these last days at the Bay were like the finest May days with us, only interwoven with Italy's golden sun and her wealth of flowers. The roses blossomed upon hedges and walls. The broad cactuses and aloes shone leaden green in the sun, and the houses seemed buried in vine leaves.

In Bosco tre Case the people put their heads out of the windows, and my companion often received a friendly "Early up, early up! *bella donna!*" But scarcely had we left the town behind us than three men with cords and sticks came trotting by our side. I knew the fellows from old experience, and prepared myself for an endless clatter of words to the top of Vesuvius. It did not last long, however; we saw them moving up to the mountain, gray points on the dark ground. They seemed so lazy, yet proceeded so rapidly.

The vineyards accompanied us far up the heights, when guides and horses had been long since wading in lava gravel. Wherever there was an opening in the black lava rubbish a pair of vines spread their green leaves in the dry desert. At length they ceased, here and there were still to be found coarse tufts of grass. Even these soon became scarcer, and gradually we were surrounded by the black waste. Nature, when she rages in her primitive fury, terrifies us as with evil, man-hating powers, but nowhere



do her traces seem so really ugly, so adverse to all our senses, as on the bare lava fields. In the mean time we still advanced pretty rapidly. The line of Vesuvius when seen from Sorrento is exceedingly beautiful; it goes up and down in one pure delineation. As beautiful as the mountain appears to the eye, as easy is it to ride up, because it rises everywhere gently and uniformly. One is on a considerable height before one suspects it, and the view back on the splendid plains below becomes always wider and more magnificent.

While the lava fields at Bosco tre Case have been formed since fifty years, we came in an hour and a half to a species of small plateau where two streams of lava cross one another, one of which was still smoking a little. This one was a fortnight old, the other had flowed more than twenty years before.

From this out it became steeper, and our horses had to take hold in earnest. "Macaroni! Macaroni!" was the cry with which the guides urged them on. This word, which exercises the greatest charm on the people, must also sound joyfully in the ears of their horses. Nevertheless they were cruelly beaten. Italians, like Americans, treat their animals like machines, which feel nothing. I had to think of an esteemed lady friend of mine in Rome, who in the goodness of her heart had founded an asylum for old horses, in order that they might not be whipped to death under the Droskies. A revolting spectacle was by this means removed from the streets; but the Italians laughed at the waste of money, and a priest was not a little indignant, — because horses had no souls of their own! Our poor horses panted and clambered up slowly, and began to stumble. We were heartily glad when the halting-place was reached and we alighted. If you fall here with your horse, you will not escape contusions, because the pieces of lava are as sharp as glass and iron.

The three men, who were waiting at the halting-place, rushed towards us to hold our horses and offer sticks and cords. As we had two men with us, we did not need so many services, and then began that wild play of grimaces, protestations, and oaths which are meant to soften or frighten the stranger. They conjured us in a stream of words; if they had shortened their sweet night's rest for nothing and nothing only? Merely on our account had they got up so early. Therefore we should be grateful and considerate to them. As I proceeded on, only laughing and jesting with them, all five followed us, and one cried louder than another. But the higher we mounted the more civil they became, and at last all was pleasant and satisfactory, when my wife seized on the cord of one and allowed herself to be dragged along. Then the others stayed behind, and wished us friendly a good journey.

One could easily make the last piece of the way passable for horses; for the present ascent from Pompeii, which is frequently, as it were, paved with pieces of lava, is not to be compared with the former cone of ashes. For a lady, it is always a laborious task to climb up between ashes and broken stones and blocks. Even a man must often stop to take breath, because the air is so warm. However, the whole is child's play to that which a chamois hunter goes through on the chase with his rifle on his shoulder. Our mountains, indeed, are quite silent. Ascending the heights of Vesuvius, one has, on the contrary, the unpleasant feeling as if the broad back of a black living monster were rising up under one's feet, and one were climbing up to his jaws.

"At length," said the guide, "we are on the top; no farther can we go." Not at all agreeably surprised, I saw a considerable mountain on my left, on whose summit it unceasingly smoked, rattled, thundered, and discharged huge fragments of ashes and stones up to the sky. Before us, round the foot of this head of Vesuvius, towards the side which is turned from the sea, was a long break like a narrow smoking terrace, covered with ashes and pieces, of lava, and streaks of yellow sulphurous dust. From here down the streams of lava had poured quite recently into the valley, which formerly opened deep between the Somma and the cone of ashes. The sharp reefs of the Somma still, indeed, projected, but at their feet now lay heaped-up disorder like the remains of a frightful deluge of black rubbish, sand, and stones. Also here above all was changed. Five years ago Vesuvius had a broad flat summit, in the middle of which was sunk the circular crater. Of this summit only the edge seemed to me to be left, on which we struggled forward, and the new cone of eruption near us had lifted itself out of the old crater. What was formerly a mountain of ashes now showed itself covered with hardened streams of lava. One could also see by the flying stones which poured out thickly at the edge of the new summit, that there no flat surface any longer surrounded the crater.

It was a real land of hell into which we three were steering, all full of smoke, which now curled upwards, and now rolled lazily away, all black or gray or sulphurous yellow, rubbish, ashes, and fragments thrown up above one another as high as a house, and from the thunderer and rattler on the top new stones and blocks were continually falling down. The ground was hot everywhere, and if one only pushed away a piece with the foot, the warm vapor immediately poured out. A glance backwards, when the smoke divided in the glittering landscape, on the light blue gulf beneath, it was as if from hell into paradise. Only the devil's kitchen was here high above, while one thinks usually of the dear angels being in the blue atmosphere.

We first came to a circular gurgling hole of about ten feet in diameter, from which poured out steam and warm sulphurous air. One looked down into the black gulf as into a round smoking chimney. Pieces of lava, which I threw down, gave no sound of striking against anything. Thus, far greater than the opening above is the interior excavation, as if it were covered with a crust. Were bandits to visit now, as they did five years ago, the heights of Vesuvius, they would find this very convenient, if they wished to destroy the traces of some murderous robbery. For what is thrown into this gulf is doubtless consumed in a moment, skin and bones, by the glowing mass in its depths. For the rest, Lower Italy breathes now a little more freely from the bandit plague. In its place other murderers arise, much more numerous, those who slay on the open streets. It happens mostly from political hatred, but not seldom from greed of gain, envy, and revenge for an injury. The boldness of the murderer increases daily as the general wildness increases. Not in the number and audacity of such crimes lies the greatest evil, but in the cowardice with which they are tolerated. Italy, indeed, has in those last years presented thousands enough who went courageously into the rain of bullets, and fought like heroes for their ideal; but if any one is stabbed or shot maliciously on the open street, the murderer escapes without a hand being stretched after him,



and, if the officers appear, no one will know the unfortunate one who is lying in his blood, even if he were known by every child around. That is indeed a cowardice which lies in the core.

When we had gone a few steps farther, the guide pointed to a living stream before us. It seemed from the distance like black streaks and shadows moving away rapidly in a vapor. To come up to it, we had to pass through a little hollow. The guide lifted and helped my wife quickly over it. I stumbled a moment; it was but a second that I had bent my head, but I thought I should have fallen lifeless, so stifling was the hot fume of the sulphur. At the edge of the lava stream, we had before us, as it were, a breaking up of black flocs, between which the red-hot mass looked out gloomily. The heat was terrible, for the opening, from which the stream proceeded, was only a hundred steps farther up. As we wished to go to it, and the guide saw that my companion had courage enough, he seized her again under the arm, and the uncouth-looking man led and lifted her skilfully and attentively over the clods and blocks which had very sharp edges. We had to make a little circuit, which again led us through frightful sulphurous vapors, and then clambered up to the warm edge, until we stood close before the oven which vomited forth the red-hot stream. The lava came just like a stream from a steep mountain, which breaks out suddenly without any grotto or cave, and flows down rapidly. On its exit from the mountain the mass was glowing red; but in the air the surface began to harden immediately, and break up into black scales and pieces.

Never shall I forget the quarter of an hour which I spent at this lava fountain. The crater was straight above us, and did its work with hellish magnificence. Every two to three minutes there was a shove through the clouds of steam which veiled the summit. Before this every time a dull roaring went on, as if deep in the earth, the latter began to tremble gently, then followed hissing and gurgling, then rose whistling, rattling, thundering innumerable stones and blocks in a perpendicular line to the sky with incredible rapidity, whirling clouds of ashes and steam between. High in the air all spread out, and fell back into the crater like rain. Often the ashes were blown towards us; thousands of stones also fell over the walls of the crater, and danced and tumbled down the heights, many times huge blocks rolled to our very feet. All went as if by time, just as regularly as the work of a colossal steam-kettle, which, indeed, would have to be four thousand feet high, and of inconceivable breadth at the bottom. It was as if subterranean water was entering the fire mountain by minutes and seconds, changed into steam, and thrown out with all the rubbish which was in the chimney. Whenever there were two feeble eruptions, one was certain to follow which was so much the more powerful, and which stood for a moment in the air like a gigantic black tuft. I cannot tell how this slow, solemn measure moved me, in which the most enormous powers of nature were here working. How often have I in the silent night leaned overboard and watched the regular heaving and sinking of the ocean. As formerly on the sea, here on the raging volcano I was filled with a presage of the immutable swinging hither and thither of the ever restless, ever equal pendulum, by which the immeasurable universe does its work.

The wind, which had hitherto driven the clouds of steam away from us, changed somewhat its direc-

tion. Suddenly we breathed in sulphurous vapors, scarcely could we see the ground. More quickly than we had ascended, we hastened back to the point of exit. There the air was free, and the wonderful prospect unspeakably refreshing and beneficial.

I had observed that the eruptions fell only over one part of the summit, and that the clouds which veiled the crater had, moreover, longer interstices between them. I therefore proposed to the guide that we should go from the place where we now saw the movement of the lava only from a distance up to the last height. He refused, however, most decidedly. "It is much too dangerous when the mountain is as uneasy as it is now. He would not take the responsibility. A stranger who had gone up three days before had returned with a shattered arm, half dead, struck by a falling block of lava. What did we want on the summit? We could not reach it under half an hour, and we could not see a particle on the top from the smoke and clouds."

As the guide persisted in his refusal, there remained nothing for us in the mean time but to break-fast. Stretched on the warm ashes, we let our eyes wander over the splendid plains beneath. How the gulf shone! How the mountain peaks projected deep blue into the pure ether! Before and beneath us the true air of heaven, like a sea of deep, pure water, so enticing and so lovely that one might wish for a swing to rock one's self and float in this pure element,—and then a hot fume of sulphur came suddenly out of the black waste behind us, full of smoke and vapor and fury. Before us the air glittered with splendor and clearness, and if we turned round we could see it trembling over the hellish oven, just as the air with us in winter trembles over the hot stoves.

On the whole side of the mountain the different streams of hard lava stretched clear down. The stream which had poured down on this side a fortnight before had remained on half the height of the mountain, and stretched over the gray fields of ashes like a broad river of black clods and pieces. Deeper beneath, the older lava had formed a dark lake in the green pastures. Still farther down lay the ruins of Pompeii, which had embedded itself right in the midst of a fruitful semicircle, beautifully bounded by hill and sea.

Yet the eye was always drawn away from the land as by a sparkling mass of light to the gulf and its shining surface. Here, deep beneath us, the steep incline of Vesuvius rose straight up from the mirror of the sea. At both sides the rocky coasts and, opposite, the strand of the islands, were surrounded by a mist like a thin silver veil, but high above, throned in the blue sky, sharply notched, rose on the left the high-peaked Mont. Angelo; in the middle, the huge rock of Capri, lying straight before the gulf, on the right, the proud royal head of the Epomeo at Ischia. On a sharper examination, white points sparkled through the whitish mist,—the Castle of St. Elmo, Nisita, Vivara, Procida, Ischia. Here, in this joy and splendor of the earth, men found it forever necessary to add one prison to another in order to chain the volcanic outbreaks of the suffering people. Far behind and between the islands and promontories, which are crowned with forts and prisons, the midland sea sparkled clearly. But it was rarely that a white sail was seen passing over it into the gulf. The finest bay in the world is from morning to evening as deserted and solitary as if its shores were occupied by poor fishermen's villages, and not by a



capital of half a million of men. To sea, to sea! thither roll all the good fates of Italy. If this land is to be healed and made sound, its inhabitants must learn to move on the sea, to build ships, to found mercantile associations, and to seize again on the trade of the Levant. But whereshall men of enterprise come among this people, which always hang their little provision-bag around their necks, and think of nothing the entire day but how to fill it in the morning and empty it in the evening? Must one wait for more ship-owners and merchants from other peoples to settle on these shores, to send out fleets of trading-vessels on the sea? In this the Italians could even learn from the Greeks, whose lively activity on the sea leaves them already far behind, in spite of old Turkish oppression and new English envy.

Yet also in our vicinity there was something to see. Around our breakfast-place there swarmed little narrow chafers of a dark brown color, like those one finds with us under every loose stone. How came they up? When one scratched the ashes with a stick, a couple of them would fall dead immediately from the hot exhalation. They had not, therefore, crawled up. Neither could their larvæ have lain among the old rubbish; for the ashes, which had covered it, had come too lately from the crater above us. The chafers must, therefore, have been, while flying—for they had wing-sheaths—taken in swarms by a current of air, and carried up the mountain. Still, their great number remains enigmatical. This swarming little life near the hot jaws of desolation!

When our breakfast was eaten, and our guide appeared in better humor, I again urged him to attempt climbing up the mountain. Again, with every appearance of terror, he refused and implored us to come some other day, when the mountain was quieter. I asked him what he would do if we went up without him? Then he would wait two hours, he said, and, if we did not come back, he would go down and give notice. As my wife, also, had long been convinced that there was no danger, we began to climb up. It was not so difficult, because the ground, although very hot in some places, consisted less of loose ashes than of stones and a new kind of sulphur-cakes. On looking back, I saw that our good Curzo Dominica—so our guide was called—had seated himself tranquilly. But when we entered the clouds, he sprang up suddenly, was with us in a few bounds, and played again the diligent and obliging servant, picking his way skilfully between the yellow heaps of sulphur. In less than ten minutes we were on the top. As if stunned, we stood in the beginning at the howling and raging and crashing before us and beneath us. We looked as if from the sharp edge of a wild upturn chain of mountains down into a huge black gulf, full of steam, from which boiling currents of air and black masses were thrown up. By degrees, when the clouds divided a little, the outlines became clearer and the view more quiet for observation. It was the most frightful,—and at the same time most magnificent, scene, one of those spectacles which fix themselves powerfully in the memory and remain henceforth indestructible, just as when one has seen for the first time the great ocean in a wild storm and tempest.

Five years before, as already remarked, the crater was on the level summit of the mountain, in the middle of which it formed a beautiful wide circle. Its inner walls shone in every color, diversified and

hung with the most beautiful crystals of sulphur, green and red and yellow and brown. The bottom was a level ground of ashes and sulphur; here and there a little cleft showed itself, out of which steam drizzled up. The whole was an empty kettle of immense diameter sunk into the flat head of the mountain, quite empty, and with beautiful yellow sides.

It was now altogether different. The crater seemed much smaller and much less deep, but it had black fissured walls with sharp reefs, just like the Somma when seen from below. A deep and black upturn mountain peak would give the best idea of it. The ground, however, was level as formerly, and covered with ashes and sulphur. In the floor of the crater, straight below us, was a large round hole, exactly in the middle, out of which there was a constant hissing and gurgling. A yellow-brown mass seemed to be cooking and steaming inside. On the other side, below, in the crater, stood a new mountain of ashes of regular form, which almost reached to the top of the highest reef. From the mouth on the top of this cone, which seemed to be only composed of ashes, came the thundering and cracking and the eruptions, during which the entire mouth of the crater seemed continually to tremble.

To get so close to the volcano to look as it were, into its chimney, had quite a peculiar attraction. It looked magnificent, as the thousands of clods and fragments came rushing out, as just so many black rockets rose in the air, and separated high up, in order to fall back into the abyss or to be hurled over the walls of the crater. Yet I was seized with a slight shudder when a couple of fragments fell close to the spot where we had hitherto stood, on the declivity near the lava fountain. Here, above, we were out of the reach of the rain of stones. Danger would only be incurred if one rashly stepped into the crater over the pointed cliffs. Then the crust of lava or ashes would break, and one would go down and never be seen again. One would be killed in a moment by the hot fumes of the sulphur. Every one should therefore take good care not to forget the direction of the wind, lest, when the vapors surround him, he might jump some feet deeper into the crater.

The fumes were at last too strong for us, and in a few steps we were safe again. Then we went jumping and running and sliding down the mountain, the last reward for the troublesome ascent. The people at the halting-place called out to us their good wishes, and the guide who was with our horses quickly brought out fresh shoes, as those my companion had on her feet were not worth much. The horses, after their rest, brought us quickly to the breakfast and good Capri wine at the "Diomed," and three hours later we were again in Naples. When we came out of the San Carlos, about midnight, and Vesuvius was doing his best to fire and to lighten, he no longer seemed to us nearly so threatening and terrible. We had seen the great lord when close to him.

## RAWDON'S RAID.

A STORY OF THE SNOW.

### IV. — "NUMBER NINETEEN."

THREE A. M. The Boodles' ball began to manifest symptoms of dissolution. Paterfamilias, with a ten or fifteen-mile drive before him through cross-country roads, where the snow was up to his horses'



withers in places, began to growl and look at his watch; Materfamilias, supped and sleepy, began to cluck impatiently to gather her brood round her out of the *mêlée*. The circle was getting freer, and the pace too. The band of the "County Crushers," rather wild and uncertain in its *tempo*, had just commenced attacking the last valse, number nineteen.

Rawdon and Dick Jocelyn were standing together near the doorway. Marsden had that moment stalked out between them. They could hear him asking about Lady Hope's carriage in the hall; my lady was going.

"Ain't much time to lose, Don," Dick said in the other's ear; "my lady 'll carry her off directly. Better go and get your valse, had n't you? She's looking for you, you know."

Hilda was looking for him, as, pale with some unusual excitement, she stood beside my lady, with her trembling little hand clinging secretly to Helen's. The three were at the upper end of the room, where Marsden had left them to order up the ark, and could n't see Don in the doorway.

"Time enough," the latter replied, coolly, to Dick's suggestion; "I'm waiting for—ah! here it is—a despatch from Fyle."

A servant gave him an envelope, sealed, and with his name scrawled upon it in pencil.

"Boy's just brought this for you from Ashbridge, sir," George explained. "You were to have it immediate, he said."

"All right."

Don tore open the missive, glanced at the single line in Fyle's writing it contained, and passed it to Dick.

"Baggage and us is here," wrote Mr. Fyle; "line clear. Mail expected at four."

"Admirable!" Dick ejaculated, grinning. "'Us' means Fanchon and himself, I suppose. But you must look sharp, old man. It's three now."

"I know. But Lucia will do the five miles in less than twenty minutes; and I don't want to have to wait at Ashbridge, you understand. Now, look here,—you have the sleigh all ready at the half-hour. At five and twenty past, just show yourself here in this doorway. I shall be waltzing with her, and looking out for you. When I see you I'll stop, and get her out of the room in the general scrimmage without being noticed. Then on with those sealskin swaddling-clothes, into the sleigh, and—*fouette cocher*! We ought to be half-way to Calais before any one but you and Miss Carew's the wiser. Understand?"

"All right!" Dick nodded. "But, I say, Don, she won't hang back at the last moment, eh? It's now or never for you, you know. You won't get a chance like this again. And women are queer cattle."

"I don't think she will," Rawdon said, looking up the room towards her. "She might under other circumstances, perhaps, but not now. Marsden has managed matters too well for that. The pompous bully would drive a woman to anything. He was hectoring her about coming here to-night before we started, just as if she did n't hate him already! The man's been playing my game all through; my last move will checkmate him. It's time to play it. You've ten minutes to see to the sleigh, and I to dance number nineteen. Go along, old boy!"

"Now tread me a measure, quoth young Loch-invar," hummed Dick, as he turned to go. "Wonder whether he's ever heard of that song,

old—? Ah! beg your pardon, Marsden," he ejaculated with unwonted civility, as he ran against the Cræsus, returning from his hunt for Lady Hope's carriage. "Hope I did n't hurt you? All right, Don!"

And the guardsman moved off to fulfil his part in the plot, chuckling at intervals over old Jeff's approaching discomfiture. Rawdon went straight towards Hilda. Marsden followed.

"Well, dear," Helen whispered in her cousin's ear rather anxiously, "will you?"

A pressure of the hand she clung to was all the other's answer. Then Helen felt her start nervously, and saw her turn pale, and then flush feverishly. She had caught sight of Don making his way round the outside of the circle to where they three were still standing. Miss Carew's own pulse quickened sharply. The decisive moment was all but come.

"Where can Mr. Marsden be?" snapped Lady Hope, querulously. "What a time he is seeing about the carriage! Ah! there he is at last."

There he was, close behind Rawdon; whom Lady Hope overlooked till she heard him speaking to Hilda.

"Number nineteen," Don was saying; "our valse, you know, Miss Jocelyn."

Poor child! How much those quiet commonplace words meant to her! The crisis had arrived. If she took his arm now she gave consent to that plan for saving her he had proposed. If she refused it—what was left to her?

"You had better let me take you to the cloak-room, I think," rasped Marsden's saw of a voice, wonderfully *apropos*; "the carriage will be ready directly, I believe," it added, as the speaker turned to my lady.

"Then we had better go," Lady Hope assented.

"Will you take Hilda?"

This was pointedly at Rawdon, who showed no signs of giving way. Marsden advanced a little. It was with his most insufferable air of proprietorship that he thought fit to say,—

"Excuse me, Major Daringham. Now, Hilda, come!" And he put his arm out stiffly for her to take.

As Don had said, the man could n't help playing his opponent's game. That *tête-à-tête* in the drawing-room at Dane Court just now even had n't taught him better than to take this tone to the girl a second time that night. He fancied, perhaps, that with my lady to back him, she must submit to him this time, and give him a pleasant triumph over the man he hated. So his tone and manner towards her were simply unbearable. If she ever had hesitated, hesitation was past now. If he ever could have kept her, he had lost her in that moment. She lifted her head; her eyes met Don's; and Don read her decision plainly in them.

A light came suddenly into his; but it was in his usual impassible fashion that he struck in, sure of winning now.

"Afraid I can't forego my engagement, and lose number nineteen, if Miss Jocelyn decides for me," he said. "I don't think the carriage can get up for ten minutes or so, you know, Lady Hope," he added, blandly; "and so—"

"Excuse me," Marsden said, with his severest, iciest hauteur, "but Miss Jocelyn really cannot—"

Hilda put her hand on Rawdon's arm at the "cannot."

"I decide for number nineteen, at all events,"



she answered, just in the way she had answered him before the ball. The child's blue eyes looked at him again in that defiant way that had so angered him then. Marsden bit his thin lips, and looked at my lady. My lady looked fairly astonished for once.

"Really, Hilda —" she was beginning in her "punishment" tone.

Hilda shook her head.

"I have promised, mamma. It is too late."

Then a quick whisper in Helen's ear: "Good by, darling Nell!" And before the others could speak again Rawdon had carried her off.

"My own Hilda now?" he said to her when his arms were round her in that last valse. "You will trust yourself to me, darling?"

"O Don, take me away!" she answered, passionately. "Take me away from him. Anywhere with you!"

He made no reply in words; and she had no more to tell him after that.

Round and round they swept; past my lady's angry eyes and Marsden's scowling face again and again. Each time they went by the doorway, Rawdon looked for Dick Jocelyn's signal that all was ready for the raid. At last Dick appeared.

"Now for it!" muttered Don. He checked his partner, and brought her up close to where Jocelyn was waiting. It was a trying moment; fortunately it was *but* a moment. All passed so quickly that poor trembling little Hilda had no time to break down.

Rawdon got her through the little crowd near the door without notice. Then she was in the hall, and Dick was wrapping the furs about her.

"Good by, my pet!" he said to her, rather touched at the sight of her white, wistful face: "Good by, Mignonne! Take care of her, Don!"

Then she was going down the steps into the icy air, holding Don's arm. Out of the ruck of carriages, the sleigh and Lucia were waiting. Then Don, muffled in his pelisse, was lifting her into her seat; then Lucia (without her silver *grelots* this time) was whirling her swiftly down the frozen drive; and Daringham of "Ours" has fairly carried off old Marsden's *fiancée*. Dick, on the steps, turned to his own man, who, suspecting nothing, was watching Rawdon's raid mechanically.

"You'd better get my sleigh up, Tom," he remarked; "we shall all be starting directly. Well! it's done," he soliloquized, as the man went off on his errand; "I'm devilish glad of it. She'll be now happy with Don; and old Jeff will be —"

"Richard!" my lady's voice said sharply behind him, as he crossed the hall. "Where's Hilda?"

There stood my lady and Marsden, Helen looking about her anxiously a little in the rear.

"Miss Jocelyn passed through the hall this moment," Marsden added. "You must have seen her; and — and — Major Daringham."

The last words seemed to choke him.

"Yes," Dick nodded; "I saw 'em all right."

"Where are they, then?" Lady Hope snapped. "I can't find Hilda in the cloak-room. They say she's not been there. Where can they be?"

Dick faced the two, stroking his mustache calmly, but with an odd twinkle in his eyes.

#### V. — YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

"Gone!"

The same word from all three, but in very different keys.

"Really —" began Marsden with a portentous severity that hugely amused Dick. The plutocrat did not understand. My lady, with the *clairvoyance* of a woman of the world, and out of certain half-formed suspicions of her own, understood everything in a moment. She glanced round her first to see that no one was within hearing; then she said in savage *staccato* to her nephew, "I'll never forgive you for this, sir, as long as I live."

"Dear me, *chère tante!* What have I done?" returned the guileless youth, not quite certain whether, as he expressed it, "my lady was fly to all the little game yet."

She wasted no time on him. Her hand grasped Marsden's arm with an energy that startled that emotionless man. Emotionless, though, no longer; for her words startled him even more.

"Don't you see?" my lady was whispering impatiently. "She's gone — with him. They've eloped! Now listen!" — for he stared at her as though she had suddenly gone mad. He really thought she had. What! His promised wife dare so far forget what was due to him as to elope!

"Listen!" Lady Hope repeated, actually shaking him in her impatience. "This must be prevented. They must be overtaken, stopped! At any risk; at once! You must do it."

"I?" Jeffery Marsden gasped.

"You. Who else is there? Richard is in the plot. In an another hour it may be too late. Quick, man! quick!"

He was beginning, electrified by this languid woman's fierce, unwonted energy, to understand now. He had been robbed and by the man he hated most. For the second or third time that night the snow-water in his veins ran almost warm. She saw his face change.

"Will you go? To save her — to defeat him, remember! There may be time yet."

"Yes!" he muttered between his blanched, lean lips; "you're right. There may be time yet; and if I overtake him —! I'll go! But, how — where?"

She had thought of everything, this clever Lady Hope, omniscient almost in her self-interest.

"The other sledge!" she answered: "it's ready down there, by this time. Didn't you hear him order it? Follow the track. They have gone to Ashbridge, I am nearly sure. There is no train yet; you *must* prevent this! But don't waste time! You have your coat and hat! Quick!"

"Never fear!" he returned; and the blanched lips were actually guilty of an oath; "I'll do it!"

He flung his coat about him and hurried through the inner glass doors out on to the steps.

Dick, explaining matters to Helen *sotto voce*, had kept an eye on him all the time.

"Let me see about the carriage, Aunt Hope!" he observed. "Poor dear old Jeff will catch his death of cold if you trot him about on a night like this."

He moved away in pursuit; though rather wondering what Jeff could possibly do, you know, after all.

Lady Hope caught him just as he was pushing open the doors that Marsden had just swung back. Through them he saw the latter rush down the steps, and leap (actually leap!) into his (Jocelyn's) sleigh, in readiness, as my lady had foreseen, below; saw the horse plunge and spring forward under the whip; saw his man get knocked backwards and loose his hold on the reins, and Jeffery Marsden drive furiously off and disappear.



"Oh! by Jove! you know—" Dick began.

Lady Hope stopped him.

"Silence, sir!" she said; "do you want all the world to know this? I sent him to stop them. And he will."

"Will he?" thought Dick; "he'll probably break his own neck in the first five minutes, that's all!" Then the thought of Jeffrey Marsden driving a sleigh about the country in the dead of night, and coming to frightful grief against a gate-post or in a side-drift, caused Ensign and Lieutenant Richard Jocelyn to laugh aloud.

"Take us to the carriage, sir!" his relative said, majestically; "whatever happens, we had better not stay here."

They were all back again at Dane Court when they heard what had happened.

Swiftly and smoothly, flinging up a little shower of snow spray and leaving a straight track behind it that did credit to Don's steering, faster and faster, as Lucia warmed to her work, between the high snow walls on either hand, the sleigh that carried La Mignonne and her Lochinvar whirled along the white solitary road that led straight to the Ashbridge station, four or five miles off.

Muffled in her furs, and with the great buffalo-robe over all, Hilda lay back, only answering her lover's attempts to reassure her by a little sob now and then. The excitement of the last hour or two had been a little too much for the child.

"But it's all right now, darling!" Rawdon said presently, taking a pull at the mare as he topped the one long hill that lay between Boodle Park and Ashbridge,—"it's all right, now. We shall be at the D'Arbleys by dinner-time, comfortably. I've telegraphed to her to meet us at the Nord terminus. She's about the only relation I've got left; and, as she's fond of me, she'll simply worship you, you know! We've managed beautifully,—have n't we? Got away, and no one that matters the wiser! Jove! though, I should like to see the City man's face to-morrow—or rather *this* morning, when he discovers—Eh? what's that?"

He checked Lucia a moment and turned his head to listen. The ringing of *grelots* behind, plain enough. Round a slight bend came something dark against the snowy roadway at a furious rate after them.—Another sleigh.

"Dick, perhaps!" Don muttered; "but no, he would n't come after us; besides, he would n't yaw about so frightfully. That fellow's never driven a sleigh before, I should say!"

"O Don!" Hilda suggested, nervously; "suppose it should be—?"

"Marsden? By Jove, it is! My lady's found us out, and sent him, I suppose, to bring us back dead or alive! What a joke,—is n't it?"

Mignonne did n't seem to see it in that light at all. "For Heaven's sake, Don, don't let him overtake us! I could n't bear to see him again," she said.

"No chance of his overtaking us, Mignonne!" Don laughed. "Is there, Lucia?"

The mare tossed her head, and sprang away like an arrow, as the reins dropped on her back again. A hoarse cry came from the pursuing sledge. It was so close behind them now that they could see its occupant gesticulating vehemently; could hear him calling to them to stop,—Marsden's voice, they both said.

"He'll break his neck directly!" Rawdon observed with a grim sort of smile; "and we must

leave him to it, I'm afraid!" He looked at his watch as he spoke. "Yes; we've no time to waste. *Allons!*"

The mare laid herself out fairly now. The speed at which they tore along almost took Hilda's breath away. They left the other sleigh as if it had been standing still.

They were on the high ground now. Straight before them, yonder, where the lights were twinkling, lay the Ashbridge station; right and left the snow-mantled country could be seen for miles. Rawdon's eye ran along a thread-like dark track he knew where to look for,—the line of rails down which the Paris mail was coming.

"She ought to be in sight, if they told Fyle the truth!" he muttered; "awkward if she's been blocked up anywhere, now we've got this fellow behind us!"

Again his eye ran along the line of the embankment. It stood out well against the white background; nothing was visible on it.

All this time Lucia's speed never slackened: they were close on the station now. Where was the Mail?

He caught sight of something at last. A red light; a gleam of other lights, dull through frosty window-panes. Then the shriek of a whistle reached them. It was the Dover Mail running into Ashbridge. Other eyes beside Don's had caught sight of it. Again that cry to them to stop came from the other sleigh behind. Don laughed.

"Rather a sell for him, you know! He'll come up just in time to see us start!" he remarked.

So it seemed, for they were passing through the gate of the station-yard almost as he spoke. It was a tall, heavy gate, usually held open by a catch, but on this occasion by a man muffled up to the eyes,—Mr. Fyle.

"All right, sir!" that individual reported, as Don pulled up a moment. "The Frenchwoman is here with the baggage and the tickets; Mail's signalled. You're just in time, sir."

Don leaned forward and said a brief word in the man's ear. Mr. Fyle grinned.

"I'll take care, sir!" he returned. The sleigh moved on up the little incline to the station entrance. Mr. Fyle hurried the next moment up after it. Mademoiselle Fanchon rushed out to meet her mistress. The Dover Mail ran alongside the platform.

Just at that moment the pursuing sleigh reached the gate of the yard. The pursuer shouted for some one to open it in vain. With an oath, he leaped out and fumbled with frostbitten fingers at the latch. In vain, too; the latch was immovable; Mr. Fyle perhaps knew best why. The pursuer saw the train run in, heard the doors slam as its passengers took their seats, heard the whistle sound for its departure. And this infernal gate would n't open! At last the undignified notion of climbing over struck him. He put it into immediate practice, slightly incommoded by the severely strapped evening nether garments. It was a sight to see that tall gaunt figure *à cheval* upon a gate-bar!

Just as it got there the train began to move slowly off.

"I'll telegraph, though!" the figure muttered aloud with a vicious expletive, and preparing to descend on the other side. Not carefully enough, unfortunately. His foot slipped and turned awkwardly on the middle bar, and Jeffrey Marsden, Esq., came heavily to the ground with a badly sprained ankle, where Mr. Fyle presently found him.



The Paris Mail reached its destination without mishap, and Don and his Mignonne got to the Avenue de l'Impératrice in capital time for dinner, as he had prophesied.

Two days afterwards my lady — she had managed to survive her disappointment — read her daughter's marriage in the Times. So did Marsden, in bed with incipient rheumatic fever and a sprained ankle. So did Dick Jocelyn and Helen, lingering over their *tête-à-tête* breakfast in the Oak Parlor at Dane Court.

It was in that very room, by the by, that in the snow-time last year I heard from those same two people the story of RAWDON'S RAID!

## HOUSEKEEPING, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

BY AN AMERICAN.

THERE is an excellent chance for some speculative showman — some British Barnum — to realize a moderate fortune by importing to this country, erecting and exhibiting, an American house. I do not mean a specimen of the log-cabins in which a large proportion of my countrymen are supposed to reside, nor a model of the modest White House at Washington, which is made to serve as a poor substitute for a Presidential palace; but I mean an average American house, such as those which are erected in all the cities of the United States for the residences of the middle-class population. Compared with a dwelling of this kind, the middle-class houses in England seem destitute equally of comfort and convenience, although those who have never been accustomed to anything different or better consider them quite comfortable and convenient enough for all practical purposes. But then different people have different minds. An Englishman absolutely believes that he can warm a room by building a grate-fire at one end of it. An American visiting this country is in a continual shiver, his face being scorched and his back cold, or *vice versa*, until he becomes thoroughly acclimated, and learns that the most healthy warmth is that which exercise in the open air imparts to the blood.

Suppose the British Barnum to have his model, and to commence his show. "Here, ladies and gentlemen," he would say, "is a model of domestic architecture. When you inspect it you will agree that it beats anything at the Polytechnic. This is a house intended for a family of six persons and two servants. Enter at the basement, and you will observe that there is no servant's-hall, no housekeeper's room, no scullery-room. The servant's-hall is the kitchen, that being kept as neat as a parlor, since there are no slops, no carrying about of water, no cartage of coals in this house. A housekeeper would be superfluous, as the house keeps itself. The scullery is in this corner of the kitchen, which is only used for cleaning the pots and pans. In England we send out the washing, and pay heavy bills to the laundresses. Now, alongside of this kitchen-range you will see tubs, which form a table when the lids are down, and which are supplied with hot and cold water, the hot water being heated by the kitchen-range. Turn the handle of this machine, and the clothes are washed; turn that machine, and the clothes are wrung; place them in yonder hot-air cupboard, and the clothes are dried. Yes, sir, quite like magic.

The cook does this work easily on a Monday

morning, and there is no additional expense, no clouds of steam, no fuss and ill-temper. That large box is a refrigerator, which keeps the meats, milk, butter, and so forth, cool and fresh. By a self-regulating apparatus, a constant supply of distilled ice-water is obtained. That brick erection is a furnace, which warms the whole house with a single fire. No poker, tongs, coal-scuttles, sifters, chimney-sweeps, and girls to lay the fires and act as domestic coal-heavers here, ladies and gentlemen. This house heats itself, as you might say.

"Ascend to the upper floors, please. The dining-room, — with a butler's pantry opening out of it, with a small iron safe for the family plate, a sink for washing glass and china, and a lift to bring the dishes directly to table without any fear of their cooling on the stairs, and without any odor from the cooking to spoil good appetites. If you ring the bell in any room in the house the servants are not obliged to trip up stairs to ask what you desire, down stairs to procure it, and up stairs again to bring it to you. We are now on the third-floor, and perhaps some lady or gentleman would like a glass of sherry and a biscuit? I ring the bell, whisper down this tube, and, presto! the refreshments rise from Fairy-land — that is to say the basement — upon this dumb-waiter, and are here in this closet, ready to your hand. The sherry is English, sir; you need n't be afraid of it. This lift, or dumb-waiter, runs from cellar to attic, and is useful for bundles, parcels, — anything you like. Perhaps you are chilly; turn the register this way and in ten minutes a Hottentot would be happy. Or you are too warm; turn the register that way, and regulate the temperature to suit yourselves. The heated air is injurious to health? Well, you can have it fresher without opening the windows. I pull the cord of this ventilator, and you feel the change directly. You remark that there are no bath-tubs in the sleeping-rooms. No, but there are baths upon every floor, for the servants as well as the master. See! I draw this curtain, and here you have them, — full-bath, sitz-bath, shower-bath, and vapor-bath complete. Hot and cold water in any room by simply pressing one of these knobs. Stationary washstands in every dressing-room, which connect directly with the main sewage-drain. Do you need a light to see that room, sir? Just pull out the electrical gas-burner, and there's an illumination immediately without the necessity for safety matches. Like Aladdin's Palace, is n't it, sir? Everything, you see, to save labor, waste, and servants. The rent? About two hundred pounds a year in American currency. Yes, ma'am, two servants do the whole work of this house, and have plenty of spare time. Numbers of families keep only one. This way out, please. The halls and passages, you will notice, are of the same temperature as the rooms. No draughts of cold air whenever anybody opens the door. Thank you! Now for the next batch of visitors."

The most of the comparisons I wish to make will suggest themselves to the reader of this monologue. Of course, I have seen some of the American improvements in some English houses; but still the extent to which they have been adopted is very limited. If there be a bath-room in an English house, it must answer for the whole household. If there be a lift, it stops at the dining-room floor, although coals and water have to be carried to the higher stories. If hot and cold water be laid on, it is only in certain select apartments. Ventilators are almost unknown, except, perhaps that antiquated sort



which are let into the windows. Heated air is considered unhealthy, and so the ladies and children sit before the grate-fires with shawls over their shoulders, and catch cold in order to prevent injuring their lungs. Gas is making its way into all English houses now, but is still forbidden to be used in sleeping apartments, although the smoke from even a wax-candle is hardly preferable to the odor of the small amount of gas which can possibly escape. No stranger can live for a week in an English house, and not be ill from exposure to the chilly halls and stairways, even if he succeed in making himself comfortable before the fire. The English wrap themselves up to cross the hall as though they were going out of doors. Refrigerators are comparatively a new invention here. Iced water is vetoed as injurious to the teeth. It is true that in England one generally has no trouble to keep cool; the trouble is ever to get warm.

The parade, labor, skill, and paraphernalia required to maintain and manage an English fire are bewildering to a foreigner. There are the grate, and the ornamented fender, and the rug before the hearth; the steel shovel, tongs, and poker that are kept for beauty, not for use; and the steel poker, tongs, and shovel that are to be used. Need I say that the foreigner always undertakes to employ the wrong poker, and is detested accordingly? Then there is the handsome coal-box that stands by the fireside, and the ugly coal-scuttle which the maid carries in and out to replenish the former. Matches, waste-paper, bundles of kindling-wood *ad libitum*, and the first issue thereof is smoke. Presently there comes flame, and then, after many hours of manipulation, heat is generated. Not much heat, but still enough to make one wish for more. Meanwhile, the fire consumes the coals with a fiendish disregard of their price per sack. By way of revenge, I presume, everybody who enters the room gives the fire a savage poke. But, like Stephano's fish in the Tempest, it is a most delicate monster. Let but a foreign hand touch the poker, and the fire grows sullen and dies out. Every man thinks he can dress a salad; every man thinks he can poke a fire: these are the two least venial of human errors. When the fire dies, either naturally or by some unskilful touch, it strews the whole fender with its ashes. Then one of the maid-servants produces a box full of black lead and brushes, takes away the ashes and sifts them, and, by dint of much hard work, polishes the grate again. There is no other institution in England so troublesome, vexatious, unsatisfactory, and ungrateful as an English fire; but the people love it, and praise it, and shiver round it as if it were a fire from Heaven, like that which lit the altars of the gods.

It is evident that the origin of the numerous labor-saving contrivances in America is the lack of good servants; but in London the inhabitants have been complaining for years of the lack of good servants, and are yet very slow to introduce servant-saving machines. Americans, who know what the horrors of servanthood really are, cannot but regard these complaints as ill founded. Everywhere in England, not excepting London, the servants seem astonishingly docile, civil, willing, and well-trained. The worst London maid-of-all-work who ever transformed a lodging-house into a purgatory shines like an angel by contrast with her Irish sister in New York. The most stupid, drunken, negligent coachman in England is a perfect master of his business by contrast with his brother, the independent adopt-

ed fellow-citizen, who murders your horses in the United States. Perhaps the best servants we have had in America during the past twenty years were the black slaves in the South; but they were exceedingly lazy, wasteful, and expensive, so that I have often heard a Southern planter declare that he was the real slave forced to work for his negroes. But, thirty or forty years ago, there were a set of servants, mostly blacks, attached to Knickerbocker families in New York and New Jersey, who were as near perfection as men and women can become. Those were the days of Dutch kitchens, Dutch dishes, Dutch neatness, and Dutch housewifery, now long past, and never to return. With them faded away the old faithful race of servants, who honored and respected their employers, and were honored and respected by all. Occasionally one happens upon a descendant of this race, with all the virtues of the good old stock; but the accident is very rare. I remember one of them now, — a negro named Diana, — with whose culinary art no French cook could compete, and with whose merits as a woman few whiter women could compare. She lived only to show us what treasures we had lost. But the English servants, at their best, are precisely like these Knickerbocker marvels. At their worst, they are so much better than the present race of servants in America, that any American who values his comfort more than his democracy would do well to exchange countries for this reason alone. Nevertheless, we are right to flatter ourselves that we have no good servants because of our democracy. It is not pleasant to think of thousands of young men and women who grow up as servants in private houses with no ambition beyond exchanging their domestic servitude for the public servitude of a little landlordship and landladyship in a minor tavern. In America a coachman may win his way into Congress, and a servant-girl may marry a future President. If we must have either discomfort or feudalism, let us choose discomfort. But sometimes when I watch the English servants at their work, it occurs to me, that, as there is nothing degrading in household service, and as Americans pay very dearly for it, surely it ought to be more honestly and ably performed even by embryo Congressmen and the possible wives of Presidents. If any remaining Pogram object to this sentiment as unrepugnant, I'll make it stronger by suggesting that we should have in America stricter laws to compel our future rulers to give us fairer work for our fair wages.

One pregnant advantage that the English have is, that their servants are their own countryfolk. "A native-born American servant is almost an impossibility. In old times we used to see them in some of the Eastern States, but they were chiefly farmers' daughters, sent out as "helps" to neighbors in order that they might learn housekeeping, and so fit themselves for becoming industrious wives. This is the reason why they were called "helps," and not servants; for, being of the same social rank as their employers, there was nothing servile in their occupations. Naturally, the same term came in time to be applied to all servants; but it is now very seldom used. The servants in America, then, are all foreigners, — Irish in the east, Germans in the west. English and Scotch servants are more scarce, and are always sure of commanding better places and higher wages. Germans are preferred to the Irish, because they know more about domestic duties, and are generally nearer in appearance. They have, however, pro-



penalties for lager-beer lovers, and waltzing at late balls, which test the temper of the most patient mistress very severely. The Irish go from the emigrant ships to the "intelligence offices," or servants' agencies; and often they have places—that is to say, are hired—the next day after they leave shipboard. Poor girls! The wonder is, not that they know so little, but that they learn so quickly. Coming from homes destitute of every comfort,—from straw-thatched cabins, where the only housekeeping consists in piling peat upon the fire,—from hovels where all the meals are cooked in the same pot, and gaunt Poverty casts its curse upon the scanty fare,—they are transferred in a moment from the horrors of the steerage to what seem to them palaces, and are transformed in a twinkling from emigrants to "culinary artistes," or "first-class general servants." They have never had any money before, but they are too shrewd to squander their large wages. With a generosity to which one cannot do too ample justice, their first thoughts are for their poor relatives in Ireland; their first savings are sent to bring these wretched sufferers to the promised land. These Irish servant-girls, whose devotion to their religion shames many a Christian in higher stations, subscribe immense sums of money for the Roman Catholic Church, for the support of priests and for charity. They have always a trifle left, too, for Fenianism or any other "ism" that assumes the garb of the champion of old Ireland.

Thinking of all their devotion and their patriotism and their sacrifices, their faults appear trivial; but they have most vexatious faults. They soon learn their independence; their self-respect takes the form of unbridled insolence; they are, almost without exception, virtuous while in service, but they are very fond of drink; they assume unservantlike finery, despise those caps which English maids wear so jauntily, and make frequent drafts upon their mistresses' wardrobes. Cousins are always coming to see them; and as every Irishman is their cousin, a thief or burglar often turns up in a well-regulated household. Funerals are their delight; and as some Irish friend is always dying, and as they are invited to every wake, a considerable portion of their time is devoted to the dead rather than to the living. They domineer over the real mistress of the house, order her out of the kitchen, and give her the full benefit of a temper spoiled by early brutality. They reserve all their affection for their own country-people, and never have the slightest attachment to the families with whom they live. Regarded philosophically, they are excellent patriots; but regarded practically, they are very bad servants, in every way inferior to those of England and Europe.

But there is such a calamity as too much of a good thing. The English have too many servants. The labor is divided into very small portions, and there must be a man or a maid for each portion. Butler, housekeeper, cook, house-maid, parlor-maid, nurse, nurse-maid, laundry-maid, lady's-maid, footman, valet, scullery-maid, and page, or "buttons," they muster in a diversified but formidable array, and each one is pledged by some secret bond of the fraternity never to do anything that is assigned by custom to the departments of his coadjutors. At least three or four servants must be attached to a moderate household in London. In the country, I have known fifteen servants engaged to wait upon a family of four persons. I do not speak of noble-men's families, for these maintain an immense ret-

inue of dependants and underlings, but of a quiet country-house, with no game preserves to look after, and no stud of hunters to require extra stablemen. English ladies are, as a rule, better housewives than American women, and they have need to be so. To manage so many employees satisfactorily demands talents, labor, and experience enough to fit a man for the rank of drill-sergeant, or even that of general. In many English houses the servants form a household within a household. They must have a separate table, not furnished forth with the funereal baked meats from their masters' feast, but with everything cooked especially. Even in the plainest houses there is a fixed extra allowance for the servants' beer. In great houses the upper servants have a third table in the housekeeper's room. All this draws heavily upon the income of the head of the family. Wages are not very dear, but not much cheaper than in America. Perquisites are about the same in both countries. Vails, or gifts from visitors to servants, are not thought of in America, but in many parts of England the custom is continued in all its ancient force. During the dull season last summer, there was a determined attack upon it in the newspapers, but very little effect was produced. Gentlemen furnished statistics to show that it would have cost them less to buy their own shooting-grounds than to accept invitations from friends and pay pounds to the gamekeepers. Other gentlemen ciphered up the amount of money of which they had been mulcted by the understrappers at houses which they had honored with visits. The journals, in long, logical, and learned leaders, protested against such impositions upon guests. But when the servants, aggravated beyond endurance, at last rushed into print, and, with homely pathos, but bad grammar, recorded how much extra work the visitors made for them, almost everybody felt that the servants had the best of the discussion. At any rate, to tip English servants is the custom, and Americans should not venture upon an exception. It is impossible to offend any Englishman of what are called here "the lower orders," by offering him a shilling. From the policeman who points out your way, to the page who ushers you into a drawing-room, they all have itching palms. In any other country you can ask a question of a street-loafer without being solicited for "the price of a pint of beer," but not in this. Nowhere else is poverty so very hard and so utterly shameless. Even in Spain and Italy the beggars are too proud to ask for alms if you address them politely.

Undoubtedly the staple household dish in England is roast beef; but it is no longer "the roast beef of old England,"—it is the roast beef of old Normandy. Better beef can now be obtained in the United States than in England, owing, I presume, to the extensive importations of meat from France. The beauties of a "porter-house steak" are not appreciated here. English butchers cut their meat differently. But although the Americans have better beef, they cannot cook it like the English. Ribs and the sirloin are not baked in ovens, American fashion, but are legitimately roasted upon spits before an open fire. Go to one of the old London chop-houses up the narrow courts leading from Fleet Street or the Poultry, and, after eating a rump steak broiled, you can lay your hand below your heart, and confess that you have tasted meat for the first time in your life. By what occult science, or by what happy knack, the cooking of this specialty is brought to such perfection, it is use-



less to imagine. Eat, and you will be in no mood for asking questions.

The secret is as profound as that of those potatoes at Evans's, which are so wonderfully superior to all other potatoes in the world that the proprietors must have had a second Sir Walter Raleigh to discover them and another Ireland to grow them. Poultry is almost tasteless in England, and the natives wisely eat ham or smoked tongue with it, to give it a flavor. With the delicious fowls and turkeys of America still fresh in his memory, my countryman feels a pang of disappointment whenever he sees poultry in Great Britain. Perhaps I ought to modify this judgment in favor of the English goose; but goose is nothing without apple-sauce, and genuine apples are as scarce as rubies in England. In all the English bills-of-fare there are only a few points in which the Americans may not justly claim superiority. American beef, veal, poultry, and lamb are more excellent. English game, palatable as most of it is, cannot rival American game. English larks are surpassed by American reed-birds; hares are not so good as American rabbits; English wild-fowl are uneatable when compared to those of the United States. But in fish the English have no equals. White-bait is ten times better than the frost-fish of the Raritan River, which it somewhat resembles. English soles are princes among the finny tribe. English salmon excel American salmon. The John Dory is the king of fish; the more you eat of him and of sole and of turbot, the less you value the American shad. Shrimps, prawns, and periwinkles are altogether English and altogether good. Either the Americans have no oysters or the English have none; for what the English call oysters are so different from the American shell-fish that comparison is impossible. The worst oyster, however, is that of Naples, because it seduces you into fond expectations by having shells like the American, and then repels you by its watery, coppery English taste. Turtle in England is unique; the American turtle cannot be named with it without an apology. But I reserve my most energetic enthusiasm for English pork and mutton. A Yorkshire ham is a delicacy in whose presence no American can be moved by any partiality for his native pigs. A saddle of Southdown mutton would win the verdict of an epicurean Paris in a competition between the best dishes of all countries. There is nothing like it; there are no prejudices of palate which it cannot overcome. As for the English mutton-chops, let us not waste weak words concerning them; there are no other mutton-chops in either hemisphere.

But when all this has been conceded, the fact remains that the Americans have by far the best, most varied, and most extensive bill-of-fare. I am aware that this is, in a great measure, a matter of individual opinion, and therefore in all I have said of English dishes I have endeavored to condense the results of a long series of references to other Americans who have visited England. It is sufficient for me to indorse the verdict of this national jury. I am afraid, however, that the verdict of a jury of Englishmen who have visited America might be very much on the other side. Until recently, I supposed that it was admitted that American fruits were much more juicy and luscious than the English, with perhaps, the single exception of the plums. But the other day a party of Englishmen, all of whom had been twice to the United States, gravely asserted the contrary, and were surprised at my

extraordinary lack of discrimination when I could not agree with them. Their English fruit must have ripened upon the sunniest walls,—may it ever be so!—and their American fruit must have been eaten before it was matured. This incident has completely shaken my faith in anybody's judgment on the tables of the two countries, and I only submit these paragraphs as a humble contribution of information on this most important subject, which some great *gourmet* will, one day, discuss and decide authoritatively. Still, it is in order for me to protest vigorously against that spectral canvas-back duck which haunts an American at English dinners as the albatross haunted the Ancient Mariner. The canvas-back duck is not a fair specimen of American wild-fowl. Some people pretend to like it because it has the flavor of the wild celery upon which it feeds; but to develop this flavor the bird has to be cooked quickly before a flaming fire, and eaten almost raw. This duck is very expensive in America, and is consequently valued very highly by epicures; but the majority of Americans would as soon think of feasting upon uncooked crows. The wild game of the United States is of a very different character. It may be pretty fairly judged, all things considered, by the prairie-fowl which are sent over to the London markets; but only the breast of this fowl should be eaten. A wild turkey is the best of game. Few travellers will deny that Delmonico's restaurant, at New York, is to be ranked far above the best restaurants of Paris. There we have the perfection of French cooking applied to a larger more abundant and more diversified than any in Europe. But when you go from this restaurant into private families, the same superiority in the materials and in the *cuisine* is observable, and the lower you descend in the social scale the better are the dinners by contrast with those of similar classes here. There are tens of thousands of poor families in England who can afford meat but once a week, if at all; but no corresponding class can be found in America. An ordinary laborer lives as well there as a small shop-keeper does in Great Britain. After all, that is a superiority more grand than any which can be established for excellence in particular dishes.

An American in London is by no means forced to deprive himself of the food of his own country. One may procure anything he desires in this metropolis, if he only knows where to apply for it. An Italian may live like the Italians, a German like the Germans, and an American like the Americans, without quitting London.

Buckwheat cakes may be ordered for breakfast at the hotel which Americans most frequent. Green corn, and even succotash,—a mixture of corn and Lima beans,—are to be purchased in cans. Salt mackerel is imported here. Hominy is not unknown in many English houses. Pumpkin-pies are a rarity, but they do exist. In Paris, a widow has made a fortune by keeping them at her restaurant. Mince-pies are as common in England as plum-puddings in America. Bring with you a plain recipe, and English cooks will reward you with a pot-pie as appetizing as those of New Jersey. Bourbon whiskey is to be had for the seeking. A lager-beer saloon has been opened in the Strand, and ought to be patronized by Americans, who are almost as habitual beer-drinkers as the Germans. Tomato and terrapin soups are for sale in London. American cheese may be seen at any cheesemonger's. In Covent Garden, you will be supplied with Ameri-



can apples. Everything that is good comes to London. As you travel upon the Continent you will learn that from every port the best articles are despatched to England and the worst to the United States, but that the Americans are invariably expected to pay the best prices. Whatever effect this may have upon your national vanity, it should at least teach you to prize life in London more dearly. No American can be long content with those stock-dishes of an English hotel which seem to have been cooked together in the same pot or pan, nor with the monotonous variety of chops and steaks, chops and chops, at the English restaurants; but then he can act upon the hints just given, and go afieid to secure his native dainties in the shops. Or let him turn in at Verrey's, that oasis in the culinary desert of England, and dine like a Parisian and better than most Parisians. Probably there are not a sufficient number of American sojourners in London to support an American restaurant, although there are a dozen English chop-houses in New York; but certainly an American bar, like that called "The Cosmopolitan," at Paris, would be very successful, if well conducted. I know that there is said to be an American bar in Leicester Square, but that is not the suitable locality. In thoroughly English houses the very names of American beverages are quite unheard of; but if some daring genius, in a moment of inspiration and in summer, would only introduce the mint-julep to the British public, all England would rise up, drink his health in his own decoction, and immortalize his memory. Meanwhile, however, it is possible to get on very nicely with claret-cup.

The etiquette of English houses differs very slightly from that of American houses. About fifteen years ago the American gentlemen began to adopt the English style of dressing, and since that time they have also adopted most of the English social customs. The American ladies try to dress like the French, and pride themselves upon their Parisian taste; but this is a feminine peculiarity everywhere, and the American ladies are only exceptional in procuring the French fashions so quickly. It requires two seasons to introduce a new *mode de Paris* into England; a single season suffices for the United States. Take a recent example. The "Grecian bend" came out at Paris two years ago; it was adopted in America last autumn; it is displayed in English shop-windows, but not yet upon English ladies, for the first time this winter. The distance between Paris and London, in fashion as in everything else, is about two years. But London sets the fashions for American gentlemen. "The fellows who have their clothes sent over from Poole's" lead the *ton*. I can remember the time when all Americans of any station were attired in Hamlet's customary suit of solemn black, — black cloth coats and trousers, and black silk waistcoats, and black beaver hats. This costume is still preferred by some politicians, who believe that it gives them a semi-professional air. But tweed suits, and colored walking-coats, and light trousers, are now as prevalent in New York as in London, and — marvellous revolution! — the gentlemen now agree to dress for dinner, for the opera, and, to some degree, for the theatre. The rough-and-ready American of the past has now been banished with the buffaloes to the far West, and it is as unjust to infer that the typical American gentleman is one of the few relics of bygone days that straggle in from the prairies, as it would be to mistake for typical English gentle-

men some of the rural squires we meet at the Cattle Show. The ceremony of dressing for dinner implies a great deal, — social refinement, for instance, and cultivation, and a respect for polite conventionalities. Twenty years ago Americans were amazed at the ceremoniousness of English society, and the rules of precedence, and the terribly formal processions from the drawing-rooms to the dining-rooms; but they have the same ceremonies in their own houses now. I own that the recent attempt of Congress to interfere with the court costume of American ministers abroad seems to invalidate much that I have said; but then it must be considered that ardent republicanism in America, like ardent loyalty here, is still a potent catchword with some voters; and, although the one cry means just as much and as little as the other, politicians use them in both countries. Mr. John Bright would gain as little popularity in England by refusing to wear a court-suit as Minister Adams would have gained in America by insisting upon wearing a court-suit. These national follies prove nothing except the folly of human nature, and that needs no proof.

## BEGINNING AND END.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the German of PAUL HEYSEL.]

### I.

IN a deep bow-window of a brilliantly lighted saloon a single taper burned upon a silver stand, held aloft by the raised arms of a winged figure. This feeble light was yet further lessened by shady plants with broad leaves and the lingering flowers of the season, while a slender palm arched its delicate branches above the entrance to this leafy recess. Within, two chairs stood near each other. One was empty, in the other rested the graceful figure of a woman, her head supported on her hand, her eyes closed. It would have been injustice to have supposed that she had withdrawn from the gay company into this green hiding-place to be the more observed and sought after. She thought as little of that as of how tenderly the dark shadow of the palm fell across her fair forehead, and how like moonbeams the light from the taper played in the braids of her dark hair. She was thinking behind those closed eyelids, as from the farther end of the room a soft girlish voice floated towards her, how in the summer of her own life her imagination had been wont to sport itself. In short, the music which in the beginning she had followed with half an ear, had at last lulled her to sleep like a tired child.

She did not awaken when the song was at an end, the old gentlemen had each cried out his spirited "Bravo!" the stool was pushed back from the piano, and the interrupted conversation hummed through the room with renewed liveliness.

No one came to disturb her, for she was a stranger in the circle, and this fact caused a shade of grave reserve upon her countenance, which did not invite new acquaintances. It was her fate to be called haughty, and she was conscious of it; that she did nothing to correct the false impression arose rather from indifference than contempt.

A well-known voice calling her name broke through her slumbers. As she opened her eyes in confusion, the master of the house stood before her, holding by the hand a stranger, whose tall figure reached up to the palm-branches.

"Permit me to disturb your meditations, Lady Eugénie," said the host, smiling; "I bring to you my friend and cousin, Lord Valentine, who has become



our guest within the last few hours, and who has returned to Germany only within the past few weeks. But now I think we shall keep fast hold of him, and who can so well assist us in this as our German ladies?"

He had turned away some time since, still they both waited without one word of greeting. The eyes of the man were fixed upon the red rose in the hair of the beautiful woman, and only the movement of the palm-branches over his head showed how quickly the blood coursed through his veins. Eugénie gazed up earnestly at him, like one who pondered some riddle. Or had sleep not yet wholly lifted its veil from her eyes? If this meeting was only a dream, perchance she dreamed it not for the first time. But have dreams the power to change familiar features, to thin those locks, and engrave those lines on the forehead, above his strongly marked eyebrows, which she had noticed at the first moment?

The longer he waited for her to address him, deeper and deeper glowed her cheeks. Twice she opened her lips, but was silent, and her eyes sank. Her fan slid down upon the carpet; he did not stoop to raise it.

"Lady Eugénie," he said, at last, "permit me to call you so, for I am here in this house for the first time to-night, and have neglected to inquire the name of your husband. How strangely people meet in this life! I can only wonder at my own lack of foreknowledge that this meeting was shadowed forth to me by no sign in heaven or earth."

"A particular reason has led me here," she answered, quickly; "I wish to place my son at school, and was told I would find the best in this city. I passed last night in the mail-coach wholly without sleep, and I must confess, just now, as you came in, weak Nature, in defiance of all propriety, was revenging herself for the neglect. I say this to you, as it must seem strange to an old friend to be greeted in so distant and uncordial a manner." With this she offered him her hand.

"I thank you," he replied, while his whole face lit up, "that you have thus retained for me my slight claim on your friendship. Only continue to treat me on the old footing, and enjoy again the repose which I unfortunately interrupted. I will see that no one enters this leafy retreat, and will, if you desire, myself stand sentinel by the palm-tree."

She laughed and spoke: "No, I did not mean that, only that I am too tired for conversation with entire strangers. If you follow my wishes you will sit down by me, and tell me how the world goes, and has gone, with you."

"You will yourself decide best how it *has* gone with me when I confide to you in deepest secrecy how it goes with me at this very moment. My friend has invited me to visit him that he may marry me off in some way or other! What say you to that? He considers it his duty. To what state must a man be reduced when his friends hold it their *duty* to render him *harmless*."

"You startle me," she answered, smiling; "when I knew you, you were not only not wholly harmless, but more than that, instigating and abetting so much harm, that for the general safety it would have been necessary to have put you in chains."

"You ridicule me, Lady Eugénie. O, this habit of yours that I know so well! But my noble cousin fears my doing harm to no one save myself. He has a firm conviction that, if I continue at the old castle I bought to hermitize in, chasing after whims

as well as hares, and helping out the rents of my peasants with receipts of which I understand nothing, that some fine day the small remainder of sound sense he is good enough to endow me with will dissipate itself in smoke! You see he wishes to treat me homœopathically, to cure one folly by another. Perhaps he is right; when we are shown that we are no longer capable of directing our own affairs, we should remain quietly thankful if our friends take the trouble. At the same time I really think they may come too late."

"Too late? I can reckon it up. Fourteen years that we have not seen one another. If you cannot make yourself young again, you have still scarcely reached those years which are called a man's best."

"I make myself young again? Good Heavens! Earlier such a change might have been for my interest. Of what do you remind me, Eugénie?"

"And is she beautiful, young, and lovely,—your bride?" she broke in hastily; "I should not ask this question, which implies a doubt, had you not given full authority to a friend to dispose of your heart, and in such affairs friends are not always to be relied upon."

"You do our excellent host great injustice," he answered, laughing; "not only are not one of the three cardinal virtues wanting, but each one is represented three times."

"Three times?"

"I mean in three different specimens, between which the choice for me—most unhappy of men!—will be exceedingly difficult. In what a state of perplexity shall I be?"

"And all three are violently in love with you? In any case a double wretchedness must ensue."

"Fear nothing of the kind. Up to this hour neither of my chosen ones are even aware of my existence in the world. Their father—"

"So they are three sisters."

"Yes, one fair, one brown, one black haired. You see there is no escape, for each whim of taste is provided for. At the earliest possible hour to-morrow the pitiless vender of my heart will take me in his wagon and deliver me over to my fate. They live at L., four short hours from here, and the negotiation for a horse will furnish the pretext. Their father, who resides in the village as physician, has in his stables a magnificent gray horse of pure Arabian blood."

"You go forth as did once Saul, son of Kish. May you, like him, return home with a kingdom."

"If you knew," he answered, thoughtfully, "how little I desire the kingdom! For there is no greater slave to his duties than a king. To-day I am still free, and shall take the liberty of sitting down by you, and thinking of those happy, vanished days, when it is true I lay in bondage, but the bondage of enchantment."

She was silent, while he threw himself into the other arm-chair, and rolled it round towards the parlor, so that he could see nothing of the company, only the plants by the window, the taper, and the face of that beautiful woman.

In the mean time the hostess had taken her place at the piano to play for a dance, and soon the slender branches of the palm trembled in the whirlwind raised by the flying couples. Eugénie looked silently out upon the gay movement, her left hand playing with her golden chain, her right holding a beautiful cluster of flowers carelessly in her lap. Valentine was watching her. As she observed it, she raised the bouquet, half burying her face in it.



"You think me rude," he said, "because I sit down before you as before a picture. But should I not marvel that the colors still shine so brightly and unchanged after so many years? If I were to banish the remembrance for one moment that I am fourteen years older, and to-morrow will be betrothed, I could easily envelop myself in the delusion that I was sitting again where I have sat so often, in the greenhouse of your parents, that I had but just laid aside the book out of which I had been reading to you, and that you were watching the play of the flies over the fish-pond, or the falling of the leaves. But only youth brings to us such hours of ecstatic quiet, such a complete out-going of our souls into the soul of Nature, when we are released from all the bonds and fetters of our *Ego*, so that we feel ourselves like the plants, grasping more firmly the simple elements. Sometimes, after those evenings when I walked home alone, the remembrance of such moments seemed to bear me along like a leaf or a feather down the long avenue of poplars that shivered and shook so strangely. In after years we call this sentimentality. But I cannot smile at it to-night."

"If I ever did so then, I really think I should apologize to you for it. We maidens were taught to watch over our impulses, and to be cautious in giving way to them. But now I can confess to you that I often wished Cora might come in barking, or that we would hear Frederick calling us to tea, lest I could not restrain my tears a couple of moments longer."

"You had originally," he answered, "a strong nature. The cement which holds mine together has only slowly hardened in the open air of an active life. But what names have you spoken? My friend and my enemy! The honest Frederick, he, I knew, had a heartfelt sympathy for me, — a state of things very rare between rivals. For it cannot be news to you that he loved you all the more that, as gardener and house-servant, he deified his young mistress. But he saw that his case was yet more hopeless than mine, although I, however the civil law hath it, did not stand upon half so firm a footing. There was a tacit understanding of hopelessness between us."

"When he came to call us from the orangerie, and you passed out after your little spaniel, we would both watch how you caught it up and kissed it; and he would turn to me, saying with a jealous fury, 'Do you comprehend, Lord Valentine, what our young lady finds to caress in that senseless brute?' With that he would shake his head indignantly, that he always carefully frizzed, from the time he was promoted to waiting upon the table and passing the dishes to you. And acknowledge now, Lady Eugénie, that it was with an eye to us both you so openly favored that ugly little beast."

"We will say nothing unkind concerning the dead," she replied. "Cora sleeps the long sleep, not far from the little pond, — there where the bench stood under the elm-tree, if you remember it."

"How could I help doing so? On that bench I assisted you on with your skates when we made that memorable ice-excursion with your cousin. How is the little Lucie?"

"She has grown into a tall woman, and has a houseful of children. If she only knew I had met you here! But a few months since we were speaking of you. She retains the liveliest recollection of you, and, above all, she has not forgotten that beautiful winter afternoon, when we instructed you

in the rudiments of skating. She moreover asserts that she then received from you a warmer hand-pressure than was consistent with your after conduct, and this alone throws a deep shadow of fickleness across the otherwise excellent character she ascribes to you."

"Ye gods!" he cried, laughing, "thus is the most innocent not secure against the blackest suspicion. My conscience is not entirely clear of everything, but it often happens that I am called to account for wholly different sins from those I have committed. When you guided my first steps over the slippery plain, I desired nothing more ardently than that the firm pressure with which I held your hand should speak of something far different from the mere desire of not falling. You were, as ever, inaccessible to all approaches, but you must acquit me of having anything to blame myself with on the score of little Lucie. O, I can see it all as vividly as though it were to-day! I can yet trace the glow that ran through all my veins in that sharp December wind, yet feel the touch of your hand actually and sensibly, as I did at that time for weeks afterward. You must not be angry," he added, "that I now speak of all this so openly. We are no longer the same, and can talk of it as we would tell a story about strangers. It is a very harmless enjoyment for me to say to you, to-day, what then hovered upon my lips a hundred times, but was always repressed by an unhappy timidity. We meet now like old comrades, who have still a debt to settle between them."

"Who is the creditor?" she asked, soberly.

"Both, or will you not allow me that, even in so slight a degree? If you knew what you have made me, how many years your image has stood between me and every earthly happiness! You *must* have known it. How often, when I lay in wait for you on the way to recitation, my heart beat when I saw the tartan mantle and the little gray hat coming round the corner; and then, when with as much self-possession as possible, I advanced to meet you, why did you blush so if you did not realize how the soul of the poor youth who lifted his cap hung upon you?"

"You are wrong, my friend," she answered, with a charming touch of naïveté. "I blushed before every one who met me in that array, in which I looked like a scarecrow. The mantle was long since out of fashion, but my mother thought it quite pretty enough for a walk to school. How many tears of vanity have I wiped away with the point of that hated banner!"

He could not help laughing. "Only see how different our tastes are. Fate did wisely in separating us. I, for my part, have sought up and down, half over the world, for just such a mantle as the incarnation of all loveliness. Once in France precisely the same thing shone on me from afar. How frantically I plunged after it! but I found, alas! that no Eugénie sailed beneath those colors. Since then I have been inclined to believe that it makes some difference *who* wears the garment of our youthful dreams."

During this conversation the dancing continued, and the room grew very warm. The fair lady fanned herself with parted lips, while Valentine thought of a saying he had seen in a French book, how that a certain kind of blue eyes always bore a close relationship to certain white teeth. He told her of it. "You see," he continued, "how freely I abuse your friendship by telling you everything



that comes into my head. I hold myself entirely blameless in so doing on account of my long silence, and you surely cannot be angry with me. Really, it seems to me as if Heaven yet intended to make a good husband and father out of me, in that it takes from off my soul, just before the momentous step, all that could have made it difficult. Otherwise in the happiest home no care could have prevented your image at times recurring to me unexpectedly, and throwing me into all the old confusion of spirit.

"But now that you know all, and have so kindly established this safe and friendly tone between us, I can go after my bride to-morrow with an entirely different feeling."

They had arisen, and were looking at the flowers.

"What a beautiful candelabra this is," she said; "the Goddess of Fortune, whom they have made subservient by holding a light."

"It appears to me rather the Goddess of Victory," he replied. "The ball is wanting upon which Fortune turns, while Victory takes its position firmly, near the courageous."

"Then let it be a good omen to you for to-morrow's journey, that the night preceding Victory has held the light for you!"

"You have doubts about my courage, Lady Eugénie," he said. "But I hope I know better how to act now than fourteen years ago, and to demand of my Fate, good or evil, that it give me an open and decisive answer. "If it goes well with me I promise that you shall be the first to whom I will fly as herald of my own heroism. But enough about myself. As yet you have told me no word of your life and experience, and I have never had the courage to ask of others. Since I heard you were married I have avoided every place where I should hear of you, so that even the name of your husband is unknown to me. Describe him to me now, in your happiest style, or is he here among the guests."

"It is seven years since I lost him." He shrank back. "I have only my boy," she added, "and now I must be separated from him also. In the country, at my mother's, he ran perfectly wild, and when I found a tutor who could manage him I could not bear to have the merry boy grow up so entirely without playfellows."

"I must see him," he said, hastily, gazing absently at the bouquet in her hand. "His father lost to him, poor child! when he is grown, Lady Eugénie, you must send him to me sometimes. He shall go hunting with me, ride my horse, and if he makes love to my eldest daughter, then in truth will the beginning and the end approach each other, though not as I, foolish man, once dreamed. Do you consent, Eugénie?"

"With all respect to the future father-in-law of my son," she answered, gayly, "I will reserve to myself the privilege of first seeing the maiden, since you cannot as yet give me security for the mother."

"As a matter of course she shall have your approval. I will not take her at all if she has the bad fortune not to please you. The best thing —"

A young man, who had hesitatingly approached the bay-window, here interrupted the conversation by inviting the strangers to dance. She excused herself on account of her night journey, and, stepping out from under the leaves, mingled with the rest of the company.

Yet a little longer, Valentine, who remained standing by the palm-tree, saw her figure among the others, and fancied now and then he heard her

voice. It seemed to him as if he had omitted saying something of importance to her, and he puzzled himself to think what it could be; finally the propriety of inquiring after her mother occurred to him. But when he sought for her through the parlor and adjoining apartments, she had vanished.

It was the second day after the evening above mentioned. The heavy morning fog still hung in the streets of the city, but the upper clouds were beginning to turn rosy, and a sunny day might be hoped for.

In an apartment of the hotel sat Lady Eugénie at her writing-desk, upon which lay a half-written letter. Both hands were folded and laid upon the page, while her thoughts flew far away from its contents. Several times, when a step sounded without in the hall, she would start and listen. But it passed by, and she was left alone. Why did her mind so constantly recur to that time so far away, — when she walked in that garden path, where the heliotropes stood between the asters, and the low fruit-trees threw long shadows over the vegetable-garden. The sun glinted through the high hedge and the air was still, not even the song of birds was to be heard.

The next morning, when day broke, she would be far away from that quiet province, and when next she came, snow would lie upon the beds, and the trees would have shed both flower and fruit. And the student who walked by her side, poking deep holes in the earth with her parasol, knew *all* this.

He had seen the travelling-carriage standing packed at the door, and Frederick strapping on the trunks. When mortals go away, what security is there that they will ever come back or, at least, return as they depart. How wise, then, is it to exchange last wishes, above all when two people imagine themselves bound together body and soul! If he had but known how much was to be ascribed to her directing her footsteps to this deserted part of the garden! She stormed at herself while going, that she should make the advances thus far. But now not one hairbreadth further; *he* must do the rest, or she could never forgive herself what she had already done to loosen his tongue. For this little seventeen-year-old head had an immensely exalted idea of the dignity of her sex, and if this good youth near her had died from reverence for her and keeping mute she would not have come to his help.

Was it not retired enough here, the sun at their backs, and had the kitchen-garden ever before been their promenade? And, above all, did not the travelling-carriage stand ready before the door?

But on his side he must never dream that she had arranged all this. She spoke eagerly of the journey, of seeing so many cousins; she described them all individually, and laughed about each one, — and now they were standing at the end of the walk, looking over the hedge, and he kept answering more and more in monosyllables. Then he was silent altogether, and she too.

Repressed tears of emotion, anger, shame and mortification boiled and welled up within her.

Suddenly she turned towards him, glowing all over, and said: "Give me my parasol, you will break it, and I must take it with me on my journey. Come, we must walk faster, I have so much to do yet. Do you know it frightens me when I think how I shall fall behind in my studies. That English king you taught me about so carefully out of Shakespeare will not stay in my head. It is a pity, but what shall I do? My cousins are not such good pedagogues as you. When I come back, — but who



knows? my aunt may keep me all winter. So that perhaps it will be a year and a day before you hear me again, and then if I recite badly the long time will be my excuse."

It was longer than a year and a day.

But on that morning when the carriage stood in the court-yard, and she had taken her place in it, he stepped up to the coach door and handed in a bunch of flowers. Her mother took it with friendly thanks. Eugénie nodded to him gayly, and gave him her gloved hand, but he could not see the pale face and red eyelids behind her veil. He closed the door and raised his hat, while Frederick, from his seat above, looked round once at him as the carriage rolled away, and his honest face shone with something of the pity a happy man bestows upon a less favored rival. This was in the autumn. When she returned in midwinter he had left the country to attend to some little business in the city.

The next time he rang the familiar bell at the entrance was the following summer. He was told the house was full of visitors, cousins, and other strangers. He left, said he would call again, but the distant salutation of her mother, who met him in the street that day, gave him to understand he would not find the greeting he desired, so that he did not return.

Was he missed or not?

Who could unravel the expression that lay upon Eugénie's pale face when, three years later, she gave her hand to the man her mother had chosen.

But now, as she gazed back into the past, away from the contents of her letter, the words of a sorrowful ballad rang through her soul:—

"Ich hätte Können glücklicher sein  
Und glücklicher machen —"

The quick stroke of a horse's hoofs was heard in the street below, and she ran to the window.

A rider sprang from off a beautiful Arabian steed, through the fog which closed after him, while clouds of steam rolled from the smoking nostrils of the beast. Her gaze hung with a restless fire upon the noble, manly form that controlled the spirited animal with so little difficulty. What a contrast between this quick decision and the yielding imaginative vision of her youth! Yet she could easily see that the inner being had only developed, not changed. Had he really conquered his old shyness and spoken the words which would bind him? She trembled to think of it. Now she could hear him coming up the stairs, and her old habit of self-control came faithfully to her aid. When the door opened, and Valentine entered, her face wore its usual composure, though her heart beat violently.

She advanced to meet him cordially, giving him her hand. "Good morning," she said; "you keep your promise beautifully, already the triumphant hoof-beat of your steed has announced that you return as victor."

"Eugénie," he answered, "you must give me credit for appearing before you, although I am sure of encountering your severest ridicule. The whole gain of yesterday is that horse below, which I have honestly paid for, and this apple which I have stolen." With these words he laid a beautiful wax-like apple on the table, and threw himself without further delay into an arm-chair.

Eugénie stood before him, smiling.

"I do not consider this booty from your campaign so altogether despicable," she said. "'T is true I know little of horses, but this beautiful apple you have doubtless purloined from your future bride."

"If I had gone that far," he broke in, gloomily, "I should not have been frightened at what remained. You are wholly mistaken if you ever again, even in your thoughts, accuse me of a lack of courage. It was the excess of courage, on the contrary, that hindered me this time. Upon my word, it would not have cost me the least effort to have declared my love to all three, one after the other."

"Then you would have made a charming piece of work of it!"

"I expected that you would give me nothing but sarcastic condolence, and yet you see in what perplexity I am! and I come to you for counsel and help."

"You demand more of me than I could, with the best of intentions, possibly give."

"You can do it, Eugénie, only listen how. I spent the whole day in their company with our friend."

"That is little or much, as one takes it."

"You are right, enough to fall in love in turn with all three of the sisters, and much too short a time to give either the preference. One must needs carry off the whole nest."

"Are the birdlings so unfledged as to allow it unresistingly?"

"Honestly, I have not once thought of that. The first thing for me to do is to get myself in such a state of intoxication over one of them as to forget that the other two are in the world. And that is a difficult thing to do, dear friend, — difficult for a man so old as I am."

"Are all three so perfectly irresistible?"

"All three made for kisses, and each in her own peculiar style, so that one could not be contented with either if the others stood near."

"You make use of entirely too general and high-flown expressions. I wish to hear about each one in order, clearly and definitely. Now then, first the blonde, and then the brown, and then the black haired. Or how do they follow each other, according to age?"

"I do not know."

"Then we will go by height, and begin at the smallest. Is it the brown?"

"Really I do not know."

"You appear to have made bad use of your time; or was the threefold enchantment so great from the beginning that your senses deserted you?"

"I dare not at all events boast myself of a high degree of descriptive power," he answered, laughing. "I can scarcely ever recollect such an odious sensation as that with which I set out yesterday. Compared to it, a journey to the dentist's would have been pleasant. Several times I was on the point of springing out of the carriage window. But the horses soon carried me to my noble cousin, and with shame and ignominy I was delivered up to my demon. For, soft-hearted as our friend is in the main, on this point he knows no mercy. In the mean time, to inspirit myself, I thought of all the disagreeable things that had happened to me in my whole life, and said to myself for consolation, they are all now collecting into one. I had made it a condition that my cousin should give neither the doctor nor his daughters the slightest intimation of our coming; so that the doctor was not at home, but there were the three sisters of fate dressed in the plainest manner, as fresh and charming as three moss-roses on one stalk. Nay, in truth, Lady Eugénie, they are perfect and exquisite graces, and not in the least provincial. I could not gaze enough.



"The beginning promises something. They all three left their household occupations, and ran up to my cousin; whereupon ensued the most lovely trio of sweet maiden voices, chiming in together. It was only natural that some words and glances should be directed towards me with arrow-like dexterity, and I was well contented to be allowed to look on with so little disturbance. On entering, when the dark-haired one, from her proximity to me, looked up with such great eyes, I said to myself, 'This is the one. I have always preferred dark hair.' But directly the blonde made me delirious, for she has a voice like a bird and a complexion like cherry-blossoms. Then suddenly the brown-haired stepped out from a neighboring apartment, and was loveliness and grace itself. You may imagine that, under such circumstances, I comported myself in a highly intelligent manner. However, I was soon on the best footing with all three. And when they took us to the stable to show us the horse, I went so far as to lift the blonde up on him, and lead him for a little while around the courtyard."

"The blonde?"

"Only because she was the most courageous and went up to the animal with the greatest confidence. She sat upon him with folded arms as if upon her sofa, whereupon the brown with the most charming anxiety took fast hold of the mane, and —"

"So it took all three to show you the horse. Verily, they must have surmised your future hung in the balance."

"No," he replied, "the black-haired one did not stand the test with them. And then the papa arrived, and sent the maidens away to prepare luncheon. We men soon concluded the bargain, and sealed it afterwards with a flask of most excellent Heilbronn wine. The doctor pleases me. He is just such a man as one would like to have for father-in-law; added to this he is a hunter, authority as regards horse-flesh, and the best chess-player in a circle of twenty miles around."

"In which case your future wife will be delightfully entertained in the evenings."

"If it should go so far. But, as you say, I have shamefully abused time and the best opportunity. In the afternoon we walked through the town up to the old castle where the last king used to give his fetes. Under the present régime it is wholly deserted, and the spot where the orange-trees once stood has been turned into an orchard."

[To be continued.]

### LUCK IN FAMILIES.

THE ancient Romans, towards whom I early imbibed a well-sustained feeling of aversion, reckoned good luck among the highest qualifications of a general. To be considered lucky by the world is the highest stroke of luck that can befall a man; for to be considered lucky in commercial circles is tantamount to the possession of vast credit; and through credit there have been vast operations effected, infinite scratchings on mercantile paper, and the construction of splendid fortunes. The history of successful commerce is the history of the marvels of credit, as such a house as Jones, Loyd, and Co. can testify. As I go to and fro on the earth, I hear of divers slices of luck, and I wonder when a slice, thick and juicy, of that description of viand, will ever come to my watering mouth.

For one really does hear of extraordinary things

which set the most unselfish and carefully balanced mind into an envious attitude of wishing to "get something." The only kind of an El Dorado that suggests itself to me is to take shares in a mine, — a Peruvian mine if you like, — but instead of stumbling upon golden ore or caves lighted up with precious stones I have a presentiment that the first dividend would be paid out of capital; that we should fall to one per cent; and that the shareholders would be placed under most unpleasing contributions towards making good all sorts of defalcations. Whereas there is a man in the west of England — the story is well known there — who took a thousand shares in a mine, and never had to pay more than a pound apiece for them; and on those shares he lived sumptuously, and out of the income of those shares he bought an estate for a hundred thousand pounds, and, finally, he sold those shares for half a million of money. There is a man in Berkshire who has got a park with a walled frontage of seven miles, and he tells of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune.

He was in Australia when the first discoveries of gold were made. The miners brought in their nuggets, and took them to the local banks. The bankers were a little nervous about the business, uncertain about the quality of the gold, and waiting to see its character established. This man had a taste for natural sciences, and knew something about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, satisfied himself of the quality of the gold, and then, with all the money he had, or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed a profit of a hundred thousand pounds in the course of a day or two. It is to be observed here that what we call luck is resolvable very often into what is really observation and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them when a sudden opportunity arises. The late Joseph Hume was a happy instance of this. He went out to India, and, while he was still a young man, he accumulated a considerable fortune. He saw that hardly any about him knew the native languages, so he applied himself to the hard work of mastering them, and turned the knowledge to most profitable account. On one occasion, when all the gunpowder had failed the British army, he succeeded in scraping together a large amount of the necessary materials, and manufactured it for our troops. When he returned to England he canvassed with so much ability and earnestness for a seat in the East India Directorate, that he might carry out his scheme of reform, that, though he failed to get the vote of a certain large proprietor of stock, he won his daughter's heart, and made a prosperous marriage. Ah, marriage is, after all, the luckiest bit of luck when it is all it should be! When Henry Baring, the late Lord Ashburton, travelled in America — not merely *dilettante* travelling, but like Lord Milton in our days, piercing into untravelled wilds, meeting only a stray, enthusiastic naturalist, like Audubon, — he made his marriage with Miss Bingham, and so consolidated the American business of the great house of Baring. In an international point of view this was a happy marriage, for in after years it gave him a peculiar facility for concluding the great Ashburton treaty. We have just seen with universal satisfaction a great lady added to the peerage of Great Britain. Mr. Disraeli dedicated one of his works to the "severest of critics, but a perfect wife"; and at the Edinburgh banquet he told the guests how



much he owed to his matchless wife. It is no secret how much of his fortunes he owed to her help, and how greatly he benefited by her sympathy and wisdom. The husband whom she so helped in his youthful struggles for fortune has in return made her a peeress, and we all wish happiness and long life to the Viscountess Beaconsfield. So lucky has Mr. Disraeli been in his wife, that it is hardly worth while alluding to the minor and subordinate circumstance that an old lady, a stranger, some years ago left him a legacy of thirty or forty thousand pounds, through admiration of his public character.

Yet it is hard to know when a man is lucky or when unlucky. If a man is going to lose a fortune in gambling, he generally has some strokes of luck at the commencement. If poor Lord Hastings had not made those lucky hits when he first went on the turf, perhaps he would not have verified the family motto in a new, sad sense, and "scattered his arrows" so freely. What a world of meaning there is in the *Sparsimus tela* motto of the extinct house of Hastings. O hollow glades and bowery loveliness of Castle Donington! what weird, sad whispers will next seem to sound for me when I may revisit those old ancestral haunts! There is a very distinguished nobleman who first tried his luck at sea before he became what men at sea call a land-shark. When young Thesiger gave up the trade of midshipman, I dare say some kind friends pronounced him a failure; but no one would say that of Lord Chancellor Chelmsford.

There was another man who became a British peer through circumstances full of luck for the country, but which he doubtless always considered of direct unlook to himself. A quiet, happy country gentleman was Mr. Graham, with abundant means and healthful tastes, a handsome estate and a handsome wife. There is a tale of his prowess related about his wife. They were at Edinburgh, and were going to a great ball, when, to her infinite annoyance, she found that she had left her jewel-case behind her. The distance was sixty or seventy miles, and it was not many hours before the ball was to come off. Graham took a fleet horse, and at the top of his speed rode away homewards in search of the jewel-case. He did his ride of a hundred and fifty miles in marvellously short time, and the ornaments were in time for the ball. When the wife, for whose comfort and pleasure he had so chivalrously acted, died, Mr. Graham was inconsolable. To alleviate his deep-seated melancholy he joined the army as a volunteer. Then commenced his splendid career as a soldier, in which he proved himself one of the most efficient and gallant of Wellington's lieutenants, and fought his way to pension and peerage. Such was the turning-point in the history of the late Lord Lynedoch.

It has always struck me that the career of the late Baron Ward, who, from a stable-boy became Prime Minister of Parma, was a remarkable instance of the union of luck and desert. I abridge an account of him by one who knew him well.

"I cannot tell the exact year in which Ward entered the Duke of Lucca's service—it must have been between 1825 and 1830. He was for some years in the ducal stables, when his cleverness and good conduct attracted the favorable notice of his master. And as he was very fond of the English, he wished to attach Ward more closely to his immediate service; and, notwithstanding his equestrian skill, he decided upon removing him from

his stables, and making him his under *valet de chambre*.

Ward owed this promotion entirely to his high character, integrity, and scrupulous English cleanliness. . . . Ward's rise in the service of the Duke of Lucca was extremely gradual, and was the result, not of capricious favor, but of the most well-grounded appreciation of his long-tried worth and his rare intelligence. . . . His extraordinary good sense and practical ability became gradually more and more apparent. The Duke soon began to see that his advice was good in matters far beyond the 'departments of his stable and of his wardrobe. He accordingly consulted him in many perplexed and difficult cases as they happened to occur; and he invariably found such benefit from the advice of his new counsellor that he began to regard him as almost infallible. . . . The zeal and address which Ward displayed in the arrangement of some affair procured for him an unbounded influence with his master, who, soon after this, strongly urged him to accept of a portfolio, and to assume the public position of a Minister of State. This proposition Ward refused point blank. . . . The groom was elevated to the post of personal attendant, then of intendant of his stables and household, then of comptroller of his privy purse, then of Minister of State, and, in fact, Prime Minister, with baronial titles and manifold knightly decorations. Such was the elevation to which Ward had ascended at the present epoch of his history. He was the trusted adviser of his master in the knottiest questions of foreign politics, the arbiter of the most difficult points of international policy with other states, and the highest authority in all home affairs. He was one of those men of action who speedily distinguish themselves wherever the game of life is to be played; quick to discern the character of those around him, and prompt to avail himself of their knowledge. Little hampered by the conventionalities which impose trammels on men born in an elevated station, and refined by elegant breeding, he generally attained his object by a *coup de main* before others had arranged their plans to oppose him.

To these qualities, so instrumental to his success, he added a most rugged, unyielding honesty, and a loyal, single-hearted attachment to the person of his prince. Strong in his own conscious rectitude, and in the confiding regard of his sovereign, Ward stood alone and fearless against all the wiles and machinations of his formidable rivals, who, although armed against counter wiles and counter machinations, were quite unprepared against straightforward honesty. . . . One day about this time, when he entered the Duke's room, he found him occupied with a pencil and paper. "Ward," said his Royal Highness, "I am drawing a coat of arms for you. As a mark of the esteem in which you are held by the Duchess as well as myself, you shall have armorial bearings compounded of her arms and my own. I will give you the silver cross of Savoy with the golden fleur de lys of France in dexter chief." With many expressions of gratitude for the honor which was about to be conferred upon him, he asked permission to add something emblematical of his native country; and as he had heard that coats of arms sometimes had supporters, he would like to have the cross of Savoy and the lily of Bourbon supported by English John Bulls. "So be it," said the Duke. "You shall have two bulls regardant for your supporters"; and thus the arms of Baron Ward may be found in "Burke's Peerage" among



those of Englishmen who have obtained foreign titles: On a field gules, a cross argent, in the dexter chief, a shield azure, surmounted by a royal crown, and charged with a fleur de lys or; supporters, two bulls regardant proper. . . . In the beginning of the year 1854, Charles III., Duke of Parma, was suddenly removed from this world by a mysterious and violent death. One of the first acts of the Duchess, his widow, forced by its popularity among the subjects of her infant son, was to depose Baron Ward from his ministry, and send him into banishment. . . . Ward was removed from the evil to come, and was called to exchange this world for a better before the last fatal outburst of ruin upon the family to whom he had devoted the active energies of his virtuous and useful life. After he was so suddenly and so harshly sacrificed by the course of events, and a vain attempt to conciliate popular favor, he entirely retired from public affairs. . . . Prince Metternich truly characterized him when, after the revolution of 1848, he visited that illustrious minister in his retirement at Brighton by greeting him as a 'Heaven-born diplomatist.' . . . He undertook a large farming establishment in the neighborhood of Vienna, and spent his last few years in the enjoyment of domestic happiness with his wife and children. . . . In 1858 Baron Ward died at the age of forty-nine; and he has left us a memorable example how integrity, talent, and courage can raise a man from the lowest position to ride on the high places of the earth, and to be an honor to his native country."

The annals of our courts of law are peculiarly affluent in giving instances of luck in families. But here, as elsewhere, what is good luck in one direction is sure to turn up as bad luck in another. The representatives of the Duke of Kingston, when they obtained the large sum left as a jointure to his widow, famous and handsome Elizabeth Chudleigh, were lucky in proving her former marriage with Lord Bristol; but his Duchess, convicted of bigamy, poor and disgraced, had to retire to Russia, where she lived many years before she died. Earl Talbot was in great luck when, ten years ago, the Shrewsbury titles, which made him Premier Earl of England, were assigned to him, and perhaps in still greater luck when, in the following year, the Shrewsbury estates were also assigned to him. Another remarkable *cause célèbre*, when the vast Bridgewater estates were involved, is one which more directly involved luck.

In this case estates to the value of seventy thousand a year were at stake. The Earl of Bridgewater had devised these large estates to Lord Alford the son of Earl Brownlow, with the proviso that if he died before he had attained the title of Duke or Marquis of Bridgewater, then his heirs should not inherit the estates, but they should pass to the second brother, Charles Henry Cust. Lord Alford died in the life of his father, Earl Brownlow, leaving a son, and without having attained any higher grade in the peerage. Vice-Chancellor Lord Cranworth held that, the condition not having been fulfilled, the estates passed away. An appeal was subsequently brought to the House of Lords, that is to say, to those few eminent personages who are known as the law lords, and to whom the House invariably relegates its judicial functions. It is rather interesting and amusing to attend the House of Lords on the occasion of the hearing of an appeal case. Two or three gentlemen in plain clothes are lounging about

on the empty seats, paying more or less attention to the monotonous pleading of counsel at the bar, and the vast empty space of the glorious chamber contrasts strongly with the crowded appearance of the narrow section formed by the bar, beyond which none of us dare advance. It must, however, be said that the law lords well earn the five thousand a year pension; and though their body at times rather needs recruiting, and Lord Westbury has a decided tendency to absent himself, its decisions are received with the greatest respect. Their decision in the matter of the Bridgewater estates was decidedly against expectation. The Vice Chancellor, an eminently sound and careful lawyer, had given it against the child Lord Alford. The House of Lords submitted a series of questions to their assessors, the judges; and the judges, by a very large preponderance, also gave their voices against the infant. Nevertheless, the House of Lords—that is to say Lord Lyndhurst, Brougham, Truro, and St. Leonards—took a view utterly conflicting with that of the judges of the land and that of the Vice-Chancellor, who at the time of the appeal had become Lord Chancellor Cranworth.

They held that the conditions of the bequest were void, as being against public policy, it being a well-established rule of law that a condition against the public good is illegal and void. All the law lords agreed that the condition was against public policy. They drew pictures, not very flattering, of what ministers might do. A peer of the realm, with seventy thousand a year at stake, might be able to bring mighty inducements and temptations to bear, to which poor human nature must necessarily succumb. Here would be a young nobleman attempting to prescribe to the Crown what should be his exact title, with its conditions and limitations. Such a condition would bring on parties a painful pressure, an irresistible temptation. Lord Alford might be induced to use all kinds of undue means to gain his elevation. A peer was a judge, an adviser of the Crown, a member of the legislature; and conditions such as these, taking men as they were, and human nature as it is, must necessarily have a tendency to fetter a man's free agency. His mind would be bent less upon his duties, and with a less independent bias, when his fortunes were at stake upon his promotion. Under these circumstances the four law lords, reversing the opinion of the court below, confirmed Lord Alford in the possession of the estates, by holding those conditions to be void according to the non-fulfilment of which he would incur their forfeiture. A constitutional decision by these great lawyers cannot but be received with respect; and yet Lord Cranworth's argument on the other side is very convincing, and so is the opinion of the judges. The present Earl Brownlow may certainly be considered an extremely lucky man in overthrowing such a body of legal opinions, and through the voice of a legal minority gaining such enormous advantages.

And now let us take another *cause célèbre*. It shall have a stroke of luck in it. One day a man was lounging about in the grounds of Ashton Hall, the fine old seat of the Smythes.

He knew the place well. A near relative of his had been housekeeper there for years. He had made it his business to collect all the information he could respecting the family. The estates attached to the title were very great, producing a rent-roll estimated not far from thirty thousand a year. The lord of these large possessions, in a bro-



ken and uncertain state, was ill at the Hall. The day on which this man was prowling about the grounds was destined to be the baronet's last day on earth. The following morning he was found dead in his bed. That this man was in the grounds that day there is no doubt; the fact is proved and is uncontested. A remarkable sort of man, quite middle-aged, with great precision of dress and manner, sallow, iron-gray, dressed in black; one who described himself as a schoolmaster and lecturer, and who looked the character. This was stated,—that this eventful evening he sought and obtained an interview with the baronet; that he announced himself as his nephew, the son of his eldest brother by a previous marriage, the rightful heir of the title and estates which he had so long improperly enjoyed. The old man was thrown into such a dreadful state of perturbation, that the visitor added, that his object was to establish his rights for his family, and not to disturb him in possession. The baronet was unable to resist the proofs of relationship, and acknowledged his nephew, giving him a fifty-pound note, and promising to make an arrangement. The shock, however, was too much for him, and he died next morning.

Great doubt was thrown upon the statement whether this man, who called himself Sir Richard Hugh Smythe, and whom his enemies called John Provis, ever had this fatal interview with the baronet. However that may be, at his death the estates passed to his daughter Florence and her issue. The claimant, however, by no means lost sight of his case. He collected a great deal of oral testimony, not forgetting Bible, pictures, seals, rings, certificates calculated to sustain his cause. He was a poor man, and had no means of pushing his claim. At last lawyers were found who looked favorably on his case, and were willing to stake their money on it. Some mention was made of a bond of twenty thousand pounds; and it was stated that, for every pound advanced, there was an annuity to be paid. The case eventually came on for trial at Gloucester, before Mr. Justice Coleridge and a special jury. Mr. Bovill, the present Lord Chief Justice, in the absence of his seniors, Sir F. Kelly and Mr. Keating, conducted the plaintiff's case, and Sir Frederick Thesiger led an army of five counsel for the defendant. The claim was that he was the son of Sir Hugh Smythe, who married Jane, the only daughter of Count Vandenbergh, by Jane, daughter of Major Goodkin of Court Maesherry.

Sir Hugh Smythe gave his evidence with the utmost coolness. While his own counsel was examining him, there was nothing to check the easy flow of autobiographic narrative. He recounted his earliest impressions: how, while under the carpenter's roof of the name of Provis, he was treated like a little lord in the village; how, ladies of the highest rank visited him; and how the Marchioness of Bath, when he was only thirteen, gave him fifteen hundred pounds which had belonged to his mother, and various documents necessary to establish his birth. He said that his reputed father, John Provis, of Warminster, a carpenter, gave him a Bible, some jewelry belonging to his mother, his father's portrait, and a brooch marked "Jane Goodkin." It was also stated that he was for some time at Winchester School. He gave an account how he had been a lecturer on educational subjects, in this country and abroad, and then turned lecturer on oratory, and actually lectured before the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The truth of this statement was left

untested. When however, the witness got into the hands of Sir Frederick Thesiger, there ensued one of the most memorable and searching cross-examinations known in forensic history. In the first place, the educational lecturer altogether broke down in his spelling.

Asked to spell "vicissitudes," he spelt it "vissicitudes"; and when there was a laugh, he said he could give authority for such spelling in the dictionaries. Asked to spell "scrutiny," he spelt it "screwteny," and insisted to the judge that many persons spelt it that way. He spelt "whom," "whome," and "set aside," "sett asside." In his speaking he had the curious habit of thus doubling his consonants; and one of the signatures impugned as forgery was "Dobbson," instead of "Dobson." This false spelling constantly appeared in the documents, and so impugned their authenticity. He got very restless as Sir Frederick's cross-examination increased in severity. He declared he would say nothing except in answer to a question. He used some insulting expression to counsel. At one time he sat down terrified and exhausted by the process of cross-examination. An anonymous letter was sent to the judge, which he produced in court, urging that he ought not to be unfairly pressed. At six o'clock in the evening the cross-examination was suspended till the following morning.

The next morning a telegraphic despatch reached Sir Frederick Thesiger from town. This was a signal instance of the advantages of publicity in trials and of the facilities afforded by the electric telegraph. It was said that the electric wires hanged John Tawell, and they were almost equally fatal to the cause of the pseudo baronet. A jeweller in Oxford Street sent word that he could give some important information. Messages were interchanged, and Sir Frederick was requested to ask him whether he had not directed the name of Goodkin to be engraved on the brooch. He now completely broke down under examination. He turned very pale, and asked permission to leave the court to recruit himself. Had he done this he might have escaped, and have avoided his coming doom. At last, Sir Frederick put the terrible question whether he had not been in jail for horse-stealing during some period of eighteen months, of which he had given a very different account?

Then Sir Frederick, taking up the telegraphic message, amid breathless silence, asked him whether he had not directed the name of Goodkin to be engraved on the brooch, by a jeweller in Oxford Street, a short time before? The witness acknowledged that he had. There was the utmost sensation at this avowal. Of course there was an end of the case. There were many more witnesses—about a hundred and thirty, including both sides—to be examined, but this utter failure of the principal witness settled the case. The counsel for the plaintiff threw up their briefs. The unhappy man was immediately ordered into custody by the judge for wilful and corrupt perjury, and was received by a javelin man in a neighboring apartment. It was stated that there were about eighty witnesses in attendance to disprove every alleged fact in his case; and the Smythe family spent some six thousand pounds in overthrowing this monstrous claim.

He was afterwards tried at Gloucester for forgery, and sentenced to twenty years' transportation. So heavy were the stakes for which he had played,—title and fortune on the one hand and transportation on the other. The whole history of this wonder-



ful fabric of deception came out on the criminal trial. The one strange fact was that he certainly had received some education at Winchester College. Otherwise there never was a clearer case of imposture, without even the slenderest basis for the huge superstructure of deceit. His own sister identified him as the plain workman's son. There never had been the least doubt about his name, though he had turned lecturer and assumed another. His career was traced step by step. It was shown that he was a man of bad character, with a large intermixture of the fool, and at one time had been under sentence of death for horse-stealing.

The Shirley family, in the possession of the earldom of Ferrers, and vast estates in Leicestershire and Staffordshire, have made considerable contributions to juridical literature.

The trial of Lawrence Shirley, the fourth earl, for the murder of his steward, Johnson, is one of the ugliest cases in the ugly literature of murder. My own impression is that Lord Ferrers was mad; but though the plea of insanity is often so successful, yet if a nobleman commits a murder, he is a very unlikely kind of criminal to derive any benefit from it. He appears, like so many other criminals, to have worked himself habitually into fits of passion in which he hardly was sane. Passion, oftener than anything else, causes murder, and in many more cases it causes death through some sudden access of disease. In this case Lord Ferrers declared that he bore poor Johnson no malice, and did not know what he was doing. He left large legacies, never paid, to the children of his victim, and also made compensation to other persons whom he had injured in fits of passion. The king refused to commute his sentence, but he had the poor satisfaction of going to Tyburn in his own landau, and being hung by a silken rope. His widow became Duchess of Argyll. He was the great-great uncle of the present lord, and it has been stated that a gibbet has been erected in Chartley Wood for the purpose of hanging him in effigy.

A much more pleasing reminiscence of the family of Ferrers is preserved in Mr. T. B. Potter's "Walks round Loughborough," and by Sir Bernard Burke, of which we give a *résumé*.

"The seventh Earl Ferrers inherited some of that eccentricity of his family which in the case of one of his line had led to such sad results. Disliking the splendid seat of Staunton Harold, probably from the painful associations connected with it, he erected mansions on other portions of his large estates. Rakedale Hall was one of these, Ratcliff Hall was another. He had quarrelled with his only son, the amiable and accomplished Lord Tamworth, and the latter had died without any reconciliation having taken place. One morning a woman of plebeian appearance came to the Hall, and at first requested, and then, being refused, demanded an audience of his lordship. She was at last ushered into the study, and she led by the hand a little girl of three years old, for whose support, as the *grandchild of the earl*, she supplicantly pleaded for some assistance. He looked down on the child, and, relaxing and relenting, said, 'Ay, you have Tamworth's eyes.' This likeness to Lord Tamworth, the little one's innocent prattle, and perhaps some compunctious feelings for his late coldness to his son, made a strong impression on the Earl's heart. He took the child on his knee; his stern heart was softened, and from that moment he formed the resolution of adopting

her. During his lifetime she never left him, but became the solace of his declining years. He bestowed great pains on her education, and by his will appointed Mr. Charles Godfrey Mundy, of Burton Hall, her sole guardian, with an allowance of three thousand pounds a year for her maintenance during minority, and bequeathed her the beautiful manors of Rakedale, Ratcliff, &c., with a large amount of personal property.

"Miss Shirley, as she was always called, was removed to Burton Hall; for she had been entirely separated from her mother, who had married an humble innkeeper of Lyston, receiving a small annuity, on condition that she should not have any intercourse with her daughter.

"One day the mother was brought in by one of the domestics as a visitor; the young ladies pursued their drawing, none of them being at all conscious of any relationship between themselves and the rustic stranger. A picture or two had been described, but the woman's eye could not be diverted; she only saw her daughter, and in her overpowering emotion threw herself on her daughter's neck. The scene need not be described further.

"There was a stipulation in the will of the late Earl, that Miss Shirley should spend three months of every year upon the Continent. During a sojourn in Italy she was introduced to the young Duke de Sforza, to whom she was afterwards united.

"The little girl whom I first introduced to the reader in the character of an humble suppliant at the door of Rakedale, is now the Duchess de Sforza, wife of one of the most distinguished men in Europe, and owner of Rakedale Hall itself, and the fine estates that surround it. The Duke and Duchess reside on the Duke's ancestral home in Romagna. They rarely visit England.

"Three or four years ago, a stranger and his wife were observed sketching, for several days in succession, the remarkable ancient manor house of the Shirleys, called Rakedale Old Hall.

"Even the children of the village learned to love the strangers for their gentle manners, and still more, perhaps, for the presents that were bestowed upon them; and there was a universal gloom in the village, when 'the artist and his wife announced that they would not return again.' The morning after their departure a letter was received by the principal farmer, 'conveying grateful thanks to the inhabitants for their kind and hospitable attentions, and enclosing a check for a handsome sum for distribution among the cottagers and their children.' The letter destroyed the incognito. The artist and his wife were the Duke and Duchess de Sforza. In the summer of 1861, an antiquary, rambling in North Leicestershire, was induced to visit this secluded hamlet, a few miles east of Melton Mowbray. He had been attracted to this spot by the fame of the old Hall as a remarkably fine specimen of Jacobean architecture. He was descending the hill that overhangs the village, when groups of well-dressed rustics met his eye. The word 'Welcome,' too, affixed in flowers on an arch that spanned the entrance to the Hall, gave sign of rejoicing. 'What holiday are you celebrating?' said my antiquarian friend to the civil rustic who opened the gate. 'It's the visit of the Duchess,' was the reply; 'and there she comes,' said he, pointing to a carriage descending the hill.

"A loud shout proceeded from the rustics, and the two bells of the little chapel adjoining the Hall



at once began to jingle the best peal the dual could produce. The carriage entered the Hall gates, and a lady of middle age was handed out by a soldier-like young man who accompanied her. With bare heads the farmers and laborers made their best bows to the Duchess and her son."

The last judicial appearance made by any of the Shirley family was that famous Breach of Promise of Marriage case brought by Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith against Washington, Earl Ferrers. There was a great deal of mystery about this case; and although the plaintiff's case entirely broke down, and the Solicitor-General (Sir Fitzroy Kelly) elected to be nonsuited, yet many facts were left unexplained. The plaintiff afterwards published a pamphlet on the subject, which, in the eyes of her friends, would make considerable excuses for her conduct. On the very night before the trial came on she was pressed by the Solicitor-General and her other counsel in the strongest way, and she was told that if she had any sort of reservation or deception on her mind it would certainly be detected, and she would at once lose her cause; and she was told that the abandonment of proceedings would be infinitely less painful than the consequent degradation. Still she persevered, and her friends supported her with their full credence. There is no doubt that she and Lord Ferrers had known each other when boy and girl in the same village. After they had been separated for years, Lord Ferrers received an anonymous letter, advising him to go to a ball at Tamworth: "There will, to my knowledge, be a young lady at the ball whom I wish you to see and dance with. She is very beautiful, has dark hair and eyes, — in short, she is haughty and graceful as a Spaniard, tall and majestic as a Circassian, beautiful as an Italian; I can say no more."

Four letters in this strain were produced in court. Sir Frederick Thesiger, in the course of one of his most adroit and successful cross-examinations, showed through the young lady's mother that these letters must have been written by her daughter, the plaintiff. On this point it was that her case broke down. It was also suggested by Sir Frederick that the love-letters purporting to be Lord Ferrers', but which by no possibility could be his, were forged by the plaintiff. In her pamphlet Miss Smith acknowledged that these four silly romantic letters were written by her, with a view of bringing about a renewal of old acquaintance, but she altogether denies that her confession of this fact involves the rejection of her case. It is a fact worth mentioning, that her leading counsel, the Solicitor-General, was absent almost entirely during the progress of the case. Miss Smith declares that if the individual whom she repeatedly met — and there was some confirmatory evidence of this statement — was not Lord Ferrers, there was some one who was like him, and who assumed his name. It is of course possible that some personation of this kind might have been effected. It was made clearer than sunlight that Lord Ferrers had run the chance of being made the victim of a conspiracy. Possibly she may have been made the dupe of some designing person acquainted with the previous circumstances and her romantic disposition. Perhaps, also, at an age when the judgment is unripe, and the temperament least governed, she may have been influenced by passion and ambition, and that abnormal cunning which under such circumstances is often developed in the young. Let us hope that in either case the errors of youth were atoned for by a useful and well-balanced life. At any

rate, this remarkable trial forms a curious chapter in family history, and the vicissitudes of the cause give us some singular illustrations of Luck.

## OUR SMALL SINS.

BY A WOMAN.

FROM the days of Solomon downwards, and in all countries where proverbs crystallize the various affluents of experience, we women have been especially credited with all the smaller vices incidental to humanity at large. We escape the abyss of the darker crimes, which are reserved for men, — save, indeed, as the *terribilis causa* of all evil, — only to fall upon the mud-heaps of the meaner sins; and perhaps the accusation is not entirely unreasonable. Let us begin with one of the most notorious of our small sins, — our love of gossip, accompanied by that inveterate habit of chattering about ourselves and our affairs which seems to be a feminine characteristic everywhere and at all times, — and surely we must confess that this is one of our instinctive faults, not in any degree equally shared by men. Even when we find it in men, do we not brand it as our own translated, by calling it "womanish?" — and are not all the worn-out old fellows who congregate round the club-windows to discuss the passing scandals of the hour "old women" by the discourtesy of common parlance? Though, of course, there are some miserable little fellows who far outstrip the worst of ourselves, and do more in the way of fuss and chatter than the fussiest and most fluid woman to be found in the kingdom, yet no really manly man likes gossip or gives into the habit of chatter. The petty details of the home, the small events and minute annoyances which are so gigantic to women, are so many nothings to him; and it is distasteful to him to hear of them as things demanding much attention or worthy of any very profound emotion. He bears them in the same way as that in which the old Norse giant bore the blows of Thor's hammer, — "I thought the leaves were falling on my face last night, and that the birds were throwing moss over me," and shakes himself clear of them as Gulliver shook himself clear of the Liliputian cordage. To hear them magnified into heavy grievances, strong enough to weigh down the happiness of life, is a misdirection of force, a waste of power, that he cannot away with, and is as unpleasant to him, as it would be to a large-minded woman were she forced to live in the squabbles of children, and bound to gravely adjudicate between the rival claims of Rose the black-eyed doll, or Laura the fair-wigged one.

But women take an almost artistic pleasure in gossip; which indeed, with personal chatter, is the sole form of conversation generally found possible with the ordinary British female. Like the elephant's trunk, which can pick up a pin or crush a man's bones to pulp, nothing is too small for the British female to discuss, and nothing too large for her to decide; because she makes every subject which affects herself of supreme importance, how trivial soever it may be intrinsically, while she narrows down the broadest questions to the piffling level of her own personal convenience. From Mary, the maid's new Sunday bonnet-trimming to the exact limitation of cook's lawful wages — involving the whole question of capital and labor — she is at all times ready for the most fractional details and the most authoritative decision. Not that she sees in the limitation of wages any connection with that



greater subject of capital and labor, but only as it bears on her own private means, and the convenience or inconvenience to which she may be put according to her balance at the banker's. If you were to tell her that she was pronouncing on a branch of political economy which had puzzled, and was still puzzling, the wisest heads to set straight, she would express her opinion that nothing was more easy to arrange; and that, if men were as clever as they pretended to be, they ought long ago to have settled such an easy and self-evident question. She would also be sure to settle it against poor Mary, maid and cook; and with her own allowance double that of her mother's, contend that servants are a great deal too well off as it is, and what do they want with so much money? For one of the small sins of women is stinginess, and a disinclination to pay well for work of any kind; but I am coming to this in its own time.

The kitchen is always one of the most fertile hunting-grounds for the chatter and gossip of women; and so far from servants being "the greatest plagues in life," half the women in England would be "blue-moulded" for want of them as the *pièces de résistance* in the centre of their frothy talk. The shortcomings of their domestics are their darling grievance; and what would the world be without feminine grievances! A legend says there was once silence in heaven for an hour; there would be silence then in English drawing-rooms for many hours! Their maids are "shop" with women, and they talk "shop" as men never do. No-officer chatters about his men, no merchant of his clerks, as women chatter about their servants; and no ordinary master — always excepting the miserable little fellows before mentioned, who are just so many fussy, bearded women — would dream of giving the same attention to the sayings and doings of his domestics as even strong-minded women give to theirs. Fancy a man peeping and prying behind the blinds to see whether John ogled the pretty milk-woman, or squeezed the hand of the comely laundress! Yet how many women are there not who can tell you how Jane stands and talks to that bold butcher-boy; and how Anne blushed when she saw the baker's man at the area-gate yesterday; and how that artful little hussey, Sarah, always puts on her most becoming cap when gentlemen are dining at the house; and, "Did you see the way in which she looked at Mr. Blank when she handed him the bread? You did not? Ah! you are not as well acquainted with Miss Sarah's ways as I am! You should live with her, and then, perhaps, you would understand her artfulness."

In fact, there is a certain jealousy, a certain mute rivalry, between mistress and maid, which is sometimes the reason why the former takes such an excessive interest — not of the most friendly kind — in the looks and ways of the latter. Both are women, and not unfrequently the maid is the prettier woman of the two; and though the mistress could neither individualize, nor would even to herself confess her jealousy, there it is all the same, as the motive force setting many things in action. Of course, women will deny this passionately; but it is true, nevertheless. Are there not many house-mistresses who refuse to engage pretty servants because of the attention they would excite and the admiration they would attract? They may give a fine-sounding name to this refusal; if they spoke the truth candidly, it would be jealousy.

A small sin very common among women is their

intense craving for excitement, in the two forms of unwholesome reading and sensational gossip. Listen to a knot of women scandalizing their neighbors, and hear how eagerly they catch up any detail which rounds off the chronicle and makes it more harmonious as a set story. Not that they wish any harm to Miss A or Mr. B, but they like the excitement of the passing drama, — they shiver with pleasant horror at the dark sin just indicated, — they hope it may not be so, and yet the story would be so much more complete, so infinitely more thrilling! What an experience, too, for themselves to find out that the fascinating foreigner admitted to their homes and hearths just like one of themselves was the leader of a gang of swindlers, forgers, — perhaps murderers, — and himself a villain of the deepest dye, though a gentleman of the nicest manners. To think that those white, virtuous hands of theirs had clasped in friendship the hand of a professed cut-throat, — of an escaped convict, with whom the aureole of high life contends with the shadow of the Brest bullet! Horrible, yet how exciting! — making them feel quite improper themselves, on the principle of the pot and the rose — inverted. Anything so dramatic as this, though, rarely happens; and when it does, it serves for a lifetime. But the imprudences of Miss A, and the gambling debts of Mr. B, and how the C's half starve their servants, and what quarrels convulse the domestic atmosphere of the D's, — all these are daily food for the dramatic instinct to live on: and are made the most of.

Side by side with this sin of sensationalism in daily life is that of sensationalism in literature, and the extreme aversion which most women feel for "dull reading," as they call anything grave or solid. What do they first claim at Mudie's and the seaside libraries, — history or fiction? Kinglake's *Crimea*, or Charlotte's *Inheritance*? Carlyle's *Frederick*, or Guy Livingstone's latest? What do they read in newspapers? — the leading articles? — the letters from great names on grave subjects? — the parliamentary debates? or the murders, the police reports, the little bits of news and gossip, that awful column of facetiæ, table-talk, odds and ends, — by what name soever the editor chooses to designate his sweepings from Joe Miller and the back numbers of *Punch*? These are the woman's bits in a newspaper, with occasional interludes of foreign correspondence, if after the manner of the famous *Daily Telegraph*, which surely must be written for ladies only! This dread of dullness is one of the most foolish things about women, and one of the causes, *inter alia*, why their conversation is so often not worth listening to. They gossip because they cannot converse. They do not cultivate that art of pleasant, easy, sprightly conversation which comes in as part of the education of a Frenchwoman, and which is as necessary for her social success as the art of dress or the science of appearances. Those few women among us who can talk easily and brightly on the current topics of the day are always sought in society, and never in want of partners for a conversation. They may be old and ugly; but men with brains will leave the prettiest girl in the room, if a fool, for them, and neither wrinkles nor harsh lines will repel them, if the wit is keen and the sense is clear. But women in general think that their only social value lies in their outside prettiness and the amount of personal admiration they can excite; and so they neglect the beauty which lasts for that which fades, and, when they are no longer charming as possible lovers, have nothing to fall back upon as pleas-



ant companions. One quite understands the important force of the instinct which makes a young woman prize her person more than her mind, and which makes young men gravitate towards beauty rather than towards character. Human nature, like all other parts of creation, has its unreasoning impulses that work to good ends, and this is one of them. But as there is something more than mere instinct in humanity, so ought there to be a further outlook and a higher aim than the mere perishable prettiness of the hour. It is a favorite excuse often made for many of the special follies and faults of women, to say that their intellect is narrow because their life-sphere is circumscribed; and that, if they might do more, they would have more wherewith to do. Yet it is in their own hands to broaden their natural lines without travelling beyond their appointed boundaries; they could, if they chose, exercise intellect and education in things which are now suffered to drift like so much sea-wreck without roots, and so make their lives more generous and of nobler intention. Home and maternity are woman's natural offices and vocation. This, I think, not the boldest of the "strong-minded" will deny. And, as things go, nothing could be more uninteresting or more narrow. But whose fault is that? Whose fault is it that the "cold mutton" of the home has passed into a proverb, and that men have a not quite unreasonable jibe for every domestic circumstance? What exquisite beauty and improvement, through the aid of science, might not an intelligent woman incorporate into the management of her house and children! Is there nothing to be learned about the chemistry of food?—and must English cookery always be a simple application of heat to raw flesh, with sometimes a rude dash of salt or sauce as the highest extent to which middle-class intellect and ingenuity can attain? Must we always stay where we are, just a step in advance of the savage who tumbles his freshly killed game among the ashes of his wood fire, and drags it out while still half raw that he may taste the blood left in it? Is there nothing in this direction to interest the brains and worthily employ the time of women? We know that the quality and preparation of food are half the battle with the young, and more than half the battle with all brain-workers; and that we have the same capacity as that which bees and ants possess, inasmuch as we can feed our pupæ into pretty much what we choose them to be,—stunted, emaciated, scrofulous, half vitalized, or comely, well developed, healthy, and finely formed. Granting that the present mode of housekeeping is a wretched thing altogether, and that to give much time to it as at present conducted would be as wretched a waste of power, still the fault lies with women, in that they do not bring their intelligence into the service of their duties, and so raise the whole platform, and make object, life, and intellect all harmoniously great. Women may say, "What! learn the chemistry of food simply that my husband may have a good dinner when he comes home? Degrade myself to the condition of a servant, and give time and thought, and my white hands, for such a result? No! let him eat cold mutton, as I do; if he cannot eat it, he ought to be ashamed of himself, and to go without."

Spoken or concealed, this would be the argument that would naturally occur to most women; for indeed we are an unreasoning set of creatures, and as incapable of a far-seeing judgment, where our own pleasure is concerned, as a blind man, attracted by

the scent of the roses growing on it, is incapable of seeing the wall he is just going to run his head against. We never reflect on the ultimates of things.

A medical man has to study botany, chemistry, comparative anatomy, as well as the more immediate subjects of his profession, for the result, among others, of clipping out a little girl's milk-teeth, or poulticing a maid-servant's whitlow. But the greater results of the valuable lives he can save, and the human suffering he can alleviate,—do they count for nothing? Does he flinch from his studies, and grudge his care and attention because the milk-teeth and the whitlow come in as part of the final cause? does he ignore that great, grand end which lies beyond the petty details of his practice? To save life and alleviate human suffering were quite sufficient moral motives for those long years of study and labor; and might not motives as great influence women? If the physician is healing, is not the cook health? We cannot free ourselves from the tether of material conditions, and the food tether is one of the stoutest. And if woman would take up the subject, and really study it in all its branches, as one of the positive sciences, they would not only help forward the improvement of the race,—which, perhaps, would be no very great incentive to some of the lighter sort,—but they would also gain knowledge and find interest. A perfect knowledge of the chemistry of food and the science of cooking seems to me to open up an almost illimitable field for the energies and education of women; and if the preparation seems great for the result, and the best mode of broiling a mutton-chop too mean an object for varied and extensive study, we must remember that the best mode of broiling a mutton-chop is part of the means by which the best kind of race is made, and that food is potential humanity. And I do not think that any woman could find that too mean an object for the exercise of her faculties.

Again, with children,—where is the woman who sincerely studies the best mode of education? who brings to the task of forming the characters of the young any sound philosophy, any accurate observation? The mother who thinks of her responsibilities as they are in spiritual truth, ought to understand all about the constitution of children,—their tempers, moral and intellectual capacities, symptoms of disease, and their moral and physical dangers and temptations,—which opens a rather wider field than most women have wit enough to plough. She ought to know how best to feed them, how best to clothe them, how to conduct and manage them, so that the good in them may be brought out and the bad repressed; but as a rule she knows nothing of it at all, and for the most part leaves her children to the care of servants, to be ill-treated or spoiled according to the humor of the women and the state of their digestive organs. Many a broken constitution and shattered nervous system date from the early days of mamma's neglect and nurse's talk; but this is not one of the small sins of women. It is one of their largest and deepest and most shameful!—a sin, indeed, that I cannot understand. For if motherhood does not include the companionship of the children, if it does not mean the training, by love, of their young minds, and the rendering their lives happy by judicious care, what can it mean? and where is its pleasure, its value, its significance? To be a mere human rabbit is not to be a mother.

All these things women have it in their power to



do if they honestly wish to enrich their lives. But they do not honestly wish this. They are like children themselves, impatient of their own assigned work while grasping at that which their elders are doing. They neglect their own part of life, or hand it over to bad delegates, while they are swarming about the men's offices, and attempting to enter into competition with them without one qualification for the struggle. And what but a sin can we call the fruitless endeavor which includes discontent with ordained duties? It is only misdirection of power, rather it is that frank selfishness of the Frenchman, "*Ote-toi, que je m'y mets*," which does not mean the race to the swift, or the battle to the strong, but simple spoliation of another's gains, and reaping where we have not sown. For my own part, I think there should be free trade in work, and that the best hand should be chosen irrespective of sex; but in that case women would prepare themselves for high-class work better than they are prepared now, and come into the arena armed to win, not only supplicating to be favored. Our present excuse is, our want of teaching; but that very phrase is a confession of inferiority which I cannot accept. Who taught men? Did they not build up the various processes of thought for themselves? and yet here are women, who can read and study at their own will, whimpering about their wrongs in not being taught! Let them teach themselves. If we had any real stuff in us, and were not merely so much wax in the hands of others, we would do this for ourselves, and ask no help in that which we are able to do alone, nor leave to follow on a course whence we are not barred. The fuss we make about certain of our wrongs, which we ourselves can remedy, is one of the most humiliating things about us. If we are in mental chains,—which we are,—why do we not break them? Is it likely that our jailers will do this for us? If we really resolved on setting ourselves free from the trammels of ignorance, to deliver up ourselves into the glorious liberty of knowledge and reason, we have the power to do so, and only our own supineness keeps us bound.

A small sin, with sometimes large results, is the fatal habit, so common among us women, of letting out our own personal secrets and family histories. We do not betray the secrets intrusted to us where we think we may do harm, save indeed, for some fierce revenge, when we would slay the life had we the courage. Failing which we only slaughter repute. But we tell our own secrets, we chatter about our family and our friends, and in the most artless way possible put ourselves into the power of one after another of our intimates, and trust implicitly to the reserve in others of which we have confessed ourselves destitute. There are very few women who are really reticent. Even silent women can be brought at last to the confidential point; while with impulsive women, the well-planted artillery of a dinner-hour will be sufficient to blow every atom of their defence-work to pieces; and a man who cares to know the arcana of his companion may, if she is of this kind, get from her the whole of her life-history between the soup and the grapes. I have known this done. We give ourselves up to the impulse of the moment; and, how much soever we may afterwards regret our foolish unreserve, at the time we are powerless to prevent it.

This inability to calculate consequences is one of the basic differences of sex,—at least, so it seems to me; and it goes through the whole of the feminine nature. No true woman—woman, and nothing

more—would make a good strategist; but many, if they had the physical strength, would be first-rate at brilliant dashes, guerilla surprises, and isolated ambushes. The same defect comes out in the want of close reasoning power, characteristic of us as a race. I do not think that want is due simply to the difference of education between us and men; and that if we were taught the formula of logic we should therefore learn to reason, and leave off jumping to conclusions according to the way we have now.

And, furthermore, I think it would be a bad day for men if we did learn to reason. The great hold they have on us now is by the supremacy of our instincts, and what we are pleased to call our "intuitive perceptions" over our reasoning faculties; and if ever we cast aside the superstitious and impulsive parts of us, we shall then give the "woman, spaniel, and walnut-tree" theory its final death-blow; and men will have to meet us on different terms from those of the present order of things.

One of our small sins is our small jealousy of each other. It is wrong to say that women cannot be friends together; we can,—true, firm, enduring friends; but I doubt if any young woman's friendship ever existed free from jealousy. If we are not jealous about men we are about women, and guard our rights against division with the vigilance of a house-dog guarding his domain. No man can understand the unresting pettiness of jealousy that exists between woman-friends; no man knows it for his own part, and no man would submit to it from his friend. But we accept it patiently, knowing where the shoe pinches from the shape of our own feet. As wives and lovers we are perhaps the most exclusive and the most jealous women in the world. There is scarcely a wife in England who would allow her husband to admire any other woman, to make of any other a friend, or to show frank pleasure in her society. There would be pouting or tears or tantrums according to individual disposition, and the whole harmony of the household would be swept by the board; the practical upshot of which is that men make friends outside their homes, unknown to their respective Junos, and that very often the simple fact of secrecy changes the complexion of the whole affair, and makes what would have been only a friendship, if it could have been frankly acknowledged, an intrigue instead.

Girls, too, are awfully jealous of each other; I should call this the girl's distinctive fault. See them when they are introduced, or when they first meet at a ball or croquet-party; see how coldly critical they look at each other, how insolently their eyes rove over every portion of their rival's dress; read in their faces the unspoken scorn as the result of their scrutiny: "You think you have done it very well, but you have made a fright of yourself, and I am much better than you!" Watch their disdain of the more admired among them; and how excessively naughty for attracting so much attention they think that Ada or Amy about whom the young men cluster. How bold she is!—how overdressed she is!—how affected she is!—and, oh! how ugly she is! Sometimes, if they are deep, they will overpraise her enthusiastically; but the ruse is generally too transparent to deceive any one, and simply counts for what it is,—a clever feint that does not answer. It is quite a study to watch the way in which girls shake hands together, or take hands in dances. The limp, cool, impertinent way in which they just touch palms, then let their arms fall as if paralyzed, tells a volume to those able to



read the lettering. In dancing they very frequently do not take hands at all, but just brush the tips of the fingers, or make a show of doing so, and so pass on in the "chain," to press perhaps more than cordially the next male hand that grasps theirs. It may be all very right, and quite according to the dispensations of Providence, but it is funny to watch, nevertheless.

Only women of a certain age are really friends together. School-girls are lovers, — gushing, sentimental, expansive lovers, — unconsciously rehearsing for the real drama to come by and by; and young ladies, when "out," are rivals, undergoing deadly pangs because of bigger chignons and shorter petticoats, and yet more audacious *tournures*, and a larger following of admirers; but after these turbid waters have run themselves clear, then they can become friends; and often some of the sweetest experiences of a woman's life are those she has had from the love, the confidence, the faithful sisterhood of some dear "second self," whom no fear disturbs, and from whom no petty jealousy can sever her.

Another small sin of ours is our desire of attracting attention. There are many women who would rather be infamous than obscure, and who prefer the traditional thrashing of the Russian to immunity and neglect. They will do anything to attract notice, and think the "wallflower" position worse than the pillory. There is nothing of a noble ambition in this; quite the contrary; it is the mere restlessness of small egotism, the mere fever of vanity, the same feeling which, in another form, makes certain of us refuse to grow old, and have recourse to any expedient, no matter what, rather than confess to gray hairs and wrinkles. Neglect is worse than death to most of us; and notoriety is our version of Fame, as admiration is the sum of our ambition. Even Madame de Staël would have exchanged her brains for Madame de Récamier's beauty; and poll the world of woman honestly, not one in a thousand would dissent from her choice.

Another of our small sins is, I am sorry to say, — one that I alluded to before, — stinginess. It seems to me that the race of large-hearted, open-handed women is almost dying out, — I cannot say has died out, for, thank God! I know one or two beautiful examples still left to us, where generosity is not extravagance, nor economy meanness. But, granting exceptions as we all know them, the small, stingy ways of women in general are, very painful, very rasping. They seem to have increased in exact ratio with the personal extravagance of the time; as, indeed, is very easy to understand. For money is a fixed quantity, horribly inelastic; consequently, the more we spend on one thing, the less we have for another; the more liberal we are to ourselves, the closer we must be to our neighbors; and lavishness on the right hand must needs include tight purse-strings on the left. I by no means find fault with the household economies of women, — taking these to be the power of "making up" with such and such odds and ends, and the little self-denials of "going without" such and such pleasant superfluities, — but with the habit of beating down, the higgling about pence with the poorest sellers, the grudging payment of the wages due for labor, and the almost universal desire among us to deprive the retail tradesman of his rightful profits. There is scarcely a woman who does not think that she ought to buy her goods at trade price, and who does not regard the percentage of the middle-man as so much swindled out of her own pocket. She

calculates to a fraction the worth of the lace and ribbon on her bonnet, but she does not take into account the expenses of her milliner's establishment, and her need of earning now in the bright days of her power enough whereby to live when the dark hours come, and she is no longer able to bake her bread by her daily labor. This grudging, however, is only in the case of the "little milliner," confining to the article of dress what might be applied to every tradesman dealt with. Given a name like that of Madame Elise, and the cost is *not* calculated. Here that mysterious thing called style, or name, floats the percentage, and takes it out of the category of speculation. That makes it distinction; which is another matter altogether, and a thing that must be paid for. Wherefore we all pay, willingly, for the name and favor of our respective Mesdames Elise, but growl and dissect unflinchingly when the "little milliner" sends in her humble account. We went wild a short time ago about the co-operative stores, but I never heard that we did much good with them, or that we got our goods for less than their market value. We will go miles in search of bargains, and spend the difference twice over in cab-hire, under the impression of saving hugely; and one of the most persistent applications of our "tables" is the exact number of pence due to cabby, with the stern resolution to die at the stake rather than give that extra sixpence outside the legal fare.

Many other little sins are there in full force among us, — sins which weaken our influence and destroy our power; sins which hurt our own selves more than they hurt our neighbors, and which eat into our nobleness more than many others of larger dramatic scope and more deadly social effect. And among them is one very patent to certain bold speakers, — our impatience at rebuke, and the kind of Dalai Lama sanctity which we assume for ourselves. We must be worshipped as the supreme of creation. Burns's pretty little bit of gallant nonsense about the "prentice hand" and the masterpiece must be taken as gospel truth; we must be flattered and coaxed and adored; taken care of and given our own way at the same time; allowed to compete with men on their own standing, yet treated with the chivalrous respect due to the protected and fought for. We must have no hard work laid upon us, because we are feeble and delicate, but we must have the same salaries as those apportioned to the hardest workers among men, else we cry out at the injustices of men, and talk rubbish about the prejudice attached to women's work; we may neglect our own duties and blaspheme them, and yet be suffered to snatch the offices of men; we must not have a hard word said of us, but we may everywhere argue on the brutality of men, on their selfishness, their hardness, their dishonor, and their cruelty. And all this we call the rights of women, and flounce and flout when cast in our one-sided suit. These are bitter truths to say of ourselves. But it is the truth which makes the bitterness.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

MORE than fifteen hundred deaths occur in London every week.

THE year 1870 has been decided upon as the time for the international exhibition at Cologne.

TAGLIONI's new ballet, "Sardanapalus," is being prepared for the stage with great magnificence at



Dresden. The Viennese scene-painter, Brioschi, has been engaged to paint the decorations for 25,000 florins (\$10,000).

MISS BATEMAN in her new rôle of Pietra has won the hearts of all the London dramatic critics.

THE journals of Genoa announce the arrival of Verdi, the composer, in that city, to spend the winter.

SEVEN hundred miles of the French Atlantic cable have been manufactured up to the present time.

JEFF DAVIS and his family are passing the winter in the south of France. He is said to be in bad health.

It is said that Rossini's widow has been offered 7,000,000 francs for the posthumous works of her husband.

THE veteran Gazette de France, about to attain its 239th year, opens a subscription for a monument to Berryer.

MR. WILLIAM CARLETON, the Irish novelist, is in a very precarious state of health. His recovery is not expected.

TENNYSON is the only English poet who is much read in France. His visits to Paris always attract a great deal of attention.

A SUBSCRIPTION is being raised in Germany to erect a monument to Gluck, in his native town of Weidenwahn, in Bohemia.

TENNYSON's new English publishers, Messrs. Strahan & Co., are about to bring out a cheap edition of the Laureate's complete poems.

THE *Diablo à Quatre* has shared the fate of the *Lanterne*. Its satanic editor, M. Locroy, has been overhauled by the French government.

CHARLES READE's theatre is to be built in the Brompton Road, in the southwest district of London. Christmas, 1869, is the date fixed for the completion of the enterprise.

AMONG the "Remains" of Rossini, there is said to be nothing operatic save a scene from Jeanne d'Arc, and a sketch for the Faust planned, if not written, a quarter of a century ago.

PHILOLOGY and archæology have to mourn the loss of one of their most eminent representatives, Professor Welcker, who has just died at Bonn, at a ripe old age. He was born in 1784, at Grünberg.

THE signalmen and stokers connected with railway trains running through Ireland are frequently shot at by playful persons stationed along the road. This makes it very jolly for the travelling public.

THE Sultan has written a valse, so writes the *Figaro*, the only result as yet obtained of the civilized ideas which the Commander of the Faithful is supposed to have gathered during his European tour of last year.

M. ROCHEFORT is about to publish a new pamphlet a sensation, which he dedicates to France. As M. Rochefort's screed is entitled "L'Histoire d'un Chef d'Etat," it will probably have a limited circulation in Paris.

POLISH boys must grow up with an affectionate attachment to the paternal Russian Government. Hitherto they enjoyed only those holidays which

were marked as Roman Catholic saint days in the calendar. Now, however, a ukase enforces the celebration also of the innumerable Greek saints' days, so that the days that remain for tuition may be counted on the fingers.

ANOTHER of Mr. Dickens's "New Uncommercial Samples" will console the readers of EVERY SATURDAY for the non-appearance of this week's instalment of Mr. Trollope's novel. "He knew He was Right" will be continued in our next number.

BY an imperial ukase just issued at St. Petersburg, all Poles in the Russian army who have no prospect of promotion to the rank of officer may, if they desire it, obtain an unlimited furlough. It is supposed that the object of this measure is to limit the number of Polish officers, the large proportion of Poles in the Russian army having of late caused some alarm among the military authorities.

M. VICTOR HUGO has changed the title of his new story *Par Ordre du Roi* (by the king's command) into "*L'Homme qui rit*." The difficulty of translating this title will probably induce the English translator to retain the original title, which it is stated, applies to three out of the four volumes of which the story consists. The story will be divided into two parts. The first, consisting of a single volume, will be published in Paris under the name of "*The Sea and Night*"; the second, consisting of three volumes, will be published in Paris about a fortnight after the first volume, and will bear the name originally intended for the entire work of "*Par Ordre du Roi*."

HERR WAGNER, the inventor of "the music of the future," has published in a German paper a curious account of an interview he once had with Rossini. He says that Rossini expressed to him his regret that he had not been born and educated in Germany, where he seemed to think that there were much greater opportunities for a composer than in Italy. "J'avais de la facilité," he said, "et peut-être j'aurais pu arriver à quelque chose." Italy, he added, was not in his time the place for any serious musical work; all the higher kinds of music, operas especially, were violently put down, and people would endure nothing but trifles. He had unconsciously been influenced by this tendency in his youth, when he was obliged to try his hand at everything to obtain a living. When he afterwards saw the error of his ways it was already too late, as he was too old to go through the necessary labor. "He hoped, therefore, that earnest spirits would not judge him too severely; he did not claim to be regarded as a hero."

WE find the following very interesting statement in the London Star's Paris correspondence:—

"There is some talk just now in the scientific world here about a strange observation made at Aden during the total eclipse of August 18th last. It appears that M. de Créty, the observer, though prevented by the state of the weather from seeing the protuberances of the sun, discovered three on the moon, which no one ever dreamt of. They were of a triangular shape, and attached to the moon's limb by their bases; they are further described as being fainter than the body of our satellite, and resembling mountains tipped with sunlight, or else masses of molten metal. They stood very nearly in contact with each other, occupying about the tenth part of the moon's circumference, their altitude be-



ing about the twentieth part of the lunar diameter. The protuberance in the middle diminished in height towards the end of the eclipse, the phenomenon having first become visible soon after the totality had ceased. This extraordinary observation was pooh-poohed at the time, and set down for an optical illusion; but after a lapse of three months and a half, Dr. Montucci has suggested to the Academy of Sciences that there might be something in it after all; and, if so, that it would turn out to be one of the most wonderful on record. Answering various objections which have been made, he reasons thus: It is true that M. de Cr  ty is the only one who witnessed the phenomenon, but he was also the only one whose eyes were fresh, he having been precluded from fatiguing them by the clouds which screened the eclipse from view until after the totality. Moreover, the other observers, as soon as they had ascertained all they wanted about the protuberances, became careless, and did not watch the emersion with the same care that they had bestowed upon the immersion. Hence it may easily be conceived that they overlooked faint lunar protuberances they did not expect. This being conceded, the phenomenon itself may be explained by the occurrence of a volcanic eruption on the posterior hemisphere of the moon, which we never can see. The smoke or ashes ejected from lunar volcanoes would rise to an enormous height, owing to the extreme tenuity of the moon's atmosphere, which, therefore, could offer but very slight resistance; for the same and other reasons of a mechanical nature, the columns of eruptive matter would be lancet-shaped, and not have the form of a mushroom, as is the case in terrestrial eruptions. The observer may therefore just have seen the tops of three such columns issuing from craters concealed from view. At a distance of five degrees from the lunar border a crater eighteen thousand feet high would be out of sight, and just grazed by the visual ray. In this case the three craters are supposed to have been close together, and connected with each other. If this explanation be correct, we possess in M. de Cr  ty's observation the first tidings of a world we shall never see."

### CHRISTINGLES.

Christingles are made in this way. A hole is made in an orange, and a piece of quill, three or four inches long, set upright in the hole, and usually a second piece inside this. The upper half of each quill is cut into small strips, and the end of each strip inserted into a raisin. The weight of the raisins bends down the little boughs of quill forming two circles of pendants. A colored taper is fixed in the upper quill, and lighted on Christmas Eve. The custom is German.

The children stood and watched me

As I cut them one by one,

In the bright December morning,

In the clear December sun.

The church-clock struck eleven

Ere the first quill was done,

And the children listened to the strokes,

And counted them one by one.

And they looked from the nursery windows

High up under the eaves,

Where the creepers used to climb and cling

With their clusters of crimson leaves, —

They looked from the nursery windows

On the churchyard down below,

Where so many their quiet Christmas kept

Out of sight of the snow;

They looked at the gentle shadows,

And the wintry beams that crossed  
The sprinkled snow on the happy graves,  
And the glittering white hoar-frost.

And before the talk was over,

That the clock had made by striking,

Or the eager eyes were wearied out,

I had fashioned the quills to my liking.

They were very patient children,

And they had not long to wait;

There were six quills only this Christmas time,

And there always used to be eight.

So then my Christmas-keepers,

They rushed away to be dressed,

To go out for the colored tapers,

And the raisins, and all the rest.

O merry Christmas shopping!

And the little gray old man

That kept the shop where the tapers were

Could talk as children can;

He showed such store of colors,

And he was as pleased as they,

And said the brightest were the best,

For one must be good to be gay!

Only the little faces

Grew silent when he said,

"Red is better than yellow,

Will nobody have the red?"

Before we put the holly up

That busy afternoon,

I called for the tapers and oranges,

And the children brought them soon:

And we gave each slender quill-stem

An orange for its root,

And made the delicate branches bow

'Neath the load of raisin fruit.

And the tapers stood in the middle,

Yellow, and green, and white;

And the Christingles were ready

To be lit at fall of night.

Then I stooped for a bough of holly

That had fallen on the floor.

And there fell to the ground, as I lifted it,

A berry, or something more, —

And after it fell my eyes could see

More clearly than before.

But O for the red Christingle,

That never was missing of yore!

And O for the red Christingle,

That I miss forevermore!

I lit the three Christingles,

I lit them one by one,

On the merry, merry Christmas Eve,

When all the work was done.

I lit the three Christingles,

And they burned with a joyous ray,

But the faces that bent above them

Were fuller of light than they.

But the table had four corners,

And the lights were only three,

So I put the gifts at the other end,

That the father might not see.

Perhaps I hoped a little

That he would not count how many,

Nor miss the red Christingle

That was more to me than any.

Of all the tapers I saw it best,

For my eyes were too dim to see the rest.



I went and sat a little apart,  
Lest some of the thoughts that thronged my heart  
Should trickle out at my eyes,  
And the children should see them there, and start,  
With a sorrow in their surprise.

But nearer than all the talking  
Came a whisper low at last,  
And down from the heavens of the future,  
And up from the tombs of the past,  
It brought my thoughts back trooping  
To the present Christmas Even:

"Mamma, the red Christingle, —  
Are they lighting it up in heaven?"

I did not look behind me,  
Though the little voice was there;  
But I looked across to the table  
Where the other children were,  
And I saw that two were watching  
Like vestals of days bygone,  
But I glanced at the white Christingle,  
And it burned unwatched, alone.

A minute passed in silence  
Ere I could answer make,  
Ere the power of speech that slept in me  
Was willing at all to wake.  
I was thinking thoughts in plenty,  
But I waited for words in vain,  
Till the child grew shy of her question,  
And stole away again.

But, as she was the eldest daughter,  
When the other two were gone  
With the Christmas kiss to their happy sleep,  
I let her linger on.

And I put my arm around her,  
And kissed her on the brow,  
And she knew full well what I meant thereby, —  
"I am ready to hear you now";

And I kissed her on the dear white lids  
Of her loving, heaven-blue eyes,  
And a little smile came on her lips  
And floated away, cloud-wise.

And after a thoughtful silence  
The little daughter said,  
"Mamma, four Christmases ago,  
When it first came into our head,  
And we chose our Christmas colors,  
Each one to keep to his own,  
And never to change them any more  
Till we were all up-grown,  
Then Allan and I talked over it,  
And he chose the red, you know,  
Because it was like a brave, strong boy,  
And King David's cheeks were so.  
So Allan had the red one,  
And for me, I chose the white,  
For I thought, as the angels wear white robes,  
They might notice my white light;  
And I wanted the beautiful angel eyes  
To give me one kind glance;  
So I held my face over the taper, close,  
And thought they were looking, perchance.  
And I thought that likely, even then,  
The light of their eyes might mingle  
(Though I could not tell the lights apart)  
With the light of my Christingle.

"And now there is one thing I want to know,  
The reason I cannot find,  
For I should have been so glad to go,  
And Allan to stay behind.

I love you very dearly,"

(And a close caress was given.)  
"But I want to see what heaven is like,  
And I want to live in heaven.  
Why did they come for Allan,  
And why not come for me?  
For I have my headaches so oftentimes,  
And Allan was always free;  
And I miss Allan every day,  
And he would not have so missed me."

I sobbed deep down within my heart,  
It was so hard to bear, —  
"I have lost one little child of mine,  
And I have not another to spare!"  
Again I kissed the forehead small,  
So round and soft and fair:  
"The time is short, my darling,"  
I said, as I smoothed her hair,  
"And it matters little who goes first,  
We shall all so soon be there."

But was it true, the thing I said?  
I know it matters to me,  
For, O my children, the time is long  
Until your face I see!  
And I weep for the red Christingle  
That faded first and fast;  
And I yearn for the white Christingle,  
That the angels took at last!  
I could not tell her why it was  
That Allan was first to die,  
And though she often thought of it  
She never could find out why;  
But there came a deep content, and lay  
On her face, that was sweeter every day,  
And she said, "I shall know it by and by."

The angels had long patience,  
And another Christmas came,  
And the white Christingle burned once more,  
And she bent over the flame;  
And the angels watched her taper,  
Standing scarce out of view,  
And they loved the white so well, so well,  
That they made her cheek white too!

And at last, on a bright May morning,  
My snowdrop faded quite;  
And the first day of the gentle June  
We buried her out of sight.  
The other two stay with me,  
But O, they seem so few!  
I cannot forget that I once had four,  
And now I have only two.  
And I try to think the time is short,  
And growing shorter daily;  
But my heart goes heavily all day long,  
And the children's go so gayly!  
And I, that used to smile with them  
Whenever they smiled at all,  
I have quite forgot my smiling now,  
And it will not come at my call.

But by and by, as the months go on,  
The pain will wear away,  
And I shall be glad that the gathering home  
Is nearer every day,  
And my David of the ruddy cheeks  
Will greet me glad and gay,  
And the little girl the angels loved  
Will not want to go away.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1869.

[No. 161.]

## THE FIFTEEN LOUIS-D'OR OF BEAUMARCHAIS.

"LOUIS QUINZE a détruit l'ancien Parlement; quinze louis ont détruit le nouveau," said the wits of that day. These fifteen louis, once the property of Beaumarchais, did verily upset the parliament Maupeou, and have therefore, like Hampden's ship-money, a right to a place in the cabinet of history. Casti, the Italian poet, wrote a hundred sonnets on his "Tre Guili," but it required greater talent and more courage to write such pleadings as those of Beaumarchais about these fifteen louis.

The story of the trial about this sum of money has not only intrinsic historic interest, but makes us intimately acquainted with a man whose splendid talents have never been so widely appreciated as they deserved. Not Voltaire, or Diderot, or Rousseau is a more characteristic representative of the eighteenth century than Beaumarchais. During the last thirty years of his life he was connected with all the great contemporary political and social movements; and his wit and genius, as displayed in literature, were also most essentially of his time. Gay, clever, witty, versatile, active, all-enterprising and indomitable, he was, like his own Figaro, everything by turns, but on a grander scale and more serious fashion. He, like Figaro, "made haste to laugh at everything for fear he should be obliged to cry"; and he had his own life assuredly in view when he made Figaro say that he was "accueilli dans une ville, emprisonné dans l'autre, et partout supérieur aux événements, loué par ceux-ci, blâmé par ceux-là, aidant au bon temps, supportant le mauvais, se moquant des sots, bravant les méchants, riant de sa misère, et faisant la barbe à tout le monde"; for Beaumarchais passed his life himself "en faisant la barbe à tout le monde." He quitted his first occupation of watchmaker at twenty-four, and became successively a courtier, a teacher of the harp to royal princesses, a merchant, army victualler, a contractor and speculator, a writer for the stage, both in sentimental melodrama and in comedy, a composer of operas, a publicist, a manufacturer, a publisher, a secret diplomatic and court agent, a ministerial adviser, and, above all, the character in which we here principally deal with him, — the most brilliant pleader in his own lawsuit the world has ever seen. Nothing was too high, nothing too low, for his mercurial intellect; the same man who in his youth invented a new escapement for a watch, and amused his age with its two most daring and witty comedies, drove a false parliament from its benches, using by turns the lath of Harlequin and

the scourge of indignant eloquence; planned new political alliances; sent out a fleet of forty vessels of his own, whose officers jestingly called him their "sovereign," and got decorated for their valor for the brilliant part they took in naval actions with Beaumarchais's ships. But not only in what he did, but in what he suffered, was Beaumarchais a most remarkable man. His good and ill luck were equally singular. Fortune was to him a capricious, passionate, uneven-tempered mistress. Close on the heels of every success followed some signal disaster. The most placable of men, his life was a long series of lawsuits. He chose for epigraph, My life is a combat. Law, chicane, envy, malice, and detraction waited for him at every upward step he made. His despair was so great at one time that suicide seemed the only escape from a life of ignominy. That which he considered as his greatest political achievement, the alliance of France with the revolted colonies of America, was the cause of endless tribulation.

He got the thanks of Congress for his services in a public vote, but he was nearly ruined by the advances of money which he had made in their cause, and his claims upon the American government were only settled in part to his grandchildren in 1836. Finally, during the Revolution, a patriotic undertaking brought upon him proscription, daily and hourly fears for his life, flight, and imprisonment, exile, and every calamity of the Reign of Terror except the guillotine, from which his own head, and those of his wife and daughter and sister, had the most miraculous escapes. One circumstance alone will give an idea of the incongruous character of his destiny. He had built for his old age, after he had acquired a splendid fortune, a magnificent house on the Boulevards, one of the sights of Paris; but so unconscious was he of the approach of the Revolution, that he fixed his house in sight of the Bastille, in the jaws of the Revolution itself, in the volcanic regions of the Faubourg St. Antoine, so that at every outbreak of the populace his was the very first habitation to be deluged with the uprising of revolutionary fury. But in his very darkest hour his *naïveté* and his *bonhomie* never left him, and care to the end of his life could make no more impression on his heart than on a child's.

The following sketch of himself from his own pen was recognized by his friends as a faithful portrait: —

"And you, O who have known me, you who have always been near me, O my friends! Say if you have ever seen anything more in me than a man constantly gay, loving with an equal passion study and pleasure; inclined indeed, but without bitter-



ness, to raiillery, and taking it in my turn readily enough when tempered into wit; sustaining, perhaps, with too much ardor his own opinion when he believes it just, but reverencing highly, and without envy, everybody whose superiority is recognizable; confiding as to his own interests, even to negligence; active when occasion spurs him; easy and tranquil after the storm; without a care in prosperity, and maintaining such constancy and serenity in misfortune as to astonish his most familiar friends."

The descendants of Beaumarchais preserve with religious care a small piece of paper framed with pasted strips to keep it together, — a piece of paper blackened and thumbed and tattered with long and hard usage, with the turning over and over of countless hands, which have held it up to scrutinizing eyes to see if it were a forged document or no. This was nothing more than a short statement of accounts between Beaumarchais and Paris Duverney, the celebrated financier, and the primary cause of the two great lawsuits of Beaumarchais. The heir of Paris Duverney, the Comte de la Blache declared it to be forgery; and such was the first point at issue in a cause destined to agitate France and interest all Europe, and nearly consign Beaumarchais to the hands of the common hangman. Was the light-hearted Barber of Seville to be reduced to beggary, and to be branded with hot iron as a cheat, a felon, and a calumniator of justice? He was within an ace of being so, but his wit, his genius, and his courage saved him, and nothing else.

Beaumarchais's name, as is well-known, was not originally Beaumarchais, but Caron, — Pierre Augustus Caron, — born in 1732, son of Caron a well-known watchmaker in the Rue St. Denis. In the second stage of his famous lawsuit, Madame Goetzman, the wife of his adversary, a judge of Alsatian origin, spoke contemptuously of the condition of his father.

"Vous entamez ce chef-d'œuvre," he replied; "par me, reprocher l'état de mes ancêtres. Hélas! Madame, il est trop vrai que le dernier de tous reussissait à plusieurs branches de commerce une assez grande célébrité dans l'art de l'horlogerie. Forcé de passer condamnation sur cet article, j'avoue avec douleur que je ne puis me daver du juste reproche que vous me faites d'être le fils de mon père. . . . Mais vous qui me reprochez mon père, vous n'avez pas l'idée de sa généreux cœur. En vérité, horlogerie à part, je n'en vois aucun contre qui je voulusse le troquer; mais je connais trop bien la valeur de temps qu'il m'apprit à mesurer pour le perdre à relayer de pareilles fadaïses."

We need hardly repeat the well-known anecdote of the "grand seigneur," advancing to Beaumarchais, as in after life he was traversing one of the salons of Versailles, and presenting him before a crowd with his watch and asking him to examine it, and of Beaumarchais taking it, pretending to look at it, and letting it drop, with the answer "*qu'il n'avait pas la main bien sure aujourd'hui.*" Beaumarchais, however, was an inventive young watchmaker, for he invented, we said, a new escapement, and was called to Court to explain his invention to the King; and Madame de Pompadour wore one of the new invention, marked *Caron fils*, so small that it could be set in a ring.

He continued watchmaking till he was twenty-four. His invention and his father's position as Court watchmaker brought fine ladies to his shop: one of them, a widow, was smitten by Beaumarchais's good looks, and married him. With the wid-

ow's money he bought the office of her late husband at Court, — *contrôleur de la bouche du roi*, — and a grant of nobility, taking the title from one of his wife's estates, and he was thus set up as a courtier, — in those days the only road to fortune, and the only way of public life. Beaumarchais said his title of nobility was unimpeachable, — it was in real parchment sealed with green wax, and "*J'en ai la quittance.*"

This wife did not live more than a year after her marriage, with Beaumarchais, and he was accused later by his enemies of having poisoned her, as he was also of having poisoned his second wife; to which he replied that "it was well known he had also eaten his grandmother between slices of bread and butter."

If he had poisoned her he would have acted with less than his usual ability, for he had omitted to register his marriage-settlement, and so lost all her fortune; nevertheless the marriage was the occasion of his quitting the watchmaker's shop, and getting a footing at Versailles, where, being a good musician, his knowledge of the harp caused him to become teacher of that instrument to the king's daughters, — *Coche, Logue, Cliffe, and Graille*, — but a teacher without pay, with unlimited commissions to buy music and musical instruments, and to pay for them and get paid as he best could. It speaks well for him that the Dauphin who died, and was one of the few good people of Versailles, liked Beaumarchais. The familiarity of Beaumarchais with the Princesses enabled him to gratify Paris Duverney, and to obtain for him a royal visit to the Military School which the financier assisted in founding. And Paris Duverney, who was now a very old man and had made the fortune of Voltaire, resolved in gratitude to make that of Beaumarchais also.

He lent Beaumarchais money, purchased for him various posts about Court; the finest of all, allowed Beaumarchais to sign himself, *Pierre Augustus Caron de Beaumarchais, Conseiller Secrétaire du Roi, Lieutenant-Général des Chasses au Bailliage et Capitaine de la Varenne du Louvre, grande Vénérerie et Fauconnerie*. The money lent by Duverney was to be repaid, and was repaid, by the gains of Beaumarchais in various commercial enterprises into which the financier introduced him, one of which was an army-victualling contract; another, the farming of the forest of Chinon in Touraine. Under the wing of Paris Duverney, Beaumarchais made rapid progress in becoming a successful speculator and man of business; he was quick, shrewd, penetrating, and indefatigably industrious in all his undertakings, and the energy with which he was ready to throw himself into all sorts of new enterprises was astounding.

During a rapid visit to Spain, he overwhelmed the Ministers with projects of every kind for imparting new life to their desolate country, and was on the point of being appointed contractor for the supply of the Spanish army all over the world. Later, he never forgot his obligations to Duverney, for in his fine house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a bust of his benefactor formed one of the Penates of the hall, with the inscription —

"Il m'instruisit dans mes travaux,  
Je lui dois le peu je vaux."

Beaumarchais is indeed one of those men of whom posterity form a false conception, because they know him only in the light of a literary success, which success does not represent at all the most vigorous and serious part of his character. The "Barbier de



Seville," which is immortal on the French stage, and which has been further immortalized by Rossini, — which draws at the Théâtre Français better at the present day than any play of Molière, — merely represents Beaumarchais the wit, when the man himself was of a wonderful multiplex nature, comprising three or four other Beaumarchais far more serious in his own eyes. There was Beaumarchais the patriot, Beaumarchais the man of business, Beaumarchais the sentimental dramatist, and Grandison Beaumarchais, — for it is strange enough that Beaumarchais made his *début* on the stage in the sentimental melodrama, following in the steps of Diderot; and in his own family, and among his most intimate friends, he was styled Grandison, from the generous and *grand seigneur* fashion with which he sustained his first burst of good fortune. Nevertheless, his prosperity had made him many enemies.

He confessed later that he was perhaps, at the period of his life immediately preceding his great trial *un peu avantageux*; and a *foyer de haines secrètes* was, in the words of La Harpe, gradually gaining strength, ready to break out into a blaze if the shadow of adversity should fall upon him for a while. Such a shadow, and indeed a tolerable thick darkness, did come about him in the celebrated prosecution of the Comte Faloz de la Blache.

The Comte Faloz de la Blache was the nephew and sole heir and legatee of the rich, old, childless Paris Duverney. He was malignant, covetous, and revengeful, and had viewed the sudden fortune of Beaumarchais, formed under the auspices of his uncle, with the most envious eyes. Ever on the watch about the old man to protect his expectations, he had besieged his deathbed with a notary to extract from him all it was possible in the way of testamentary dispositions. He made a profession of hating Beaumarchais, and said he would spend 100,000 crowns to ruin him. No sooner, then, was the breath out of old Duverney's body than La Blache called Beaumarchais to account for all moneys received of his late patron. Beaumarchais answered by producing the above-mentioned document, the purport of which was, that all accounts had been settled between Duverney and himself, and that on the settlement 15,000 livres were due to him, Beaumarchais. La Blache declared this document to be a forgery, and proceeded to prosecute Beaumarchais at law before the parliament of Paris; and during the course of the trial, which lasted seven years, spared neither money nor villainy to ruin his adversary, and, indeed, brought him to the very brink of despair and absolute ruin. La Blache was defeated at a first trial before the real Parliament of France, but he appealed again to the corrupt Maupeou parliament which had taken its place, and got a verdict; so that Beaumarchais found himself engaged to clear his reputation in a conflict with the most venal magistrature which ever sat in his country, and his quarrel became one of public importance, since the appointment of this false parliament had upset the only remaining protection against arbitrary power in France, and was detested throughout the kingdom.

La Blache, indeed, began by a brilliant stroke of Machiavellianism. He contrived to discredit Beaumarchais with the royal Princesses, whose favor had done so much for the advancement of his adversary; he persuaded them that Beaumarchais had made an improper use of their names in the affair, and so got the Princesses to publish a declaration that they took no interest in his trial.

But Beaumarchais himself, with that extraordinary facility which accompanied him through life, of getting into additional scrapes when already up to the ears in trouble, fell into a new difficulty at the very outset, which had a most prejudicial effect on the commencing stages of his trial.

The Duc de Chaulnes was a descendant of the famous Duc de Luynes, the favorite of Louis XIII. Of immense muscular frame, with a nature so savage, violent, and ungovernable that all his family stood in terror of him, this *grand seigneur* had already been banished from France for outrageous conduct, when fate brought him into collision with Beaumarchais. During his banishment he had been in the East, lived among the Bedouins, and brought back an ape, whom he shamefully ill-used, though it was the only living creature he could get to stay with him. This furious nature was nursed into a state of ungovernable fury against Beaumarchais, by jealousy of the good graces in which the latter stood with a certain Mademoiselle Menard, an actress of the Comédie Française, who received the first wits of the day, — Chamfort, Rulhières, Marmontel, and others, — at her house, together with some of the *grand seigneurs* of the Court, and whom the Duke was violently anxious to protect.

Mademoiselle Menard, on her side, felt nothing but a wish to keep the Duke at a distance, though obliged to be careful, since, indeed, her theatrical prospects had suffered severely since she had refused to be *protected* by the Duc de Richelieu, who, notwithstanding his eighty years, a red nose, and a wrinkled parchment face, still thought he had claims to be a protector, and, as first gentleman-in-waiting on the King, was all-powerful in theatrical matters. Mademoiselle Menard, however, silly creature, fell violently in love with Beaumarchais, who, having this La Blache trial before him, with all necessity for keeping his head clear and his hands free, and no wish to come into collision with such *grand seigneurs* as the Duc de Richelieu and the Duc de Chaulnes, had, on becoming aware of the inclinations of the actress, avoided her house, and determined not to put himself in the way of temptation. Six months passed away, during which Beaumarchais had kept out of the way of La Menard, when one morning Beaumarchais's faithful friend and cashier, Gudin called on the actress, and she burst into tears, and reproached Beaumarchais with having deserted her. The Duc de Chaulnes enters, hears Beaumarchais's name mentioned, bursts into a blaze of wrath, and flies off with threats of vengeance. Gudin rushes away to warn his friend, and was mounting the steps of the Pont Neuf, when he was seized violently by the skirts from behind, and fell back into the arms of the Duke, who bore him off under his arm like a bird of prey. Gudin faintly hopes "M. le Duc will not murder him." The Duke replies with an oath, he will murder nobody but Beaumarchais, and that when he had run his sword through his body, and plucked out his heart with his teeth, he will be content.

The Duke insists that Gudin shall find Beaumarchais for him; thrusts the cashier into his coach, who tries to escape by the opposite door; a violent struggle ensues before an attendant crowd, amid which Gudin escapes by leaving his wig in the Duke's hand. Meanwhile Beaumarchais, who in the office which he still held as Captain of the Royal Chase and Warrenry, held a small court of his own, was sitting quietly in his little judicial state, judging offences against the King's game, when the Duke



entered in fiery wrath, requesting Beaumarchais's immediate company, for he wanted to tear out his heart, and thirsted for his blood. Beaumarchais replied, "O, is it only that, M. le Duc? allow business to precede pleasure"; he causes a chair to be offered in the blandest manner to the angry Duke, who rises from time to time in wrath, crying, "Will you soon have done, M. Beaumarchais?" The judge of the King's warrenry managed to protract this scene for two hours; when it was over, the Duke insisted that they should enter his coach and go and fight at once. They sought for seconds, but no one would accompany the Duke in that mad state. Beaumarchais thought they had better separate for a while, but a violent scuffle ensued at the very mention of the thing. Beaumarchais then proposed that they should dine together at his house, and that the Duke should see if he could find a second. Consequently, they go to Beaumarchais's own house, where the Duke dashes at Beaumarchais's private letters, will not let him have a pen, swears at his servants, seizes Beaumarchais's own sword, and tries to run him through. Beaumarchais closes with him, grapples him round the waist, and receives the Duke's fist dashed in his face, is covered with blood, but drags his adversary to the bell, and rings for help.

Beaumarchais's old father and the servants come rushing in to his assistance, among whom the cook is with some difficulty prevented from finishing the Duke with his cleaver. They succeeded, however, in taking Beaumarchais's sword away from the Duke, who clutches at his antagonist's hair, and drags a handful out by the roots. Beaumarchais let go his hold, and struck the Duke in the face. "Wretch!" cried he, "strikest thou a *duc et pair*?" he then drew his own sword, and dashed about right and left, wounding several of his unarmed opponents, until the arrival of a *commissaire de police* put an end to the scene, and the *duc et pair* was persuaded by magisterial intercession to return home.

It might be imagined after such a scene that Beaumarchais would not have been much in a humor for society that evening: nevertheless, being engaged to read a first version of the "Barbier de Seville" among some friends that evening, he arrived at the *rendezvous* with a damaged countenance, but undiminished gayety, read his comedy with spirit, made a humorous story out of the morning's fray, and passed a good part of the night in playing the harp and singing Spanish songs.

A duel was rendered impossible by arrests of the two parties by order of the Minister, and the affair was terminated by a decision of the *Tribunal des Marchaux*, before whom it was brought. The Duke was sent to the Château de Vincennes, and Beaumarchais acquitted; but the Duke de la Vrillière, one of the vilest Ministers who ever disgraced any government, — whose mistress sold *lettres des cachets*, and who even spat upon the cross of the order of St. Louis at the suggestion of this mistress, — to show his contempt of anything like noble merit, launched a *lettre de cachet* at Beaumarchais, on the ground that he had treated his arrest too lightly, and lodged him in the prison of *For l'Evêque*, there to reflect on the respect due to all *ducs et pairs*.

This imprisonment of Beaumarchais, together with the scandal which the quarrel with the Duc de Chaulnes raised about his name just at that time, was an incalculable injury. He was on his trial for

forgery, and his adversary, the Comte de la Blache, was going about the world canvassing the judges, and leaving no stone unturned to effect his ruin; while he himself was immured in a dungeon, addressing *mémoire* after *mémoire* to the Minister to get released and prove he was right. Foolish Beaumarchais! if he had proved himself wrong, he would have been far more likely to get out of imprisonment; did not his own Barber of Seville say, if such wretches as he were allowed to be right, all authority was at an end forever?

While Beaumarchais was pacing up and down his cell, and looking through the bars in grim desperation at the state of his affairs, he received the following little note: —

"NEUILLY, 2 Mars, 1773.

"MONSIEUR, — Je vous envoie ma bourse, parceque dans un prison on est toujours malheureux. Je suis fâché que vous êtes en prison. Tous les matins et tous les jours je dis un *Ave Maria* pour vous. — J'ai l'honneur d'être, monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

"CONSTANT."

This note was written in the little hand of Constant Normand d'Etiolles, then ten years of age, who might might even now be alive — a very old man. He was one of Beaumarchais's little friends, who had lost a little boy of his own not long before, on which fact he touched lightly and feelingly in a charming note addressed to little Constant's mother in a note enclosing a reply to her child, — for Beaumarchais had a tender-hearted love for children, which no trouble and turmoil prevented him from showing.

At last Beaumarchais yielded to the entreaties of his friends; he wrote a suppliant and submissive letter to the Duc de la Vrillière, and was allowed to emerge from his prison daily in the company of an *agent de police*, to go about the business of his trial, and pay visits to his judges. But the shadow of discredit had fallen upon him, so that Judge Goezman, who had been named his own *rapporteur* on the trial, — the judge who was bound to make a special examination of the merits of his case, could not be so much as seen, except for one moment by chance, peeping through the blinds as his suitor knocked at the gate, and then drawing back. However, Beaumarchais was surreptitiously informed that, by sending a hundred louis through a certain publisher, Le Jay, who would hand the same over to Madame Goezman, one audience at least might be obtained. Beaumarchais hesitated to begin to administer bribes to his judges; but his sister Julie, who always watched over his welfare, paid fifty louis privately for him; yet even then no audience was to be had. She then paid fifty more, and the audience was instantly granted. It was, however, a very unsatisfactory one. Judge Goezman smirked satirically all the time, and made every kind of trivial objection. Beaumarchais, now desperate, bargained for another audience through Le Jay. A gold repeater watch, set with diamonds, was sent to Madame Goezman; another audience was then promised if fifteen louis more were sent for the secretary. These fifteen louis were paid, but the audience was never given. The trial before the Maupeou Parliament came on; Goezman summed up against Beaumarchais; and judgment was pronounced reversing the former decision of the veritable Parliament. By this verdict Beaumarchais was convicted of forgery, fined 4000*l.*, and Goez-



man boasted aloud "that his summing-up had carried every judge with him."

But this was not all. Beaumarchais was still a prisoner at *For l'Evêque*, and the Comte de la Blache had him at his mercy. All his old accounts with Paris Duverney were ripped up again; and La Blache engaged an army of the creatures of the law, — catchpoles, court ushers, bailiffs, bandoleers, — to enter into possession of every seizable scrap of Beaumarchais's property. His old father and his sisters, whom he had established in a house in the Rue de Condé, were turned out of doors while crowds of creditors took fright, and came down in one pack on Beaumarchais and his family. Poor Beaumarchais was thus reduced to such a state of abject despair that, as he wrote subsequently in his pleadings against Goezman, "*Je faisais honte et pitié à moi-même.*" While in this state he was released from prison, when a fresh blow came upon him, administered by Judge Goezman. He denounced Beaumarchais to the Maupeou parliament for having attempted in vain to bribe him through his wife, and for having calumniated them both. But he was little aware of the vigor and indomitable spirit still left in the defenceless man now at bay, with all the world against him. This new calamity was the salvation of Beaumarchais. A felon's fate was prepared for him; if convicted, he had no mercy to look for from man. He arose in desperate energy, fought a new battle with the corrupt judge backed by his associates on the bench, and fought it so well that in a year he became the most popular man in France. "He was the horror of all Paris a year ago," wrote Grimm in 1773. "Everybody, on the word of his neighbor, believed him capable of the worst crimes; and to-day all the world is mad after him."

The whole affair hinged on the last fifteen louis paid to Le Jay, and demanded by Madame Goezman for the secretary; for she had scrupulously returned the hundred louis and the watch, but kept the smaller sum.

The destruction of the old Parliament was the gravest political error of a reign which was full of error and baseness of every kind. The old Parliament, in spite of its faults, — of its clumsy, half-political, half-judicial assumptions of authority, and its barbarous persecutions, tortures, and assassination of Calas, Labarre, and Lally, — was respected as the only remaining institution which operated as a check on absolute power. The King, exasperated by opposition to some of his edicts, had destroyed it at the suggestion of his Chancellor Maupeou; and the magistrates had been roused from their beds one night by *mousquetaires*, and hurried off to exile in the country.

The parliament known as the Maupeou parliament took its place amid public laughter and derision, the very *avocats* refusing to plead before them. People wore *galons à la Chancellerie*, in ridicule of the Chancellor, — *galons* of false gold warranted not to turn red, — and the women prattled in every *salon* indignantly about the constitution of the kingdom and irremovable magistrates; so that it was said, if Maupeou could make the barristers speak and the women hold their tongues, he might get through with his Maupeou parliament.

The quick eye of Beaumarchais saw that something might be made out of this situation, and with a masterly adroitness he wrote a little note to Madame Goezman, asking for the fifteen louis which she had forgotten to return, — thus putting her in

the dilemma either of returning the fifteen louis and so proving her acceptance of the bribes offered her, or of denying the whole transaction and accusing him of calumny. Judge Goezman and his wife had no choice; and, imagining that it was easy still further to ruin a man of such notoriously bad credit, summoned Beaumarchais to the Maupeou parliament. Beaumarchais was now forced to prove that the fifteen louis had been accepted and kept on, penalty in case of failure of being branded by the hangman, and suffering any punishment his judges chose to inflict *citra mortem*. Had things come to this pass, Beaumarchais had resolved upon suicide; so that he had, indeed, staked his life on the issue.

Beaumarchais now having to plead in a matter of life and death, with the usual audacity of his character ventured upon a method of defence such as never was adopted before. He pleaded his cause, not so much to the corrupt judges who had to pass sentence upon him, as to the public; he was the first man in France who dared to court public opinion and solicit it as an ally. He threw aside all the old rules of secrecy in criminal matters, and pleaded boldly from the *sellette* of the accused to the whole nation, by means of printed pleadings. But to catch the intention of the light Parisian public of those times, he must both interest and amuse; and under pain of death, as it were, he did display such a combination of talent as no other man ever possessed but himself. If he had been merely eloquent, indignant, and declamatory, he had been lost; but he had to rouse the public apathy into understanding that his cause was their own; he had to destroy prejudice and to enlist sympathy, with the imperative necessity of being, above all things, amusing. He had to make all the details of his cause intelligible to the public; and the only method of gaining sufficient attention for this purpose was to give all the interest of a novel or a comedy to matters of business and legal procedure, — to enliven all with the most brilliant wit and the most sprightly humor, or he had in perspective *omnia citra mortem*.

One of the most difficult points with which Beaumarchais had to deal, was the vindication of himself from having paid the money to Madame Goezman with intention to bribe, — for this was an avowal of his own criminality; but he said, "I paid the money, not with a hope of influencing the opinion of the judges, but to get an audience, and for no other purpose whatever, and that not till it was demanded of me repeatedly. I made twenty-two useless attempts to see the judge whose duty it was to see me, and the twenty-third attempt was successful because money was paid." Such a defence, however available before the public, was less so before his judges, who, for the honor of their corps, naturally would feel resentment at the confidence such a proceeding implied in their venality.

The sum of fifteen louis was the very key and pivot of the whole business, — for if Madame Goezman, as her story was, rejected Beaumarchais's advances with indignation, how came she to keep the fifteen louis? If the small sum had such charms, was it likely the larger had been rejected? Hence nothing is more diverting than the attempts Beaumarchais describes in his "*Mémoires*" to induce him to lose sight of these fifteen louis; because, the fifteen louis disposed of, all the onus of proof of the whole transaction lay on Beaumarchais. Friend Marin, editor of the "*Gazette de France*," and general *colporteur* of libel and blasphemy, came as a medi-



or from the Goezmans to tender suppression of all mention of *ces misérables quinze louis*, and that then the matter might be arranged; but as Beaumarchais says in Rabelaisian tone, "Cette manœuvre était le joli petit contelet avec lequel l'ami Marin entendait tout doucement m'engorgiller." Beaumarchais was a lost man himself if these *misérables quinze louis* were once lost sight of. Friend Marin, who would be so friendly to all parties, went away much angered with the unconfiding Beaumarchais, and at his continued suspicions that he, Marin, came as a wolf in sheep's clothing, and immediately declared open war against the offender, to his own ultimate sorrow, however, and serious detriment, — for friend Marin had a life and a character which did not appear to advantage in broad daylight, and he came out of the fray in such a dirty and battered condition that he could find no hiding-room in all Paris, everybody shunning him as a *brebis galeuse*, — so that he betook himself off at last to his original obscurity and his own native village in Provence, there to endeavor to be forgotten.

Friend Marin was the first of the Goezman clique of whom Beaumarchais disposed. Bertrand d'Airolles was the second, another Provençal, a sort of banking and stock-jobbing grocer. He was another go-between in the business, and introduced sister Julie to Le Jay the publisher, who received the money. Poor Le Jay had been weak in allowing himself to be a go-between; but he told the truth at last: whereas Bertrand, having told the truth at first, then denied it, and perjured himself obstinately with an accompaniment of abusive language and fervent adjurations quoted from a Latin breviary, with a translation in second column. *Judica me, Deus. Comprehensus est peccator.* He seemed to imagine, moreover, that Beaumarchais owed him a debt of eternal gratitude for having been furnished with groceries at extravagant prices, even though the bills were paid. Bertrand in the hands of Beaumarchais becomes quite a type of a vulgar, stupid, undecided, greedy knave — as amusing as Basile in the "Barbier de Séville." He is caricatured now as the lubber sacristan of the troop, with his two lobes of brain of different and universal separating power, waiting, with neck stretched forward, saucer-eyes staring, mouth agape, to sing through the nose the psalm of victory, *Comprehensus est peccator*; now as the hoary "*chevalier de la dame aux quinze louis*," binding on his spurs, passing his Swiss baldric over his sacristan's robe, receiving the knightly accolade from Dame Goezman, mounting her colors, sending the chivalrous cartel, and throwing, by way of battle-gage, his "worsted mitten."

But the most attractive portrait of all is that of Madame Goezman. There is a surprising delicacy and gayety of touch, and a freshness of color and reality here which are quite Shakespearian. Nothing appears exaggerated or set down in malice, and Beaumarchais views her with all the unprejudiced eye of an artist before a model. We laugh at the poor culprit just as we would before a character in a comedy; and certainly no creation of the comic drama was ever more amusing. A flighty, feather-brained coquette, the lightest possible medley of simplicity and impudence, she cannot hold her own for five minutes in the scenes of *confrontation* with Beaumarchais, as described in the "Mémoires"; he makes her swear white and black, blow hot and cold, in one breath; he ruffles her into the most petulant gusts of passion, and then smooths her down with a little flattery to the happiest of moods. One

moment she is calling him *l'homme atroce, le misérable*, threatening to box his ears, coloring up and fanning her face in the most agitated way; but then, when the scene is about to end, Beaumarchais says — "Why, Madame, in the name of heaven, do you write yourself down thirty in your depositions when your face says eighteen?" And the clouds in Madame Goezman's brow disappear in a moment, her countenance is wreathed into smiles, she folds her fan with a smirk, gathers her mantle round her, holds out a little hand, and asks Beaumarchais — the convicted forger, and now her own adversary in a criminal prosecution — to lead her to her carriage; all idea of courts of justice has vanished from the light female head. But the grave court registrar interferes, cannot permit such delicate attentions between parties at such deadly feud in the eyes of the law, — between the wife of a judge and a possible felon. "Well, Madame," says Beaumarchais, with a bow, "confess I am not the atrocious rascal I have been described to be." "*Mais vous êtes, au moins un peu malin.*" The triumph of having extracted these last words from Madame Goezman has something so exquisitely comic about it, that Beaumarchais at that particular moment must have thought himself repaid for all his persecutions.

But her morals and logic were quite in keeping. "Je saurais bien plumer la poule sans la faire crier," she cried out in company. And when poor Le Jay was troubled in soul at having deposed that he knew nothing of the fifteen louis, she consoled him with "We will have to-morrow a mass said '*au Saint Esprit*,' and all will be right. It was agreed I might keep the fifteen louis, and therefore you can say, I never had them." Her conversation, too, at times, is strewn with rugged law terms, prompted by Goezman, who cannot see the incongruity of trusting this light-headed creature with such heavy weapons of fence. "Grands Dieux," says Beaumarchais, "l'on m'annonce une femme ingénue, et l'on m'oppose un publiciste Allemand."

Every one of Beaumarchais's antagonists is thus created into a comic type: we have Goezman the incorruptible, Baculard d'Arnaud the fiercely sentimental, and Le Jay the weakly honest. All his antagonists became serio-comic personages; and Beaumarchais, with a true dramatist's skill, brings out the peculiar features of each in a very decided way: thus Marin and Bertrand d'Airolles are both stupid knaves; but the former is the stupid malignant, the latter the stupid selfish, knave.

But these "Mémoires" would never have had such success had they been simply amusing comic sketches: these sketches are simply introduced in their place to gain the attention of the reader, and get him to take interest in the more serious passages, where every kind of oratorical artifice and power is enlisted in the same cause. There are passages of the highest beauty when judged by the standard of the highest flights of oratory; models of dignified accusation, of insinuated insult, of sarcastic brevity, of the most polished irony, of the most piercing indignation, and impassioned appeals to the noblest feelings and passions of human nature. They are the only law-pleadings, we should imagine, in the history of the world which have become classic literature and popular: at the present day they are reprinted and read among the workmen of France, but at the time of their publication the success was enormous. Beaumarchais had become a famous character before the fourth "Mémoire" appeared, of which the malignant Marin complained



that 10,000 copies were sold in two days. The salons talked of nothing else but Beaumarchais and his fifteen louis, and the foreign papers teemed with news of the trial. The portraits of Madame Goetzman and her incorruptible husband even made the *blasé* and indolent Louis laugh; Madame du Barri had Madame Goetzman played on a private stage at her receptions. In one of the sallies of Beaumarchais against Marin he played with one of his adversary's Provençal expressions, "*quesaco*," *qu'est ce que cela*? Marie Antoinette, then a charming and sprightly *gay dauphine*, seized on the word, and made pretty mocking retorts with it: the word was taken up and became famous. Milliners made new head-dresses *à la quesaco*, and plumes *à la quesaco* were nodding everywhere. Maupeou, however, seeing the danger to his own parliament, called Beaumarchais *le Wilkes Français*: but it was no use; the popularity of Beaumarchais went on increasing all over France with every successive *Mémoire*, and throughout the whole of Europe; they excited the most vivid interest; fastidious Horace Walpole deigned to express approval to Du Deffand; Goethe was reading them to small parties at Frankfort, and, indeed, took his drama "Clavigo" from one of the episodes introduced in one of the pleadings; and Voltaire from Ferney wrote in repeated terms of enthusiastic praise.

Meanwhile poor Beaumarchais himself was in wretched plight enough; the plumes *à la quesaco*, and the general good-humor and approbation of Europe, did little to put his affairs in better condition.

[To be continued.]

### LOWELL'S POEMS.\*

PERHAPS sweet meditative verse is not the kind in which contemporary poetry is least strong or least abundant. The movement which Wordsworth began, and of which he remains the chief master, still runs on, and, with perhaps a couple of exceptions, of which Mr. Browning is the most remarkable, affects every poet of our time, from the mellifluous Laureate down to his weakest imitator. Mr. Lowell brings to the old form and mood a vigor and freshness that make it as good as something newer. This freshness of impression may be due partly to the changed moral climate of a poet who carries the poetic forms of Old to New England, and partly to the peculiar and homely directness which marks Mr. Lowell in his serious as in his well-known humorous productions. At all events there is nothing imitative about his poems. They are stamped with the mark of his own personality, and this may well compensate for the comparative want of lyric swell and pulse. If we do not find the same spacious atmosphere which gives such nobility to Wordsworth, there is a consciousness of being very close to human life in its concrete expressions which is both attractive and elevating to all but the highest degree. The reason why so much of the meditative verse of our time is so weak is that it is vaguely and generally meditative; it is cloudy, loose, and unattached to positive circumstance. Just as in prose, in divinity, morals, and philosophy, so in verse; to be abstract and universal is, except with the giant who once in a couple of generations raises his head above the crowd, to be vapid, diluted, insignificant, and

insincere. For all mortals not of supreme calibre, there lies a snare in generalities which is as perilous in poetry as it has for many ages been proverbially declared to be perilous in reasoning. Mr. Lowell's shrewd New England sense — and a man is none the worse poet, but the better, for having shrewd sense — keeps him well out of the inane clouds, and fills his pieces with life and color and reality. The first poem in the present volume is as good an illustration of this as another. "Under the Willows" is one of the most admirable bits of idyllic work, short as it is, or perhaps because it is short, that have been done in our generation. We do not mount as on the clouds of a drawing-room pastille, — scented, elegant, and sickly. Neither do we linger by the edge of the dung-heap, where it is the grotesque whim of this or that sentimentalist, mostly from Scotland, to detain such readers as he can get. We have fancy without emptiness, and reality without a stupid clinging to the grosser earth; an unforced liveliness, and a repose that is not tame. Want of variety is the curse of the second-rate poet.

He tunes his harp in a certain key, and drones and thrums on a single string until we stuff our fingers in our ears, and wish that we were not. Mr. Lowell's "Under the Willows" only fills twenty short pages, and is as various as reality itself. There is delicious landscape; an admirable reproduction of the impressions that sweep over the senses on a fine day in summer; a plain and graphic picture of the scissors-grinder, of the children at their game, of the road-menders: —

Much noisy talk they spend  
On horses and their ills: and as John Bull  
Tells of Lord This or That, who was his friend,  
So these make boast of intimacies long  
With famous teams, and add large estimates,  
By competition swelled from mouth to mouth,  
Of how much they could draw, till one, ill-pleased  
To have his legend overbid, retorts:  
"You take and stretch truck-horses in a string  
From here to Long Wharf end, one thing I know,  
Not heavy neither, they could never draw, —  
Ensign's long bow!"

All is struck in so shortly; there is no long-drawn mouthing and maundering, as if one could not have enough strokes in a picture, and enough lines in a song. And it is not difficult to see that the secret of Mr. Lowell's art is an exact fidelity to his impressions. He does not work them up with self-conscious elaboration, nor drawn on an artificial imagination, but reproduces with careful simplicity the actual vision and sensation, as they were to him; they are set off with no studied decoration, nor diluted and tamed with after moralizings.

The same skill in bringing to life a long train of successive inward impressions is shown in that very charming piece of musing, the "Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire," which has something of the variety and change of cadence, if not of the force, of one of the great master's sonatas or symphonies. From the opening lines to the close we are conscious of a movement of thought and fancy that is musical in its progression, down to the mournful melody in which the strain that has been so vigorous and so changeful falls away from our ears: —

Earth stops the ears I best had loved to please;  
Then break, ye untuned chords, or rust in penance;  
As if a white-haired actor should come back  
Some midnight to the theatre, void and black,  
And there rehearse his youth's great part  
'Mid thin applauses of the ghosts,  
So seems it now: ye crowd upon my heart,  
And I bow down in silence, shadowy hosts!

\* Under the Willows and other Poems. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

The homeliness of inspiration which marks most



of Mr. Lowell's verse has been no drawback, as some weak people might have expected, to its loftiness and moral height. Perhaps one half of the present volume is filled with trifles.—little poetic exercises, playful handlings of slight and fugitive themes, which struck the writer's fancy for an hour or a day. These are all graceful and expressive, however slight, and are marked by as much sincerity, and as great a freedom from self-consciousness as the others. The "Dead House," for example, which we could perhaps wish had been differently named, though composed on an old and familiar motive, has all the good qualities which a piece of such small scope and size could well have; it has condensation, concreteness, simplicity, tenderness, and, best of all, a noticeable freshness in the figures and images. The savage ode on "Villafranca, 1850," is equally good in its kind, and though its moving idea, hatred of Napoleons and of Austria, is as essentially commonplace as sorrow for friends departed, the writer by his directness and concreteness redeems his work.

There are no windy howlings about freedom, no vaporous invectives against a typical despot or tyrants in general. The imagery is vigorous and striking, and the refrain is lyrical and impressive. As ten years have not materially changed the situation, it is worth while to quote a stanza or so:—

The Bonapartes, we know their knees,  
That wad in honey red to the knees;  
Their patent reaper, its sheaves sleep sound  
In dreamless garner underground;  
We know false glory's spendthrift race  
Pawning nations for feathers and lace;  
"T is reckoning day!" sneers unpaid Wrong.  
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!  
Lachesis twist! and Atropos sever!  
In the shadow, year out, year in,  
The silent headman waits forever.

The five stanzas headed the "Darkened Mind" are strikingly weird and forcible, and for the same reason that we have dwelt upon throughout; they are penetrated with an inartificial directness and plainness. The dreadful sight is reproduced by its simplest impressions; in this case, however, they are—more so than in the "Dead House"—not outward, concrete, and objective, but imaginative impressions, still with no clumsiness of edge, no cloudy indecision of outline; all is clear-cut and distinct. All, moreover, is plain presentment; no fruitless exclamation, no vapory protestation, no morbid or desperate shriek to the heavens. In spite of their notorious tendency to extravagant forms of supernaturalism, spiritualism, and the like, the Americans have a strong positive element in them, and Mr. Lowell is one of its best representatives, because in him it exists in union with a fine and intelligent spiritual quality as well. In the verses entitled the "Footpath," as well as in the farewell lines "To the Muse," he has expressed his sense of the method of the birth of poetry in the soul; the Muse reveals herself, not to him, who, eagerly, with prying eye and panting breath, hunts after her, but to the other who awaits her at home in the facts of each man's life:—

All summer long, her ancient wheel  
Whirls humming by the open door,  
Or, when the hickory's social zeal  
Sets the wide chimney in a roar,  
Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,  
It modulates the household mirth  
With that sweet serious undertone  
Of duty, music all her own;  
Still as of old she sits and spins  
Our hopes, our sorrows, and our sins;  
With equal care she twines the fates  
Of cottages and mighty states;

She spins the earth, the air, the sea,  
The maiden's unschooled fancy free,  
The boy's first love, the man's first grief,  
The budding and the fall o' the leaf.

And so forth. "Wonders that from the seeker fly, Into the open sense may fall"; and it is just this open and accurately perceiving sense that specially distinguishes Mr. Lowell's muse.

In two pieces included in the volume before us Mr. Lowell rises to inspired lyric heights. The "Ode to Happiness" is full of suppressed force; its form is careful and sustained, its vision broad and true, and its lesson noble. It is true, without either cant or commonplace, and has in all its turns and phrases that condensation which is at once the charm and justification of verse. And here, more than anywhere else, except in the "Commemoration Ode," we are struck by the truth and genuineness of the emotion which inspired the poem.

The only defect that we can notice flows from this very virtue, for it is the genuineness and sincerity of the poet's utterance which have perhaps robbed it of that cold serenity, as of unimpassioned nature herself, which Wordsworth has taught us to expect in pieces composed after his pattern. Many, however, may possibly find it an additional attraction that the poet shows himself warmly interested in the solution of his problem. But by far the finest piece in the volume is the really noble "Commemoration Ode," composed in 1865, when the war was at an end, and Lincoln had been laid in his grave. People who can see little in Yankees but a vulgar boastfulness of material things, and who cannot understand the enthusiasm for the Union which animated all the most high-minded of the Northern partisans, would do well to turn to this splendid hymn, where the moral and national enthusiasm of the Union movement finds a worthily elevated expression. Americans confess that the braggadocio and silly self-assertion which once distinguished them,—and the habit is not obliterated,—were really the veil of their self-distrust; but they confess also that the war has put an end to this self-distrust, and that they now feel themselves once for all a nation. This is the sentiment which breathes through Mr. Lowell's Ode; there is no flapping of the wings of the spread eagle, but a calm and dignified exultation which the measure and pulse of his verse excellently represent. The stern tragedy through which the country had passed, the loss of their ruler, "the kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man, sagacious, patient," the anguish brought by duty confronted and performed, the completeness of the triumph, are wrought into a lofty and inspiring harmony which ought to silence those American grumblers who think their country has no poet.

That these poems should abound with terse and felicitous sayings follows from their authorship. For example:—

A dark and snuffling day  
That made us bitter at our neighbor's sins.

Or this:—

Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we  
Breathe cheaply in the common air;  
The dust we trample heedlessly  
Throbbled once in saints and heroes rare,  
Who perished opening for their race  
New pathways to the commonplace.

And the reader of the *Spanish Gypsy* will remember a long and majestic passage which is writ small in Mr. Lowell's couplet,

'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
But the high faith that failed not by the way.



## ON THE NUTRITIVE VALUE OF DIFFERENT SORTS OF FOOD.

BY BARON LIEBIG.

(First Paper.)

It has been said that if man could live on air and water, there would be an end at once of the notions, master and servant, sovereign and subject, friend and foe, hatred and affection, virtue and vice, right and wrong, &c., and that our political commonwealth, social and family life, our intercommunication, trade, commerce and industry, art and science, — in short, all that makes man what he is, would not be if he had not a stomach, and were not subjected to a natural law which obliges him daily to take a certain quantum of nourishment. It is, therefore, worth while to answer the question why in reality man eats and drinks, and what the substances are, which, received in the body during a succession of years, have an influence on the duration of his life.

If eating had no other end but to satisfy appetite, one might perhaps believe that by perseverance the habit could be got rid of. But hunger is the inner admonisher that tells us there is something wanting within the body, and that we must supply the deficiency. That we grow thinner from privation of food, that we are cold and our forces diminish, while on the other hand our weight and bodily powers are kept up, and even increased, by taking nourishment, are facts which every one can observe in his own person. But what we do not comprehend is, that in spite of this renovation our body does not remain as it was, but gradually dies away.

What we know of life does not help us to comprehend death, which still remains an inscrutable mystery. The animal body is a warm body, which emits warmth continually, and the heat thus lost must continually be replaced. It is, moreover, like a machine which daily performs a certain amount of work. The heart, or the muscles of the heart, work on uninterruptedly to keep up the circulation of the blood; the muscles of the chest to keep going the respiratory organs; and those of the entrails to maintain the wormlike motion of the organs of digestion. These are daily performances with which our will has nothing to do, while the mastication of our food, the motion of our limbs in walking and running, or otherwise working with them, are all dependent on our volition. The animal body has often been compared to a locomotive, in which, by air, water, and fuel, working together, warmth and force are generated. Indeed, air and water are necessary conditions for the generation of heat and strength in the animal body, and food therefore may in a sense be considered as fuel; it has, however, other purposes also.

We all know how rapidly wear and tear ruins an engine; and that to put it in repair materials and work are necessary. The iron or copper which has to be renewed will not be replaced by giving the machine more fuel, and therefore an exterior human power, — the power of many workmen, — must co-operate and must be consumed to make up the deficiencies of the machine, and set all right again.

Food does not serve to generate warmth and force only, as is the case with the steam-engine, but also to form and to increase the quickened parts of the animal body, and to reproduce those which are worn out.

If we keep in view these different purposes which food serves, it will be easy for us to form a decided

notion of the nutritive value of different sorts of food. Physiology teaches us that all animated and plastic parts of the body arise from the blood, and that the component part of blood, which becomes fluid when heated, and is called albumen, is the material which serves for their construction.

All the different sorts of food of man, as well as of animals, contain, without exception, substances which are identical, or nearly identical, with the albumen of blood. This constitutes an entire group of substances found in plants, partly in solution in the juices, partly deposited in the seeds, and which are found in greatest quantity in the cereals. The name given them is albuminate. In the nutritive process, albumen of the blood is formed from them; they are also called constituent nutritive substances, because they furnish the material for the formation of all the plastic parts of the body. From other organic substances they are materially distinguished, having an abundance of nitrogen, and by containing a certain amount of sulphur. The cheesy substance (casein) of milk; syntonin, the principal component part of the muscles; albumen, or that part of vegetable and animal juices which is soluble in heat; gluten of the cereals; vegetable casein in peas, beans, and lentils (legumin), all belong to the group of albuminates.

The component parts of human food and of the fodder of animals which are free of nitrogen, such as fat, starch, sugar, sugar of milk, &c. are applied in the vital process, principally — and in part exclusively — for the generation of warmth. They have been named respiratory substances, or warmth-generating substances. The food of men and animals contains, besides, a third class of nutritive substances, known as nutritive salts. These are the substances which remain in the form of ashes when the articles of food are burned: phosphoric acid, potash, lime, magnesia, iron, common salt, are their chief elements.

The albuminates and heat-giving substances are quite incapable of nourishing and of sustaining life, if the nutritive salts are not present and co-operating with them. Without the nutritive salts they do not give nourishment. The idea of a perfect sort of food must be associated with three conditions; it must contain a certain quantity of albuminates, and there must also be a certain proportion of heat-giving substances, and of nutritive salts. We may accordingly speak of meat, milk, and bread, in which these three conditions are united, as being food: but albuminates, starch, and nutritive salts are in themselves not food; they are only nutritive substances, as indispensably necessary for the vital process as air and water are, but each alone quite incapable of sustaining life.

As food, air, and water are the means by which all occurrences in the organization of the body, all its multifarious manifestations of vitality, are brought about, it must be clear that the state of the body which we term health depends on the right relation and co-operation of these three requirements.

We easily comprehend the influence of excess in eating and drinking, and in other matters, on the health of the individual, because every one perceives that the capabilities of the organization of its parts, as with a machine and its parts, have their limits; and that by the act of overstepping these, which we call excess or debauch, the equilibrium to be preserved in the co-activity of all the different organs will momentarily or lastingly be disturbed. In the animal body there is only a certain amount



of force generated, daily, which the heart, the organs of digestion and respiration, the limbs, &c. require for and consume in their special work. By such excesses the normal state is disturbed, and when such disturbances happen frequently, a change takes place in the condition and consequently in the capability for work of one or other of the organs, and the body grows sick.

In order to understand the influence of an irregular expenditure of force, we need only to remember that when greatly fatigued we lose our appetite, and that when the stomach is in full activity the limbs are indisposed for performing hard work. Insufficient nourishment and fatiguing work, during the period of growth, stop the corporeal development of the individual.

Far more difficult is it, even for the attentive observer, to perceive the injurious influence which bad air, or impure water, or an insufficiency of food, exercises on the health of the population, as here the injurious influence is made up of a number of scarcely perceptible disturbing causes. If the air and water teem with such pernicious influences; if the air abounds in damp, carbonic acid, and organic matter in a state of suspension; if the water abounds in matters which are in a state of decomposition; if the nourishment be wholly unfitted for digestion, and for the support of the vital process, then the harmful effect is quick, and we are seldom deceived as to the cause of the disease which has arisen. If, however, the impurities in the air and the water be but trifling, and the nourishment merely deficient in quality, the injurious influence produced from one day to another will scarcely be perceived; but the effect is none the less sure. A state of sickness comes on sooner or later, which is ascribed to a number of chance derangements, but very seldom to the right cause.

From a certain age life is a slow decay, a change in the composition of the substance of the organs, which at last unfits them for their work. The arrival of this period may be hastened or retarded; hastened if the nutrition be deficient, retarded if all the inward parts, as far as this is possible by human care, are kept in a proper condition. In consequence of an imperfect compensation for the force expended, a life may be shortened five, ten, or more years.

The old peasant dies of his brown bread; he is perfectly healthy, he says, and there is nothing the matter with him, except that he is unable to support the bread. The lasting health of the individual depends on the right proportion of the different sorts of food in quantity and quality. This proportion differs in each one, for it is determined more immediately by the condition or the power of work of his inner organs, and also by the daily work to be performed by the limbs.

Individuals whose organs of digestion, secretion, and respiration are weak, need food different in quantity and in quality from that of persons in robust health. For every stage of life a certain mixture of food alone is fitted; and what we all consider as a matter of course for the infant, is, strictly speaking, applicable to every period of life. The evil is that every one has not the free choice of what he will eat; but by learning what is especially suited to his wants, or what is hurtful for him, he may help to lengthen his life a short while. The daily work performed by an individual bears relation to the mass of his muscles, as this depends on his nutrition in relation to his food. Two

individuals with muscles unequally developed, cannot perform daily the same amount of work. A badly-fed individual has little muscular formation, and requires less food than one well fed. With the same quantity of food which would keep the badly-fed individual up to his weight, the better-fed man with greater muscular formation would lose weight. The English railway contractors measure the capacity for work of their men by their appetite. (Dr. Lankester.)

In consequence of work the muscles diminish; they are used up, and must be renewed daily by means of food, if the power for work is to remain the same. In experiments which Dr. Parkes tried with two perfectly healthy and strong men, he found that after a walk of fifty-six and a half miles, performed in two days, the men being well fed on substances free from carbon, fat, starch, &c. one lost four pounds in weight, the other one pound and a half, and it took four days for the men, with the aid of abundant meat food, to regain their original weight.\*

As both men had enjoyed heat-producing food in abundance, and as purposely all victuals were avoided which could possibly have caused the formation of muscles, the loss in weight could only have been produced by the diminution of the muscular mass in the body. Had the loss of weight been caused by a loss or evaporation of water, the original weight would soon have been restored by drinking a few glasses of water; but the slow restoration of the lost weight, and the necessary co-operation of food, show that the formations which in their natural state had retained the escaping water, now no longer existed.

In order that the muscular mass, or what is the same thing, in order that the working powers of an individual may be kept up, it is absolutely necessary that in his daily food a quantity of albuminate be consumed sufficient to make up for what is lost. A greater amount of work is not to be attained, for a continuation, without a greater amount of food, especially not without a larger amount of albuminate in the nourishment taken. The badly-fed German workman wants in England and America a month's diet, abounding in albuminates, before he is able to compete with the English or American workman. We may compute, without risking to be far wrong, that a working man of 140 lb. weight, requires for his sufficient nourishment 130 grammes of albuminate (453½ grammes equal 1 lb., English) daily.

The English navvies, who were sent out during the Crimean war to make the Balaclava railroad, and who astonished both English and French soldiers by the extraordinary amount of work they performed, consumed daily from 150 to 159 grammes of albuminate. The men in the Munich breweries consume on an average 165 grammes of albuminate per day. The amount of albuminate in the rations of the Bavarian and English soldier in time of peace is about 126 grammes, or 4 oz. in a dry state.

\* Albert D. Richardson, in his most interesting work, "Beyond the Mississippi," gives an account of his ascent of Pike's Peak (13,400 feet above the level of the sea), in company with two ladies. The trip lasted five days, which was about double the time contemplated; thus a scarcity of provisions was the consequence, and, moreover, owing to a mischance, all their stock of whiskey was lost. They endured great fatigue, and the strength of some was completely broken down. "Each of the ladies had lost just eight pounds of flesh in five days," says the author; but he adds, "no lasting inconvenience was experienced from the trip, except the most nervous and uncompromising hunger, which continued at intervals for the next two weeks."



According to the work, it is not at all indifferent in what form the working man enjoys the albuminates in his food; and in this respect the place which meat holds among the food of man has not been sufficiently appreciated by physiologists.\*

Meat contains the albuminates, which are the flesh producers, in the most soluble form; it is digested in the shortest time, and for its transition into the blood the least amount of work is required. Indeed, the intestine of carnivorous animals is the shortest and most simple of any. The carnivorous animal bolts its food without it being necessary to reduce its size by mastication. The smaller the quantity of the albuminates in vegetables, the more complicated are the organs of digestion of the animals which feed on them. With many, a chewing and rechewing is necessary, in order to separate the food sufficiently for the extraction of the nutritive parts.

Inasmuch as the effect of food depends on its transformation into blood, it must be self-evident that in a given time the effect of the food is in proportion to the rapidity with which its transmission from the intestines to the blood-vessels is effected. Experience shows that with energetic work, for work to be performed in the shortest time, a purely vegetable diet is not compatible.

A woodman in the Bavarian highlands consumes in winter, in six working days, 14 lb. of flour, from 2 lb. to 3 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of bread, and half a pint of brandy. He consumes the flour in the form of a sort of pancake, fried in butter, and chopped into small pieces, for he thus saves a good deal of the work of mastication. The quantity of flour corresponds to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of bread daily (100 lb. of flour = 140 lb. of bread), which at 8 per cent contains 130 grammes of albuminates. Thus he consumes altogether as much as a well-fed working man. His work is hard, but not requiring energy; after every blow with his axe he can rest as long as he pleases, for the tree stands still, and does not force him to make haste. The man in the Munich brewery requires another diet. The work he has to do is the hardest of all, and only strong men are able to endure it, for the operations follow one another uninterruptedly, and tax the strength of the workman unceasingly. He has no time for resting during his work, which must be done as quickly as possible. According to the quantity of food consumed in seven months by 95 men in a Munich brewery, each man, in meat alone, consumed 120 grammes of albuminates, with bread, — altogether, from 160 to 170 grammes daily: thus nearly three quarters meat, and one quarter bread. And this is easily to be accounted for. The brewer's man consumes in meat a nutritive matter, which for its transition into the body requires a minimum of inner organic work, and he receives, in less than three hours, from the albuminates of the meat, a store of strength in his body which enables him to dispose of it at pleasure. The woodman in the mountains must, on the other hand, wait from eight to ten hours until the component parts of his meal act on his body with full effect. Two workmen of the same weight require daily a certain number of grammes of albuminate in their food in order to lift or remove a certain weight a given number of feet; he, however, who is pressed for time, and forced to accomplish his work with greater speed, must have a meat diet, while for the other a purely vegetable diet will suffice.

For a soldier, in time of peace, 125 grammes of albuminate are enough to maintain him in health, of which one quarter must be in the form of meat; but in war time, with fatiguing marches, and laden with 60 lb. of clothing and ammunition, he would, with such a diet, succumb to the over-exertion; he requires at least from 140 to 148 grammes of albuminate, the half of which should be in the form of meat. Thus we may assume that, under similar circumstances, an army of soldiers whose daily rations did not exceed 125 grammes of albuminate, one quarter of which only was in the form of meat, would be beaten by an army in which each man received 145 grammes of albuminate, half of which was in the form of meat; for the effect would be the same as if the latter army had better weapons; its capacity for motion is greater, and it is in a given time capable of greater exertion. We are too apt to forget that the soldier's food is for the man what the powder is for his musket.

All these are very simple and intelligible matters, which may be learned from any coachman; for exactly the same laws obtain for the work we require of our cattle. "Our horses must have oats; the oats must be in them," said an English omnibus driver to Professor Playfair. "If they come from the farmer, they are round and plump, for the farmers feed them well. But such horses are not fit for use. They sweat directly, and cannot bear a hard run. *The oats must be in them.*"

What meat is to a man, oats are to horses, or, in Arabia, barley, which of all vegetable fodder contains the albuminates in the most concentrated form, and in a state the most easily transmissible.

With regard to the organic work by which the heat-generating substances are fitted for generating warmth, the same relation exists between starch, sugar, dextrin, fat, and alcoholic beverages. Starch demands the longest work; it requires more time and more additional juices, which the stomach must secrete, in order that it may be fitted for passing into the blood, than sugar and dextrin, which are both of themselves soluble in water. Thus the higher value which flour possesses for making bread is explained. By its porosity bread is more easily penetrated by the gastric juice, and is soon amalgamated, because a part of the starch in the flour has already undergone a transmutation into dextrin, or some other similar easily-soluble matter. Fat is slowly received into the circulation, but its effect is of longest duration. Fat food is most fitted for winter, starch and saccharine nourishment for the summer. Beverages abounding in alcohol act, as regards the generation of warmth, the quickest of all.

In the animal body a certain number of degrees of warmth and a certain quantum of force (strength) must be daily generated, according to exterior circumstances, and as the requirements of one day or one season are greater than in another; and a right nutrition presupposes that those component parts of the food which serve to nourish and to warm are contained exactly, or nearly so, in the nutriment in such proportions as the body requires. An extra amount of warmth-producing nourishment could not make up for a paucity of strength-producing substances; it would be of no effect in nourishing the body, and would only burden it. An extra amount of strength-producing food, would, beyond a certain limit, not add strength, because in the individual only a certain measure of strength can be generated.

Economically considered, an acquaintance with

\* The regular allowance of the American Fur Company for each employee was eight pounds of buffalo meat daily. — Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi."



the right relations of the warmth and strength-producing component parts of our daily food is of the greatest importance.\* Long before science had furnished breeders with a sure basis to go upon, the husbandman endeavored to find out the relative nutritive value of his different sorts of fodder, and it is to this endeavor that we owe the solution of some of the most wonderful and most important physiological problems.

The food of men and of animals contains, namely, the albuminates, which are necessary for producing flesh and strength, and the heat-producers (starch, sugar, and fat) in very different relative quantities.

The seeds of the cereals — wheat, rye, barley — contain for every ten parts albuminate fifty to fifty-five parts of starch. A similar proportion (one to five) of the albuminates to the digestible warmth-generating substances is also found in good meadow hay. In potatoes, rice, turnips, &c. this proportion is quite different. In potatoes, for 10 parts albuminate are 85 and often 90 parts of starch; in rice 120; in peas, on the contrary, only 25 parts; and in rape-seed flour there are but 13 to 14 parts of heat-generating substances. Be the state of the animal what it may, there is for satisfying all its wants but one right proportion of the albuminates, heat-producing matters, and nutritive salts to be adopted. But this proportion varies according to circumstances, and must be altered as the breeder or grazier has this or that aim in view. If, for example, he desires to obtain weight by his system of feeding, then the proportion of the albuminates in the fodder must be increased; and that fodder is, of course, for him the best which enables him to produce a maximum of meat, milk, and wool at the smallest expenditure for nourishment.

It is clear that if an animal — a pig or a sheep — requires in its food 10 oz. albuminate, and 55 oz. heat-generating matter, for its nutrition, it will, if the 10 oz. albuminate be given in the form of potatoes, have to eat fifteen pounds of steamed potatoes, and in these 95 oz. to 100 oz. of starch, — thus 40 oz. to 45 oz. of heat-generating matter more than the animal can turn to account. These 40 oz. of starch have a certain nutritive, and for the breeder a pecuniary, value; which, however, are in this case wholly lost to him, as starch in manure does not add to its value. A similar loss would accrue if the animal were fed exclusively on beans or peas. In 50 oz. of peas the pig would get 10 oz. of albuminate, but only 12½ oz. of starch, 42½ oz., therefore, less than it required. For the perfect nutrition of the animal somewhat more than 100 oz. of peas would be required, and therein 10 oz. more albuminates would have to be given, which are ineffective for producing flesh, because they would be used up instead of the missing starch, in order to generate warmth.

Thus it will be easily understood what an advantage to the breeder it must be, since science has made him exactly acquainted with the component parts of fodder and their relative worth, to be enabled by properly mixing food to obtain, without loss of means expended, the most favorable results. It teaches him that with a mixture of 7½ lb. of steamed potatoes, and 25 oz. of peas, he can feed his pig well, and turn to the best account the whole quantity of

albuminates in the peas and all the starch. In this wise the cattle breeder makes up for the missing hay by a blending of other fodder which he can command, such as turnips, potatoes, peas, rye, straw, clover, rape-seed cake, and peas-flour. What he has to do is this: he must so mix them that they are really a surrogate for the nourishment contained in the hay; and by finding out the fitting proportions of their component parts — fitting as regards the aim to be obtained — the most extraordinary results have been arrived at in breeding, fattening, and in producing milk and wool.

The chief means of subsistence, — grass or hay, — provided by nature for herbivorous animals, contains the albuminates, warmth-producing matter, and the nutritive salts, in such admixture that by their co-presence in the process of digestion and nutrition each of these elements produces the full effect belonging to it; and when the breeder, who has no hay, but other fodder, makes up a mixture of food which in its nutritive capability supplies the place of the missing hay, he in no wise alters the nutritive value of the food thus prepared.

In the nutrition of men, however, totally different relations are to be taken into account. By preparing his victuals by means of boiling, baking, roasting, by turning the corn into flour, man changes not only the condition and nature of his food, but very frequently its composition also; and, in many cases, its nutritive value is notably changed by the process of preparation. This is principally effected by the change in the proportion of the nutritive salts which his food contains in its natural state. Although the part which these salts play in the process of digestion, in the formation of blood, and in general assimilation, has been known for more than twenty years with the most positive certainty (see "Chemical Letters" vol. ii.), it seems as if in practice the knowledge of it was still ignored.

The importance of the albuminates and the heat-generating matters is recognized, it is true; also that the first, in comparison with the others, have a higher value. It is possible, indeed, in the process of nutrition to supply the place of the heat-generating substances, such as starch, sugar, and fat, by means of meat; but not *vice versa*, because the heat-generating substances are quite incapable, from their composition, of serving to aid in the structure of the body, and therefore it may be said that the albuminates possess a pre-eminent value. On the other hand, the nutritive salts, without whose co-operation the albuminates, as well as the heat-generators, would be quite incapable of giving nourishment, are generally hardly taken account of; and we read long dissertations on food and nutrition, in which everything under the sun is spoken of except the nutritive salts, and in which even the words "nutritive salts" are not to be found, just as if they had no existence.

## STEPHEN ARCHER.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

STEPHEN ARCHER was a stationer, bookseller, and newsmonger in one of the suburbs of London. The newspapers hung in a sort of rack at his door, as if for the convenience of the public to help themselves in passing. On his counter lay penny weeklies and books coming out in parts, amongst which the Family Herald was in force, and the London Journal not to be found. I had occasion once to try

\* "Relentless Nature is like the State, — she presumes every man to know her laws; she pardons none for his ignorance; she inflexibly punishes every disobedience. Nay, severer still, she visits the sins of the fathers upon the children of the third and fourth generation." — Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi."



the extent of his stock, for I required a good many copies of one of Shakespeare's plays, — at a penny, if I could find such. He shook his head, and told me he could not encourage the sale of such productions. This pleased me; for although it was of little consequence what he thought concerning Shakespeare, it was of the utmost import that he should prefer principle to pence. So I loitered in the shop, looking for something to buy; but there was nothing in the way of literature; his whole stock, as far as I could see, consisted of little religious volumes of gay binding and inferior print: he had nothing even from the Halifax press. He was a good-looking fellow, about thirty, with dark eyes, overhanging brows that indicated thought, mouth of character, and no smile. I was interested in him.

I asked if he would mind getting the plays I wanted. He said he would rather not. I bade him good morning.

More than a year after, I saw him again. I had passed his shop many times, but this morning, I forget why, I went in. I could hardly recall the former appearance of the man, so was it swallowed up in a new expression. His face was alive, and his behavior courteous. A similar change had passed upon his stock. There was Punch and Fun amongst the papers, and tenpenny Shakespeares on the counter, printed on straw-paper, with ugly woodcuts. The former class of publications had not vanished, but was mingled with cheap editions of some worthy of being called books.

"I see you have changed your mind since I saw you last," I said.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," he returned. "I did not know you were a customer."

"Not much of that," I replied; "only in intention. I wanted you to get me some penny Shakespeares, and you would not take the order."

"Oh! I think I remember," he answered, with just a trace of confusion; adding, with a smile, "I'm married now"; and I fancied I could read a sort of triumph over his former self.

I laughed, of course, — the best expression of sympathy at hand, — and after a little talk left the shop, resolved to look in again soon. Before a month was over I had made the acquaintance of his wife too, and between them learned so much of their history as to be able to give the following particulars concerning it.

Stephen Archer was one of the deacons, rather a young one perhaps, of a dissenting congregation. The chapel was one of the oldest in the neighborhood, quite triumphant in ugliness, but possessed of a history which gave it high rank with those who frequented it. The sacred odor of the names of pastors who had occupied its pulpit lingered about its walls, — names unknown beyond its precincts, but starry in the eyes of those whose world lay within its tabernacle. People generally do not know what a power some of these small *conventicles* are in the education of the world. If only as an outlet for the energies of men of lowly education and position, who in connection with most of the churches of the Establishment would find no employment, they are of inestimable value.

To Stephen Archer, for instance, when I saw him first, his chapel was the sole door out of the common world into the infinite. When he entered, as certainly did the awe and the hush of the sacred place overshadow his spirit as if it had been a gorgeous cathedral-house borne aloft upon the joined

palms of its Gothic arches. The Master is truer than men think, and the power of His presence, as Browning has so well set forth in his "Christmas Eve," is where two or three are gathered in His name. And inasmuch as Stephen was not a man of imagination, he had the greater need of the undefined influences of the place.

He had been chief in establishing a small mission amongst the poor in the neighborhood, with the working of which he occupied the greater part of his spare time. I will not venture to assert that his mind was pure from the ambition of gathering from these to swell the flock at the little chapel; nay, I will not even assert that there never arose a suggestion of the enemy that the pence of these rescued brands might alleviate the burden upon the heads and shoulders of the poorly prosperous caryatids of his church; but I do say that Stephen was an honest man in the main, ever ready to grow honest: and who can demand more? One evening, as he was putting up the shutters of his window, his attention was arrested by a shuffling behind him. Glancing round, he set down the shutter, and the next instant boxed a boy's ears, who ran away howling and mildly excavating his eyeballs, while a young pale-faced woman, with the largest black eyes he had ever seen, expostulated with him on the proceeding.

"O sir!" she said, "he was n't troubling you." There was a touch of indignation in the tone.

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment," said Stephen, rather illogically. "If I'd ha' known you liked to have your shins kicked, I might ha' let the young rascal alone. But you see I did n't know it."

"He's my brother," said the young woman, conclusively.

"The more shame to him," returned Stephen. "If he'd been your husband, now, there might ha' been more harm than good in interferin', 'cause he'd only give it you the worse after; but brothers! Well, I'm sure it's a pity I interfered."

"I don't see the difference," she retorted, still with offence.

"I beg your pardon, then," said Stephen. "I promise you I won't interfere next time."

So saying, he turned, took up his shutter, and proceeded to close his shop. The young woman walked on.

Stephen gave an inward growl or two at the depravity of human nature, and set out to make his usual visits; but before he reached the place, he had begun to doubt whether the old Adam had not overcome him in the matter of boxing the boy's ears; and the following interviews appeared in consequence less satisfactory than usual. Disappointed with himself, he could not be so hopeful about others.

As he was descending a stair so narrow that it was only just possible for two people to pass, he met the same young woman ascending. Glad of the opportunity, he stepped aside with his best manners and said: —

"I am sorry I offended you this evening. I did not know the boy was your brother."

"O sir!" she returned — for to one in her position, Stephen Archer was a gentleman; had he not a shop of his own? — "you did n't hurt him much; only I'm so anxious to save him."

"To be sure," returned Stephen, "that is the one thing needful."

"Yes, sir," she rejoined. "I try hard, but boys will be boys."



"There is but one way, you know," said Stephen, following the words with a certain formula which I will not repeat.

The girl stared. "I don't know about that," she said. "What I want is to keep him out of prison. Sometimes I think I sha' n't be able long. O sir! if you be the gentleman that goes about here, could n't you help me? I can't get anything for him to do, and I can't be at home to look after him."

"What is he about all day, then?"

"The streets," she answered. "I don't know as he's ever done anything he ought n't to, but he came home once in a fright, and breathless with running, that I thought he'd ha' fainted. If I only could get him into a place!"

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I do."

At the moment a half-bestial sound below, accompanied by uncertain footsteps, announced the arrival of a drunken bricklayer.

"There's Joe Bradley," she said, in some alarm. "Come into my room, sir, till he's gone up; there's no harm in him when he's sober, but he ain't been sober for a week now."

Stephen obeyed; and she, taking a key from her pocket and unlocking a door on the landing, led him into a room to which his back parlor was a paradise. She offered him the only chair in the room, and took her place on the edge of the bed, which showed a clean though much worn patchwork quilt. Charley slept on the bed, and she on a shake-down in the corner. The room was not untidy, though the walls and floor were not clean; indeed, there were not in it articles enough to make it untidy withal.

"Where do you go on Sundays?" asked Stephen.

"Nowheres. I ain't got nobody," she added, with a smile, "to take me nowheres."

"What do you do, then?"

"I've plenty to do mending of Charley's trousers. You see they're only shoddy, and as fast as I patch 'em in one place they're out in another."

"But you ought n't to work Sundays."

"I've heard tell of people as say you ought n't to work of a Sunday; but where's the differ when you've got a brother to look after? He ain't got no mother."

"But you're breaking the fourth commandment; and you know where people go that do that. You believe in hell, I suppose."

"I always thought that was a bad word."

"To be sure! But it's where you'll go if you break the Sabbath."

"O sir!" she said, bursting into tears, "I don't care what comes of me if I could only save that boy."

"What do you mean by saving him?"

"Keep him out of prison, to be sure. I should n't mind the workus myself, if I could get him into a place."

A place was her heaven, a prison her hell.

Stephen looked at her more attentively. No one who merely glanced at her could help seeing her eyes first, and no one who regarded them could help thinking her nice-looking at least, all in a shabby cotton dress and black shawl as she was. It was only the "penury and pine" that kept her from being beautiful. Her features were both regular and delicate, with an anxious mystery about the thin tremulous lips, and a beseeching look, like that of an animal, in her fine eyes, hazy with the

trouble that haunted her mouth. Stephen had the good sense not to press the Sabbath question, and by degrees drew her story from her.

Her father had been a watchmaker, but, giving way to drink, had been, as far back as she could remember, entirely dependent on her mother, who, by charring and jobbing, managed to keep the family alive. Sara was then the only child, but, within a few months after her father's death, her mother died in giving birth to the boy. With her last breath she had commended him to his sister. Sara had brought him up—how, she hardly knew. He had been everything to her. The child that her mother had given her was all her thought. Those who start with the idea "that people with naught are naughty," whose eyes are offended by rags, whose ears cannot distinguish between vulgarity and wickedness, and who think the first duty is care for self, must be excused from believing that Sara Coulter passed through all that had been decreed for her, without losing her simplicity and purity. But God is in the back slums as certainly as—perhaps to some eyes more evidently than—in Belgravia. That which was the burden of her life—namely, the care of her brother—was her salvation. After hearing her story, which he had to draw from her, because she had no impulse to talk about herself, Stephen went home to turn the matter over in his mind.

The next Sunday, after he had had his dinner, he went out into the same region, and found himself at Sara's door. She was busy over a garment of Charley's, who was sitting on the bed with half a loaf in his hand. When he recognized Stephen he jumped down, and would have rushed from the room, but changing his mind, possibly because of the condition of his lower limbs, he turned, and springing into the bed, scrambled under the counterpane, and drew it over his head.

"I am sorry to see you working on Sunday," Stephen said, with an emphasis that referred to their previous conversation.

"You would not have the boy go naked?" she returned, with again a touch of indignation. She had been thinking how easily a man of Stephen's social position could get him a place if he would. Then recollecting her manners, she added, "I should get him better clothes if he had a place. Would n't you like to get a place now, Charley?"

"Yes," said Charley, from under the counterpane, and began to peep at the visitor.

He was not an ill-looking boy,—only roguish to a degree. His eyes, as black as his sister's, but only half as big, danced and twinkled with mischief. Archer would have taken him off to his ragged class, but even of rags he had not at the moment the complement necessary for admittance. He left them, therefore, with a few commonplace of religious phrase, falling utterly meaningless. But he was not one to confine his ministrations to words: he was an honest man. Before the next Sunday it was clear to him that he could do nothing for the soul of Sara, until he had taken the weight of her brother off it.

When he called the next Sunday the same vision precisely met his view. She might have been sitting there ever since, with those wonderfully patched trousers in her hands, and the boy beside her, gnawing at his lump of bread. But many a long seam had passed through her fingers since then, for she worked at a clothes-shop all the week with the sewing-machine, whence arose the possibility of



patching Charley's clothes, for the overseer granted her a cutting or two now and then.

After a little chat Stephen put the question, "If I find a place for Charley, will you go to Providence Chapel next Sunday?"

"I will go *anywhere* you please, Mr. Archer," she answered, looking up quickly, with a flushed face. She would have accompanied him to any casino in London just as readily; her sole thought was to keep Charley out of prison. Her father had been in prison once; to keep her mother's child out of prison was the grand object of her life.

"Well," he resumed, with some hesitation, for he had arrived at the resolution through difficulties whose fogs yet lingered about him, "if he will be an honest, careful boy, I will take him myself."

"Charley! Charley!" cried Sara, utterly neglectful of the source of the benefaction; and rising, she went to the bed and hugged him.

"Don't, Sara!" said Charley, petulantly. "I don't want girls to squash me. Leave go, I say. You mend my trousers, and I'll take care of *myself*."

"The little wretch!" thought Stephen.

Sara returned to her seat, and her needle went almost as fast as her sewing-machine. A glow had arisen now, and rested on her pale cheek: Stephen found himself staring at a kind of transfiguration, back from the ghostly to the human. His admiration extended itself to her deft and slender fingers, and there brooded until his conscience informed him that he was actually admiring the breaking of the Sabbath, whereupon he rose. But all the time he was about amongst the rest of his people, his thoughts kept wandering back to the desolate room, the thankless boy, and the ministering woman. Before leaving, however, he had arranged with Sara that she should bring her brother to the shop the next day.

The ave with which she entered it was not shared by Charley, who was never ripe for anything but frolic. Had not Stephen been influenced by a desire to do good, and possibly by another feeling too embryonic for detection, he would never have dreamed of making an errand-boy of a will-o'-the-wisp. As such, however, he was installed, and from that moment an anxiety unknown before took possession of Stephen's bosom. He was never at ease, for he never knew what the boy might be about. He would have parted with him the first fortnight, but the idea of the prison had passed from Sara's heart into his, and he saw that to turn the boy away from his first place would be to accelerate his gravitation thitherward. He had all the tricks of a newspaper boy indigenous in him. Repeated were the complaints brought to the shop. One time the paper was thrown down the area and brought into the breakfast-room defiled and wet. At another it was found on the doorstep, without the bell having been rung, which could hardly have been from forgetfulness, for Charley's delight was to set the bell ringing furiously, and then wait till the cook appeared, taking good care however, to leave space between them for a start. Sometimes the paper was not delivered at all, and Stephen could not help suspecting that he had sold it in the street. Yet both for his sake and Sara's he endured and did not even box his ears. The boy hardly seemed to be wicked: the spirit that possessed him was rather a *polter-geist*, as the Germans would call it, than a demon.

Meantime, the Sunday after Charley's appointment, Archer, seated in his pew, searched all the

chapel for the fulfilment of Sara's part of the agreement, namely, her presence. But he could see her nowhere.

The fact was, her promise was so easy that she had scarcely thought of it after, not suspecting that Stephen laid any stress upon its fulfilment, and, indeed, not knowing where the chapel was. She had managed to buy a bit of something of the shoddy species, and while Stephen was looking for her in the chapel, she was making a jacket for Charley. Greatly disappointed, and chiefly, I do believe, that she had not kept her word, Stephen went in the afternoon to call upon her.

He found her working away as before, and saving time, by taking her dinner while she worked, for a piece of bread lay on the table by her elbow, and beside it a little brown sugar to make the bread go down. The sight went to Stephen's heart, for he had just made his dinner off baked mutton and potatoes, washed down with his half-pint of stout.

"Sara!" he said solemnly, "you promised to come to our chapel, and you have not kept your word." He never thought that "our chapel" was not the landmark of the region.

"O Mr. Archer," she answered, "I did n't know as you cared about it. But," she went on, rising and pushing her bread on one side to make room for her work, "I'll put on my bonnet directly." Then she checked herself, and added, "O, I beg your pardon, sir,—I'm so shabby! You could n't be seen with the likes of me."

It touched Stephen's chivalry,—and something deeper than chivalry. He had had no intention of walking with her.

"There's no chapel in the afternoon," he said; "but I'll come and fetch you in the evening."

Thus it came about that Sara was seated in Stephen's pew, next to Stephen himself, and Stephen felt a strange pleasure unknown before, like that of the shepherd who, having brought the stray back to the fold, cares little that its wool is torn by the bushes, and it looks a ragged and disreputable sheep. It was only Sara's wool that might seem disreputable, for she was a very good-faced sheep. He found the hymns for her, and they shared the same book. He did not know then that Sara could not read a word of them.

The gathered people, the stillness, the gaslights, the solemn ascent of the minister into the pulpit, the hearty singing of the congregation, doubtless had their effect upon Sara, for she had never been to a chapel and hardly to any place of assembly before. From all amusements, the burden of Charley and her own retiring nature had kept her back.

But she could make nothing of the sermon. She confessed afterwards that she did not know she had anything to do with it. Like "the Northern Farmer," she took it all for the clergyman's business, which she amongst the rest had to see done. She did not even wonder why Stephen should have wanted to bring her there. She sat when other people sat, pretended to kneel when other people pretended to kneel, and stood up when other people stood up,—still brooding upon Charley's jacket.

But Archer's feelings were not those he had expected. He had brought her, intending her to be done good to; but before the sermon was over he wished he had not brought her. He resisted the feeling for a long time, but at length yielded to it entirely; the object of his solicitude all the while



conscious only of the lighted stillness and the new barrier between Charley and Newgate. The fact with regard to Stephen was, that a certain hard *pan*, occasioned by continual ploughings to the same depth, and no deeper, in the soil of his mind, began this night to be broken up from within, and that through the presence of a young woman who did not for herself put together two words of the whole discourse.

The pastor was preaching upon the saying of St. Paul, that he could wish himself accursed from Christ for his brethren. Great part of his sermon was an attempt to prove that he could not have meant what his words implied. For the preacher's mind was so filled with the paramount duty of saving his own soul, that the enthusiasm of the Apostle was simply incredible. Listening with that woman by his side, Stephen for the first time grew doubtful of the wisdom of his pastor. Nor could he endure that such should be the first doctrine Sara heard from his lips. Thus was he already and grandly repaid for his kindness; for the presence of a woman who, without any conscious religion, was to herself a law of love, brought him so far into sympathy with the mighty soul of St. Paul, that from that moment the blessing of doubt was at work in his, undermining prison walls.

He walked home with Sara almost in silence, for he found it impossible to impress upon her those parts of the sermon with which he had no fault to find, lest she should retort upon that one point. The arrows which Sara escaped, however, could from her ignorance have struck her only with their feather end.

Things proceeded in much the same fashion for a while. Charley went home at night to his sister's lodging, generally more than two hours after leaving the shop, but gave her no new ground of complaint. Every Sunday evening Sara went to the chapel, taking Charley with her when she could persuade him to go; and, in obedience to the supposed wish of Stephen, sat in his pew. He did not go home with her any more for a while, and indeed visited her but seldom, anxious to avoid scandal, more especially as he was a deacon.

But now that Charley was so far safe, Sara's cheek began to generate a little of that celestial rosy red which is the blossom of the woman-plant, although after all it hardly equalled the heart of the blush rose. She grew a little rounder in form too, for she lived rather better now,—buying herself a rasher of bacon twice a week. Hence she began to be in more danger, as any one acquainted with her surroundings will easily comprehend. But what seemed at first the ruin of her hopes dissipated this danger.

One evening, when she returned from her work, she found Stephen in her room. She made him the submissive, grateful salutation, half courtesy, half bow, with which she always greeted him, and awaited his will.

"I am very sorry to have to tell you, Sara, that your brother —"

She turned white as a shroud, and her great black eyes grew greater and blacker as she stared in agonized expectancy, while Stephen hesitated in search of a better form of communication. Finding none, he blurted out the fact —

"—has robbed me, and run away."

"Don't send him to prison, Mr. Archer!" shrieked Sara; and laid herself on the floor at his feet, with a grovelling motion, as if striving with her mother

earth for comfort. There was not a film of art in this. She had never been to a theatre. The natural urging of life gave the truest shape to her entreaty. Her posture was the result of the same feeling which made the nations of old bring their sacrifices to the altar of a deity who, possibly benevolent in the main, had yet cause to be inimical to them. From the prostrate living sacrifice arose the one prayer; "Don't send him to prison; don't send him to prison!"

Stephen gazed at her in bewildered admiration, half divine and all human. A certain consciousness of power had, I confess, a part in his silence, but the only definite shape this consciousness took was of beneficence. Attributing his silence to unwillingness, Sara got half way from the ground, — that is, to her knees, and lifted a face of utter entreaty to the sight of Stephen. I will not say words fail me to describe the intensity of its prayer, for words fail me to describe the commonest phenomenon of nature; all I can say is, that it made Stephen's heart too large for its confining walls. "Mr. Archer," she said, in a voice hollow with emotion, "I will do anything you like. I will be your slave. Don't send Charley to prison."

The words were spoken with a certain strange dignity of self-abnegation. It is not alone the country people of Cumberland or of Scotland who in their highest moments are capable of poetic utterance.

An indescribable thrill of conscious delight shot through the frame of Stephen as the woman spoke the words; but the gentleman in him triumphed. I would have said the *Christian*, for whatever there was in Stephen of the *gentle* was there in virtue of the *Christian*; only he failed in one point: instead of saying at once that he had no intention of prosecuting the boy, he pretended, I believe from the satanic delight in power that possesses every man of us, that he would turn it over in his mind. It might have been more dangerous, but it would have been more divine, if he had lifted the kneeling woman to his heart, and told her that not for the wealth of an imagination would he proceed against her brother. The divinity, however, was taking its course, both rough-hewing and shaping the ends of the two.

She rose from the ground, sat on the one chair with her face to the wall, and wept helplessly, with the added sting, perhaps, of a faint personal disappointment. Stephen failed to attract her notice and left the room. She started up when she heard the door close, and flew to open it, but was only in time to hear the outer door. She sat down and cried again.

Stephen had gone to find the boy if he might, and bring him to his sister. He ought to have said so, for to permit suffering for the sake of a joyful surprise is not good. Going home first, he was hardly seated in his room, to turn over not the matter but the means, when a knock came to the shop-door, the sole entrance, and there were two policemen bringing the deserter in a cab. He had been run over in the very act of decamping with the contents of the till, had lain all but insensible at the hospital while his broken leg was being set, but, as soon as he came to himself, had gone into such a fury of determination to return to his master, that the house surgeon saw that the only chance for the ungovernable creature was to yield. Perhaps he had some dim idea of restoring the money ere his master should have discovered its loss. As he was very little, they made a couch for him in the cab and so sent him.



It would appear that the suffering and the faintness had given his conscience a chance of being heard. The accident was to Charley what the sight of the mountain peak was to the boy Wordsworth. He was delirious when he arrived, and instead of showing any contrition towards his master only testified an extravagant joy at finding him again. Stephen had him taken into the back room, and laid upon his own bed. One of the policemen fetched the charwoman, and when she arrived, Stephen went to find Sara.

She was sitting almost as he had left her, with a dull, hopeless look.

"I am sorry to say Charley has had an accident," she said.

She started up and clasped her hands.

"He is not in prison?" she panted in a husky voice.

"No; he is at my house. Come and see him. I don't think he is in any danger, but his leg is broken."

A gleam of joy crossed Sara's countenance. She did not mind the broken leg, for he was safe from her terror. She put on her bonnet, tied the strings with trembling hands and went with Stephen.

"You see God wants to keep him out of prison too," he said, as they walked along the street.

But to Sara this hardly conveyed an idea. She walked by his side in silence.

"Charley! Charley!" she cried, when she saw him white on the bed rolling his head from side to side. Charley ordered her away with words awful to hear, but which from him meant no more than words of ordinary temper in the mouth of the well-nurtured man or woman. She had spoiled and indulged him all his life, and now for the first time she was nothing to him, while the master who had lectured and restrained him was everything. When the surgeon wanted to change his dressings he would not let him touch them till his master came. Before he was able to leave his bed, he had developed for Stephen a terrier-like attachment. But, after the first feverishness was over, his sister waited upon him.

Stephen got a lodging, and abandoned his back room to the brother and sister. But he had to attend to his shop, and therefore saw much of both of them. Finding then to his astonishment that Sara could not read, he gave all his odd moments to her instruction; and her mind being at rest about Charley so long as she had him in bed, her spirit had leisure to think of other things.

She learned rapidly. The lesson-book was, of course, the New Testament; and Stephen soon discovered that Sara's questions, moving his pity at first because of the ignorance they displayed, always left him thinking about some point that had never occurred to him before; so that at length he regarded Sara as a being of superior intelligence, waylaid and obstructed by unfriendly powers upon her path towards the threshold of the kingdom, while she looked up to him as to one supreme in knowledge as in goodness. But she never could understand the pastor. This would have been a great trouble to Stephen, had not his vanity been flattered by her understanding of himself. He did not consider that growing love had enlightened his eyes to see into her heart, and enabled him thus to use an ordinary human language for the embodiment of common-sense ideas; whereas the speech of the pastor contained such an admixture of the technicalities as to be unintelligible to the neophyte.

Stephen was now distressed to find that whereas formerly he had received everything without question that his minister spoke, he now in general went home in a doubting, questioning mood, begotten of asking himself what Sara would say. He feared at first that the old Adam was beginning to get the upper hand of him, and that Satan was laying snares for his soul. But when he found at the same time that his conscience was growing more scrupulous concerning his business affairs, his hope sprouted afresh.

One day, after Charley had been out for the first time, Sara, with a little tremor of voice and manner, addressed Stephen thus:—

"I shall take Charley home to-morrow, if you please, Mr. Archer."

"You don't mean to say, Sara, you've been paying for those lodgings all this time?" half-asked, half-exclaimed Stephen.

"Yes, Mr. Archer. We must have somewhere to go to. It ain't easy to get a room at any moment, now them railways is everywhere."

"But I hope as how you're comfortable where you are, Sara?"

"Yes, Mr. Archer. But what am I to do for all your kindness?"

"You can pay me all in a lump, if you like, Sara. Only you don't owe me nothing."

Her color came and went. She was not used to men. She could not tell what he would have her understand, and could not help trembling.

"What do you mean, Mr. Archer?" she faltered out.

"I mean you can give me yourself, Sara, and that'll clear all scores."

"But Mr. Archer,—you've been a-teaching of me good things,—You *don't* mean to marry me!" cried Sara, bursting into tears.

"Of course I do, Sara. Don't cry about it. I won't if you don't like."

This is how Stephen came to change his mind about his stock in trade.

## LONDON THEATRES AND LONDON ACTORS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

THE two great London theatres in the laughing, roistering reign of Charles II. were the King's Theatre in Drury Lane, and the Duke's Theatre at the back of what is now the grave College of Surgeons in Portugal Street, on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Lord Clarendon, it is supposed, had resisted the erection of more theatres. Thomas Killigrew, the licensed wit of Charles's idle and wanton court, had the control of the King's; and Sir William Davenant, the Poet Laureate, of the Duke's.

The King's Theatre, a small house, was opened in 1663. The company included Hart, who had been a Cavalier captain, and had been bred as a boy at the Blackfriars to act women's parts; Burt, who, famous as Othello, had been a cornet in the army; Cartwright, memorable as one of Buckingham's two Kings of Brentford; Wintershall, excellent as fantastic Master Slender, and celebrated as Cokes in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair; Kynaston, and others.

At the Duke's the chief actors were the great Betterton; Joseph Harris, a friend of Pepys, famous for acting both Romeo and Sir Andrew Aguecheek; William Smith, a barrister of Gray's Inn, renowned



for his Zanga in Lord Orrery's *Mustapha*; Samuel Sandford, considered by Charles to be the best villain on the stage, and praised both by Langbaine and Steele; James Nokes, originally a toyman in Cornhill, famous for his fops and fools; and "Honest Cave Underhill," as Steele calls him. The women were Elizabeth Davenport, the first Roxalana, who became mistress to the wild Earl of Oxford; Mary Saunderson, an excellent Queen Katherine and Juliet, afterwards the wife of Betterton; Mary, or Moll, Davis, a mistress of Charles II.; Mrs. Norris, the mistress of the Duke of Richmond, said by Cibber to be the first woman who appeared on an English stage; Mrs. Holden, the daughter of a bookseller; and Mrs. Johnson, a celebrated dancer, and the Carolina of Shadwell's comedy of *Epsom Wells*.

Davenant's company removed from Salisbury Court in 1662 to the new theatre in Portugal Row. Let us just briefly sketch pretty, good-natured, good-for-nothing Nell Gwynne. Her first appearance is supposed to have been in *The English Monsieur*, a comedy by the Honorable James Howard, a son of the Earl of Berkshire. Nell was one of those pretty, impudent orange-girls that used to stand in the pits of theatres, with their backs to the stage, bantering the beaux. Who were her parents is very doubtful. Her father is said by some to have been a Welsh captain, and by others to have been only a fruiterer in Covent Garden. She had been brought up as a sort of barmaid in a low tavern, and had afterwards lived at Epsom in shameful splendor with Lord Buckhurst. She was even then famous for her pert vivacity, her mother-wit, and her fascinating laugh. But as little Nell soon left Portugal Street for the King's Theatre, we must quit her with regret for a while till we commence the history of Drury Lane.

James Nokes seems to have been a good broad comedian, — something, Leigh Hunt thinks, between Liston and Munden, — a grimacer, no doubt, of the horse-collar kind, but still a grimacer of high rank. Dryden, in one of his epistles to his brother-poet Southern, says: —

"The hearers may for want of Nokes repine;  
But rest assured the readers will be thine."

He was the Nurse in that horrible travesty of *Romeo and Juliet* which mistaken Otway christened *Caius Marius*. Cibber has left us a fine portrait of him. His very appearance excited laughter, and the louder it grew the graver he became. "His ridiculous solemnity was enough to have set the whole bench of bishops in a roar. In the ludicrous distresses in which, by the laws of comedy, folly is often involved, he sank into such a mixture of pitious pusillanimity and consternation so direfully ridiculous and inconsolable, that when he had shook you to a fatigue of laughter, it became a moot-point whether you ought not to have pitied him. When he debated any matter by himself, he would shut up his mouth with a dumb studious pout, and roll his full eye with such a vacant amazement, such a palpable ignorance what to think of it, that his silent perplexity (which would sometimes hold him several minutes) gave your imagination as full content as the most absurd thing he could say upon it." Mr. Buckstone has a fine Nokes-like vacancy sometimes in rustic parts; but then it soon beams into a genial and chuckling smile, or a wink of the grossest and most irresistible cunning.

In 1674 Charles II. and his courtiers went down to Dover to welcome the Queen mother. Nokes and the Lincoln's Inn troupe accompanied them, and

played in Sir Solomon a burlesque of the *L'Ecole des Femmes*. To ridicule the Frenchmen, the Duke of Monmouth gave Nokes his own sword and enormous sword-belt. The French were much vexed at being ridiculed, and at the repeated laughter and applause of the court, but they bore it with shrugs after their way.

Kynaston when a boy made up, Pepys says, as "the loveliest lady" in *The Silent Woman*. The same gossip says in this play of Ben Jonson he appeared in three dresses, — first as a poor woman, then as a fine lady, and lastly as a man. He seemed alternately the prettiest woman and the handsomest man in the house. The court ladies used to be proud of carrying the boy off in their carriages to the Park, to pet and to display. For daring to mimic the airy foppery of Sir Charles Sedley, that gentleman had the actor twice thrashed. Even at past sixty, Cibber says, Kynaston retained his beauty, and his teeth were as sound, white, and regular as those of a reigning toast of twenty. In his *Leon*, in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, he was firm and manly in the exercise of his honest authority. In the heroic tyrants of the stilted rhyming tragedies his stern piercing eye, quick impetuous tone, and fierce lion-like majesty, secured him a trembling admiration. There was true royal grandeur in his Henry IV. when that king whispers to Hotspur with dangerous calmness, "Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it." As the dying king, his pathetic rebukes were full of tenderness and dignity. "He was," says Dr. Doran, "the greatest of the boy-actresses."

The renowned Betterton appeared at the Lincoln Inn Fields Theatre in 1661. He is said to have created no less than one hundred and thirty characters. In one season this great worker studied and represented no fewer than eight original parts. He was a friend of Dryden, Tillotson, and Pope. He was one of Dryden's most judicious critics; he told Pope Davenant's traditions of Shakespeare, and to Tillotson he gave hints in pulpit oratory. He loved to awe the house into silence. Cibber says there was enchantment in his voice. "I never," he adds, "heard a line in tragedy come from Betterton wherein my judgment, ear, and imagination were not fully satisfied." In his *Hamlet* he never bullied his father's ghost, but addressed it with a solemn trembling reverence. The Tatler says he was as mirthful in *Falstaff* as he was majestic in *Alexander*; and the craft of his *Ulysses*, the grace and passion of his *Hamlet*, and the terrible force of his *Othello*, were not more remarkable than the low comedy of his *Old Bachelor*, the airiness of his *Woodville*, or the cowardly bluster of his *Thersites*. He was free from jealousy, untiring, always dignified and in earnest. He was kind to young Cibber when he blundered, and he predicted the success of Booth. That good judge, Addison, says, "I have hardly a notion that any performer of antiquity could surpass the action of Mr. Betterton"; and he praises in the highest terms the wonderful agony of his *Othello* when his love had to strive with conflicting passions. Betterton must have had the nature of Macready without his too homely colloquialism, the heroic grandeur of Kemble without his saturnine heaviness, the fire and genius of Edmund Kean without his want of self-restraint.

There seem to have been three distinct and successive theatres in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The first was originally a tennis-court, opened by Davenant as a theatre in 1662. The Davenant company left



it for Dorset Square in 1671; and in 1672 the Lincoln's Inn Theatre was occupied for a year by Killigrew, whose company had been burnt out of Drury Lane. The second theatre was built by Congreve, Betterton, Mrs. Barry, and Bracegirdle; and opened in 1695 with Congreve's comedy of *Love for Love*. It was a small, poor, ill-furnished place. Christopher Rich pulled it down in 1714, and rebuilt it from the ground.

Mrs. Barry was an eminent actress at this theatre in the early period. Dryden, indeed, pronounced her to be the best actress he had ever seen. She was grand in Lee's and Otway's plays; always remarkable for elevated dignity, superb gesture, full, clear, and powerful voice, and she softened in a moment from violent passion to the most affecting melody and tenderness. The Earl of Rochester had given her lessons in acting. Certain sentences of hers became famous. When in *The Orphan* she pronounced the words "Ah, poor Castalio!" she wept, and the whole house with her. As Queen Elizabeth in Banks's tragedy, her remark, when a loan for the army was wanted, "What mean my grieving subjects? *It shall pass*," always drew down the house. Mary of Modena gave Mrs. Barry her royal wedding-dress to play Queen Elizabeth in. Performers' benefits were first granted in recognition of her merit. When playing a wild dashing woman of fashion, Mrs. Barry was admirably varied, graceful, and agreeable.

Mrs. Mountfort was another mistress of every variety of humor, and she swayed all hearts at the Lincoln's Inn Fields. Nothing, Cibber says, was flat in her hands. She could play every sort of woman, from a rough Devonshire lass to Melantha, "the finished impertinent" who overpowers the gallant who brings her letters from her father with a flood of fine language and compliment. "Still playing her chest forward, in fifty falls and risings like a swan upon waving water, to complete her impertinence, she is so proud of her own wit that she will not give her lover leave to praise it. Silent assenting laughs, and vain endeavors to speak, are all his share of conversation, and she swims from him to make a dozen calls, and return (as she promises) in a twinkling."

Mrs. Barry encouraged the early essays of Mrs. Bracegirdle, whom Betterton educated in his own house, and who was eclipsed only by Mrs. Oldfield. Cibber praises her virtue; but of this we say nothing. Her genius, however, was undoubted; and Cibber tells us whole audiences fell in love with her for her youth, her cheerful gayety, her musical voice, and her graceful manner. Cibber simply calls her "a desirable brunette"; but, at least in expression, her face was matchless. Her Statira, Araminta, Angelica, Almeida, and Millamont were great successes. It was reported that she was going to marry Congreve. She was loaded with homage. Congreve left £10,000 to the Duchess of Marlborough, but nothing to Mrs. Bracegirdle. She lived till beyond eighty, surviving to praise Garrick.

In the first paper of the *Tatler*, Steele describes "the performance of *Love for Love* at Lincoln's Inn Fields, for the benefit of Betterton; Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mr. Doggett performed. The stage itself was covered with ladies and gentlemen, as stages used to be in Shakespeare's time. It is not now doubted," says Steele, "that plays will revive and take their usual course, in the opinions of persons of wit and merit, notwithstanding the late apostasy in favor of dress and sound. The place is

very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it. Where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the trick of the game."

In 1701 Betterton played, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Bassanio in Granville's version of the *Merchant of Venice*, and Doggett Shylock, who was a comic character all through. The profits of this play were given to Dryden's son. Farquhar was this year writing for Drury Lane the sequel to his *Constant Couple*.

In 1702 Steele brought out at Drury his incomparable *Funeral*, in which is that delicious scene of the undertaker complaining of one of his men, who has had his wages raised, looking hale and well.

"You ungrateful scoundrel!" he says; "did n't I pity you, and take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? Did n't I give you ten, then fifteen, and then twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful? And yet, the more I give you, the gladder you are."

This company also won the town with Cibber's *She Would and She Would Not*, which is full of fun, and contains a quick succession of incidents. The same year Lincoln's Inn met the rivalry with Rowe's pompous *Tamerlane*, a play stuffed with allusions to Louis XIV. and King William.

Let us pursue our analysis of the rivalry between the two houses in the first seven years of the reign of good dull Queen Anne. In 1703 Drury Lane produced seven pieces, and Lincoln's Inn Fields six pieces. *Macbeth* was the only play of Shakespeare's performed at Drury in the entire season. Mr. Dufey's *Old Mode* and the *New* was played; and Estcourt, a strolling player, afterwards celebrated, and on whom Steele wrote an affecting elegy, produced his first play, *Fair Example*, or the *Modish Citizen*. The same year Rowe produced his *Fair Penitent* at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the success was tremendous. Mrs. Bracegirdle as Lavinia, and Mrs. Barry as Calista, made the fashionable ladies weep, and even the beaux adjust their wigs to hide their unusual emotion. Betterton, as Horatio, made Rowe's pathos tender as Otway's, and his rant as majestic as Mad Lee's. But nothing could make the play natural: its plot was stolen from Massinger.

In 1704 Shakespeare found more favor in Drury Lane. Seven of his plays were performed, including that spurious collection of impossible horrors, *Titus Andronicus*.

Queen Anne had just forbidden ladies with masks to appear in the boxes, or gentlemen to intrude upon the stage. She had, moreover, in her royal wisdom, requested dramatic authors to pay some attention to morality. Shabby men, who slipped past the money-takers, were also denounced in the same edict. Steele tried to humor the times by writing the *Ethics of Love*; in which, for almost the only time in his life, he was dull, leaden, and incoherent. He thought himself a martyr for the Church (save the mark!) and loudly complained that his play was damned for its piety. A trooper and a rake, Steele was subject to qualms of conscience, and during these qualms he spoke and wrote like a divine; but alas, he soon relapsed, called for Burgundy, and was madder and more roistering than ever. This season Lincoln's Inn won little or no



honor; for Walker, Trapp, and Dennis were poets enough to sink any boat.

In 1704—1705 Cibber produced his *Careless Husband* at Drury Lane. Colley rather despaired of Mrs. Oldfield as Lady Betty Modish; but she played the not irretrievable coquette with gay vanity, and with an air of good society. In this comedy Lord Morelove represents a gentleman who is honest and true, and Lady Easy a virtuous married woman,—two characters at that time new to our stage. The play was envied, and was therefore abused. Congreve, being jealous, said it consisted only of fine gentlemen and fine conversation, which suited the ridiculous town; and Dr. Armstrong, the poet, pointed out its defects. Every one but the critics liked it; and well people might like it, for it was a good play excellently acted. Wilkes was Sir Charles Easy, and Cibber Lord Foppington. The first opera ever performed in England was this year produced at Drury Lane. Its name was *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus*; but its composer, Clayton, understood neither music nor the drama. Its principal singer was Mrs. Tofts. In the April of 1705 the Lincoln's Inn Fields company removed to the new theatre in the Haymarket, built by Yanbrugh.

The last proprietor of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre was Rich, the famous Harlequin, celebrated for his construction of stage machinery. He was the son of a lawyer, and had had no education, so he called a turban a "turbot," and an adjective an "adjutant," and always said "mister" instead of "sir" when he addressed his actors, an offensive custom which Quin resented. Pope gave Rich a nook in the Dunciad:—

"Immortal Rich, how calm he sits at ease,  
Midst snow of paper and fierce hail of peace!  
And proud his mistress' order to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Whether he was the immortal manager who, when the white paper was exhausted, shouted to the men in the flies to snow brown, we do not know, but we have reason to suspect that he was. He was a celebrated Harlequin, and the old critics say no one ever told a story better in action. He was not a mere spangled creature who leaped through windows. His "statue" scene and his "catching the butterfly" were moving pictures. His "Harlequin hatched from an egg by sun-heat" was thought a masterpiece of dumb-show. The great egg chipped, the strange being slowly emerged, and began to taste the pleasure of freedom and the joy of motion. His delighted and wondering trip round the egg was perfect. Walpole says Rich's pantomimes, full of wit, were coherent, and carried on a story. His great success was the production of Gay's wonderful *Newgate pastoral, The Beggars' Opera*, in 1727; Walker being Captain Macheath, and Miss Fenton, Polly. This is the piece that is pleasantly said to have made Gay rich and Rich gay. The fat, good-tempered author pocketed £2,000, and the Italian Opera was for the time thrown into the shade. It ran sixty-three nights the first season. Ladies carried about the songs engraved on their fan-mounts, and they were also painted on fire-screens. Hogarth drew the chief scene, with Walker as Macheath, and Spiller as Mat o' the Mint. Swift, who had suggested the notion of the play to his friend, was mortified to find the town putting down his Gulliver to hurry to Lincoln's Inn Fields. Miss Fenton became the idol of the day; engravings of her were sold by thousands, a life of her was written, and collections were made of her sayings. She eventually married

the Duke of Bolton. Sir Robert Walpole laughed at the satire on himself.

In 1721 the foolish custom of allowing young men of fashion to have chairs placed for them on the stage led to a desperate riot in Portugal Street. Half a dozen beaux, led on by a tipsy earl, had gathered at the wings, when in the very middle of Macbeth, the earl insolently reeled across the stage to speak to a drunken companion. Rich, the manager, vexed at this unbearable interruption, forbade the earl the house; upon which the earl struck Rich, and received a buffet in return. Half a dozen swords then flew out, and the shout was that the actor who had struck a gentleman must die. Mr. Quin, a burly man, and the other actors, drew their swords too, and, charging the coxcombs, drove them out at the stage-door into the kennel. The beaux, infuriated at this repulse, rushed round to the front, dashed into the boxes, broke the sconces, slashed the hangings, and threatened to burn the house; upon which Quin and some constables flung themselves on the rioters, and swept them into the watchhouse. The actors then, alarmed at their own victory, refused to reopen the theatre till the King had granted them a guard of soldiers,—a custom ever since retained at royal theatres.

Mountfort, the most handsome, graceful, and ardent of stage-lovers, was an actor at the Portugal Street Theatre from 1682 to 1695; an admirable stage-fop, he was also the best dancer and singer of his day. He was eventually run through the body in Howard Street by a boon companion of Lord Mohun, who suspected him to be a favorite lover of Mrs. Bracegirdle's. He was only thirty-three when he died.

Macklin, afterwards inimitable as Shylock and Sir Pertinax, must be briefly mentioned here because he played small parts at the Lincoln's Inn Fields from about 1726. His first character was Brazen-court, a small part in Fielding's *Coffee House Politician*. It was here that this irascible Irishman quarrelled in the green-room with a fellow-actor named Hallam, about a property-wig. In a fit of rage Macklin thrust his cane into Hallam's eye, and inflicted a fatal wound.

Spiller, whom Hogarth introduced in his picture of *The Beggars' Opera*, died of apoplexy in 1729—30, as he was playing in the *Rape of Proserpine*. He was inimitable in old men. Quin had just before played Macbeth for his benefit, and the same year Fielding had brought out his capital burlesque of *Tom Thumb* to ridicule the bombast of Thomson and Young.

The Portugal Street Theatre is also associated with the memory of Joe Miller, who made his first appearance here in 1715, in Farquhar's comedy of *A Trip to the Jubilee*. He was excellent as Clodpole in *Betterton's Amorous Widow*; as Sir H. Gubbin, in *Steele's Tender Husband*; as La Foole, in *Ben Jonson's Epicene*; and as Sir Joseph Whittol, in *Congreve's Old Bachelor*. Hogarth designed a benefit ticket for him. In 1721 he kept a booth at Bartholomew Fair with Pinkethman. He seems to have been an honest, pleasant fellow, and his portrait shows him to us as an ugly, broad-nosed man, with saucer-eyes, and a stolid surprised look which must have been invaluable to him. He was very ignorant, and could not read. His wife always read his plays to him. His supposed jests were collected by a poor dramatic writer named Mottley. The original volume consists of only a few coarse pages, and is dedicated as a joke to Mr. Pope, Orator Henley, and some kettle-drum player of the day. Poor



Joe's tombstone existed in St. Clement's Church-yard up to the time when the ground was cleared for King's College Hospital.

Doggett, the comedian, whose name is still dear to boating-men, had an engagement at Lincoln's Inn when he came over from the Dublin Theatre. He was very popular as Fondlewife in the Old Bachelor, and as Ben in Love for Love, and indeed Congreve wrote both characters to suit him. He left Lincoln's Inn Fields to join Wilkes and Cibber in the management of Drury Lane. He always dressed with good taste, and never allowed his comedy to degenerate into buffoonery.

After a long career of pantomimical success, Rich removed from Lincoln's Inn Fields to the first Covent Garden Theatre in 1731. Garrick's friend, Giffard, of the Goodman's Fields Theatre, then leased the Portugal Street House, and in 1756 it was turned into a temporary barrack for fourteen hundred men. It was afterwards Copeland's China Repository, and was taken down in 1848 for the purpose of enlarging the back premises of the Royal College of Surgeons.

There is an old London tradition which accounts for Rich's departure from Portugal Street in the strangest way. A mysterious man had joined the supernumerary devils in Rich's pantomime of Harlequin and Dr. Faustus. In the midst of one of the dances, the stranger explained his character by passing away suddenly through the roof; an eccentricity which was considered by good people to have been a pointed rebuke to Rich for daring to bring devils upon the stage. The manager, the tradition goes on to say, had never the courage to open the theatre again for fear the pit would suddenly become a volcano.

It is difficult now to imagine Portugal Street a fashionable street, as it used to be when Lady Fanshawe and the Earl of Sandwich lived in the adjoining Fields; and hard to imagine highwaymen stopping gentlemen's coaches in Chancery Lane. Yet noblemen did once reside in the Fields, and Macheaths did sometimes thrust their pistols into carriage windows in the neighboring lane. The quiet grave street has long ceased to echo with Nell Gwynne's silver laugh, or the bow-wow voice of Quin, who began his career in Rich's theatre.

The spot where Drury Lane now stands was beloved by actors even in the days of ruff and farthingale. The old Cockpit, or Phoenix Theatre, stood on the site of Pitt Place. It had been rebuilt, or turned into a playhouse, early in the reign of King James. The Puritans detested it; and bitterly conscientious Prynne mentions it as demoralizing Drury Lane, then a wealthy quarter of the town. On Shrove Tuesday the London 'prentices (predecessors of those victorious lads who now clatter over the boards in the King Scots) stormed into the building, broke the benches, and stacked it, to the utter discomfiture of the poor harmless players, and to the mortification of all lovers of the most innocent and delightful of arts. In 1647 the Puritans had their own way with a vengeance, for they turned the theatre into a school-room; and in 1649, when the actors again ventured to peep out, strode in, broke up the stage, cut the tapestry, and hurried off the poor fellows, in all their stage finery, — Hamlet, Alexander, and Falstaff, prince, hero, and wit, — to the Westminster Gate House. Rhodes, an ex-prompter of Blackfriars, who had turned bookseller, reopened the Cockpit at the Restoration, when the

sun began again to cast a pleasant gleam upon the stage. The King's company, under Killigrew, started in 1663 with Beaumont and Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant. The Duke's company settled in Salisbury Court. The first Drury Lane Theatre remained till 1672, when Wren built a new house. The chief entrance was down Playhouse Passage. Pepys — a great devotee to theatrical amusements and pretty actresses — blames the distance of the stage from the boxes, and the narrowness of the pit-entrances. The platform of the stage was thrust very forward, and the lower doors of entrance for the actors were in the place of what are now the stage-boxes.

Three o'clock was then the time for theatres to open; and Pepys mentions the eighteen-penny seats and the four-shilling boxes. Persons might stroll in to see an act, and could then leave, if they took no seat, without paying. This would be a dangerous plan at some of our modern theatres, when an unusually bad burlesque or a third-rate comedy from the French was being acted. Pepys speaks in 1668 of even going as early as twelve to secure a seat for a new play by Sedley; and, getting hungry, he hires a boy to keep the place, and slips out to the Rose Tavern in Russell Street, to dine off a breast of mutton.

## BEGINNING AND END.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the German of PAUL HEYSE.]

### II.

"It was a pretty sight, — great heaps of the most beautiful apples and pears lying carefully sorted on the green grass under the trees, and a fragrance was diffused over the whole field than which nothing could be more refreshing.

"As we walked through, — the sisters in advance in their little hats, and all dressed alike, we three just behind them, — I could not keep thinking how similar my position was to that of a certain prince, who, while watching his father's herds, was suddenly called upon to award the prize for beauty to one of three goddesses."

"And you appropriated this apple that it might in a like symbolical manner help you out of your difficulty?"

"Of course. I hid it away unobserved; and afterwards, when we had wandered farther into the old Park, and in the narrower paths, now one and then another of the sisters walked by my side, many times I felt secretly after the apple, for I believed I had convinced myself that this one, and this alone, was the right one! But it was only necessary for one of the others to turn around, or a tone or laugh to reach my ear, and the apple remained in its hiding-place, and so I carried it away from there without taking it out. Is it not despairing, Eugénie? When I was in love, I had no courage, and now I have the courage I am not in love!"

"You must not wholly despair, my poor friend," she said, consolingly. "As Rome was not built in a day, so you cannot expect to erect your own house in that time. Are the names all equally agreeable to you? I lay great stress on names, and can understand that Dauphin who would have no Urraca for a wife."

"There is no help to be found there," he answered, with a troubled air; "Anna, Clara, Mary, I like all three. No, dear friend, my only hope now lies in you."

"In me? I cannot in the least imagine in what



way I can be useful to you in so intricate a case."

"It is certainly a service of true friendship that I ask of you," he said, with a little hesitation. He had arisen and taken the apple in his hand. Twice he threw it down, took it up, and laid it again upon the table.

"Do you know," he continued, "as early this morning, after a sleepless night, I rode hither through the fog and morning freshness, I could not help thinking how strangely all has happened. Just before the most important decision of my life I meet you again, the only person who thoroughly understands me, and to whom I, although lacking a full comprehension of, can unburden my whole heart. I thought of your goodness, and all the baseness you had attributed to me, and that you were still really my debtor, — that you could not refuse to make some little restitution to me for all my sufferings and deprivations. What I once thought, Eugénie, matters not now. And so I conjured up a wise scheme, which you surely will not destroy."

"Let me hear it," she said, confusedly.

"How would it do for you to get into a carriage with me now, and drive directly to L——? I will take you to the Doctor's, and you will see all three together; she to whom you give the apple shall be the one, and I here solemnly swear not to raise the slightest objection."

"Such a responsibility is too great for you to give, or me to accept."

"Why so? I will trust myself to being happy with either; and if it did not seem frivolous I would simply throw the names together in my hat, and draw out my fate with my eyes shut. A great one it is not, nor ever can be, — for that, many things would have to be superadded. But I shall not, in any case, draw a blank. So that if I now request the counsel of the friend of my youth, in the firm conviction that a wise woman can better penetrate into a maiden's nature than I, where will be the danger or the weight of responsibility?"

"And if I were to decide to fulfil your odd request, under what pretext could you introduce me at this strange house?"

"I have thought of that, too," he replied, in an easy, unembarrassed manner, tracing the gay pattern of the carpet with his riding-whip. "I will present you as my affianced wife. In that way we shall most surely attain the desired end; for a maiden, even the most innocent and undesigning, always turns the best side towards a disengaged man. They are all Eve's daughters, every one of them. But if I return there labelled, 'seized and captured,' I shall soon see which of the sisters performed small comedy the day preceding, and perhaps even discover that one of them has quietly laid an embargo on me; for surprise brings the true nature to the surface."

He looked at Eugénie, who stood before him with a quiet air of reflection. She had heard him out, and now shook her head.

"Think of something else, Valentine. I cannot consent to this proposition."

"It will not compromise you in the least."

"Perhaps not. But I have neither the inclination nor the skill to carry out this rôle successfully, and if I should drop my mask prematurely, the embarrassment would be no less for you than for me."

"Then consent to be called my sister."

She reflected a moment. "If I do it," she said finally, "it will only be to convince you that I cannot help you. What an old woman would find to

praise or blame in a girl would be entirely different from what men think of. Curiosity prompts me, too, and not the least is the fear of your cousin, who would never forgive me if he should hear that I had not forwarded in every possible manner his humane schemes concerning you."

"Thank you," he cried, joyfully, and, grasping her hand, kissed it. "Now I feel free from any anxiety. After all, true friendship is the best gift of heaven. Let me go down and order the carriage immediately."

"Yet a little longer," she interrupted, laughingly. "Must the wings fold themselves on your lovers' feet? or do you expect me to play the rôle you have forced upon me, in morning-dress and uncured hair?"

"Truly," he answered, "I now see it for the first time. If you were only courageous enough to go just as you are. Your hair, brushed back under that little cap, leaves your temples bare, and I can see those rebellious locks straying down upon your neck, in which my poor heart was once caught like a struggling fish in a net."

She raised her finger threateningly, and said, while her face was dyed with a sudden crimson: "Take care, I will betray all to your future bride! One would have supposed, in your threefold love-affair, your would have had no eyes for the toilette of an old friend. Amuse yourself in the mean time; here are books; I will soon rejoin you." She stepped rapidly into the adjoining apartment and closed the door after her.

He stood by the table on which the apple lay, and gazed at it long and earnestly. Suddenly, giving it an angry push, it rolled over the edge and down upon the carpet. He sighed, and then, as if to amuse himself, beat with his riding-whip on his hand till it ached. Mechanically he took up one of the books that lay in the corner of the sofa. It was Mörike's poems, and even now they exerted their charm. He forgot where he was, as turning leaf after leaf he read deeper and deeper into "Mondscheingärten einer einst heiligen Liebe."

The door leading from the hall swung suddenly open, and a boy of ten years rushed into the room.

"Mother," he cried, "will you let me? — but mother is not here," he added to himself, as he gazed with clear, searching eyes at the stranger in an astonished manner.

"Come here, my boy," said Valentine, reaching him his hand; "your mother is in the next room dressing. What is your name?"

"My name is Fritz."

"Won't you shake hands with me, Fritz?"

The boy hesitated. "Who are you, then?" he asked, half embarrassed, half defiant.

"An old friend of your mother. You can give me your hand; she will not object. There! that is right, my boy. Won't you come and visit me some time? I have four beautiful horses, and a little gun which I will give you, so you can go out hunting, and the first rabbit you shoot you can bring home to your mother."

The boy's eyes sparkled; but he suddenly became thoughtful and said: "I should like to come and see you very much, but I have to go to school; but to-day I am free, and the teacher's two sons want me to go with them outside the city and fly a kite."

"Well then, you will come to me in vacation, — won't you, little Fritz?"

"If my mother will let me."



"Just ask her, my boy. We must be good friends, — must we not?"

The boy nodded. Valentine lifted him up and kissed him. Just then his mother called him to her, and Valentine could hear with what eagerness he recounted what the strange gentleman had said to him. "He gave me a kiss on my mouth," the boy went on to say; "what made him love me the first time he ever saw me?" They talked together softly for a little while longer, when his mother let him out by another door.

Valentine stepped to the window, and saw him go out of the house and join his two playfellows, who waited for him below. His soft light hair fell down over his shoulders, and his fair childish face shone out from beneath his little blue cap.

But the looker-on at the window did not smile at the sight.

Eugénie found him thus, when she came into the room arrayed for her journey. A long plume curled downward from her dark green hat, and a short gray cloak fitted closely to her figure.

"I am ready," she said; "shall we go down to the carriage?"

He looked up absently. "To the carriage?" he returned.

"Yes, the one you ordered some time since."

"To tell the truth, it is not ordered yet," he answered; "you have dressed so quickly."

"And you are the first man who ever complained of that. Well, then, I must see about our departure."

She rang the bell and ordered it. Meanwhile Valentine stared at the window and studied the pattern of the curtains.

He saw that she stooped and picked the apple from the carpet, and offered no resistance to it.

"Do you know," she said, "one should treat such beautiful fruit more carefully. The apple has a bruise on it from its hard fall."

"It would perhaps be better, Lady Eugénie, to leave it out of the play altogether. I feel the same dread as before yesterday's journey. Why must I go to L—— to seek my salvation? Why must it be one of the three sisters, when I might find what I seek much nearer?"

"Shame on your fickleness!" she replied, with mock solemnity. "Is this the vaunted courage? Are you a man, and will yet again hide the stolen apple? The sin of purloining it can only be expiated by the greater theft of one of the three sisters' hearts. I hear the carriage,—come! You have aroused my curiosity now, and I will not rest until it is satisfied."

Valentine first broke silence when they were in the carriage, rolling over the smooth streets, half-way out of the city.

"I have seen your boy, Eugénie."

"You must praise him," she answered quickly, "for I am a very vain mother. He resembles his father closely."

"I suppose so, for the face was strange to me,—only your mouth I recognized, Eugénie, your mouth precisely."

She turned away and looked out of the carriage window. The road led through a narrow valley, vine-clad hills rising on either side; the fog had entirely disappeared, and the sun shone brightly on the wet vines and leaves, while the river rushed along between its alders and willows, little boats skimming here and there.

There is nothing more refreshing and inspiring

than a pleasure excursion beneath a clear autumn sky. Even Valentine experienced it, and again gathered up the scattered threads of conversation.

He next inquired after her mother, and Eugénie herself began to speak of her husband.

"You would have been his friend, Valentine," she said, soberly, "he was a good man, a brave officer, and animated by an exquisite appreciation of all that is most beautiful in humanity. Strangers called him cold, but he carried within a treasure of warm feeling for his own home and nearest friends. My mother mourns for him to-day almost as much as for my father. I hope Fritz will grow up his exact image."

Valentine was silent for some time. At last he asked, without looking at her: "And you have remained a widow since then, lending no ear to the suitors you have doubtless had?"

"Yes," she answered, indifferently; "love leaves me free, and a marriage out of respect,—it is a rare good fortune if it is not repented."

At this moment they passed a turning of the valley, and the suddenly opened view interrupted the conversation.

At the left, where the hills formed a semicircle, beyond the river, lay a smiling little village to whose industry the smoking chimneys of many manufactories and the noise and clatter of water-wheels bore witness. A stately stone bridge spanned the river; and among the high-gabled houses rose the graceful structure of a gothic church, its finely tapering spire pierced up through the clear blue surmounted by its cross, around which circled flocks of doves.

"That is C——," said the coachman, and pointed towards it with his whip, while he checked his horses for an instant.

"Drive over the bridge," ordered Valentine. "We will not go on until we have examined that beautiful cathedral more closely."

Eugénie looked at him inquiringly.

"Let me do it," he added, "we shall reach the Doctor's early enough. I thought we would rest here a little, ascend the tower, and take lunch in the village, so that we should not again come upon my future father-in-law at meal-time. We will have moonlight, and the journey home will not be less pleasant for the delay."

"So be it," she replied; "only I stipulate that we abide by our first agreement, and that my valiant knight does not seek to-day a pretext for keeping the apple in his pocket."

"I swear it by my knightly honor," he answered, laughing.

At the cathedral they alighted, and the ancient portal swung open. The gray old door-keeper, wheezing and coughing, led them down the lofty nave of the church.

"This church air is bad for one of your years," said Valentine. "Have you no grandchild who can act as guide to strangers? You ought to go and sit outside in the sunshine. We can go on by ourselves."

"I can do it well enough below, in the church," answered the old woman, "but I cannot climb up the steps that lead to the tower. If your Lordship wants to go up, you cannot fail of the way,—one step after the other until you reach the highest gallery, where most folks grow giddy."

Valentine looked towards Eugénie, "Shall we go up?" She nodded assent. Through a little stone doorway in the corner, guarded by two sculptured stone dragons, they stepped up towards the tower,



leaving their guide behind them. Here they were entirely protected from the light and pleasant warmth of the autumn sun, and the cool twilight seemed to have a quieting effect on both.

As she ascended the winding stairway, he could only watch, like one spellbound, that little foot that trod rapidly upward. It seemed to him as though he had left all to follow where it led, even though it clambered straight up the steep roof that now and then was visible through the loopholes. He sighed involuntarily. She stopped on one of the landings and looked brightly around. "You are losing breath, my friend," she said.

"On the contrary, I have an excess," he replied.

"Be sparing of it, then, for I think you will have need of it all before we are through. Look! we are already 'up above the world so high,' but the rafters of the nave are still above our heads."

"I believe, Eugénie, you are leading me straight up into heaven!"

"By degrees," she answered, merrily; "but you must first deserve it."

"Suppose I were minded to take it by storm?"

"Then we would wait until you were wholly free from vertigo, as a man must needs be for such a Titanic task."

"You go on ahead now, for I begin to lose my courage with no one in front to look at."

Obediently he did as she desired, and silently ascended the steps in advance. He had not the courage to look back at her who followed behind. Only the rustle of her dress against the wall told him she still followed.

Thus they reached the first balcony of the tower, which ran round the cloven spire. "Do not stop to rest yet," she said; "I do not want to look down till I reach the very top. How strangely the airy, pointed stone vault arches us in on every side! a cool habitation for summer! But what a pity those little steps run round the wooden columns that disfigure the inner space, and entirely destroy the effect of those beautiful stone rosettes. However, without them we could not go so near to the top of the tower. Well, then, let us press on towards the end!"

They soon stood above in the open air, panting for breath, and their gaze sank with a pleasurable sensation of awe down through the immeasurable depth. Hundreds of pointed turrets and gables rose up around them, while beneath were the roofs of the city with their countless chimneys, the town hall with its queer-shaped belfry, the swarm of men in the streets, all as quiet, and little, and strange, as if in some fairy tale. Beyond, in the gray plain of the valley, shone the river like a silver snake, the waves glittering like scales, and above all rose the blue heights of the vine-wreathed hills with sharp, cloudless outlines. They leaned over the stone railing, while he gazed at the clear profile of her face, which was exposed to the sun and from which she did not seek to shelter it. The fresh wind played through her rich hair, loosened a little curl, and blew it against Valentine's cheek. She did not notice it; with parted lips she drew in the pure air, the slender nostrils quivering, and the blood rushing more quickly through the blue veins.

"Are we not rewarded for our effort?" she said. "It is magnificent up here. How much more beautiful humanity and the world seem, the farther off you get from them. I can easily understand how a veritable misanthrope, who had ascended to this height in order to dash himself down in hate

and anger against life, would suddenly become changed and softened if he only gazed below upon this mass of roofs, and the thousands beneath them bearing their lives in care and trouble, and only finding them endurable through looking upward now and then to the sun and the sky and the cross upon the tower."

"There is a purifying power in the air of these upper heights," he answered, softly. "We are relieved from the close pressure of our daily duties and affairs; we seem moved nearer to our Creator, and to be by him appointed to govern our own lives as we span with a single glance what lies spread out at our feet. The weakest here feels the wings of his soul growing, and what one does not dare even to think below in the poverty and noise of every day, here springs involuntarily from the heart to the lips."

The music of horns and of flutes suddenly sounded up from the town, and they could see a company of musicians, followed in slow procession by a crowd of people, coming out of one of the streets and passing across the market-place.

"A wedding!" said Valentine.

"Where is the bride?" asked Eugénie. "I think she is one of that company that we saw going along this morning, celebrating the vintage with singing and festivity. They have chosen a good season for their wedding. Let us go down and see the great event of the day."

He seemed not to hear her.

"Eugénie," he said, "had I stood by you here fourteen years ago, how different all would have been!"

"But would it have been better? I have faith that all that is best, and for our good."

He had drawn out the apple, and was holding it in his hand upon the edge of the stone railing.

"Do you truly believe that, Eugénie?"

"Truly," she answered.

"And if I had then said to you what, night before last, Heaven knows how, broke forth from me, what would you have answered, Eugénie?"

"That is a question of conscience, my friend," she answered, in a light tone, "that should not be put so unexpectedly so many hundred feet above the every-day world. To give it an honest and true answer, I should have to read over a chapter in my book of memory which I have not reviewed for some time."

"In fact," he answered, sharply, and in a pained tone, "I cannot expect you to take so much trouble. Besides, it would probably be useless, for the writing would be erased. I had forgotten that you had had a continuation where I have but blank leaves."

With these words he raised himself from the railing, and the apple which he held rolled, apparently through negligence, over the edge and struck hard upon the fretted point of one of the many little turrets that rose up around the large tower, and the pieces into which it broke fell, describing long curves, into the street below.

"What have you done, Valentine!" cried Eugénie; "where can you steal another apple? Let us go down, the quicker to set about it. Up here the fruits are all of stone."

"You are right, they are all of stone; I did not think about it," he added, indifferently.

After that he said nothing further until they were again below.

But the restraint which hung over him could not long withstand the easy gaiety of his companion.

As he passed slowly along the crowded streets towards the hotel, with her upon his arm, the cloud



cleared from off his brow while they talked and jested over the fragrance of the new wine that streamed from cellars and yards, and even from an old church, and of the rows of great hogsheads through which they were obliged to wind.

They were too late for the table d'hôte and seated themselves at a little table alone in the long room, upon which was placed the choicest variety of the all-pervading beverage.

They were quite prepared to regale themselves with the year's vintage after scenting it from afar for so long a time, and both praised the bitter-sweet drink.

"It is precisely like a first love," said Valentine; "but you must be careful, Eugénie, that it does not go to your head."

"There is no danger at my age," she replied, smiling; "but you must know that, after the custom of old ladies, I am in the habit of taking a little nap after luncheon, and to-day it will stand me in good stead."

After she had retired to her room, he remained in the dining-hall alone, the wine bearing him good company. The restless anxiety of the morning had entirely departed. Of what was to come he gave himself no thought, and the voice of his good angel whispered sweetly that his fate was in the hands of friendly gods. He glanced around to see that he was unobserved, and then drank hastily from Eugénie's glass, in the innocent superstition that he could thereby divine her thoughts. But when he remained without any sudden revelation, he comforted himself by saying that she was doubtless at that moment sleeping, and so not thinking at all.

He pictured her lying upon the sofa, the little feet crossed and her head sunk on her shoulder. A feeling of happiness crept over him. It seemed as if he must steal in, kneel by the sleeping one, and press his lips to her hand. But hastily shaking off the idea, he lit his cigar, and waited patiently for her reappearance. The sweet new wine seemed truly enough to have had its effect. He waited more than an hour before the door opened, and he saw his beautiful companion enter.

"Good morning," she called out. "How long have I slept? Verily this young wine, in its cradle, is as strong as a god, innocent as it may seem. Now we shall arrive too late to see those beauties."

"At all events, not too early," he answered, laughing.

"Remember what you pledged me on your knightly honor," she threatened, "and see quickly to our departure. What a heartless mother I am! Instead of passing my boy's holiday with him, I travel round the world and make the acquaintance of old churches and new wine."

Much as Valentine hurried their departure, it was nevertheless twilight when they ascended the slight elevation that approached the goal of their excursion. Slowly the carriage rattled over the rough stone pavement, and a fog had again arisen, enveloping all the country around.

Valentine lifted Eugénie out of the carriage as it drew up at the inn, and they passed slowly down the street that led to the Doctor's. She saw that he was no little moved, and really pitied him. But they were even now ascending the stone steps that led to a neat little house; the bell rang and the door was quickly opened by a thickset, well-dressed man, with a pair of great gold spectacles.

"Per Bacco," cried the lively little man, "to

what do I owe the pleasure of so soon again seeing you, my most excellent friend. I hope that the horse—but you have company with you, as I now perceive, and I am impolite enough not to bring you into my house, first of all. You must excuse me, madame, we are semi-barbarians here in our little nest so far away from the world. I beg, in the most humble manner, that you will do my poor roof this honor. But surely, my good friend, there can be nothing wrong with Almansor? And that just now you should find me at home alone! My daughters will never get over it, that to-day—but I will send to the village for them; yes, I have already sent for them and expect them momentarily. Here, to the left, if you please! The passage is somewhat dark,—walk in here, I beg, most honored guests."

They followed the vivacious man into the room which he threw open for them. There stood a table laid with four plates, some cold dishes, and a flask of the new wine, while the last glimmering rays of daylight shone in at the window.

"Only see! this is what one gets from one's children. They run away and leave their papa to eat supper alone,—he will play them a trick, and they shall find empty dishes when they return. But wretch that I am! I do not consider that all this is not ordered as it should be for such honored guests, and the maid is gone after the children, and I have no one,—but at least take a chair, and relieve yourself of your hat and mantle,—heartily welcome to L——! And now speak up, my friend, the horse—?"

"I can put you completely at rest concerning him, Doctor. His transcendent qualities now for the first time shine forth in their true brilliancy, since he has found favor in the eyes of my affianced wife,—whom I have the honor to present to you."

Eugénie turned towards the petrified little host. She had a word for Valentine on her tongue's end, but it remained unspoken, and only a rapid look punished him for this absolute breach of faith.

It was doubtful whether or not the Doctor had had his suspicions that yesterday's visit did not wholly concern the horse. At all events, he stammered out his congratulations, amidst a profusion of bows and thanks to Valentine for the honor he had accorded to him. However, he soon regained his usual jovial serenity, and said: "This is what I call double-dealing and false friendship, you deceitful man! That he who yesterday in this very spot inveighed so bitterly against matrimony,—that such an one should to-day introduce his betrothed! Verily, what has happened to convert the heathen? your pardon, most gracious lady."

Valentine laughed. "No, Doctor," he said, "you yourself are responsible that my heresy of yesterday is at an end to-day; or at least your Almansor. For, as I appeared this morning upon the noble steed before my Eugénie's window, her heart melted, and she confessed herself conquered. I had scarcely recovered my senses from the unexpected joy of victory than I insisted that we should declare our engagement to no one before yourself; so we got into a carriage and drove directly here. So now embrace your overjoyed and grateful friend."

"I declare," cried the Doctor, "I have had manifold vexations arising from my love of horses, but they are all far outweighed by this master-stroke of my brave Almansor. Yes, fairest lady, you must not be angry that your lover has betrayed your secret. I honor you all the more that you have comprehended that a man is only first a man when upon



a horse. Now just leave it to me, — I have my eye over all the country up and down, — and if anywhere I catch sight of a horse that is worthy to gallop by Almansor's side —"

"Then it is *mine*, — your hand upon it, Doctor, and the first ride with my wife you accompany us."

"Agreed," and the little man shook the proffered hand vehemently; "where can they be loitering, the vixens! now, when we are ready to celebrate in the happiest manner the ceremony of betrothal."

"Are your daughters visiting somewhere in the town?" inquired Eugénie.

They were invited to keep the vintage this autumn at one of my old friend's, who has daughters also, and I suspected that a little ball was intended, so I exerted my authority in the most positive manner, and ordered them to come home this evening; for they have never danced at the vintage that they have not come home with a cold. The disobedient creatures! It would be all right, their being disobedient to me, if they would only return to entertain my illustrious guests. Stay, I will send for them instantly. Here, Heinrich," he called to a servant he caught sight of through the window; "run quickly over to Kitzinger's gardens and tell Margaretha to bring home the young ladies immediately. There, you see," he said turning to the pair who sat near him, but never once glanced at each other, "that is all the respect a father enjoys. Bring up your children better than that. If their poor mother was only still alive!"

Eugénie reddened and was silent, while Valentine spoke: "Stay, my dear Doctor; you need not disturb the young ladies in their festivities at your friend's. I have told this lady so much about your three beautiful daughters that she will not be content to leave I — without seeing them, but to-morrow will be time enough, for the moon on which I had relied on returning seems to be going down, and we can find excellent lodgings at the Crown Inn."

"Valentine," said the lady, "you know what you promised me!"

"Only listen, Doctor! I too will complain of breach of promise. Eugénie, did you not promise me to use the 'Thou,' even if we have not yet pledged ourselves in due form?"

"You can easily do it now," cried the master of the house; "there is only new wine upon the table, but in the cellar —"

"Spare yourself the trouble, my old friend. Is not the new wine as sweet and penetrating and intoxicating as the first love of our youth? and in truth, the lady who sits before you, Doctor, has been my idol since the time I walked around with my student portfolio; and though life has separated us, 'The old love does not rust' say the people, and the voice of the people is the voice of God. Thus we will pledge the sacred 'Thou' in nothing save this new wine. Pour it out, Doctor!"

He had sprung up, and now advanced to Eugénie with two filled glasses. She sat upon the sofa blushing; her eyes sank, and a maidenly confusion lay upon her lips. She attempted to speak, but uttered no word.

Mechanically she took the glass. He kneeled before her, and, in the good old student fashion, passed his arm through hers and drained his glass; she scarcely sipped hers, — he threw the remainder away, and then — she not daring to oppose him — kissed her on the lips.

"There! that is all right," said the Doctor; "and you need not blush so, lovely bride, that an old boy such as I am witness to the solemn transaction; and I beg, as a reward for my good services, I may be invited to the wedding."

Valentine nodded silently, and stood for some time quietly before Eugénie, looking down at her. "My dear Doctor," he began, "you must have patience with us foolish people. It is no slight thing to become engaged so suddenly as we have, for you must know my ladylove here tormented me so with her roguery and unkind speeches that I, an honest boy, became perfectly dumb and stupid. First, long years ago in her mother's house, when I came near plunging in the water to cool my wounds, and again just now when we met after our long separation. How many times, when I had summoned up my courage, and the most solemn avowal trembled on my lips, she would repel it, as in the olden time, by a jest or sarcasm. And who knows when it would have happened, my dear Doctor, without you? But now she is wholly altered, and you would never imagine what art and coquetry lie beneath those quiet eyelids."

"You do me injustice," she answered, as she raised her lovely moist eyes. "It is only natural that I should not feel as much at home here as you do."

"And whose fault is that except mine?" cried the Doctor; "or rather those disobedient maidens who leave me to perform all the rites of hospitality. Well, where are they?" he asked of a maid who had just entered, "why do you not bring them with you, Margaretha?"

"The lady and gentleman begged so hard that the young ladies might stay," answered the servant as she scanned the strangers with wide-open eyes. "They would see that they did not dance too much, and Miss Clara thought if I told their father how —"

"That will do," shouted the Doctor; "they shall come this instant."

"No, Doctor, I beseech you," interceded Eugénie; "we should not dare take such a load as this on our consciences."

"Heaven forefend!" Valentine chimed in quickly. "To-morrow will be time enough."

"Shall we not at least go after the ill-mannered children?" proposed the Doctor. "What do you say to a dance?"

"Excuse us," answered Valentine; "we are entire strangers to your friend, and would much rather stay a little longer here with you, — would we not, Eugénie?"

She nodded assent.

The old host leaped up, and declared time and time and again that nothing in years had given him so much pleasure. And then, much as the guests protested, the old maid must bring up from cellar and kitchen the best the house afforded.

As they sat together in friendly conversation, every now and then the host would say in a satisfied tone: "If my maidens only *knew* what they are missing by their disobedience." Whereupon Valentine would look at Eugénie and smile.

But she had now regained her wonted self-possession, and assented to whatever Valentine said concerning their future, and adapted herself to her rôle in the best manner possible.

As the clock struck ten she rose: "We cannot very well wait for your daughters to-night, but to-morrow if they are rested from their dance we will call again."



"I do not dare detain you," answered the Doctor, "for I do not believe they will come home til I myself go after them. This is the way they abuse the old man! But I will forgive them to-day, for I have had the pleasure of having you entirely to myself. Only I will expect you to keep your promise to-morrow. Perhaps you will understand my weakness a little when you see those naughty children." They then departed, the Doctor accompanying his guests to the inn-door.

Without exchanging a word, they followed a waiter who went before with a light. He opened two rooms near each other, and wished them a respectful good night.

Valentine offered Eugénie his hand. She pressed it softly, and, looking up at him composedly, said: "Pleasant slumbers! I will see you again in the morning." She then vanished into her own room, closing the door after her.

After considerable time, when he had gone into his apartment also, he tapped on the door that separated it from Eugénie's.

"Eugénie," he called softly.

"What is it?" came the answer from within.

"The good night you gave me was contrary to our agreement."

"Contrary to what?"

"To that which we have solemnly pledged in the new wine."

"I think we have played comedy long enough. I did it because I thought it belonged to my rôle."

"But will you not let it pass for sober earnest. It was a solemn transaction, after all, completed in the presence of a witness."

"Well, then let it pass, my friend, — pleasant slumbers! Good night."

But no movement betrayed her retreat from the door.

And again, after a pause, he spoke: —

"And the other, — may it be sober earnest too?"

"What other?"

"All, I mean all!"

"All is a little too much."

"Eugénie!"

"My friend!"

"Is it really too much for you? — that will alone give back to me the life that you have taken away a thousand times."

"Had I considered —"

"But will you not consider now? O Eugénie, say that I may kneel at your feet; only open the door!"

"Gently, my friend! You certainly deserve to be a little punished. Why? Because, is it knightly bravery to besiege a poor woman behind closed doors? I wager you have extinguished the light, so as to get up your courage. If you really loved me, would you have to call the shadowy night to your aid? For shame, my poor hero! I will confess now, however, that I have an ancient grudge against you."

"Are you joking, Eugénie?"

"I speak in sober earnest. In the old times, why were you not at least as ingenious if not so courageous as now? Was there no door then through which you might have besought what is now too late?"

"Too late? No, Eugénie. Where are the years between then and now? A timid boy as then, I now stand praying in the outer darkness for one beam from your eyes. And can you let me languish without?"

He waited long for an answer. All at once the door opened noiselessly. There she stood before him. He could see by her eyes that she had been weeping, although they now smiled upon him.

"Only one kiss, dear," she said, "as a sign you forgive me for all I have made you suffer!"

He threw his arms around her; and, stroking his forehead softly, she continued: "*Here* are wrinkles, but our *hearts* are free from them, are they not? And to-morrow we will begin where so long ago we were interrupted."

He kissed her passionately; together they walked towards the window. The moon had penetrated through the fog, and a gentle breeze was rising that wafted the fragrance of the new wine through the room.

"Let us go back to-night, dearest," she plead. "How can I think of sleep, and the night is so beautiful. While you order the carriage, I will write a note to the Doctor that he may not expect us to-morrow. Valentine, can it be really true that we have at last spoken what we have so long known?"

### CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.

#### III.

"WHAT a noble beginning!" cried Rossini, humming the first bars of one of Haydn's quartets. "What spirit! what grace! They are charming works, these quartets. How lovingly the instruments converse with one another. And what subtle modulations! All great composers have beautiful modulations; but Haydn's always have a special and peculiar charm for me."

"Surely you had never heard them in Italy?"

"Yes, at Bologna, when I was a boy. I got together a string-quartet in which I played tenor. The first fiddle had very few things of Haydn's; but I was always boring him to get more, so by degrees I got to know a good number of them. I studied Haydn with great ardor at that time. You should have been in Bologna when I conducted the *Creation* at the Liceo. I would n't let the performers pass over a single thing, for I knew every note by heart. I also got up the *Seasons*, when I gave up the Liceo to be director of the Philharmonic Concerts."

"There's more invention, perhaps, in the *Seasons* than the *Creation*; but then they offer more scope for variety."

"Maybe," answered Rossini; "but there is a certain lofty tone running through the *Creation* which makes me prefer it. How fine this air is —, and the chorus in B flat, and Raphael's air," humming the beginning of each; "and what a wonderful bit of instrumentation the chaos is! Nothing clings to one like the impressions of youth. I knew an Italian in Vienna called Calpani, who had been there for years, and was very intimate with Haydn. He was never tired of talking about the kind-heartedness and modesty of the old master."

"I never caught sight of one of his operas. But is there much in them?"

"No! I looked them through in Vienna, with an enthusiastic admirer of Haydn's, who boasted that he possessed all his compositions. They are unimportant works, with scarcely a trace of the great composer. He must have written them at an early period, for Prince Esterhazy and his singers. But do you know his cantata *Ariadne*?"

"I played it through a long time ago, but I never



heard it, and don't remember any of it," I answered, somewhat ashamed.

"Except the Oratorios, I like it best of Haydn's vocal compositions. The adagio is very beautiful," said Rossini, and began to sing part of it.

"You, I declare, know more about our German composers than I do myself, and I am beginning to be jealous. Do you know as much about the old Italians?"

"I have read through a great many of them."

"Many of Paisiello's operas?"

"When I was a boy they had already nearly vanished from the stage. Generali, Fioravanti, Paer, and, above all, Simon Mair, were the order of the day."

"Do you like Paisiello?"

"Pleasant music, but not remarkable either for harmony or melody. It never interested me much. His principle was to compose a whole piece on one short subject, consequently there was but little life in it, and scarcely any dramatic effect."

"You knew him personally?"

"I saw him in Naples, after his return from Paris, where he made a great deal of money. Napoleon was very fond of his music, and Paisiello used to boast about it in the most naive way, telling everybody that the great Emperor liked his music so much because it did not prevent him from thinking of other things. A strange compliment! But every time has its taste, and his soft music used to be immensely admired."

"Was he an interesting man?"

"He was a fine-looking fellow, almost imposing; but utterly uneducated, and insignificant beyond anything. You should have seen his letters! I don't mean the handwriting, nor the spelling; I pass over that: but the clumsy manner of expressing himself, and the platitudes of his thoughts, are beyond conception! Cimarosa was very different; a refined and intellectual mind. Do you know anything of his?"

"The *Matrimonio*, of course; and I have looked through the *Orazii*."

"There is not much in the later ones; but there is an opera buffa of his, *Le Trame Deluse*, which is capital."

"Better than the *Matrimonio*?"

"Incomparably greater. The finale to the second act (almost too good for a last finale) is quite a masterpiece. Unfortunately, the libretto is wretched. — Then I remember an air in his oratorio of *Isaaco*, one passage of which, as to harmony, is very striking and dramatic. A pure inspiration, too; for, in a general way, you know, he was not great in harmony."

"It is difficult for us in Germany to get hold of the works of these composers. One would have to spend a year in Italy for the express purpose. There must be wonderful treasures in the library of the Conservatorium at Naples."

"An immense quantity. All Cimarosa's manuscripts must be there. They once belonged to Cardinal Gonsalvi, who had quite a passion for Cimarosa. One could not give him a greater treat than to sing him something of his favorite's. I often did this while in Rome, and he was always most thankful."

"And your own manuscripts, maestro; is it true that you have hardly any?"

"Not a note."

"But where on earth are they?"

"Heaven knows! I had the right to demand them from the copyist after a year, but I never did so. Some may be in Naples, some are in Paris; the rest I know nothing about."

"Haven't you kept even your studies with Mattei?"

"I kept them many years; but once, when I returned to Bologna, they were no longer to be found, — thrown away, or stolen, or perhaps sold for waste paper."

"Perhaps you have not got printed scores or arrangements of your operas?" said I, with a smile.

"What would be the good of them? For years past I have had no music at my house. Surely I don't want to study them."

"And how about the opera of *Hermione*, which one of your biographers says you are hoarding up for posterity?"

"With the others?"

"You once before spoke to me about this opera, and said that you had made it too dramatic, and that it was a failure."

"Quite true," said Rossini, cheerfully; "it was most wearisome."

"Had it no airs, or finales; none of those things that you generally captivate people with?"

"Very kind of you; but there was really nothing in it but recitative and declamation. I put in one cavatina for David, that the poor thing might have something to sing. That became known, and I dare say you have heard it. It begins like this": and here he sang the air.

#### IV.

DURING September, my old friend, Neukomm, came to Trouville. He wished to see Rossini, and, though they had not met for twenty-five years, Rossini remembered that Neukomm had shown him how to make an *Æolian* harp for the Duchess of Vaudemont, and had had several made on the estate of his friend Aguado. It was pleasant to see them together. I had told Rossini a great deal about Neukomm; especially about his wonderful activity; and he began about it at once —

"Always at work, I hear, Signor Cavaliere."

"When I can't do any more work," answered Neukomm, "I hope somebody will put me between six planks and nail them up, for I shall not care to live any longer."

"You have the same passion for industry that I always had for idleness," cried Rossini.

"Your forty operas do not exactly go to prove that," returned Neukomm.

"Ah, that is a long time ago. But in this world one really ought to have one's nerves made of string," said the maestro, rather seriously. "But enough of that. You have travelled a great deal, even to Brazil, — have n't you?"

"Yes, I was Court Capellmeister at the court of Don Pedro, who was a great amateur, and even dabbled in composition himself."

"I know something about that," said Rossini. "He was kind enough once to send me an Order. When he came to Paris, — rather against his will, — I thanked him for it, and offered to get some of his compositions performed at the Italian Opera, to which he gladly consented."

"He would have conducted them himself, if you had asked him," threw in Neukomm.

"Impossible! He sent me a cavatina, which I got copied out after adding a few trombone notes to it. It was very well performed — and with tolerable applause — at a concert at the Opera-house, and Don Pedro seemed to enjoy it immensely in his box; at least, he thanked me most warmly."



To complete this little anecdote, I must add that speaking of it to Countess B., she said, —

"I perfectly remember that evening, for Don Pedro came here after the concert, and seemed quite excited. He declared that he had never been so pleased in his life—which, from a man who had just lost a kingdom, seemed strange enough."

### SCOTCH PEARLS.

SCOTCH pearls have again come into fashion. The revival of the public taste in their favor may be attributed, partly to the recent failure of the Manaar fisheries in Ceylon, partly to the cheapness of the western gem, and in some measure, perhaps, to the fact that large quantities of Scottish pearls have been purchased by Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie. Some fifteen years ago, these pearls were scarce and lightly esteemed; but, owing to the exertions of a German merchant, and the care taken by him to select and exhibit the best specimens, the trade, which had languished for about a century, has very largely revived, and is now recognized as a legitimate branch of the business of the dealer in precious stones.

People are so much accustomed, when pearls are spoken of, to picture to themselves the Persian Gulf and its swart eastern divers, that they rarely think of the produce of their own shores, or imagine that the fine, delicate, pink-hued treasures which they admire in the windows of the jewellers, have been fished up out of their own native rivers. And yet this is not only so, but the practice of wading in the streams to fish for the mussels containing the pearl dates back almost to antiquity. Long before the jeweller's art had become so common as to place ornaments for bodily decoration within reach of the multitude, pearls of great size and beauty were to be found in Scotland, in the possession of the humble, who, though they could not fail to admire them, were quite ignorant of their value. Rather more than a century ago, some artist, cunning in the detection of precious stones, proclaimed their worth, and a brisk trade in pearls sprang up between the bleak north of Scotland and the wealthy marts of the English metropolis. The fishing was confined to Perthshire and one or two counties beyond the Grampians; but the chief seat of the industry was at the head-waters of the River Tay.

For a time the dwellers on the banks of the Tay were zealous, and pearls worth thousands of pounds were sent up to the London jewellers; but for a hundred years, — between 1761 and 1861, — either from lack of zeal on the part of the fishers, or from a falling off in the supply of the shell-fish, the fisheries were allowed to fall into disuse. During that long interval, Scotch pearls, which had before been plentiful, were only to be found in certain shops and at wide intervals; or, if one of more than ordinary excellence turned up, it had been found by accident in the bed of one of the pearl rivers during a more than ordinarily dry season. So matters remained until about 1860. Then, a German gentleman travelling in Scotland having his attention directed to some gems procured in the northern streams, was struck by their elegance and the peculiar tint which distinguished them notably from pearls of the East. Himself well acquainted with precious stones, he at once recognized the value of the Scotch pearl, and the important place it might be made to take in modern jewelry. Making inquiries on the subject, he discovered that there was

at that time only one known pearl-fisher in all Scotland, and that the produce of his exertions did not reach the jewellers, but was sold to a private customer. The German felt persuaded that pearls were to be found in considerable abundance in certain Scotch rivers, and that all that was requisite to insure a large supply, was, to hold out some inducement to the poor people to search for the mussels. Full of his project, he travelled through the districts of Tay, Doon, and Don, and succeeded in purchasing from the poor cottagers a great many pearls, which they had fished for their own amusement, and which they merely kept as curiosities, not esteeming them of any particular value. The price given for the gems roused their cupidity, and a general desire for mussel fishing was created, — a desire which rose into something like a mania when the merchant announced that he would purchase as many good pearls at the same price, as could be forwarded to him through the post to Edinburgh.

Before he completed his circuit, the prospect of large and easily-earned gains had acted like a charm upon hundreds, and sent them to the rivers. Those who were otherwise employed during the day, devoted hours of the long summer nights to diligent search after the coveted shells; while boys and old persons, who had no regular avocations, waded day after day where there was promise of reward. In the course of a short time pearls of all kinds — good, bad, and indifferent — began to flow in upon the originator of the idea, from Ayrshire, from Perthshire, and from Highland regions far beyond the Grampians. He found himself the possessor of a collection which, for richness and variety, has seldom been surpassed. A trade in this class of gems was opened; the patronage of royalty was obtained; and once again Scotch pearls became known.

The principal rivers in which the pearl-mussel is found, are the Tay, the Don, the Teith, the Forth, the Ythan, the Doon, the Spey, the Ugie, and the Earn. The shell-fish in the smaller of these streams have been nearly exhausted by the severe spoliation to which they have been subjected; but in the classic Doon of Burns and the upper reaches of the Tay, the fishings still yield profitable results. When the yield of pearl-mussels was at its highest, and public attention was largely directed to the subject, a theory was advanced to the effect that the shell-fish in which the pearl grows, was only to be found in rivers whose sources were in lochs; but this was easily refuted by the fact that four of the pearl rivers are known not to issue from lakes.

This point set at rest, it was next thought that the headquarters, so to speak, of the much-prized mussel, was in the lochs, and that the rivers contained only a comparatively small number that had been swept downward, and gradually accumulated at the elbows of the streams. The latter supposition was strengthened in consequence of a number of pearls having been accidentally discovered in Loch Venachar. Dredging experiments were conducted to test the truth of the new theory, but they ended in failure. Very few mussels were found, and those were so much scattered, and in some instances were so covered with mud, as to make the toil of search heavy and the reward light. The hope of finding large beds of the valuable shell-fish in the lakes was abandoned, and operations were confined to the rivers.

The mode of fishing is primitive in its simplicity. No expense is incurred, no instruments are required.



There is no mystery in the craft. Nothing is needed but patience. Men, women, and children are rewarded indiscriminately; for skill does not avail. To search the bed of the stream until a collection of the mussels is discovered, is the first care; and this is often the most tedious part of the work. If these fresh-water shell-fish lay in such extensive clusters as their brethren of the salt water, a bank of them might be easily lighted upon, but they congregate in comparatively small numbers, and if the river have a muddy bottom the search is almost hopeless. Once discovered, however, the operation of fishing them out is easy. The fisher wades into the river, armed with a long stick, one end of which has a simple slit in it made by a knife. This stick he pokes down among the shells, and brings them up firmly wedged in the slit. He tosses the shells ashore as he gets them, and usually does not leave off until he has amassed a goodly heap. Sometimes he has only to wade above the knees, and can pick up the mussels by stooping; but more frequently the water covers his hips, and at times he is immersed almost to the armpits; on which occasions he must dive with his head below the current. On some of the streams the people have hit on the expedient of raking the bed with a large iron rake and bringing the mussels ashore; but the cleft stick is the popular way.

When the fisher has collected shells enough to try his luck with, he proceeds to open them. Occasionally he carries the mussels home and proceeds leisurely; but more frequently, if the day be not too far upon the wane, he contents himself with searching for the spoil upon the river bank. Those who can afford a knife, make use of it to force open the shell; others, who have none, perform the operation deftly with a shell sharpened for the purpose. This way has an advantage, inasmuch as there is less risk of scratching the pearl, should there be one inside. The fisher reckons himself unlucky, if he open a hundred shells without finding a pearl. Many a time, however, this happens, and he goes home deploring a lost day. The fates may be against him for a whole week. On the other hand, the first or second fish he opens may reward his labor. Frequently the toiler finds a dozen pearls, not one of which is of any value, by reason of bad color, bad shape, or some other defect. Speaking roughly, it may be estimated that about one pearl in a dozen brings a profit to the finder; and that that one pearl is to be found in every fortieth shell. The chances of the pearl-searcher are about equal to those of the gold-digger, and many who start eagerly on the quest are soon disheartened. Perseverance and dogged determination seldom fail in the long run to realize modest expectations.

The mussels taken from a shingly or rocky bed are much more productive in pearls than those derived from the sand. Hence the experienced fisher does not usually waste his time in probing the latter, but if he "hit" sand, goes elsewhere in search of gravel. For a similar reason he shuns muddy bottoms, because, though he may get plenty of pearls there, they are too much discolored. Naturalists are not quite agreed as to the age at which the mussels begin to grow the pearl, but it is always when they have attained to maturity and never during adolescence. The accustomed operator discards the young mollusc, and saves himself much unnecessary trouble.

Scotch pearls can never become a substitute for true pearls of the East; but their discovery in abun-

dance has given a new ornament to the community, and has furnished a substitute for Eastern pearls far more beautiful and precious than the dingy imitations in paste.

### MR. PUNCH AND GENERAL GRANT.

"MR. PRESIDENT-ELECT, ULYSSES GRANT, of the United States of America, I congratulate you, Sir, and the great American Nation, upon your election to the throne of KING GEORGE WASHINGTON, and, in this goblet of driest champagne, I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy reign," said MR. PUNCH.

"Festive cuss!" said GENERAL GRANT, smiling. "Your name, my ULYSSES," said MR. PUNCH, pensively, "appears to me to be of good augury for yourself and country."

"Defy omens."

"Man of brevity (which is the soul of wit), not to say of silence (which is golden), you are right.

And I, too, hold her General's blade  
COLUMBIA'S omen and her aid.

Nathless, ODYSSEUS, a pleasing coincidence meriteth notice. There be points in the history of your classic namesake which a West-Pointsmen will recall, and which somewhat adumbrate your own history."

"State 'em."

"Sir, thus. You did not desire to be employed in war, but like the King of Ithaca, when engaged, you showed the utmost sagacity, activity, and valor."

"Too brown to blush."

"There is no need. Nextly, happier than some heroes, you were universally applauded by your countrymen, and rewarded with the arms of ACHILLES; that is, the most exalted military honor in the nation's gift."

"Good again!"

"ULYSSES, Sir, was famous in connection with the horse. He valiantly carried away the horses of RHEUS, and he invented the horse that took Troy. I think, Sir, that you are a great authority in the matter of horses."

"Health, old hoss!"

"Thanks. Then, Sir, in steering for the wished-for shore, I find that you stopped your ears to all Siren blandishment, did your best to prevent Windbags from blowing your vessel wrong, and escaped safely from republican Scylla and democratic Charybdis."

"Classic cuss!"

"Again, Sir, I find in your peculiarly wise dealing with the shoals of hungry beggars for office, the antitype of ULYSSES smashing the Suitors."

"Blow 'em!"

"Further, Sir, you have given a lesson to the Cyclops, or one-eyed people, who can see but one side of a question, and forget that a King, or President, must rule for all. That lesson was given by a hot pole, and there was never a hotter poll than at your election."

"Playful cuss!"

"But, Sir, your greatest similitude, save one, is in the fact that, like the Ithacan your namesake, you, inspired by MINERVA, goddess of Wisdom, 'resolved to give peace to the Tribes.'"

"Tot up."

"Yes, Sir, for here is your last and grandest similitude. Equally with ULYSSES inspired by



supernatural wisdom, you secretly departed for a gloomy region,

Where, in a lonely land, and gloomy cells,  
The dusky nation of Britannia dwells.  
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats,  
When radiant he advances or retreats.  
Unhappy race whom endless night invades,  
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round with shades."

"In the dark, now. Where's that?"

"Here," said Mr. PUNCH, mildly and forgivingly. "Is not that the view taken by you Americans, and by the French, whom you adore so, of the mental and physical condition of this rotten little old island?"

"We have fools. Have n't you?"

"Many, thanks be to the Parcae, or how should the wise live? Well, Sir, you repudiate the description, but you accept the fact that you made a secret and mystic journey to consult TIRESIAS, the most profoundly wise Creature in all Creation, upon your future course. TIRESIAS, I need hardly add," said Mr. PUNCH, modestly, "is MYSELF."

"By Jove," said the President-Elect, jumping up, clasping his venerable friend's hand with one of his own hands, and raising high the goblet with the other, "you are TIRESIAS, and your *bâton* is the staff which was given him by MINERVA, when he lost his eyes for—"

"Never mind about that," said Mr. PUNCH. "I have not lost mine, and if you have studied my works, you will know that my peculiar gift is that I never see anything which true reverence forbids me to see."

"Right, Mr. PUNCH, and I would that all censors were as conscientious. I glory to know you, Sir. I came by the Cable, and I shall return the same way, for I cannot be bored with passenger chatter. I came to ask a favor."

"If possible, it is done. If impossible, it shall be done. That's the way to answer Queens and Presidents. Speak, Ulysses!"

"Firstly, however, I want you to say something civil for me to JOHN BULL. Say that I have some more of that difficult steering to do, and that I may not at present see fit to express for him all the good feeling I entertain. But my watchword is 'Peace,' and MR. REVERDY JOHNSON does but amplify the sentiments all really good Americans have for you. In my name, if you'll be so good, return JOHN BULL best wishes for a happy Christmas, but give him a finger only, until—you comprehend?"

"Thus," said Mr. PUNCH, dashing off a sketch with KEENE-like facility.

"Just that; bravo! And now, old man, give me your FIFTY-FIFTH VOLUME."

"I foresaw your wish. It is here, inscribed—

*Tiresias to Ulysses."*

Perhaps they did n't quaff and fume until a late hour?

### FOREIGN NOTES.

THE last number of the Imperial Review praises Lowell's "Under the Willows."

FRANCE eats nearly 30,000,000 francs' worth of sweetmeats every year.

LONDON is going to put up a monument to the memory of Sir Richard Mayne.

THE first number of the new English monthly magazine, under the Crown, opens with the prelim-

inary instalment of "A Fortnight in Portugal in 1859," by F. T. Palgrave. Mr. Palgrave addresses his sketch to his travelling companion, Alfred Tennyson.

NICEPHORE NIEPCE, who claims the honor of having invented photography, is to have a statue at Chalon-sur Saône.

PUNCH very gracefully inscribes his volume for 1863 to President Grant. We copy Mr. Punch's dedication on another page.

THE Duke de Montpensier suggests that Spain be governed by his eldest son, aged nine, and by a regency composed of three persons.

FIVE gallant Frenchmen recently perished at Boulogne in the attempt to rescue the crew of a disabled English schooner ashore off the jetty.

M. DE LESSEPS has officially announced to the Chamber of Commerce at Berlin that the works of the Suez Canal will be terminated on the 1st of October next.

THE English edition of Tennyson's Works, in six small 8vo volumes, costs nine dollars and fifty cents in gold. The laureate's complete poems, in one handsomely printed volume, sells in this country for fifty cents.

IN consequence of the failure of the English mail to bring us the advance sheets of "He knew He was Right," we are again obliged to draw at sight on the indulgence of those readers who are interested in Mr. Trollope's admirable story.

AN attachment to a champagne bottle, patented in England, permits a part of the contents to be withdrawn without in the least injuring the rest. The attachment to champagne bottles in this country is such that not a single drop is left in them after they are once opened.

How old is the word *Crinoline*? It is not by any means a new word. One Lloyd, born 1733, died 1764, uses it in his poem, "The Spirit of Contradiction":—

"Cumberland had seldom seen  
A farmer's wife with such a mien . . .  
She could harangue with wondrous grace  
On *crinolines*, and caps, and lace."

MANY years since electricity was applied to aid the growth of plants, and Dr. Pogglioli, of Paris, now proposes to apply it to the growth of children. He says that the strength and symmetry of the body, as well as the faculties of the mind, are developed and improved by the aid of electricity, and in support of this hypothesis he recites the results of experiments continued by him for a number of years.

THE Haussmannic management of Paris costs a pretty little sum to us, its inhabitants. According to the *Avenir National*, the expenses put down under the head of ordinary, which in 1863 amounted to 82,776,000*f.*, attained the sum of 97,396,000*f.* in 1867, thereby proving an increase of 15,000,000*f.* in five years; in 1868 the expenditure represented the sum of 102,666,000*f.* The town is remarkably well kept, but the Parisians who pay the bill think it somewhat high.

A CORRESPONDENT writing us from Munich says:—"A mineralogical work by an American Professor Dana, has caused no little wonderment here, owing to the enormous mass of information which has been brought together in it, and thor-



oughly mastered and commented on. Professor von Kobell told me about it yesterday, and said it was something quite wonderful for one individual to have produced something so full and so complete. 'We talk,' he said, 'of German assiduity, but here is something in presence of which we all, every one of us, must take off our hats and make a bow!'

THE Paris journal, *Le Ménestrel*, mentions a new invention which should earn for its author the gratitude of millions. It consists of an apparatus, which, applied to any piano, will deaden the sound emitted. There are few persons who have not been sometimes distracted by the practising of some too persevering player, and who would have paid any price for such a "mute" as that described.

VICTOR HUGO gave his annual Christmas Fête to poor children at Hauteville House. The little guests were first feasted, and then presented with bundles of good warm clothing. In addressing the assembled visitors a few words, the poet referred with pardonable pride to the manner in which his charitable idea had fructified in the metropolis, where over 122,000 children have been assisted since he gave his first "juvenile party."

THE English papers lately announced the death of William Carleton, and the Leader, in speaking of the event, said that the last days of the pleasant Irish novelist "had been clouded by a growing partiality for Irish whiskey." It turns out, however, that Mr. Carleton is not dead, but very much alive to the insult. His solicitor has waited on the editor of the Leader, who makes an humble apology for printing the statement in question. It is always best to be certain that your man is dead!

DEATH has been very busy among the French dramatists and poets of late. Baudelaire, Ponsard, Lambert, Thiboust, Amédée Rolland, and Mallefille have followed each other in quick succession. The last death to be announced is that of Charles Bataille, a well-known journalist and writer of romances. For the stage he composed three or four successful works, the best known of which was the *Usurier de Village*, written in conjunction with Rolland. His poems *Frédérique* and *Les Mondes Interlopes* received on their first appearance a good deal of attention. Bataille was barely forty years old, and had for some months previous to his death been deprived of his reason.

#### "ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

After Swift's death, there was found in his writing-desk a tress of Stella's hair. On the paper enclosing it there was written: — "Only a woman's hair."

#### "ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR?"

A seal, a sign,  
Nerving the knightly arm  
In Palestine.

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

Beside their lore  
Pale students lay the pledge,  
And strive the more.

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

Old men depart,  
Fumbling one little tress  
Held to the heart.

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

Gage of fond trust,  
Buried with stalwart forms,  
Crumbling to dust.

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

Was this a gibe, —  
A bitter sneer? — if so,  
Shame on the scribe!

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

Was this a sigh  
Borne on the midnight surge  
Of memory?

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

Lo! there be times  
When wailing music clings  
To mocking rhymes.

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

Strange it appears  
That he should nurse a jest  
So many years.

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

Dead Stella's hair:  
If he had meant a jest,  
Why all that care?

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

True — naught beside:  
And yet 't was something more  
When Stella died.

#### "Only a woman's hair?"

A woman's hair:  
A moan from out the Past: —  
A woman's hair!

#### SONG.

If I had my heart's delight,  
Choice of rank, and whether  
To be rich, or brave, or bright, —  
'T would be no such folly:  
Only this, my heart's delight,  
Just to be together,  
Together with you, Polly.

Are we fools for dreaming so,  
Never asking whether  
You and I may suit? ah, no,  
Waking is the folly:  
Life but lives in dreaming so;  
Come and be together,  
Together with me, Polly.

Not because your face is fair,  
And your smile enchanting,  
Not because of golden hair,  
Redder lips than holly:  
Even not because — but there,  
Reason go a-wanting,  
Unless her name is Polly.

When I have you, heart's delight,  
Mine, my own, forever,  
All shall be as you think right,  
Till you cure my folly:  
Let me have you, heart's delight,  
None but you, and never  
Mind any one but Polly.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

## A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

[No. 162.

### NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

#### IV. — MR. BARLOW.

A GREAT reader of good fiction at an unusually early age, it seems to me as though I had been born under the superintendence of the estimable but terrific gentleman whose name stands at the head of my present reflections. The instructive monomaniac, Mr. Barlow, will be remembered as the tutor of Master Harry Sandford and Master Tommy Merton. He knew everything, and didactically improved all sorts of occasions, from the consumption of a plate of cherries to the contemplation of a starlight night. What youth came to without Mr. Barlow, was displayed, in the history of Sandford and Merton, by the example of a certain awful Master Mash. This young wretch wore buckles and powder, conducted himself with insupportable levity at the theatre, had no idea of facing a mad bull single-handed (in which I think him less reprehensible, as remotely reflecting my own character), and was a frightful instance of the enervating effects of luxury upon the human race.

Strange destiny on the part of Mr. Barlow, to go down to posterity as childhood's first experience of a Bore! Immortal Mr. Barlow, boring his way through the verdant freshness of ages!

My personal indictment against Mr. Barlow is one of many counts. I will proceed to set forth a few of the injuries he has done me.

In the first place, he never made, or took, a joke. This insensibility on Mr. Barlow's part not only cast its own gloom over my boyhood, but blighted even the sixpenny jest-books of the time. For, groaning under a moral spell constraining me to refer all things to Mr. Barlow, I could not choose but ask myself in a whisper when tickled by a printed jest, "What would *he* think of it? What would *he* see in it?" The point of the jest immediately became a sting, and stung my conscience. For, my mind's eye saw him stolid, frigid, perchance taking from its shelf some dreary Greek book and translating at full length what some dismal sage said (and touched up afterwards, perhaps, for publication), when he banished some unlucky joker from Athens.

The incompatibility of Mr. Barlow with all other portions of my young life but himself, the adamantine inadaptability of the man to my favorite fancies and amusements, is the thing for which I hate him most. What right had he to bore his way into my Arabian Nights? Yet he did. He was always hinting doubts of the veracity of Sindbad the Sailor.

If he could have got hold of the Wonderful Lamp, I knew he would have trimmed it, and lighted it, and delivered a lecture over it on the qualities of sperm oil, with a glance at the whale fisheries. He would so soon have found out — on mechanical principles — the peg in the neck of the Enchanted Horse, and would have turned it the right way in so workman-like a manner, that the horse could never have got any height into the air, and the story could n't have been. He would have proved, by map and compass, that there was no such kingdom as the delightful kingdom of Casgar, on the frontiers of Tartary. He would have caused that hypocritical young prig, Harry, to make an experiment, — with the aid of a temporary building in the garden and a dummy, — demonstrating that you could n't let a choked Hunchback down an eastern chimney with a cord, and leave him upright on the hearth to terrify the Sultan's purveyor.

The golden sounds of the overture to the first metropolitan pantomime I remember, were alloyed by Mr. Barlow. Click click, ting ting, bang bang, weedle weedle weedle, Bang! I recall the chilling air that passed across my frame and cooled my hot delight, as the thought occurred to me: "This would never do for Mr. Barlow!" After the curtain drew up, dreadful doubts of Mr. Barlow's considering the costumes of the Nymphs of the Nebula as being sufficiently opaque, obtruded themselves on my enjoyment. In the Clown I perceived two persons; one, a fascinating unaccountable creature of a hectic complexion, joyous in spirits though feeble in intellect, with flashes of brilliancy: the other, a pupil for Mr. Barlow. I thought how Mr. Barlow would secretly rise early in the morning, and butter the pavement for *him*, and, when he had brought him down, would look severely out of his study-window and ask *him* how he enjoyed the fun.

I thought how Mr. Barlow would heat all the pokers in the house, and singe him with the whole collection, to bring him better acquainted with the properties of incandescent iron, on which he (Barlow) would fully expatiate. I pictured Mr. Barlow's instituting a comparison between the clown's conduct at his studies, — drinking up the ink, licking his copy-book, and using his head for blotting-paper, — and that of the already mentioned young Prig of Prigs, Harry, sitting at the Barlovian feet, sneakily pretending to be in a rapture of useful knowledge. I thought how soon Mr. Barlow would smooth the clown's hair down, instead of letting it stand erect in three tall tufts: and how, after a couple of years or so with Mr. Barlow, he would keep his legs close together when he walked, and would take his



hands out of his big loose pockets, and would n't have a jump left in him.

That I am particularly ignorant what most things in the universe are made of, and how they are made, is another of my charges against Mr. Barlow. With the dread upon me of developing into a Harry, and with the further dread upon me of being Barlowed if I made inquiries, by bringing down upon myself a cold shower-bath of explanations and experiments, I forbore enlightenment in my youth, and became, as they say in melodramas, "the wreck you now behold." That I consorted with idlers and dunces, is another of the melancholy facts for which I hold Mr. Barlow responsible. That Pragmatical Prig, Harry, became so detestable in my sight, that, he being reported studious in the South, I would have fled idle to the extremest North. Better to learn misconduct from a Master Mash than science and statistics from a Sandford! So I took the path which, but for Mr. Barlow, I might never have trodden. Thought I with a shudder, "Mr. Barlow is a bore, with an immense constructive power of making bores. His prize specimen is a bore. He seeks to make a bore of me. That Knowledge is Power I am not prepared to gainsay; but, with Mr. Barlow, Knowledge is Power to bore." Therefore I took refuge in the Caves of Ignorance, wherein I have resided ever since, and which are still my private address.

But the weightiest charge of all my charges against Mr. Barlow is, that he still walks the earth in various disguises, seeking to make a Tommy of me, even in my maturity. Irrepressible instructive monomaniac, Mr. Barlow fills my life with pitfalls, and lies hiding at the bottom to burst out upon me when I least expect him.

A few of these dismal experiences of mine shall suffice.

Knowing Mr. Barlow to have invested largely in the Moving Panorama trade, and having on various occasions identified him in the dark with a long wand in his hand, holding forth in his old way (made more appalling in this connection, by his sometimes cracking a piece of Mr. Carlyle's own Dead-Sea Fruit in mistake for a joke), I systematically shun pictorial entertainment on rollers. Similarly, I should demand responsible bail and guaranty against the appearance of Mr. Barlow, before committing myself to attendance at any assemblage of my fellow-creatures where a bottle of water and a note-book were conspicuous objects. For in either of those associations, I should expressly expect him. But such is the designing nature of the man, that he steals in where no reasoning precaution or provision could expect him. As in the following case:—

Adjoining the Caves of Ignorance is a country town. In this country town the Mississippi Momuses, nine in number, were announced to appear in the Town Hall, for the general delectation, this last Christmas week. Knowing Mr. Barlow to be unconnected with the Mississippi, though holding republican opinions, and deeming myself secure, I took a stall. My object was to hear and see the Mississippi Momuses in what the bills described as their "National Ballade, Plantation Break-Downs, Nigger Part-Songs, Choice Conundrums, Sparkling Repartees, &c." I found the nine dressed alike, in the black coat and trousers, white waistcoat, very large shirt-front, very large shirt-collar, and very large white tie and wristbands, which constitute the dress of the mass of the African race, and which has been observed by travellers to prevail over a vast

number of degrees of latitude. All the nine rolled their eyes exceedingly, and had very red lips. At the extremities of the curve they formed seated in their chairs, were the performers on the Tambourine and Bones. The centre Momus, a black of melancholy aspect (who inspired me with a vague uneasiness for which I could not then account), performed on a Mississippi instrument closely resembling what was once called in this Island a hurdy-gurdy. The Momuses on either side of him had each another instrument peculiar to the Father of Waters, which may be likened to a stringed weather-glass held upside down. There were likewise a little flute, and a violin. All went well for a while, and we had had several sparkling repartees exchanged between the performers on the tambourine and bones, when the black of melancholy aspect, turning to the latter, and addressing him in a deep and improving voice as "Bones, sir," delivered certain grave remarks to him concerning the juveniles present, and the season of the year; whereon I perceived that I was in the presence of Mr. Barlow,—corked!

Another night—and this was in London—I attended the representation of a little comedy. As the characters were life-like (and consequently not improving), and as they went upon their several ways and designs without personally addressing themselves to me, I felt rather confident of coming through it without being regarded as Tommy; the more so, as we were clearly getting close to the end. But I deceived myself. All of a sudden, and apropos of nothing, everybody concerned came to a check and halt, advanced to the footlights in a general rally to take dead aim at me, and brought me down with a moral homily, in which I detected the dread hand of Barlow.

Nay, so intricate and subtle are the toils of this hunter, that on the very next night after that, I was again entrapped, where no vestige of a springe could have been apprehended by the timidest. It was a burlesque that I saw performed; an uncompromising burlesque, where everybody concerned, but especially the ladies, carried on at a very considerable rate indeed. Most prominent and active among the corps of performers was what I took to be (and she really gave me very fair opportunities of coming to a right conclusion) a young lady, of a pretty figure. She was dressed as a picturesque young gentleman, whose pantaloons had been cut off in their infancy, and she had very neat knees, and very neat satin boots. Immediately after singing a slang song and dancing a slang dance, this engaging figure approached the fatal lamps, and, bending over them, delivered in a thrilling voice a random Eulogium on, and Exhortation to pursue, the Virtues. "Great Heaven!" was my exclamation. "Barlow!"

There is still another aspect in which Mr. Barlow perpetually insists on my sustaining the character of Tommy, which is more unendurable yet, on account of its extreme aggressiveness. For the purposes of a Review or newspaper, he will get up an abstruse subject with infinite pains, will Barlow, utterly regardless of the price of midnight oil, and indeed of everything else, save cramming himself to the eyes.

But mark. When Mr. Barlow blows his information off, he is not contented with having rammed it home and discharged it upon me, Tommy, his target, but he pretends that he was always in possession of it, and made nothing of it,—that he imbibed it with his mother's milk,—and that I, the wretched



Tommy, am most abjectly behindhand in not having done the same. I ask, why is Tommy to be always the foil of Mr. Barlow to this extent? What Mr. Barlow had not the slightest notion of himself, a week ago, it surely cannot be any very heavy backsliding in me not to have at my fingers' ends to-day! And yet Mr. Barlow systematically carries it over me with a high hand, and will tauntingly ask me in his articles whether it is possible that I am not aware that every schoolboy knows that the fourteenth turning on the left in the step-pes of Russia will conduct to such-and-such a wandering tribe? With other disparaging questions of like nature. So, when Mr. Barlow addresses a letter to any journal as a volunteer correspondent (which I frequently find him doing), he will previously have gotten somebody to tell him some tremendous technicality, and will write in the coolest manner: "Now, Sir, I may assume that every reader of your columns, possessing average information and intelligence, knows as well as I do that" — say that the draught from the touch-hole of a cannon of such a calibre bears such a proportion in the nicest fractions to the draught from the muzzle; or some equally familiar little fact. But whatever it is, be certain that it always tends to the exaltation of Mr. Barlow, and the depression of his enforced and enslaved pupil.

Mr. Barlow's knowledge of my own pursuits, I find to be so profound, that my own knowledge of them becomes as nothing. Mr. Barlow (disguised and bearing a feigned name, but detected by me) has occasionally taught me, in a sonorous voice, from end to end of a long dinner-table, trifles that I took the liberty of teaching him five-and-twenty years ago. My closing article of impeachment against Mr. Barlow, is, that he goes out to breakfast, goes out to dinner, goes out everywhere high and low, and that he WILL preach to me, and that I CAN'T get rid of him. He makes of me a Promethean Tommy, bound; and he is the vulture that gorges itself upon the liver of my un instructed mind.

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

THE Chinese have a pungent proverb: "What is the glory of having fine clothes, if you cannot go to your own village to wear them?" What purpose can your own village serve, beyond giving you an advantageous highway for the display of finery, — is the question now uppermost in the heads of many men and women. The sober-minded men who have come "to forty year," — when, according to Mr. Thackeray, disillusion crowd upon us, and we wonder why we laughed and danced in the meadows, — remember mothers and aunts, and family friends who had dresses that were as well known in the domestic circle as the family plate. Dame Margery, even of forty years ago, had her black silk dress, in which she appeared on high days and holidays. The cottage bonnet was a bit of sweet simplicity. Who remembers the portrait of arch, petite L. E. L., painted by Maclise? It is bound up in racy Father Prout's "Reliques." The dainty little lady is in a broad straw bonnet; and in a dress, abundant in sleeve, that lies in simple folds, unadorned with costly, over-wrought fripperies, which belong to the days of Worth, — to the era of crinoline. What a strange, plain little body she would appear now, tripping from her familiar

Chelsea district to town! And when her cast of thought, her ambition, and the tone of her fiction, are compared with the romance which Mr. Mudie offers his subscribers, the candid, impartial reader cannot forbear the expression of his conviction that the poor, worried little soul, who died so wofully and mysteriously in Cape Coast Castle, was of purer mould than the actual female literary purveyors of fiction.

"It is a glorious gift, bright Poetry,  
And should be thankfully and nobly used."

Thus she spake; and in this lofty spirit she wrote. A lady of plain living and high thinking; who dwelt among the gifted people of her day; and thought as little about the fripperies of the fashion-book as the Reverend Francis Mahony, who so delighted in her society, and bore her memory to his grave in one of the tenderer recesses of his rugged heart!

The remembrance of Mahony — fresh as it lies in my mind — carries me back to the times when people were simple in appearance, sober in thought, and plain and polite in manners. I feel myself on the way back to the days when the Primroses flourished, — Mahony, standing in that odd way of his, with his hands clasped behind him, at the grave of Goldy, in the Temple by-way, is in much closer relation with

"Noll,  
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll,"

than we can feel. Mahony was of the old race of writers: a man of their habits; who loved letters, revelled in scholarship, and, utterly unconscious of the figure his anatomy and clothes were making among the people who elbowed him in the streets, lived in the days that were gone. There were buttons wanting on his coat: his collar was awry: his hat was guiltless of a brush. Very much in the Doctor Johnson style of foppery was he, — as he shuffled into the Imperial library in Paris, or startled the loungers of the *Italiani*. His memories went far back, till he almost seemed to touch the plum-colored skirt of the author of the Primrose family. It was impossible that he should trim his outward man to the elaborate cut of the dress-loving generation, among whom his later days were passed. Indeed the scorn with which he regarded them, — their manners and their intellectual affectations and shallownesses, — was ever bubbling to his lips. He was of a simpler time; and his mind bore constantly back to days even simpler than those when he was limned in the group of Fraser notabilities, in the company of young Thackeray (the fop of the society), and Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham, Jerdan, and the Ettrick Shepherd, with vinous Maginn at their head. He (with the few who were of his day, or somewhere near it) could make no truce with the follies of vanity which encompassed him in his decline. His whole heart was in the past, and loved to dwell in the lettered society that gathered in and about Fleet Street, when Goldsmith deemed it right to lecture people on the vice of show. His life was an unconscious protest against the vanity fair to which men and women around him were drifting. He could see, he would say, what was coming upon the young men and women. Little L. E. L. in her gipsy bonnet, with her artless longings for everything great and noble; and the fashionable authoress of 1860, — her pen wandering in the mire of life, and her own days given to the dressmaker and the ball-room! To him the progress was steeply downwards; and the higher life of men and women lay



in the tombs of Johnson and his friends.\* Mrs. Carter must have been one of his models.

Father Prout loved to linger about the Temple and Fleet Street; and would enjoy a carouse where the great doctor took his tumbler,—talking of Goldy and the rest of them. It was in their earnestness,—their wholeness as men of letters,—he delighted. Men were valued among them for their intellectual strength. The age was one, in the atmosphere of which, men, simple in their might, could breathe at their ease. Veneer was unknown. The silk velvet, with the cotton back, was not invented. The artist rested in art; the artisan at his loom; the handmaid in apron and cap. Men and women were true to themselves; and the shopboy did not burn to appear on Sundays in finery imitation of the toilet of a Lord *Cantilupe*.

"Handsome enough, if they be good enough," Mrs. Primrose said of her children. The homely picture of the Vicar's household shows that the young ladies were not devoid of vanity; and that their mother was not insensible to the charms of a gay ribbon. But the limits are strictly marked. The little vanity is hardly a blemish upon so much innocence and goodness. The church-going, after the ruin of the family by the fraudulent London merchant, is among the most touching episodes of the story. The good Vicar's sumptuary laws could not restrain the finery. He had preached, and his dutiful daughters had listened dutifully, but the complete abandonment of ornament in dress was beyond their power for sacrifice. He says: "They still loved faces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut." His good wife herself "retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy,"—with that exquisitely womanly reason,—because he formerly happened to say it became her. The first poor Sunday was the day of severe trial. They appeared at the breakfast-table "in all their former splendor; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind,† and rustling at every motion." The Vicar's irony was mortifying. The wife's gentle answer would have turned away the wrath of any man with a heart large enough for a kite's supper. "Indeed, I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him." Whereupon, the Vicar, who was as soft as butter, but must have his phrase, retorted: "You may be as neat as you please, and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbors. No, my children, these gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming, even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

Good, true, admirable women they were: loving the little show, of which it was almost cruel to deprive them, but loving their honored monitor more. They went back to their rooms and unrobed themselves, and put on the "homespun kirtle," in which they found content under the Vicar's smiles. The Monday morning saw them cutting up the dazzling

trains, that would have only mortified their humble neighbors, "into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill." The Vicar says, "what is more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing." The most satisfactory—the affecting part of the circumstance—is the brave spirit of Olivia and Sophia, who are so prone to goodness, with all their womanly weaknesses; and, with their mother, make so delightful a group of Englishwomen. The basis is so sound and lovable, and natural, that every mishap which befalls them, every weakness which they exhibit, and the tragedy which everyday foibles bring upon them, only endears them to the reader. We say to ourselves, under the ordinary circumstances of a Vicar's country life, what angels of goodness these two girls would have lived and died! The young women, who, at a kind word of admonition from their father, cut up their rich trains into waistcoats for Dick and Bill, and went forth smiling in russet gray, were ready to become the pattern wives of good men. They were children of their mother, smoothed with the later learning of their generation. They were handsome in their lives: handsomest without their trains, their ruffings, pinkings and patchings.

Whither shall we cast our eyes now, in search of the sisters of Olivia and Sophia? Are the brides many who choose their wedding-gown, "not for a fine, glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well?" Mrs. Primrose was a country lady, who could challenge all within her circuit to show more breeding. "She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery none could excel her." It is true the Vicar, with a little malice, adds, "She prided herself upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer, with all her contrivances." This is the unhandsomest passage in Dr. Primrose's account of his family. His own picture of his domesticity is a flat contradiction to the sarcasm. He paints a model English home; and it is because of the sunshine that penetrates every corner of it we love it to this day, and are lamenting that there are so few copies of it in our gaudier times. Mrs. Primrose is the presiding spirit,—the soul of the scene. We can remember something like copies of her,—we who are entering middle-age,—at least, I can. Busy housewives; devoted mothers; living wholly in the love of husband and children; and looking at the outer world only as something to be contemplated through the home windows, and to be enjoyed at long intervals in the company of papa and the babes, when they were old enough to set forth a little under the maternal wing.

Under the witchery of Goldsmith's page, I wander back as far as my memory can stretch, to catch at the faint outlines of the women I remember to whom Mrs. Primrose stands as prototype. One comes clear before me. The warmth of the old loving influence seems to gather about me. A quiet, happy, home lady, in neat silk dress, with a hundred domestic duties that were met as pleasures; with a cottage for an empire, and two or three Winter evenings spent among friends for all her knowledge of the world, and all the knowledge she cared to have. A lively lady of her acquaintance once called, and asked her to accept a seat in her private box at a theatre.

"I expect my husband home at five to dinner."

"Leave word for him."

\* Dr. Johnson observed of Mrs. Carter, that she could translate Epictetus, and make a pudding; and write a Greek poem, or embroider a handkerchief.

† The original of the *pincez moi cela* of our age of dress.



The queen of home started from her seat. She observed, afterwards, that she could hardly believe her ears.

"My dear," she said to her lively acquaintance, "I have been married to John nearly fifteen years; and never, under any pretence whatever, have I spent an evening out, leaving him at home. I am quite sure I am not going to begin now. You have your way, my dear, and I have mine."

The lively lady tossed her head; vowed it was perfect nonsense, and went her way;—no very reputable way in the end, if my memory serves truly. Well, it was among ladies like the queen of home, I hear chiefly in mind, that Father Prout lived; plain and modest ladies,—such women as Charles Lamb commended and delighted in.

Let me take this opportunity of presenting the Father to the reader, as his friend, Mr. Browning, lately presented him to me. The sketch is light,—but how bright it is!

"I would do much when appealed to 'in the name of our common friend Mahony.' How can I make the very nothings I shall be able to tell you,—which yet are all I remember alike 'characteristic points,' in the man whom I knew so little and liked so much,—into something worthy record? I met him first at Sir Emerson Tennant's, many years ago; we talked, and agreed about Rabelais and Erasmus, disagreeing as notably, when he undervalued Spenser. I thenceforward continued to meet him about town, generally in Regent Street,—I never knew where he lived: he used to disappear and return as unexpectedly, and our communication was a Latin word or two of greeting and acknowledgment; my question, 'where have you been?' His answer: 'at Constantinople,' at Rome,—a classical good by, and there an end. One day I began 'I go to Italy.' 'We shall probably meet there,' he said. I started a few days after, spent a month on the road and reached Leghorn: as I was being rowed past the Lazaretto to land, I looked up at the knot of passengers just deposited there by a steamer of longer passage than mine. Mahony was leaning over the rail: '*Heus tu!*' and so on. Thus, I continued to find and lose him during my years of Italian life. Once he came and found me too indisposed to see him. He changed his whole manner of indifference, and pushed into my bedroom, despite all entreaty, saying, 'He knew more than any doctor about sore-throat, such as I was afflicted by!' I remember his earnest and affectionate way. He made me drink some compound of strong wine and good things, while the Italian servants declared that 'the *pretaccio* was murdering the *Signore*.' However, the *Signore* got well at once; to assist convalescence, he came six weeks together, without the interval of a day, spending the evenings hilariously. I hear him now, in the entrance of the apartment, three rooms off, announcing himself by shouting a song at the top of his voice, with, for his first word, 'Boy,—my pipe!' 'A priest!' ejaculated the servants. But he talked wisely, kindly, and considerately, too. I thought he was a man full of sympathy; and want of it; vexed by the knowledge that his reputed Jesuitism put people on their guard, and threw suspicion on his own advances. His love for two or three who had got at his real nature, despite of its fantastic disguises, was all the more intense. Thackeray he could never praise enough. At last, he came one evening. 'Just as I expected, Rossi has been murdered! I shall go to Rome to-night.' He certainly had expected it, for he said a week before, 'The foolish fellow will be stabbed one of these days.' Exactly so our acquaintance continued to the end. Of late years it was only in Paris that we met, in Galigni's reading-room. I saw him there a month or two before his death,—bade him come into the passage and shake hands with a boy of seventeen whom he knew a baby. He did so, asking kind questions, and ending, in reply to mine, with 'I shall very likely spend the remains of an

ill-ordered life in Rome,' laughingly. But the next I heard was of his death. As I say, 'What can you make out of such poor points as these? They help me, however,—of course with many other subsidiary touches, too faint for reproduction,—to confirm my instinctive guess at, and subsequent certainty of, the goodness of Mahony's heart: his fine scholarship and rare faculty were plain to everybody.'

The goodness of the heart of a man like Francis Mahony, is within sight only of readers of the penetration of him who wrote the "Ring and the Book." The Father was, I repeat, of the past. He was a man who could not understand, and did not care to understand, the men and women of his later day,—save when he chanced to meet a lady like Madame Schlieker, or to light upon his old friend Thackeray. The lady called to his mind Dr. Johnson's "Mrs. Carter"; and Thackeray was a giant, with whom he could bandy humorous forms of learning, and who, like himself, was up to his chin in the literary atmosphere of the last century. You see the reasons for the Father's sympathies, in these instances at once; and if he led me now and then to his *entresol* in the *Rue des Moulins*, it was to gossip of old times, and the simple manners of them,—when Mrs. Primrose had grandchildren ruling at home, and we knew less of France,—and were domestically the better for our ignorance.

## VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

WHILST the Isle of Wight boasts of the presence of our English Laureate, another English island, sixty miles across the sea, is the exile home of the poet and patriot, Victor Hugo.

The island of Guernsey is well described by Professor Ansted as a wedge of granite at the entrance of the Channel; and just where the thin edge of this wedge commences to rise into rugged cliffs, lies the picturesque town of St. Peter Port. Prominent in the southern suburb, and on the apex of a projecting buttress-like hill, whose sides are covered with terraced gardens, stands Hauteville House, the residence of Victor Hugo. The aspect of the house from the street presents no extraordinary features; but rather, as M. Lecanu expresses it, has "that cold appearance common to English houses." A light iron railing running round the roof of the house forms a narrow promenade, and from the attics towards the sea project two glass lookout houses.

Two, if not more, houses in Hauteville lay claim to the original title of Hauteville House; but naturally, before the world-wide fame of Hauteville House, *par excellence*, their claims are insignificant.

Nowhere is the proverb, that a prophet is without respect in his own country, more fully exemplified than in Guernsey, at least among the aristocratic sixties and forties of the insular society. It was remarked in my presence by a member of one of the best families, and a clergyman, "We don't think much of Victor Hugo here"; but among the lower classes he is deservedly popular,—the poor especially appreciate his generosity, whilst the charitable works of the late Madame Hugo are in the remembrance of all St. Peter Port and its neighborhood.

An account of the interior of Hauteville House was published four years ago in the French language, illustrated with some effective etchings, and the proceeds devoted to charitable purposes. On the first leaf of the volume now lying before me, is inscribed in autograph, "Pour les pauvres. Victor Hugo." From this volume I have drawn largely in



the following pages, inserting only here and there, wherever my own observation enables me to correct omissions or errors. M. Lecanu says, "The house (Hauteville House) is celebrated in Guernsey, where it formerly excited great curiosity. Marvellous things were reported of it, exaggerated by the mystery which hovered behind a threshold, which at that time closed to the Guernsey world. It was supposed to contain riches, in the way of furniture, worthy of fairy tales: the truth is, that the peculiar interest of the house rests in the fact of its being the home of a master-mind, and that the apartments were arranged entirely after the ideas, and from the designs, of Victor Hugo, who was employed for three years on this memorial of his fantastic taste. There is not a room or group which is not a masterpiece; most rare curiosities, oak \* carvings of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, ancient tapestries, enamels, porcelains, bric-a-brac, selected with fastidious choice, are found here mixed with Venetian and Florentine elegances. The interior of the house is a unique work of art, of which the very materials themselves are *chefs d'œuvre*."

The difference between our insular shrinking from publicity, and the "acute Continental thirst for knowledge of the private affairs of known men," is neatly put by B. J., the author of a clever article in a late *Athenæum*, thus: "In France, all the men and women who can read, of all degrees, are interested in everything that concerns the intellectual man, even to the manner in which his linen is marked; in England, the vast mass do not know or care much whether he has a shirt." However, it must be taken for granted that the readers of M. Victor Hugo's new novel have some slight interest in his surroundings at home; for as M. Lecanu goes on to say, "To describe the house is to make known the man; for, if we transcribe the devices and inscriptions which the poet has traced here and there upon the walls and furniture, which are so many unpublished lines of Victor Hugo; if we surprise him in the intimacy of his private life, does it not seem as if he made himself known to us? In ancient times people had a natural pride in hanging on the walls of their dwellings their trophies of victory, and the arms of their ancestors, in such a way that they could not but see these great examples; they lived in the midst of them. Victor Hugo has scattered about his house those maxims which he has epitomised from the experience and trials of his life."

"On entering Hauteville House one is immediately struck by the arrangement of the vestibule. Immediately before you is a sort of edifice, supported on an oak pillar in the purest Renaissance, forming as it were an inner porch, the lintel presenting in deep bas-relief the principal dramatic situations in *Notre Dame de Paris*, with an inscription in antique letters, VICTOR HUGO, NOSTRE DAME DE PARIS. This frontispiece, as it were, presents a deep effect: it appears as if the romantic family created by the poet welcomes you into his house, and that one cannot enter the abode of Victor Hugo except through the gateway of his first work. The bas-relief is bordered by a glass window with panes of bossed glass, like those one sees in the cottages of the Black Forest. To the right and left

are framed in the sculptured oak two bronze medallions by David, of Victor Hugo and his second daughter. The softened light which streams through the small casement is lost in a *claire-obscur* such as Rembrandt would have loved, and adds to the quiet solemnity of the entrance."

On the right is a door leading to the billiard-room, now shut up temporarily. Over it, under the figure of the Virgin, is inscribed AVE, a hospitable greeting. In front, though the half-gloom, one perceives a monumental door which leads to the dining-room. In the midst of its elaborate sculpture, on scrolls, are the following religious and philosophical maxims:—

AIME ET CROIS : MANGE, MARCHE, PRIE.

After the obscurity of the vestibule, the dining-room, with its two large windows opening on the garden, and mosaic glittering walls, appears light and attractive, the sides of the room being almost entirely covered with handsome mosaic Dutch tiles, in violet and blue on white ground, representing flowers and plants in vases, with figures of cats, dogs, &c. Exactly opposite the fireplace is an antique mirror, surmounted with the figure of a child sleeping, in copper. On the ceiling is rich Gobelin tapestry with oak framing, whilst along two sides of the room are solid oak wainscoting, and massive seats, or rather stalls, such as are met with in the old monastic refectories. On the panelling are three characteristic Dutch paintings, with the titles of their subjects rudely scored over them:—

LA FIN DU SEIGNEUR.

LA FIN DU PRESTRE.

LA FIN DU SOLDAT.

—alluding to the time when aristocrats, priests, and soldiers, shall cease to exist, and liberty and equality reign. Under the window-seats are the following maxims of simple hygiene:—

LEVER A SIX, DINER A DIX.

SOUPER A SIX, COUCHER A DIX,

FAIT VIVRE L'HOMME DIX FOIS DIX.

POST COENAM STABIS

SEU PASSUS MILHE MEABIS. VALE.

Over one window in gilt letters appears HOMO, over the other DEUS, whilst on the cornice between the two is POPULUS.

The large chimney-piece, as is the case in all the other apartments of the house, is the chief characteristic of the room. In this case, it is entirely formed of Dutch tiles, each representing some scripture scene, or illustrative of some proverb, arranged so as to form two gigantic H's, one within another, in fact, the monogram of Hauteville House. In the recess above the cross of the H are two fantastic china figures of elephants, and the whole is surmounted by the figure, in porcelain-ware, of the Virgin and Child, on a bracket, with inscription:—

NOSTRE DAME DE BON SECOURS. 1756.

—whilst on the massive oak cornice on either side is cut in the wood the following quotation from the *Chansons des rues et des bois*:—

LE PEUPLE EST PETIT, MAIS IL SERA GRAND, DANS  
TES BRAS SACRÉS, O MÈRE FÉCONDE! O LIBERTÉ  
SAINTÉ AU PAR CONQUÉRANT, TU PORTES L'ENFANT  
QUI PORTE LE MONDE.

On the border of the ceiling, again, opposite is

TU QUI TRANSIS PER DOMOS PERITURAS SIS MEMOR  
DOMUS ÆTERNÆ!

\* In Guernsey, formerly, the farm-houses and cottages were full of old family chests in Guernsey oak, elaborately or rudely carved, as the case might be. They have been mostly bought up now by local archaeologists and lovers of art. Victor Hugo possesses some of the best specimens.



The interior of the doorway is in keeping with the rest of the oak carvings. In four niches left in the canopy above it, are as many quaint Chinese porcelain figures, generally styled, by Marie, the domestic, as the four Evangelists, greatly to the amusement of M. de Kelser, the *fidus Achates* of Victor Hugo. Below in large letters :—

EXILIUM VITA EST.

Between the windows is an object of interest that arouses the curiosity of the stranger; it is a tall cathedral stall, across whose arms is fixed a massive iron chain to prevent any one sitting in it. It is an amiable superstition of Victor Hugo that a seat should always be reserved for the spirits of his ancestors; and the title is superscribed :—

CELLA PATRUM DE DEFUNCTORUM.

Underneath the Hugo crest and significant legend :—

PULVIS ES, CINIS SUM.

On either arm of the stall are the names :—

GEORGE HUGO, 1534.

and

JOSEPH LEOPOLD SIGISBERT HUGO, 1828.

In the recesses on each side of the fireplace are various handsome tazzas, various dishes of Dresden, Japanese, and Sèvres ware. One salt-cellar is of value, from its design by a pupil of Cellini's.

The table is plain but massive, and the floor in French fashion, without carpet.

From the vestibule a small passage leads into the terrace looking over the garden. This passage is likewise decorated with curiosities in china plates and Sèvres ware. Especially noticeable here is a fine service presented by Charles X. to Victor Hugo; on a white ground are represented the various articles of food in gold.

From the terrace flagged with stone, the visitor passes into a luxurious studio, with glass sides; which, however, can be effectually shaded by heavy velvet curtains, with couches *à la Turque*. In the studio is a heavy cabinet of Guernsey workmanship. Here also is an inscription :—

AD AUGUSTA PER ANGUSTA.

—illustrating, says M. Lecanu, the tendency of the poet towards everything colossal and difficult.

The tapestried ante-room, which communicates with the studio and billiard-room, is the most complete gem, in my opinion. It is surrounded with well-preserved Gobelins tapestry, the largest representing a hunting scene, temp. Louis XIV.; and a smaller, but more elegant, piece by the doorway, showing damsels offering roses to a rural deity. Over a well-designed doorway is the device of a figure on horseback, and under it :—

BON ROI, ROI QUI S'EN VA.

But the greatest composition is the chimney-piece, well described by Lecanu :—

"Let us imagine a cathedral of carved wood, which, firmly rooted in the flooring, rises in a towering mass to the ceiling, indenting the tapestry above with its highest pinnacles. The doorway is represented by the hearth, and the rose window by a convex mirror placed above the fireplace. The central gable rises in a double entablature, decorated with arcades and fantastic foliage in a deliciously bastard style, in which the *rococo* blends

with Byzantine architecture. Surmounted on this are two towers, supported by buttresses, which most happily repeat the ornamentation of the main body. This crowning piece reminds one of the façades of the guildhalls in Antwerp and Bruges. Here, also, as in the roofs of these old remains of the time of Philip II., some plain figures stand out in rigid simplicity, and give life to the bold indented lines of the architecture. One figure is that of a bishop, with a gilt crozier; and on two adjacent escutcheons is the proverb :—

CROSSE DE BOIS, EVEQUE D'OR.

CROSSE D'OR, EVEQUE DE BOIS.

"Below are two carved figures, representing one, St. Paul, with

LE LIVRE.

underneath; the other a monk, and the words

LE CIEL.

On two plain volutes are inscribed the names of the greatest benefactors of humanity, in chronological order :—

MOÏSE, SOCRATE, CHRIST, COLOMB, LUTHER, WASHINGTON.

—and the names of the greatest poets among mankind :—

JOB, ISAÏE, HOMÈRE, ESCHYLE, LUCRÈCE, DANTE, SHAKESPEARE, MOLIÈRE."

Luxurious Turkish divan couches surround this small room, and on the table are spread magnificent folio copies of pictures by the best artists, mostly representing characters and scenes from M. Hugo's most popular works.

Re-entering the house from the terrace, we ascend to the first floor by a winding staircase: the walls, banisters, and staircases are covered with drugget, to prevent the noise of footsteps being heard, and to deaden any noise; mirrors here and there slightly lighten the otherwise dark passages. A large gallery on the sea-face of the home extends the whole length of the building, and is divided into two apartments connected with large folding-doors: they are named, from the character of their decorations, *rouge* and *bleu*.

"A drapery of crimson Indian damask silk covers the walls of the first, and serves as the framework for some large tapestries in Norwegian (white) jet, which belonged to the bedroom of Queen Christina of Sweden when she resided at Fontainebleau; they are valuable, not only on account of the design and labor with which the raised gold-work is embroidered, but for their rarity, being probably unique. The subjects are fanciful gold and silver peacocks and fowls. The chimney-piece, always the chief effort of the decorator, is gorgeous, as it need be to correspond with the magnificent draperies. Imagine the poop of the Bucentaur when the Doge espouses the Sea. Four statues, gilt with Venetian gilding, support a canopy, beneath which is the hearth. They represent four negroes, whose athletic yet slender bodies, the size of life, are covered with light drapery, which opens on the chest, and, fastened on the shoulder, leaves their limbs bare, each in a different attitude, with lamps in hands."

*Juvenum simulacra per aetes  
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinuita dextris.*

A mirror behind them reflects their figures, with good effect. Let into the mantelpiece is the silver-gilt belt of a Wallachian chieftain, adorned with arti-



ficial gems, whilst in front is a delicately worked screen framed in glass, in which a small Cupidon is said to have been worked by Madame Pompadour herself, whilst the main design was completed by her ladies.

A handsome Japanese brazier stands by this, presented by Alexandre Dumas, and a table inlaid with ivory, once the property of Charles II., with suitable chairs, couches, chaises-longues, &c., complete the furniture of this salon, whose windows open on to a broad balcony with wooden railings. The shutters are all painted in bright colors, in imitation of Chinese paintings. In the salon bleu are more white jet tapestry and Chinese screens, and a table inlaid with white metal, temp. Renaissance, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Orleans. The canopy over the chimney-piece is hung with blue drapery, the pillars that support it and its accessories formerly being the head-piece of a state-bedstead of Francis I. The most interesting, however, of all the curiosities in these apartments is a small octagonal writing-table; on four sides of the octagon are four inkstands and pens, underneath each inkstand is a small drawer, and a name is inlaid round each inkstand. The four names are,—LAMARTINE, GEORGES SAND, A. DUMAS, VICTOR HUGO. In the drawer under each inkstand is an autograph of the author; these inkstands (most of them of the plainest description) and pens being originally the property of each author. I subjoin copies of the autographs.

CHÈRE MADAME: J'ai cherché depuis deux jours un encrier qui ne m'eût pas été donné par quelque trop chère personne, et je n'ai rien trouvé qu'un affreux petit morceau de bois qui me sert en voyage. Je le trouve si laid que j'y joins un petit briquet de poche, guère plus beau, mais qui me sert habituellement, et comme c'est là ce que vous voulez, au moins votre véracité est bien à couvert.

J'ai été bien heureuse de vous voir et de pouvoir, à présent, vous dire à vous-même que je vous aime. Soyez l'interprète de ma gratitude et de mon dévouement auprès de votre illustre compagnon.

A Madame Victor Hugo,  
Hauteville House, Guernsey.

GEORGES SAND.

Offert par Lamartine au maître de la plume.

LAMARTINE.

Je certifie que ceci est l'encrier avec lequel j'ai écrit mes quinze ou vingt derniers volumes.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Paris, 10 Avril, 1860.

Je n'ai point choisi cet encrier; le hasard l'a mis sous ma main, et le m'en suis servi pendant plusieurs mois; puisqu'on me le demande pour une bonne œuvre, je le donne volontiers.

VICTOR HUGO.

Hauteville House, Juin, 1860.

Talking of inkstands, there is an anecdote of Victor Hugo, showing how much ink it takes to write a novel such as *Notre Dame de Paris*.\* Victor Hugo commenced this romance on the morning of the 27th July, 1830; interrupted by the insurrection, the book was not finished until 14th January, 1831; the bottle of ink which M. Victor Hugo had bought the first day he began to write was finished also, and on the last line the last drop of ink was expended. So that at one moment he felt inclined to entitle his novel, *Ce qu'il y a dans une bouteille d'encre*. Mentioning this some years after

to M. Alphonse Karr, the latter author obtained his permission to publish under that title a collection of several novels.

The windows of the salon bleu open into a conservatory, where Muscatel and Hamburg grapes cluster with contrasted colors; this is used as a smoking-room. A small aviary with a fountain occupies one corner.

The gallery on the second floor is entered through a door with two leaves in chiselled cedar with gilt emblazonry, a chef d'œuvre discovered by Victor Hugo. This gallery bears the name of the oak gallery, and is fitted as a state bedroom. Six windows distribute the light over a perfect forest of sculptured oak. It is a question before which curiosity of this museum we should first stop. We look again and again, and when we think that we have seen everything, we perceive that innumerable details have been omitted. The gallery is partially divided by an open screen, the doorway through which is flanked by two quaint and twisted columns, round which a vine with grapes is carved and gilt: on one column the ground is red, on the other it is black; on the pedestal of the first is inscribed LETITIA, on the other, TRISTITIA.

Nearly opposite the door is a massive table with three chairs round it, antique, and covered with leather; on the respective backs of them, in brass nails, are the words PATER, MATER, FILIUS.

"The low, wide, chimney-piece is enshrined in the most delicate cabinet-work. Over the mantelshelf is a 'sacrifice of Abraham,' with tiny figures, most exquisitely worked in relief, framed in oak carving. Four caryatides support a charming pediment, on which are represented sylvan dryads, crowned with fruit and flowers, the bodies of these caryatides terminating in arabesque decorations.

"We must give up the task of further describing the myriads of biblical, pagan, and other figures, where art unites in picturesque confusion the grotesque with the classical, the clown with the dryad, beneath the patriarchal blessing of Abraham."

The cumbrous bedstead, never yet occupied,\* stands at the other end of the oak gallery, opposite to the fireplace, with its head to the wall and the foot turned towards the centre of the room. The canopy is supported by four solid pillars, with oak cornice in panel work of the Renaissance period, and red cloth vandyked hangings. The head of the bed is elaborately sculptured, surmounted by an ebony pedestal on which stands a small ivory *death's head*,† beneath, the inscription,

NOX, MORIS, LUX.

The frame and foot of the bedstead is in bas-relief, with quaint oak sculpturing of the Middle Ages.

With its tapestried coverlet and embroidered curtains, this structure irresistibly recalls to mind the state couch in some feudal castle.

In front of the two entwined pillars which divide the gallery stands a magnificent standard candelabra, with branches of forty lights. It was modelled entirely from the drawings designed by Victor Hugo himself.

"This colossal chandelier, spreading out like a tiara, bears on its summit a cluster of branches, on which the wax-lights shine like flowers of light."

\* If Garibaldi should accept the invitation of Victor Hugo and visit Hauteville House, he is to be installed in this state bedchamber, and occupy the bed. Let us hope he may enjoy it—it is the beau-ideal of a haunted room.

† The right profile of this "tête de mort" represents a skull, whilst from the left it appears as the human face divine.

\* Victor Hugo, *raconté par un témoin de sa vie*. Paris, 1863. This "témoin de sa vie," was the late Madame Victor Hugo.



The room is hung with some valuable tapestries representing the history of Joseph and the Virgin Mary. There are several ancient chests, cabinets, and in one corner near the windows is an ecclesiastical stall in which the daughters of Louis XV. used to sit when attending mass; over it hangs an antique brass pendent chandelier.

More inscriptions are to be found on the walls; for instance:—

LES DIEUX SONT AUX VAINQUEURS, CATON RESTE  
AUX VAINCUS.

— besides the maxims—

GLORIA VICTIS.—VÆ NEMINI.

— again:—

L'ESPRIT SOUFFLE OÙ IL VEUT.  
L'HONNEUR VA OÙ IL DOIT.

— and lastly, under a time-piece, which accompanies the striking of the hour with gay chimes, these two verses of Victor Hugo:—

TOUTES LAISSENT LEUR TRACE AU CORPS COMME À  
L'ESPRIT,  
TOUTES BLESSENT, HÉLAS!—LA DERNIÈRE GUÉRIT.

Opposite the oak gallery is the library, and other smaller rooms occupied by the members of the family; as beneath, opposite to the salons rouge and bleu are also a smaller salon, and the suite of apartments occupied by the late Madame Victor Hugo. Meantime the reader will be asking, where are the actual chambers occupied by the poet and author himself? Where is his own particular sanctum? M. Lecanu must be quoted again.

"Isolated by their position in the middle of the sea, the majority of the inhabitants of Guernsey are connected with the sea either as sailors, or in their relation to the commerce beyond its waters. Besides, all eyes are constantly fixed on the uncertain route by which they expect news from their mother-country and absent friends; perhaps it may be a friend himself who is expected. This explains why each house possesses its indispensable signal-mast and "*Look-out*," which name expresses better its use than the Italian term *Belvedere*. As soon as a vessel appears, as soon as a vessel puts off, it is signalled by the harbor-flags, and instantly the signals, repeated from house to house, announce to the whole island the departure or arrival.\*

"Hauteville House has its signal-mast and "*look-out*" as well. Victor Hugo has chosen for his chamber the "*look-out*," I was about to say the attic, a small glass chamber, open to every view; although narrow to the body, boundless for the soul, containing everything in the smallest space possible, like a ship's cabin,—a small table with pen, ink, and paper, an iron bedstead as narrow and hard as the bed of a soldier."

Thus far M. Lecanu's short notice, to which must be added some more particulars of the most interesting portion of Hauteville House.

Hauteville House is worthy of more than a cursory examination as a mere museum of art, yet how lifeless and dissatisfying would it be without a living genius, as it were, to animate it. Let us approach nearer to the more private chamber of this

genius, who lives almost entirely in the very attic, which forms an eyrie far above the petty interruptions and noises of the lower world, and where nothing seems possible to arrest the soaring flight of the grandest genius.

Here on the lofty balconies Victor Hugo may be seen, especially at earliest dawn, enjoying the keen sea breezes in his favorite red Garibaldi costume, and ever admiring the changing hues of the surrounding landscape; for from here can be seen the open channel, seldom at rest, the terrible "*Casquets*," with their triple lighthouses, the precipitous *Ortach* rock, then *Alderney*, and the distant coast of France from Cape la Hogue to Coutances; to the south Jersey, whilst nearer in front are the broken cliffs of Sark, and the detached islets of Herm and Jethou, whilst innumerable cruel reefs of rock run in many directions, showing the difficulty of the navigation. Underneath is the busy harbor, with noble quays, breakwaters, and lighthouse, and the massive remains of Castle Cornet; adjoining are the narrow though picturesque streets of St. Peter Port. On one side only is the view shut out by the escarped cliffs of *Havelet*, topped with the smooth outworks of Fort George; in the other direction beyond the town the eye is carried across the flat fields of Vale and the sand-blown common of *L'Ancrese* to the open sea horizon.

The contrast on entering the small attic chambers is striking,—without, the open and unrestrained expanse; within, restricted space, low walls and roof. Pull that handle in the wall! it discloses a washing apparatus similar to that in a midshipman's chest, everything miniature except the books, and here and there and everywhere are books, volumes, folios, octos, pamphlets, proof-sheets, &c. In the glass house, that projects from the north attic, is a small wooden desk, with paper and ink; here the author composes and writes *standing*. Here too from below have I watched his lamp burning night after night like a very Pharo of literature! bearing testimony to the ceaseless application, study, and labor which combine to produce such works as *Les Misérables* and *Notre Dame de Paris*. Not far off, a lithographed fac-simile of an original drawing, by Victor Hugo, forms a striking subject; a sad, although hideously touching spectacle! Thrown out from a dark background by a powerful effect of chiaroscuro, there appears in deep relief, the *dead body of a man hanging!*! a characteristic type of the living protest against death on the scaffold, held, unflinchingly, by the author of *Dernier jour d'un Condamné* and *Claude Gueux*.\*

But there is yet another sentiment involved in this picture, explained by two words below, a simple name, vulgar to English ears, yet representing a martyr to the cause of liberty in the history of American slavery; for it is supposed to represent the colored abolitionist John Brown, who was hung for his share in the fight at Harper's Ferry on the 11th of December, 1859,—over nine years since.

\* M. Hugo first saw an execution at the *Plâce de Grève*, in 1825. This so excited his strong feelings against capital punishment that, in 1829, appeared his *Leveillé jour d'un Condamné*, followed by *Claude Gueux* in 1844. In 1839, by M. Hugo's intercession with Louis Philippe, the life of M. Barthez was saved from the guillotine. In 1848, in the Constitutional Assembly at Paris, he spoke as follows: "*Je vote l'abolition pure, simple, et définitive, de la peine de mort.*" In 1854, he appealed to the people of Guernsey and to the Home Secretary, then Lord Palmerston, to save the life of a condemned man, one *Eupner*, without success. Since then he has also, on several occasions, advocated his sincere opinions on the subject to the Belgians, the Republic of Geneva, &c.—Vide *Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie*.

\* Practically speaking, the signal-masts of the private houses are only used on high-days and holidays for festive flags; and the only excitement is about the arrival of the mail-steamer. This is signalled from Castle Cornet and Fort George; the signal-mast of the latter, being on nearly the highest point, can be seen from nearly every part of the island.



In a most eloquent letter addressed to the United States, on the 2d December, 1859, adjuring them to save John Brown, he stigmatizes the contemplated execution as worse than the murder of Abel by Cain. "C'est Washington tuant Spartacus."

Lecanu gives an interesting account of Victor Hugo as an artist with his pencil. Here it is: "He calls for paper, pens, ink;—the rooms up-stairs are searched, ransacked; at last, after a quarter of an hour, a dried-up inkstand, a deeply-split pen, and a rough piece of paper are produced, having been hunted out with great difficulty from some corner or other. For it must be known that the want most felt at Hauteville House is the scarcity of writing-materials. The paper, pen, and ink being placed on the table, Victor Hugo sits down, and, without any preliminary sketch, or any apparent plan, begins to draw with extraordinary precision, not the outline of the whole, but some detail in the landscape. He will begin his forest scene by drawing the branch of a tree, his town by a gable, and the gable by a weathercock. By degrees, the whole composition will spring from the blankness of the paper, with the precision and distinctness of a photographic negative submitted to the solution which develops it; this done, he asks for a cup, and finishes off his drawing with a wash of black coffee-dregs. The result is a drawing for which one is not prepared; powerful, — often strange, — always peculiar, and which reminds one of the etchings of Rembrandt and Piranesi."

Of the garden there is nothing particularly noticeable that would render it peculiar to the general observer. In extent, about half an acre; about two thirds are under cultivation, — fruits and flowers mixed indiscriminately; whilst the third part, nearest the house, is laid out as a grass-plot, — a tranquil basin with water in the centre, and some handsome Mexican aloes on either side; whilst near is an elegant terra-cotta vase on a pedestal, with yet another inscription, viz. —

OU EST L'ESPOIR, LÀ EST LA PAIX.

— now overgrown with creepers of ivy and honeysuckle. Behind, again, is a trellised alcove, covered with well-trained trees; whilst arbutus, and ilex-trees, tree-like fuchsias, gigantic geraniums and veronicas flourish luxuriantly. Over against a stone seat, on the wall over which droop the branches of a sweet-scented aloysia, half hidden under moss and ivy, is the last inscription to be recorded; it is this, —

IMMENSITÉ, DIT L'ÊTRE;  
ÉTERNITÉ, DIT L'ÂME.

### THE MAN WITH TWO MEMORIES.

THE curious, though by no means unexampled case of George Nickern, a German of New Orleans, who, after being all but killed by a fall from a platform some months ago, and for many weeks entirely deprived of the use of every sense as well as of consciousness, has recovered his health completely and his powers of mind, — his memory excepted, which at present dates entirely from the beginning of his recovery, and is a complete blank as to all and every one, — persons, words, things, — his knowledge of which had been acquired before the fall, cannot but suggest the question what relation memory really has to the personal identity of man. The lad to whom we have referred seems to have been for a month at least in a condition of complete detach-

ment from the outer world, without any power of sight, or hearing, or speech; at the end of seven weeks he had recovered these senses and could use his tongue freely, but he retained no glimmer of recollection of any word, either of his native German or of English, which he had known before the accident, and his own mother and other friends were to him entirely new acquaintances, whom he had to learn afresh. He had to begin acquiring the language of those around him as if he had been an infant, and his progress was almost as slow. Still, all his faculties seemed acute and bright, and, dating from the origin of his new memory, he seemed to retain impressions well. His case is not a unique one. It is not impossible, if we may judge by some similar cases, that he should suddenly recover some day the whole of his suddenly extinguished stock of knowledge. There is an old case commonly cited in works on Psychology, of a student of Philadelphia, whose memory was suddenly annihilated by a fever. He began painfully learning everything afresh, and had got as far as Latin, and just mastered the Latin grammar, when his whole stock of previous knowledge returned as suddenly as it left him. Nay, it is even quite possible that this New Orleans lad might, if he had a fever, or a fresh fall, or any new disturbance of the brain, recover his old memory, and lose his new one, i. e. recover the recollection of all that he knew before the accident, and lose the memory of all that he has acquired since. Cases are on record of this sort of alternating memory, due to some fever, the first attack of which modified seriously, we suppose, the condition of the nervous system, and the second attack of which reinduced the old condition of the brain, obliterating completely the later phrase.

It is quite conceivable, then, that George Nickern may some day suddenly recover the memory of the first twenty years of his life, and at the same moment lose that of the interval between the end of his twentieth year and the date at which this second solution of continuity might take place. These curious phenomena suggest very forcibly the question, what relation memory has to the personal life of men. They force upon us the impression that, though Plato's notion of the pre-existence of the soul during one or perhaps more than one all but utterly forgotten terms of life and experience, the faint shadows of which sometimes flit obscurely before the startled mind, may be, and probably is, a mere dream, — yet there is, at least, no sort of impossibility, no sort of contradiction to the ascertained possibilities of life, in the conception. George Nickern is a living example of a man who has pre-existed for twenty years on this earth before his own memory can authenticate for him any one act of his life. In his case we happen to have plenty of witnesses of what he was and what he did, before his new term of life began; and we only wish, by the way, that the New Orleans physicians would publish an accurate and authentic account of all the discontinuities and continuities between his pre-existent life and character and his present life and character. It is not enough to know that he has to begin learning everything afresh. We want to know whether his character is materially changed, and in what direction, — whether, having been, for instance, cautious or rash, he is now the same, or of an opposite direction, — whether, having been kind or inconsiderate, he has altered or not in that respect, — whether his moral and religious nature shows any sort of close analogy to what it was be-



fore, or any very marked contrast, — whether, having been selfish, for instance, he has become disinterested, or having been disinterested, he has become selfish, — whether his *tastes* are materially altered or not by the great severance of the thread of his recollection; in a word, in what respects he reminds those who knew him of what he was before the accident, and in what respects, besides his memory, he is changed.

The New Orleans physicians ought to carefully investigate and record these things, as it will be obvious to every one that they are of the highest psychological interest. But to return to the reflections which his case suggests, it is perfectly clear that what has happened, in consequence of a special event in *his* case, might have happened in the case of every man, supposing that all our minds had had a previous existence, and that the embodiment of them in our present organizations, which becomes complete at birth, had a universal tendency to snap the chain of memory, just as George Nickern's memory has been snapped by his fall. Of course this is quite unfounded hypothesis. But it is at least a possible hypothesis. If one man can lead two lives without any ray of recollection of his first life entering into his second life, we may all do so, if there were any general cause operating on all of us, at all similar to the special cause which we see operating on him now. Nay, in some sense, we *do* all lead two lives, of one of which we have no record or memory, and of the other of which we have, — the life of sleep and the life of waking. The life of sleep — which Jouffroy has very ably shown to be in all probability one of continuous intellectual activity, one of continuous dream, though nine tenths of what we dream we immediately and utterly forget — is, as far as we know, not one of any coherence, still less of progress, but of utterly incoherent imagery, in which we accumulate no experience, have no communion with any reality outside ourselves, and are incapable even of self-knowledge or self-study. But not the less is it a life, though it be a mere kaleidoscope of immediately forgotten pictures, and a life which, though under very different conditions, is our own life, and no one else's. Well, if everybody lives two lives, one of which is usually bound together by a chain of more or less continuous memory and recollection, and one not, — and if now and then we find an individual living two lives, both of which are coherent in themselves, though they are, as regards memory, mutually exclusive, — it seems quite certain that the personal self, the "I," is something absolutely independent of memory, something which might become as independent of memory as Plato suggested when he supposed that each individual soul was subjected to a whole *series* of lives, all of them separate wholes without conscious reference to each other, yet all of them united by some continuity of will and character which makes the discipline of the one supplementary to the discipline of the other. Nay, it is even quite conceivable that the same mind should be leading simultaneously different lives under different forms of organization in a number of different worlds; that I may at the moment I write be, without knowing it, as an inhabitant of this planet, living a distinct life and career in Mars and Jupiter and Saturn, in all of which lives there is a principle of identity, in spite of the different conditions under which I live them.

Nothing is more certain than that in this life we are influenced by perceptions, and sensations, and even, odd as it sounds to say so, by *ideas*, of which

we are not conscious. That which is, by itself, invisible, — too minute to be visible, — yet clearly makes *some* impression on our organs of sight, and may, therefore, be said to be seen, — for it is only an aggregate of magnitudes too small to be seen which constitutes every magnitude which we do see. And so, too, it is certain that there are, so to say, *subterranean* connections between the links of many chains of association, which carry on our mind from one term of conscious thought to another, without resting even for an instant on the intermediate link which really binds the two together, and without giving us even the chance of *remembering* what it was. And if this be so, — as it certainly is, — there is certainly nothing *inconceivable* in the notion that each of us may be living two or three simultaneous lives, under different conditions in different worlds, — though, of course, there is not the smallest reason to suppose that it is so.

We have put these somewhat paradoxical hypotheses only to give still more definiteness to our view that none of them would touch in the least — nay, that all of them assume and presuppose — a real personal identity, uniting the dissevered and fragmentary lives, which we have shown or assumed to be broken into two or more parts either by some failure of memory in time, or by some cleavage of it into parallel and uncommunicating planes. George Nickern has already had two lives, two distinct reaches of consciousness, utterly exclusive of each other. In what sense, then, is he still the same man that he was before the accident? We should say in this, that, though no obligation incurred, no affection formed, no hope indulged, no fear entertained, before his accident, remains to him now in the form of conscious experience, yet his character is doubtless still that which his previous life, together with his recent sufferings and new experience, have made it; that even the obliterated experience, though it does not act consciously upon him, acts upon him unconsciously through the character it helped to form that what he now is, as a moral being, depends in all probability much more on his own acts during the first twenty years of his life, of which he can recollect nothing, than on the few acts of his second infancy which have accumulated only during two or three months.

His second infancy is not, and cannot be, in any way like his first. The store of experience by which he was guided before the accident is gone, but the character trained by that experience remains; and you might as well say that a blossom is independent of the stages of seed, root, stalk, and leaf, because it has no memory or record of them, as that George Nickern is so because he has lost the memory and record of them. No doubt his character shows somewhat differently under its new conditions, as all our characters would show differently if we had suddenly either a vast accession or a vast diminution of our ordinary resources. Put a man under quite new circumstances, and he will probably appear in quite a new light; but what he is in these new circumstances is not the less, in some sense, the resultant of what he was in the old, and of the new influences brought to bear on him. Supposing, for instance, that it were possible for the whole of any nation to get up some morning with a completely blank memory, the wife not knowing the husband, nor the husband the wife; the mother her children, nor the children their mother; the creditor his debtors, or the debtors their creditor; in short, with every transaction clean wiped out, except those on



record, and they for the time utterly unintelligible, because the key to the national language, as well as to all the appliances of civilization, would have been lost, — yet even then, we take it, the characters of men would be so much influenced by their unrecollected and unconscious past, that, after a very few years of imparted teaching, we should probably have the same men philanthropists who were philanthropists before, — burglars, or something like it, who were burglars before, — misers who were misers before, — selfish pursuers of pleasure who were selfish pursuers of pleasures before, — and so forth. Any returning citizen who had not been included in the general blight of memory would soon perceive how the unremembered past was shooting anew in the present, and would probably make the observation that essential as memory is to the business of life and its duties, the most important influence of the past over the present is one *not* exerted through the memory, but through the active tendencies of emotion and character, which are unconsciously, and not consciously, due to past life. A whole nation of George Nickerns would soon become as different from each other as they were before their loss of memory, and in most cases by diverging from each other in the same directions as they had diverged in before they were suddenly reduced to the same level of experience. The old would have, if not the same advantages over the young as before, — or the same disadvantages, as the case might be, — still the greater part of their old advantages, — or disadvantages; — the discipline, or want of discipline, would be there, though wrapt up in the shape of a species of taste or habit of mind, of which they could give no account, — the caution, so far as it had been worked up into their practical nature, though, of course, not so far as it was a mere memory of pain and failure, would remain; the taste, so far as it had been educated and cultivated, would remain, though it would have lost the clew to its own discriminations; finally, the reverence of mind, the devotional disposition, would be ready in the Christian, though the grasp of the historical sources of it would have vanished away. The destruction of memory would be to some a vast relief, and to others a terrible loss of the best happiness of life, but we believe very strongly that it would be very far indeed from making "all things new." The old lives again in the new in a way that defies oblivion to wipe it out.

### NELLY'S NEW YEAR.

BY HESRA STRETTON.

It was not that I was afraid of being alone, but my spirits had sunk a little below the mark that night, and there was nothing to fetch them up again. And it was very lonely. There are not many women or girls would choose to be the only living creature in a toll-gate house on a very lonesome road, with the village nigh upon a mile off, and no such thing as keeping the house door barred and locked. Not that there was very much driving along our road after nightfall, but there was always the chance of a traveller on horseback or in some conveyance wanting the gate opened in a hurry; so that it would not do to put up the shutters and fasten the door when one's spirits fell low, as one might do in a private little cottage which had nothing to do with the public.

It was the last night of the old year, and that was now it came to pass I was alone. Father and I had been keeping the toll-gates, — that at Hopwood

first, and now this one on the Ludford-road, — for the last three years or more, while mother and John took care of our little farm about eight miles away. What money father had made he had made at toll-gates; and when he had lost it in a very pleasant manner at farming, he turned to toll-gates again, and again managed to make a tolerably good thing of it; though times were very different to what they had been in his younger days, what with coaches, and private carriages, and horsemen, and traffic along the high roads, and many a traveller in his hurry flinging down a shilling and not waiting for the change. But still, while mother and John barely made their living and paid the rent by the farm, father and I did something more than that by the gate.

Father was gone to watch the New Year in with mother, and John, and Nelly, — Nelly, you must know, was our youngest girl, eight years younger than I, and she had been to a good national school, first as a scholar and then as pupil teacher; and now she was known as Miss Burgess, the governess of the school at Ludford, which was a little over seven miles away upon our own road. For one reason or another, we had not seen her since harvest; and the vicar's lady had kept her through Christmas-week to help in the school treats, but she hoped to get home on New Year's Eve, and father had asked me a score of times should I be timid at staying in the house alone all night, all of which times I answered with a laugh, "What should a woman seven-and-twenty years old be timid at?" But I did not laugh to myself some hours after nightfall. Our house, as pretty a toll-gate house as there could be, was full of windows, looking every way of course, and I knew the light in them must be shining along the road on each side for travellers to see at a distance.

I felt as if I was sitting in a blaze of light, while all about me was deep darkness; and though I had drawn the blinds down close, so that not a chink was left for anybody to peep through, it seemed as if our house-place, — with the red fire burning brightly in the chimney corner, and the white face of the eight-day clock which had just been cleaned at the clock-maker's, and the row of pewter dishes on the shelf that I had polished up with my own hands, and stuck holly-berries among them, — it seemed as if they were all lying open to the night, without any roof or walls to hide them, and me sitting in the midst with my feet on the fender, and a lighted candle on the table by my side. Now and then I got up and looked out on the night, and saw the gray sky, which was not quite as dark as I fancied it, hanging solemnly over the hills to the north, with here and there a pale star shining amongst the clouds for a minute; but the trees along the road looked black and ghostly, and swung their dark naked arms to and fro in a way that made me shudder, and drop the curtain and go back to the fire, feeling as if a thousand eyes could see me in my little spot of light amid the darkness.

It must have been a little past eleven o'clock when Matthew Heighway — a farmer, with a good dairy farm of twenty milch cows, living at the far end of the village — drove up in his gig. Such a voice he had; you would not hear its like if ten thousand men spoke to you in the dark; so pleasant, and clear, and hearty. It made my heart leap when I heard him say, "Good night!"

"Is it you, Mr. Heighway?" said I, as he reined in his brown mare, though he had no toll to pay, for he was returning homewards.



"Ay, Hannah," he replied, "but it's late for you to come out. Where's father?"

"He's gone home to watch the New Year in," I said.

"You're not left all by yourself?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "Nelly is gone home, you see."

He stopped a moment or two, whistling softly to himself. The clouds had gathered, and drops of rain were beginning to fall, but I could have stood there for an hour.

"Hannah," he said, "you might as well lock the gate; it's getting late on in the night, and it's ten chances to one that anybody else will be coming along to-night. You are not afraid, are you?"

"What should a grown woman of seven-and-twenty be afraid of?" I cried, but I did not laugh. The words choked me a little, for perhaps Matthew Heighway had thought me younger than that.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said, cheerily, "but I should be more comfortable if I knew the gate was locked, and saw you safe into the house before I drive on. And, Hannah, if anybody should go by, it might be best not to speak to him."

He waited until I had locked the gate, and gone into the house, after wishing one another a happy New Year. Somehow my spirits had risen up to the mark again, and I did not feel the lonesome and forlorn creature I had done before Matthew Heighway passed by. I snuffed the long wick of the candle, and stirred up the fire, and put the copper kettle, which shone like gold, upon the top bar, and listened to its singing, and to the purring of the old cat, till my heart grew quite lightsome. Who could tell what good fortune was going to happen to us in this New Year, which was coming nearer and nearer every minute, as the clock ticked? Perhaps Nelly might be married; she was so pretty, was Nelly, and so clever, and like a lady born. I had two patchwork quilts finished, and if Nelly did not care to have them both for her house, there might be another use for them. It was not impossible for John to meet with a wife in twelve months. Where should we all be next New Year's Eve? Then I fell to fancying them all round the fire at home; father in his three-cornered arm-chair, and Nelly on the cricket at his feet, and mother in the chimney-nook, and John by the round table, reading maybe, or all talking together, and looking up to the clock to see how the hour-hand was creeping on to twelve, just as I was doing all by myself. O, if there could be only some great, deep-sounding bell, like a cathedral bell, rung somewhere up in the solemn midnight sky amongst the clouds, when the Old Year was dead; a sound never to be heard except when a year was tolled out as gone from us forever! How we should all be listening for it, with our hearts beating and our knees trembling,—the folks at home, and me in the lonely house. Anyhow, they would every one think of me at midnight.

That caused me to look up at the clock; and, to my amazement, it was on the stroke of giving warning for twelve, and in three more minutes the Old Year would be gone. As I was quite alone, what was the good of looking gay, and of making ready to welcome in the New Year merrily? That would have been all very well if I had had company. But being alone, and hearing the clock ticking out the Old Year, all of a sudden I fell down on my knees, and covered my face with my hands, and so waited for it to pass away, as if it was some dear friend who was dying.

It was so still that the warning stroke of the clock rung loudly through the house, and before the sound was quite gone, I heard the beat of a horse's hoofs, and the rolling of wheels upon the Ludford road, coming on fast and steadily, but with a peculiar tread, as if the horse limped on one foot. I jumped up from my knees, and took the key down from the nail behind the door; but before I could get outside the conveyance had drawn up, and a man's impatient voice was shouting, "Gate, gate!" It was darker than when Matthew Heighway passed by, and I could make nothing of the traveller in the gloom, excepting that he was well cloaked up from the rain, and that both he and his horse were chafing to get through.

But I was not used to locking and unlocking the gate in the night, and it took me some little time to get the key into the wards, and, just as I turned it, what should the church clock in the village do but chime out the hour of twelve? I stood still for a moment listening, and the stranger lifted his hat from his head, and I could see a white forehead with dark hair all clustering round it.

"A happy New Year to you, sir," I said.

Just then, somewhere close at hand, I fancied I heard the shrill but feeble wail of a little child; a baby. The clock had finished striking, and the bells were ringing merrily, but I felt sure that there was a sound like the voice of a little child. The stranger had put on his hat again, and drawn it low down over his face, and he was pulling the horse's mouth with the bit, but I was too wonder-struck with the cry I had heard to throw the gate open.

"What was that?" I said.

"Curse you!" he cried; "can't you let me get on?"

I flung the gate wide open at that. It was not a pleasant thing to hear a curse first of all in the New Year, while the church bells were ringing; and he was a surly, ill-natured fellow who could say it, whoever he might be. I hearkened to him driving away furiously, and then I listened again if I could hear the feeble cry which had made me anger him. I stood, it might be about ten minutes, straining my ear to catch the faintest sound; but there was nothing except the merry jingling of the bells, and the tossing of the naked boughs of the trees, and the whistling of the wind through the top of the Scotch firs at the back of the house. When I returned to the kitchen, having left the gate open, for I determined to let any more travellers go through Scot free for the rest of the night, I felt terribly lonesome again. There was no need to be disquieted because the surly traveller cursed me. "Curses come home to roost." And yet it was a bad beginning for the New Year. It was a snarling voice too; a hard, harsh, croaking voice, which was used to speak in curses. Why could n't Matthew Heighway have been the first to speak to me, as he had been the last in the Old Year?

I could not go to sleep all night. After three o'clock several wagons and carriages went through the toll-gate Scot free, as I said, and I could not help reckoning up the money I was throwing away, and yet, for the life of me, I dare not go outside to lock the gate. Still, I had not been frightened, you understand. Rather, I had been disheartened, and thrown back upon my own self, by the snarling answer I got to my good wishes for the stranger. But there I lay, wide awake, wondering if father would find out how foolish I was; which he was



bound to do, unless all the conveyances went through again on their way back before he returned.

It was well on in the morning, and father had not come in, when a messenger brought me word that Nelly had never gone home at all, but, instead of that, was ill in bed, and I must go to her at once. "Curse you!" the stranger had said, instead of wishing me a happy New Year; and here it was beginning already. I felt troubled and perplexed; but there was no time to lose. I sent a lad down to the village for a cousin of ours to come and mind the gate, and then I started on the road to Ludford, pretty sure of a lift from the first conveyance that passed me, so well were we known all through the country. Before long I was overtaken by our own doctor, Dr. Romaine, on his way home to Ludford, and he would run in and see Nelly at once. It was a lucky chance, and my spirits rose again, for if anybody could set Nelly to rights quickly, it was our own doctor, who had known her all her life, and who had been the means of placing her in her present situation. He would have me ride with him, and I told him about the surly stranger, and how I had left the gate open, and lost five shillings and fourpence-halfpenny, and I was afraid father could not help but hear of it; and we both laughed heartily at my foolishness.

Nelly's house was a pretty little cottage, built against the school where she taught, and I ran up the garden walk, and in at the door, leisurely followed by the doctor. Ann Lane, a young girl who was one of Nelly's pupil teachers, and who lived in the school-house with her, was sitting idly by the kitchen fire; so I turned straight round to the door of Nelly's bedroom, which was opposite the kitchen, the three rooms of the little cottage being on the ground floor.

"Nelly, darling," I said, stooping over her, and kissing her white cheek, "I've brought Dr. Romaine with me."

"Oh! no, no!" she cried, trying to lift herself up, "not Dr. Romaine. I don't want any doctor. There's nothing the matter with me."

"What does Nelly say?" asked Dr. Romaine, and I turned and saw him standing in the doorway smiling; but the smile passed away all in an instant, and the gravest look I had ever seen was upon his face.

"Hannah," he said, "my good girl, you go to the kitchen fire till I come to you."

I suppose it was near upon a quarter of an hour before the Doctor came to me, and his kind face looked so troubled and distressed that my heart leaped into my mouth, and I stood up by my chair, but could not speak a word to him, for the thought struck me like lightning that our pretty, clever little Nelly must be going to die. Whatever would father and mother do? And what could I do without my Nelly? I could remember how I used to nurse her, and rock her in my own little chair when I was under nine years old, and sing her to sleep with a lullaby that was nothing but "Nell-nelly, Nell-nelly!" But Dr. Romaine told the girl, Ann Lane, to go away into the great school-room, and when she was out of sight and hearing, he came and bent down his mouth close to my ear, and whispered into it a few dreadful words.

"It is n't true," I cried; but I too spoke in a whisper, a hoarse whisper, for my throat was choked up with dryness; "it is not true, Dr. Romaine."

"But it is true," said he, very patiently. "Poor child! poor little Nelly! you must not be too hard upon her, Hannah."

"I could n't be too hard," I said, flaring out, though I wished the earth would open and swallow me up, — "I could n't be too hard upon her, if it was true."

"Hannah," said Dr. Romaine, with his kind grave eyes searching into mine, "you are a good girl, but hard; and if you are hard upon Nelly just now, it will kill her. Listen to me, my dear. I have only one child, a son, who is almost everything a man ought not to be, — a bonny, winsome scoundrel, — but a *scoundrel*, mark you. I was hard upon him for a long time, but it did not answer. So I changed my treatment of the case. Every time I found him out in some new villany, I thought how would He, who came to call sinners to repentance, have dealt with him? What's the good of you and me calling ourselves Christians if we never ask ourselves what He would have done in our place?"

I could not help asking myself that question, and the tears came into my eyes as they fell upon Nelly's old little Testament lying in the window-sill. I looked into Dr. Romaine's face, with its deep lines, and I believed he was doing what he said. Well, if one Christian could act that out, another could.

"Doctor," I said, "you'll not find me too hard upon Nelly."

So I went back to her room, and looked at her white face, and the large, frightened eyes turned towards me. I laid my hand upon her burning forehead, and not knowing what to say to her in that state, I said, — it was the first thing that came uppermost in my mind, — "It is New Year's Day, Nelly."

She gazed up steadily into my face, as if she was trying to remember something, and then she said, quite sharply and plainly, "I'm married, Hannah, I am indeed married"; after which she went off, all in a moment, with a dreadful fit of laughing and crying, and when that passed away she was delirious.

It was quite needful for me to go back to the toll-gate, lest father should not be there; so, as soon as a nurse was come, I left Nelly with a very heavy heart, and set off home. About half-way on my road I met Matthew in his gig, who had been up to see how I had got through the last night alone, and being uneasy at the news, he had harnessed his brown mare, and started right away to learn what was the matter. How could I tell him what was the matter? My throat and mouth were parched, and my face was burning, so I sat with it turned away from him, until he grew very silent himself; only I heard him sigh once and again.

There was father, when we reached home, just as usual, in his blue coat and ribbed stockings, and his gray breeches untied at the knee, for it was evening, and he was resting himself in his own chair, smoking away peacefully enough, at least as peacefully as a man at a toll-gate can smoke. I made as light of Nelly's illness as I could, only I said I must go back first thing in the morning. When he wished me a happy New Year, I thought my heart would break.

The next month was more dreary than I can tell. Nobody believed that Nelly had spoken true, save mother and me. Dr. Romaine shook his head, and pointed out to me very gently that everything told against poor Nelly. There was not even a wedding-ring to be found anywhere amongst her clothes. And there was Nelly all the time light-headed and raving, sitting up in her bed; and from morning till night, and from night till morning again, fancying herself nursing a baby in her poor weak arms, which



were no stronger than a straw, and lulling it to sleep on her bosom, while she crooned over it in a faint complaining tone, that often brought the tears into Dr. Romaine's eyes as well as mine. But what had become of the child? asked Dr. Romaine, with such plain anxiety in his manner that I grew alarmed. There was nobody to tell us anything except Nelly herself, for we found out that Ann Lane, the pupil-teacher, had been away visiting her people from Christmas eve till the morning of New Year's Day, and when she came back she found Nelly alone and ill, so she had sent a messenger for me. We could not prevent our terrible secret from creeping out, and the towns-people were beginning to gossip, and the superintendent of police asked Dr. Romaine about it, and all the while there was Nelly propped up with pillows in her own little bed, and singing nursery songs to a dream-baby.

I had plenty of time to ponder over the shame and disgrace that had fallen upon us, the Burgesses, who were known for miles along the turnpike-road; and I thought how at one toll-gate after another the tattle and gossip would be dropped, until everybody, all the country round, would hear of the misfortunes of Nelly Burgess. Matthew Heighway would never take me up in his gig again, or stop his brown mare at our gate to chat a little while. But I was a woman of seven-and-twenty, and if I had got so far on in life without a husband, it would be no hard matter to weather through the rest. My terrible anxiety to discover something about Nelly's child, for if it could not be found, what would be said of her, and what would be done to her? The policeman on his beat past the school-house always looked sharply at our windows with an evil eye, as if he was eager to pounce down upon his prey; and every time I saw him, I turned eagerly to the poor light-headed girl who fancied she was tossing a baby in her arms, and I longed for some sensible moment when she could give us an answer to our questions.

"Doctor," I said, towards the end of the month, "Nelly is getting stronger, she will not die. When will her reason come back, so that she can talk sensibly to us?"

The Doctor looked me full in the face, and laid his beautiful white hand, with the diamond ring on his little finger, upon my brown one.

"Hannah," he said, "the world would be hard upon Nelly, and there's no knowing where her troubles would end. But God is going to take her out of the world for a while. It is best so. It will be months, perhaps years, to come, before Nelly will recover her reason. Hannah, Nelly is mad."

Oh! the poor, clever, pretty darling Nelly, our youngest, that I had nursed in my arms and been so proud of; and now it has come to this! She must hide her shame and trouble in a madhouse. Dr. Romaine said an awful thing in trying to comfort me. It was better to go there than into a jail! But everything he could do (and in Lufford Dr. Romaine was more like a king than anything else) he did for us; and when Nelly was taken away, still playing with her dream-baby, to the asylum, I turned my back upon the hateful town, and went home once more to the toll-gate.

It was a dull, foggy night when I reached the gate, just like New Year's Eve, and it was little wonder that my mind went back at once to the time I stood there listening for the cry of a little child. I began to fancy that it had been a forewarning of our coming misfortunes, as well as the surly stranger's curse. The curse had fallen upon us

heavily. There through the window I could see father sitting by the fire, but his head was sunk upon his breast, and his grizzled hair had turned as white as snow. The pipe lay unfilled upon the table at his elbow, and the newspaper had dropped from his hand upon the floor; and he looked as he cared for neither pipe nor paper. All the houseplace was wretched and untidy, and the grate was choked up with ashes. Nelly's trouble was plain to see upon everything; but it was my duty to turn to and do what Dr. Romaine said he was doing. "It was not like a Christian," he said, "to make things worse by idle moaning and lamenting, when by bestirring one's self we could make those about us happier and more comfortable."

I was just going in to hearten up father, and set the houseplace in order, when a tax-cart coming up the road brought him to the door, looking so weak and shaky that he seemed scarcely able to do his work. We had only just time to shake hands, before the traveller came up, — an old acquaintance, living in an out-of-the-way village, sixteen miles off, upon a cross-road. He had a ticket from our old toll-gate at Hopwood, where he had turned into the highway, freeing him of our gate. But he drew up, and spoke cheerily to father.

"Good night, Burgess," said he, "how are your girls getting on? Either of them married, eh?"

"No," said father with a sigh like a groan.

"I've been ready to die with laughing," said he, with a chuckle, "all the way from Hopwood-gate. You've heard of the New Year's present the old dame had left at her door? She and her master are getting into a brangle about it; he wanting to send it to the poor-house, and she wanting to keep it. It will have to go in the long run, I reckon."

"It," I said, coming forward, for all of a sudden I bethought me that the child's cry I had heard was neither a fancy nor a forewarning — "it? What is it?"

"Why, have n't you heard?" said he. "A new-born child was left at Hopwood-gate, on New Year's morning early, with a five-pound note in the basket. The old lady is loath to send it to the poor-house, reckoning upon more notes. Well, well! I've had a good laugh over it."

He chuckled again, and we could hear him still laughing as he drove on. My spirits went up with a bound, for surely this child could be no other than Nelly's lost baby, and in spite of the shame my heart yearned towards the innocent creature. I tidied the houseplace quickly and raked out the fire, and set the kettle on the top bar, and before an hour had passed, father had his pipe lit, and his spectacles on, and his paper in hand; but I saw that his hands shook, and there was a trembling in his poor white head that had never been there before. But I could see it was a comfort to him to have me at home again. He did not speak a word about Nelly, nor did I; and it was quite clear the news of the last traveller had made no impression upon his mind. But while I was thinking whether I should talk it over with him, and tell him what I guessed, the door opened, and who should come in but Matthew Heighway, afoot!

"Welcome home, Hannah," said he, in his pleasant voice, only a tone or two lower and softer than usual; and I stood up, not stirring a step to meet him, or holding out my hand to take his. Of all the things that I had dreaded, the worst was this first meeting with Matthew. I had not known all the bitterness of shame until then; and I felt my



face burning, and my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth. I was exceedingly filled with contempt, like the Psalmist.

"Hannah," said he, taking a seat between father and me, and laying one hand upon mine and the other upon father's knee, "I'm come here this evening to ask you to be my wife."

"O no, no!" I said, almost in a passion of surprise, "I never can be your wife now, Matthew. I will never bring my shame into your house. You don't know all. Perhaps the worst has not come yet. If Nelly should ever get well —"

"I know everything," he said, stopping me. "Dr. Romaine has told me all about it, Hannah. But if the worst should come, would n't it be easier to bear if I shared it with you?"

Easier to bear! Why: for a minute or two it seemed as there could n't be any cross or burden to carry at all, if Matthew was to share it with me. But I could not let him stoop so low as we had fallen.

"You've taken the heaviest part of the load off me," said I. "I was most afraid of seeing you again, Matthew. But it would be a sinful shame to let you wed me now."

"Doctor Romaine does not think so," he answered; and to everything I said he brought forward Dr. Romaine, who was like a king among us; and I soon found out that those two had settled it all between themselves, and it was as well to give in soon as late. How my poor father brightened up, though he was still sorrowful and shaky! One thing, however, I did insist upon — that Matthew should wait until Nelly was better, unless — and the tears rolled down my cheeks, and dropped upon my hands — she should be out of her right mind next New Year's Day.

The next morning Matthew drove me in his gig down to Hopwood-gate to see the child which had been left there on New Year's morning, or rather in the dead of the night, as Mrs. Evans told me. Of course there could not be any real likeness to anybody at that age; but I knelt down beside the old wooden cradle, and peered into the little face, as if I expected to find out all about its short history. Was this indeed Nelly's child? and who was the father of it? and why was it brought here? and what had the surly stranger who had cursed me to do with it? For now I felt certain that it was none other than he who had left the baby at Hopwood-gate. I asked to see the clothes it had on, but there was nothing in them to answer any of my questions. They were just plain unmarked clothes, not very well stitched; certainly not Nelly's stitching, for I could have sworn anywhere to that as well as to her handwriting. And, besides the clothes there was nothing but a piece of an old horse-rug, which had been laid within the basket. It was a faded green and black rug; and upon it in red braid were the letters N. B.

"N. B.," said I to Matthew, "I often see N. B. in the newspapers. What does it mean?"

"Take good notice," said he, smiling.

"You may depend upon me for that," said I.

It was easy work to persuade Mrs. Evans to give up the poor, lost, forsaken child to my care; with two pound ten out of the five-pound note that had been left with it in the basket. I could not tell for certain that it was Nelly's baby; but my heart was softened towards all desolate children, and I thought maybe this was my way for doing what Dr. Romaine was doing. The first time Dr. Romaine passed by,

he left his carriage, and came into the house to see the child; but of course he could tell no more than I could, for it was nothing more nor less than a little, red, round baby face, like most other baby faces. But for another morsel of heart-comfort to me in my humiliation, Dr. Romaine said I must get the child christened, and that he and Matthew would stand godfathers, and I should be godmother to it. No one in the world knew better than our doctor how to lift up those who had fallen. So the first Sunday I was seen at our parish church after our trouble, was when we all went together in Dr. Romaine's carriage to have the baby named after him, Victor Romaine.

After that there was no need for anybody to remind me to take good notice of every person who drove along our road. Not a gig or a tax-cart passed by, but what I looked sharp enough at the name upon it. It seemed to me as if those two letters N. B. began to haunt me; they were here, and there, and everywhere. There was scarcely a posting-bill left to be put into our windows, but what at the end of it there would be N. B. If I went up to Ludford, which I did as seldom as possible, N. B. was sure to stare me in the face. Of course I saw that N. B. stood for Nelly Burgess; but that corner of a rug could never have been Nelly's; it must belong to the stranger who had gone through our gate at twelve o'clock on New Year's Eve, yet in some way it helped to make me believe that the child could be no other than Nelly's child.

But when Nelly began to get slowly better, and I was permitted to visit her now and then in the asylum, being cautioned not to speak of anything which could excite her, my own uneasiness grew more and more. I scarcely knew whether to wish her to come back to the trouble and grief which lay waiting for her beyond the asylum walls. Dr. Romaine also hung back from putting her to the trial which she must endure as soon as her right mind was restored. But, put it off as we might, it came at last. Dr. Romaine and I, and a gentleman, one of the magistrates of Ludford, who went only as the doctor's friend, saw Nelly a day or two before she was to leave the asylum. She looked almost as strong as ever she had done, except that the sweet rosy color of her cheeks was quite gone, gone forever, and a settled mournful dimness had come into her bright eyes. She had not seen Dr. Romaine before, for she had always been excited by the very mention of his name, which was a strange thing, seeing how fond he was of her; and now as he came into the parlor of the madhouse, where she was sitting on a sofa by my side, she flung her arms about me, and hid her face on my shoulder, as if she was frightened to death at him.

"You are not afraid of me, Nelly?" said he, bringing a chair and placing himself opposite us. He made her lift up her face, and fixed his searching eyes full upon hers, as if he could read her secret heart through them, until her eyelids fluttered, though she could not close them altogether. "Nelly," he said, abruptly, and so sharply that I was startled, "who is the father of your child?"

Then Nelly's thin fingers loosed mine, and she passed them slowly, very slowly, over the fingers of her left hand, with just the ghost of a smile upon her faded lips, and she looked steadily back into Dr. Romaine's eyes with a look that made my very heart ache.

"I shall never tell," said she; and you knew in an instant that her lips were sealed over that secret,



and however long you might gaze into her dim eyes, you would never see it in them.

"What has become of your child?" he asked, as abruptly as before.

But at that question Nelly broke into a long, low wailing, and wrung her poor hands together, and rocked herself to and fro, with no power of speech, and with such terrible anguish in her sorrow, that Dr. Romaine and the magistrate turned away and went off to a window at the far end of the room, leaving her alone with me.

"Nelly, my darling," said I, taking her into my arms, — "Nellie, you would not let any harm come to your little baby?"

"No, no!" she cried, clinging to me. "He said he would let me know where he had taken it to; to some safe place, he said. The nurse thought I should get over it, and nobody need know, so he was obliged to take the baby away. And then Ann Lane came back while the nurse was away, and you came, and I was very ill, and I know nothing else."

"But who was the nurse?" I asked.

"I don't know. He brought her," said Nelly, "and she let me keep the baby all the last day of the Old Year. I had it all to myself, and I thought I could never, never let it go; but my husband said I must, or we should be sure to be found out."

"Tell me who he is, Nelly," I whispered.

Then her lips became dumb again, only she kept wailing and moaning after her lost child. She was very much excited, as we all expected her to be, and we dared not then urge her with any more questions. I suppose Dr. Romaine made some sort of a promise to the magistrates, like being bail for her; but in some way or other he arranged for her to come home to me for a while until her reason was quite restored. Father was going to the farm for three or four weeks to help in the harvest; and I was glad it happened so, for I don't know how he could have borne to see Nelly in the house so unlike what she used to be. Though she was humble and meek enough, and very silent, there was a new, strange sort of dignity about her, which appeared to lift her up above a sense of shame and abasement. Very grateful she was to me also, and so tender towards me, as she and I lived together by ourselves in the toll-house, that, in spite of its shadow, some way or other, it seemed the peaceablest time of my life.

I am sure Nelly was not quite right in her mind when she came home, but as soon as she saw the baby, and heard all I had to tell about it, her senses seemed to return quite soberly and clearly. The way she took to the baby, and the uncertainty which possessed her as to whether it was her own or no! She knew no more about N. B. than I did, and it was plain she was greatly puzzled about the letters, which made me rather lose heart in my search. She took to sitting almost all day long at one little square of glass which looked along the Ludford road, where she could see every traveller that came by without being seen herself; and the baby would be on her knee, or her foot on the rocker of his cradle. I knew well who she was looking for. When night came on, and she could watch the road no longer, she would fasten her eyes upon the baby's face, as if she was trying to satisfy herself that it was her lost child, but always there would creep over her own face a look of troubled uncertainty. Scarcely an evening passed but I had to tell her, like telling a child the same old story over and over again, the whole account of the New Year's Eve, and how I had heard

an infant's cry just as the bells began to ring the New Year in, and how the surly stranger had said, "Curse you!"

Then the tears would glisten in the dimness of her eyes and roll down her white cheeks, and she would murmur to herself, "Cruel! cruel!"

There was one thing noticeable in Nelly, that whenever Dr. Romaine's carriage came in sight along the Ludford road, she fled like a scared child, and fastened herself into our bedchamber until she was sure he was gone by, when she would come out, trembling and shivering, and take up her old post by the square of glass, listening painfully for the sound of his return. He bade me keep a very keen eye upon any letters which might come to her, or which she might write; for it was necessary to save her, if possible, in spite of herself, from the consequences of her sin, and this we could only do by the discovery of what had become of the child. But no letter came for Nelly, and though she wrote many, she always tore them up and threw the pieces into the fire, whereat the baby in her arms would laugh and crow with delight.

It was about nine o'clock one night towards the end of September, and I had just finished telling Nelly the story of the New Year's Eve, when I heard, a very long way off upon the Ludford road, just the same sound of a limping horse, lame on one foot, as I heard it when I was kneeling upon my knees watching the old year out. My heart seemed to stand still, and my flesh to creep, but I had strength to master myself. Nelly was not giving much heed to any sound out of doors, and I wondered that she could sit there so quiet and unconscious when her secret was coming out. For it was coming out, — I felt sure of that. I would not let this man slip through my fingers. I got up before the sound came quite near, and took the key out with me, though the gate was not locked at that time of the night, and I closed the door quietly behind me. By that time the gig, with two gentlemen in it, was stopping before the gate, and waiting for me to open it; but I could see little of either of them, for they were both well cloaked up, though the air was soft and mild.

"Please, sir, what is your name?" I asked, trembling all over, but not with fear.

"What's that to you?" said he who was driving, in the surly tone I recollected so well.

"I've a message," said I, "to a person who will give me a particular name."

"You've no message for me," he said.

What was I to do? Matthew Heighway was away that evening, or almost every other night in the week he would have been within call of my voice. Here was I, a lone woman; and I could not stop him by force, and I was very little likely to get anything out of him by persuasion. The other gentleman neither spoke nor stirred; but N. B., if it was N. B., was lashing the shafts with his whip, as if impatient to get on. I pretended to fumble at the lock, and then I ran into the house for a lantern. As I came out again, he spoke in his surly way.

"Curse you," said he, angrily; "is this gate always locked?"

It was not locked then, but I made a pretence of it, you see, to go round at the back of the gig with my lantern. I saw in an instant that the name was there, painted in black letters on a dark-green ground, but I could read it distinctly enough, "Nicholas Brown, Publican, Ludford." Nicholas Brown! — N. B.! I planted myself at the horse's



head, and laid my hand upon the reins; and as I did so, I saw Nelly sitting quietly by the fire, with her chin resting upon her thin hand, and her dim eyes staring into the red flames, but not a sigh or a shiver to tell that she felt how near to her he was, who had made our whole year a year of shame and sorrow.

"You are Nicholas Brown," I said.

"You are a fool or a mad woman," he replied;

"Open the gate, will you?"

"No," I answered, "not till you tell me whose child it was you took through this gate, last New Year's Eve at midnight."

But as I spoke he sprang out of the gig, and tried to wrest the key out of my hand, while I heard a strange sound, half cry and half groan, burst from the lips of the gentleman who was with him. But before he succeeded in getting the key from me, and while my fingers were crushed in his strong grips, I cried out in my dread lest he should escape me, "Nelly! Nelly!"

In an instant the surly stranger loosed his hold of me, and stood as still as a stone, staring towards the door, which had been opened by Nelly as soon as she heard my cry. It was all dark and gloomy without, but there she stood in a blaze of light, with the ruddy gleam of the fire playing upon her white cheeks and her fair hair, and her eyes lit up with the sudden excitement of my call of hurry and terror. The other gentleman had got down out of the gig, and had come up behind us; but not a word was spoken by any one of us; and you might have heard the rustling of the falling leaves, as the light breath of the evening swept them from the trees.

"Nelly! Nelly!" said the stranger, but in a voice so changed that it startled me; and it seemed as if I had heard it, or one like it, hundreds of times before.

"Don't come any nearer to me," she cried, with a gesture of her pretty hands as if she would drive him away; "you have been false and cruel to me, and I wish never to see you again. Only release me from my vow. Let me tell what I have sworn to God to keep secret."

"Alfred!" said the gentleman behind me, and I started as if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet, for it was Dr. Romaine's voice; and I turned round and saw Dr. Romaine's face, but white and haggard as with long suffering. He put his hand through his son's arm, and led him into the house; and then he sank down into father's arm-chair, and his gray head drooped upon his breast and I saw his lips move, but whether with whispered words or with trembling I could not tell. My heart ached sorely for him as well as for Nelly, but I grew impatient at the silence.

"Come here, Hannah," said the doctor, without looking up, but stretching out his hand towards me; and I went to his side, and laid my rough hand in his, which he grasped tightly, as if it was a support and comfort to him. I could see Alfred Romaine now, a tall, handsome, evil-looking man, to my thinking; but I had never set eyes upon him before, for most of the time father and I had been at this toll-gate he had been out of the country. Nelly had put the table between herself and him, and her face was as white as death.

"Do you know," she said, speaking with a look of terror, "that I have been confined in a mad-house? and all because of you and your cruelty; and you could let me stay there, and never speak a word to set me free, or to clear my name."

"Why, it was useless then," he answered; "the mischief was done."

"And now," she said, "I stand in daily fear lest I should be called to give an account of my child. What have you done with him? Where did you carry him off to? Tell me quickly. If you have any mercy, tell me what you did with my baby."

"I took it down to Hopwood-gate, as I supposed, to your sister," he answered. "I thought that would satisfy even you."

I understood it all in a moment. He did not know that we had left Hopwood six months before; and it was to me he was bringing the child, thinking that no one would know of its birth, and that Nelly would see it often, and know that it was well tended. But Nelly's eyes were fastened upon him with an eager beseeching in their gaze, and he glanced away from her to his father's bowed-down head.

"Well, well," he said, "it is no great honor to belong to me, Nelly. I'm fleeing almost for my life, and this unpleasant little interruption may prevent my getting away in safety, though Dr. Romaine himself is aiding me to escape. It is little honor to be the wife of a felon; but it is something to be Dr. Romaine's daughter."

Dr. Romaine's daughter! The house swam round before my eyes; the homely house, with its sleeves of pewter, and the fire-irons glistening in the chimney-corner, and the old cradle, where the baby lay fast asleep. I could scarcely believe my own ears, for Nelly was only the child of a poor toll-gate keeper, though we thought her so clever, and like a lady born. But to be Dr. Romaine's daughter!

"Yes," he continued, with a half laugh, "Dr. Romaine has often urged me to give him a daughter, and now he will have one just as he loses his son. But, Nelly, I did not know you were come out of the asylum; and what was the good of claiming you as my wife while you were there? Poor Nelly! So you never told, and never would have told, I believe you, till I freed you from your promise. You will find your child, Dr. Romaine's grandson, at Hopwood-gate. Good-by, my poor Nelly; there's no time for farewells. My father loses a son, but he finds a daughter."

There might have been a glimmer of remorse and tenderness in his heart, but he tried to hide it under a sneer against Dr. Romaine. Our doctor looked up then, with a furrowed forehead and blood-shot eyes; and, without glancing at Nelly or his son, he took hold of my arm and leaned heavily upon it to the door. There was no time to be lost, as Alfred Romaine said, and in a few minutes more (what he and Nelly said to one another in their brief farewell I never knew) I opened the gate for them to pass through, and courtesied to them both, Nelly's husband and Nelly's father.

We sat up all night, Nelly and I; but when the superintendent of police, whom I had known well by sight since the beginning of the year, drove past furiously, I did not tell who was upon the track of her husband. Neither did I kneel down, as on New Year's Eve; but as I sat still I never ceased praying that he might escape for Nelly's sake: and I longed for the day to dawn, or for the sound of the limping hoof-beats along the road. They came both together, for in the very first gray of the morning I heard it returning up the road, and ran out eagerly to await its coming. Only Dr. Romaine was in the gig; and he told me that his son had got safely away by a quick train. He bade me put on my bonnet and cloak, and ride into Ludford with him;



but he said not a word about Nelly, and I felt uneasy at his silence as we drove on into the town, which was not yet astir.

Doctor Romaine's house was situated within the town; but it lay a good way back from the street, with a fine lawn before it, and a carriage-drive, under a row of elm-trees, up to the portico before the door. A grand house it was, and I never set foot in it without feeling ten times more shy of our Doctor than when he was in our quarried kitchen at home. Dr. Romaine ordered breakfast to be set before me, which I could not taste, and then he rang for his carriage, and told his servant to drive to St. Margaret's Church.

It was all true. There was the register of Nelly's marriage, and the tears came into the Doctor's eyes when he saw his son's signature to it. I wondered what he was going to do next, for he ordered the carriage to be driven round to the office of the "Ludford News," the paper which father always read while he smoked his pipe in an evening. We went into a room, and a gentleman handed a pen and a sheet of paper to Dr. Romaine, who wrote something upon it with a very shaky hand. I am not quick at reading writing, and I felt very nervous; but the Doctor was as patient as could be, while I made out the following words; and he had put the letters N. B. before them:—

"On February 27, 1861, at St. Margaret's, Ludford, Alfred, only son of Victor Romaine, M. D., of that town, to Ellen, second daughter of Mr. John Burgess, of Ludford Road toll-gate."

This was to be placed among the marriages, and among the births was to be printed, "On December 31, 1861, the wife of Mr. Alfred Romaine, of a son."

Father read them both the next evening over his pipe.

I don't know to this day whether it was not a relief to Nelly to know that she would never see her wicked husband again; for though he got safely away, the news of his death reached us not very long afterwards. Nelly went home to Dr. Romaine's grand house, and then it proved true that she was like a born lady, though she was never the same light-hearted rosy Nelly she had once been. It was a picture to see her sweeping in her long silk dresses through the beautiful rooms, with little Victor in her arms. But I was never quite at home amidst grandeur; and I liked best for Dr. Romaine to come to our farm, Matthew's and mine, and follow me into my dairy, or across the fold to the cowsheds, with his old gracious smile upon his face, as Victor trotted along at his side.

Nelly professes to be jealous of me as Dr. Romaine's favorite; but how can that be when she can play to him on the piano he has bought for her, and hold converse with him about his difficult books? while, if I talk to him at all, it must seem only like the ignorant stammering of a child, who can only look up to him from a distance. Only one thing we have in common: that we both know the secret question which we are each whispering to our own hearts; and maybe that is the reason I am a favorite with Dr. Romaine.

### MATURE SIRENS.

Nothing is more incomprehensible to girls than the love and admiration sometimes given to middle-aged women. They cannot understand it; and nothing but experience will ever make them under-

stand it. In their eyes a woman is out of the pale of personal affection altogether, when she has once lost that shining gloss of youth, that exquisite freshness of skin and suppleness of limb, which to them, in the insolent plenitude of their unfaded beauty, constitute the chief claims to admiration of their sex. And yet they cannot conceal from themselves that the belle of eighteen is often deserted for a woman of forty, and that the patent witchery of their own youth and prettiness goes for nothing against the mysterious charms of a mature siren. What can they say to such an anomaly? There is no good in going about the world disdainfully wondering how on earth a man could ever have taken up with such an antiquated creature,—suggestively asking their male friends what could he see in a woman of her age, old enough to be their mother? There the fact stands, and facts are stubborn things. The eligible suitor who has been coveted by more than one golden-haired girl has married a woman twenty years her senior, and the middle-aged siren has actually carried off the prize which nymphs in their teens have frantically desired to win. What is the secret? How is it done? The world, even of silly girls, has got past any belief in spells and talismans, such as Charlemagne's mistress wore, and yet the man's fascination seems to them quite as miraculous and almost as unholy as if it had been brought about by the black art. But if they had any analytical power, they would understand the *diablerie* of the mature sirens clearly enough, for it is not so difficult to understand when one puts one's mind to it.

In the first place, a woman of ripe age has a knowledge of the world, and a certain suavity of manner and moral flexibility, wholly wanting to the young. Young girls are for the most part all angles—harsh in their judgments, stiff in their prejudices, and narrow in their sympathies. They are full of combativeness and self-assertion, if they are of one kind of young people, or they are stupid and shy if they belong to another kind. They are talkative with nothing to say, and positive with nothing well and truly known; or they are monosyllabic dummies who stammer out Yes and No at random, and whose brains become hopelessly confused at the first sentence a stranger utters. They are generally without pity; their want of experience making them hard towards sorrows which they scarcely understand, and, let us charitably hope, to a certain extent ignorant of the pain they inflict. That famous article in the *Times* on the cruelty of young girls, *à propos* of Constance Kent's confession, though absurdly exaggerated, had in it the core of truth which gives the sting to such papers, which makes them stick, and which is the real cause of the outcry they create. Girls are cruel; there is no question about it. If more passive than active, they are simply indifferent to the sufferings of others; if of a more active temperament, they find a positive pleasure in giving pain. A girl will say the most cruel things to her dearest friend, and then laugh at her because she cries. Even her own mother she will hurt and humiliate if she can; while as for any unfortunate aspirant not approved of, were he as tough-skinned as a rhinoceros she would find means to make him wince. But all this acerbity is toned down in the mature woman. Experience has enlarged her sympathies, and knowledge of suffering has softened her heart to the suffering of others. Her lessons of life, too, have taught her tact; and tact is one of the most valuable lessons that a man or woman can learn. She sees at a glance where



are the weak points and sore places in her companion, and she avoids them; or if she passes over them, it is with a hand so soft and tender, a touch so inexpressibly soothing, that she calms instead of irritating.

A girl would have come down upon the weak places heavily, and would have torn the bandages off the sore ones, jesting at scars because she herself had never felt a wound, and deriding the sybaritism of diachylon, because ignorant of the anguish it conceals. Then the mature siren is thoughtful for others. Girls are self-asserting and aggressive. Life is so strong in them, and the instinct which prompts them to try their strength with all comers, and to get the best of everything everywhere, is so irrepressible, that they are often disagreeable because of their instinctive selfishness, and the craving, natural to the young, of taking all and giving back nothing. But the mature siren knows better than this. She knows that social success depends entirely on what each of us can throw into the common fund of society; that the surest way to be considered ourselves is to be considerate for others; that sympathy begets liking, and self-suppression leads to exaltation; and that if we want to gain love we must first show how well we can give it. Her tact then, and her sympathy, her moral flexibility and quick comprehension of character, her readiness to give herself to others, are some of the reasons, among others, why the society of a cultivated, agreeable woman of a certain age is sought by those men to whom women are more than mere mistresses or toys. Besides, she is a good conversationalist. She has no pretensions to any special or deep learning, — for, if pedantic, she is spoilt as a siren at any age, — but she knows a little about most things; at all events, she knows enough to make her a pleasant companion, and able to keep up the ball when thrown. And men like to talk to intelligent women. They do not like to be taught or corrected by them, but they like that quick, sympathetic intellect which follows them readily, and that amount of knowledge which makes a comfortable cushion for their own. And a mature siren who knows what she is about would never do more than this, even if she could.

Though the mature siren rests her claims to admiration on more than mere personal charms, and appeals to something beyond the senses, yet she is personable and well preserved, and, in a favorable light, looks nearly as young as ever. So the men say who knew her when she was twenty; who loved her then, and have gone on loving her, with a difference, despite the twenty years that lie between this and then. Girls, indeed, despise her charms because she is no longer young; and yet she may be even more beautiful than youth. She knows all the little niceties of dress, and without going into the vulgar trickery of paint and dyes, — which would make her hideous, — is up to the best arts of the toilet by which every point is made to tell, and every minor beauty is given its fullest value. For part of the art and mystery of sirenhood is an accurate perception of times and conditions, and a careful avoidance of that suicidal mistake of which *la femme passée* is so often guilty, — namely, setting herself in confessed rivalry with the young by trying to look like them, and so losing the good of what she has retained, and showing the ravages of time by the contrast. The mature siren is wiser than this. She knows exactly what she has and what she can do, and before all things avoids whatever seems too youthful for her years; and this is one

reason why she is always beautiful, because always in harmony. Besides, she has very many good points, many positive charms still left. Her figure is still good, — not slim and slender certainly, but round and soft, and with that slower, riper, lazier grace which is something quite different from the antelope-like elasticity of youth, and in its own way as lovely.

If her hair has lost its maiden luxuriance, she makes up with crafty arrangements of lace, which are almost as picturesque as the fashionable wisp of hay-like ends tumbling halfway to the waist. She has still her white and shapely hands, with their pink filbert-like nails; still her pleasant smile and square, small teeth; her eyes are bright yet, and if the upper muscles are a little shrunk, the consequent apparent enlargement of the orbit only makes them more expressive; her lips are not yet withered, her skin is not wrinkled. Undeniably, when well dressed and in a favorable light, the mature siren is as beautiful in her own way as the girlish belle; and the world knows it and acknowledges it.

That mature sirens can be passionately loved, even when very mature, history gives us more than one example; and the first name that naturally occurs to one's mind as the type of this is that of the too famous Ninon de l'Enclos. And Ninon, if a trifle mythical, was yet a fact and an example. But not going quite to Ninon's age, we often see women of forty and upwards who are personally charming, and whom men love with as much warmth and tenderness as if they were in the heyday of life, — women who count their admirers by dozens, and who end by making a superb marriage and having quite an Indian summer of romance and happiness. The young laugh at this idea of the Indian summer for a bride of forty-five; but it is true; for neither romance nor happiness, neither love nor mental youth, is a matter of years; and after all we are only as old as we feel, and certainly no older than we look. All women do not harden by time, nor wither, nor yet corrupt. Some merely ripen and mellow and get enriched by the passage of the years, retaining the most delicate womanliness — we had almost said girlishness — into quite old age, and blushing under their gray hairs, while they shrink from anything coarse or vulgar or impure as sensitively as when they were girls. *La femme à quarante ans* is the French term for the opening of the great gulf beyond which love cannot pass; but human history disproves this date, and shows that the heart can remain fresh and the person lovely long after the age fixed for the final adieu to admiration, and that the mature siren can be adored by her own contemporaries when the rising generation regard her as nothing better than a chimney-corner fixture. Mr. Trollope has recognized the claims of the mature siren in his Orley Farm and Miss Mackenzie; and no one can deny the intense naturalness of the characters and the interest of the stories.

Another point with the mature woman is that she is not jealous nor exacting. She knows the world, and takes what comes with the philosophy that springs from knowledge. If she is of an enjoying nature, — and she cannot be a siren else, — she accepts such good as floats to the top without looking too deep into the cup and speculating on the time when she shall have drained it to the dregs. Men feel safe with her. If they have entered on a tender friendship with her, they know that there will be no scene, no tears, no upbraidings, when an inexorable fate comes in to end their pleasant little drama, with



the inevitable wife as the scene-shifter. The mature siren knows so well that fate and the wife must break in between her and her friend, that she is resigned from the first to what is foredoomed, and so accepts her bitter portion, when it comes, with dignity and in silence. Where younger women would fall into hysterics and make a scene, perhaps go about the world taking their revenge in slander, the middle-aged woman holds out a friendly hand, and takes the back seat gallantly, never showing by word or look that she has felt her deposition. She becomes the best friend of the new household; and, if any one is jealous, ten to one it is the husband that is jealous of her love for his wife, or perhaps it is the wife herself, who cannot see what her husband can find to admire so much in Mrs. A., and who pouts at his extraordinary predilection for her, though of course, she would scorn to be jealous, — as, indeed, she has no cause. For even a mature siren, however delightful she may be, is not likely to come before a young wife in the heart of a young husband. Though the French paint the love of a woman of forty as pathetic, because slightly ridiculous and certainly hopeless, yet they arrange the theory of their social life so that a youth is generally supposed to make his first love of a married woman many years his elder, and a mature siren finds her last love in a youth. We have not come to this yet in England, either in theory or practice; and it is to be hoped that we never shall come to it.

Mature sirens are all very well for men of their own age, and it is pleasant to see them still loved and admired, and to recognize in them the claims of women to something higher than mere personal passion; but the case would be very different if they became ghoulish seducers of the young, and kept up the habit of love by entangling boyish hearts and blighting youthful lives. As they are now, they form a charming element in society, and are of infinite use to the world. They are the ripe fruit in the garden where else everything would be green and immature, — the last days of the golden summer just before the chills of autumn come on; they contain in themselves the advantages of two distinct epochs, and while possessing as much personal charm as youth, possess also the gains which come by experience and maturity. They keep things together as the young alone could not do; and no gathering of friends is perfect which has not one or two mature sirens to give the tone to the rest, and prevent excesses. They soften the asperities of high-handed boys and girls, which else would be too biting; and they set people at ease, and make them in good-humor with themselves, by the courtesy with which they listen to them, and the patience with which they bear with them. Even the very girls who hate them fiercely as rivals, love them passing well as half maternal, half sisterly companions; and the first person to whom they would carry their sorrows would be a mature siren, quite capable on her own part of having caused them. It would be hard indeed if the loss of youth did not bring with it some compensations; but the mature siren suffers less from that loss than any other kind of woman. Indeed, she seems to have a private elixir of her own which is not quite drained dry when she dies, beloved and regretted, at threescore years and ten; leaving behind her one or two old friends who were once her ardent lovers, and who still cherish her memory as that of the finest and most fascinating woman they ever knew, — something which the present generation is utterly incapable of repeating.

## THE FIFTEEN LOUIS-D'OR OF BEAUMARCHAIS.

His own and his father's house had been broken up by law officers, hounded on by the implacable Comte de la Blache, and Beaumarchais is skulking like a fox from covert to covert to avoid the hounds on his track. The house of his brother-in-law was his chief place of refuge, where a band of merry conspirators await his flying visits, consult about his memoirs, and are ready to fight to the last with him. Sister Julie was thought by the incorruptible Goezman to be the worse hornet of this hive, and is denounced by him in due form to his parliament; and that sprightly creature had a narrow escape from a lodging in the Bastille.

At last the day of hearing came. It was seven in the evening, in December, 1773, when the judges met. As the accused was called a murmur arose from the crowd; *Adest, adest!* cried the registrar, and Beaumarchais entered the hall amid dead silence. At the scene before him, irregularly lit up with scattered lamps, Beaumarchais avowed later his heart shrunk within him as though the blood was frozen within it, and his cheek turned pale. Sixty magistrates robed in red, ranged in rows at the end of the hall, confronted him with severe faces. But the brave-hearted man recovered himself quickly, raised his head proudly and stood face to face with his accusers, unprotected but undaunted.

When his examination was over, an incident occurred which proved his presence of mind, the promptitude of his daring, his quick oratorical impulse, and the hostility of the court. The president of the judges met Beaumarchais in one of the galleries of the palace, and insolently ordered the guards to remove him. Beaumarchais refused to obey, and returned to court followed by a crowd, when, addressing the judges, he protested eloquently in the name of justice and of his country against such abuse of authority, and ended by flinging the judge a contemptuous pardon. Judgment was not delivered till the 20th of February, 1774. Expectation was immense. Beaumarchais was worn out with fatigue, and slept while his judges were in debate with closed doors, a debate which lasted twelve hours, and was carried on with such fury and re-erimination that their cries were heard from the street. The final judgment was that Beaumarchais and Madame Goezman had sentence of *blâme* passed upon them, while Goezman was degraded from his functions, and lived a life of obscurity till he was dragged into light again as an *ennemi du peuple* in Revolution times, when he rode to the guillotine in the same cart with André Chénier.

No sooner was sentence given than all Paris was in commotion to seek out the hiding-place of Beaumarchais in the Temple, and leave words of congratulation. "Tout Paris s'est fait inscrire chez moi depuis hier," he writes. The Prince de Conti and the Duc de Chartres were among the first to call. "I am of good enough family," said the Prince de Conti, "to show how such a great citizen should be treated."

The sentence of *blâme*, nevertheless, required that Beaumarchais should go on his knees before the court, and be declared infamous. But it was impossible, in the present state of the public mind, to exact this; it would have infallibly caused an *émeute*. He was, nevertheless, subject to civil degradation, — was an outlaw, in fact, and unable to plead in any court; besides which, under the conviction of forgery in the



trial with La Blache, he was still subject to all the calamities resulting therefrom. Nevertheless, this was salvation compared with branding by the hangman, and suffering *omnia citra mortem*, as would have been the case had he been convicted of having calumniated Judge Goezman.

The parliament, however, had its own condemnation. They could only go to their benches amid insults and jeers and laughter; and when they complained of that to the frivolous and caustic old Maurepas, he advised them to go to court *en domino*. One of the first acts of Louis XVI. was to recall the old parliament, and abolish the Maurepas substitute. The ancient body thus reinstated reversed the sentence of blame against Beaumarchais, and restored him to all his civic rights. A still greater demonstration of public feeling took place on that occasion. Beaumarchais was carried in triumph to his carriage, sobbing and crying with joy; and long after, as he walked the streets, he was encircled with enthusiastic acclamations.

To obtain, however, his rehabilitation, or restoration to civil rights, Beaumarchais had previously gone through an immense amount of desperate work of a singular kind with desperate energy. Under such a government as that of Louis XV., Beaumarchais might have looked in vain for a redress which it was a violation of justice to withhold, had not the King, who was possessed with a mania for all sorts of secret diplomatic and other manoeuvres, been so struck with the ability and tact displayed by Beaumarchais in his struggle with his own parliament, that he determined to employ him as a secret agent, with a promise of restoration to civil rights, if he gave satisfaction.

The business with which Beaumarchais was intrusted was the hunting up libels, published abroad, on the French Court.

There were in those days a set of infamous gazetteers residing at London, the Hague, Amsterdam, and other places, who gained a livelihood by printing true or false scandal about the French Court, and then smuggling their papers into France. Any worse piece of scandal than ordinary was usually preceded by a threatening letter to extort money from the person about to be libelled. Madame du Barri was necessarily a proper tree of the Hesperides for these gentlemen, hung all over with the most tempting golden fruit; her minister, the Duc d'Aiguillon, he who covered himself with meal and not with glory at Quiberon, and found it easier to get the meal out of his coat than his reputation; Louis XV. himself with his *Parc aux cerfs*, and most of the great people about him,—all had golden fleeces, and were disporting themselves in such a way that the libellers could hardly desire better game. With these gentry Beaumarchais was appointed to deal; and with rehabilitation in view, and a renewal of his law-duel with the Comte de la Blache, Beaumarchais was now rushing from capital to capital in Europe hunting up libels and buying up libellers. He came over to London and burnt up ten thousand of these infamous publications in a lime-kiln in the suburbs. While in London he went into English society, visited John Wilkes, and Lord Rochford, whom he had known as ambassador at Madrid, and who was now in Lord North's Ministry; and he was also appointed to deal with that strange character, the *Chévalier* or *Chevalière* d'Eon.

But Beaumarchais, with something like his usual luck, was just on the point of receiving his promised

rehabilitation when Louis XV. died, and was buried amid that "silence of the people which is the lesson of kings." The hawkers of slander, however, abroad, were just as busy with the reputations of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette as of the old reprobate who had just died, and Beaumarchais was again employed. One of his commissions was to buy up a stock of libels in the possession of one Angelucci, an Italian Jew. After paying Angelucci his money, the Jew absconded with one copy of the libel, and Beaumarchais immediately followed in chase all over Europe to Vienna; he came up with Angelucci when the Jew was least expecting him, quietly trotting along on a pony, with the copy of the libel in his valise behind him, in the forest of Neustadt, going towards Nuremberg. He took the copy of the libel away from the Jew by force, and nearly all the money he had given him, when he was himself set upon by robbers and had a desperate struggle for his life; so that while his friends were fancying Beaumarchais was enjoying the hospitality of John Wilkes and Lord Rochford in London, one of them received a letter from him commencing as follows:—

"Take your map of Germany, my dear friend; run along the Danube from the Black Forest towards the Euxine; below Ratisbon, after the confluence of the Inn with the Danube at Panau, do you see on the river between the high mountains, which press it on both sides and give it more rapidity, a wretched boat with six rowers going towards Lintz, on board which a chair has been embarked, which contains a man with his head and his left hand swathed in bloody linen, in spite of a pouring rain enduring suffocation, and relieving himself from time to time by throwing up gulps of blood? — *Ecce homo!*"

Beaumarchais, indeed, had only been saved in his struggle with the brigands by the sound of the horn of his postilion, who was following with his carriage behind. Beaumarchais arrived at Vienna, and after much solicitation obtained an interview about the matter of the libel with Maria Theresa, who looked with astonishment on a man gesticulating wildly, with his face in bandages. But Beaumarchais was in a state of fever from the wounds in his cheek and hand, the palm of which had been cut through, and he was pleading wildly, not for the sake so much of the reputation of Marie Antoinette as against the Comte de la Blache, and for restitution to civil rights. The Empress was alarmed, for the same evening eight grenadiers with muskets, two officers with drawn swords, and other functionaries, entered his room, took possession of all his papers, and kept strict watch and guard over him for the space of thirty-one days—44,690 minutes. Beaumarchais counted them, thinking all the while on restoration to civil rights, reversal of conviction for forgery, and recovery of his property from La Blache.

By performing, however, such services with ability and energy, Beaumarchais at last got his rehabilitation from the restored parliament; and he moreover obtained a rule for a new trial in his controversy with the Comte de La Blache. The new trial, either for the convenience of witnesses or to avoid the excitement of Paris, was appointed to take place at Aix, Provence. Beaumarchais, with his multifarious habits of activity, was already in a whirl of other businesses and speculations. He had brought out the "*Barbier de Seville*" in 1775, and had been engaged, with the co-operation of the Minister, in a gigantic enterprise for supplying ammunition to the American armies; but he naturally



threw himself, heart and soul, into the La Blache affair as soon as the day was fixed for the hearing. La Blache, with a body-guard of six *avocats*, had been on the ground for some time at Aix, but Provençal heads had been so captivated by the brilliant achievements of Beaumarchais against the Parliament of Maupeou, that La Blache and his six *avocats* were in a manner sent off to Coventry as soon as they arrived at Aix. No one would even look at them. When the day arrived for final judgment, the old Provençal city was filled with expectant crowds; the doors of the court besieged; the long promenade, with all its alleys and adjoining *cafés*, was thronged with eager visitors. The judges were in debate a short while only, for the doors open; Beaumarchais has won: there is a shouting and clapping of hands far and wide, and crowds rush away with cries of triumph to carry the news to the other side of the town to the victor; they pass the hotel of La Blache; he shut his windows up; his occupation is gone. This multitude of wild men burst in upon Beaumarchais in his solitary apartment, clapping his hands and embracing him in vehement Southern fashion, when he turned pale, his knees bent under him, and he fell in a faint. When he recovered he was obliged again and again to show himself at the window, while the people of the town, with Provençal songs and dances, kept up a perpetual serenade before his house all the evening; there were *feux de joie* throughout the city as for a public triumph; and the flute, the *tambour de Basque*, and the violin were kept in occupation the greater part of the night.

After this trial Beaumarchais swam gloriously on the tide of fortune up to the days of the French Revolution. Being the most popular man in France, he was consulted by the Ministers about affairs of state, by everybody about everything, and even by anonymous young ladies in love affairs.

Under the countenance of the Ministers, who advanced a million to cover some portion of his risks, he had a fleet of forty ships at sea, in communication with America, to which country he supplied stores and ammunition to the amount of five millions, upwards of three millions of which were paid in 1835, and then the affair was arranged in trans-atlantic fashion by paying eight hundred thousand to Beaumarchais's grandchildren.

"These American expeditions were," says La Harpe, "entirely his work, and proved the resources of his genius and character,—a determined boldness, a patient tenacity, and, above all, that gift to persuade, so necessary in all which depends on the co-operation of different minds. I have seen few men in this respect who were more favored by nature. He had a physiognomy and a mode of expressing himself equally animated; his eyes were full of fire, and he had as much decision in his look and accent as delicacy in his smile. With those in authority he always had the air of being convinced that they could not differ from him unless they had less wit than himself,—a thing he never supposed, one may be sure, especially with those who had none. Yielding to the impetuosity of his character, the Ministers united themselves more and more closely to his policy."

It was indeed mainly owing to Beaumarchais that open rupture took place between France and England in 1778. For the large spirit of Beaumarchais could not fail to feel all the national impatience and humiliation at remembrance of the peace of Paris and the demolition of the fortifica-

tions of Dunkirk; and Beaumarchais when in England had listened with something like pleasure to the mournful confidences of Lord Rochford and the seditious rhapsodies of Wilkes, and eagerly seized every opportunity of entering into conference with the American agents in London for the best way of supporting the colonies; for the colonies, Beaumarchais judged at once, were lost to England forever. The independence of the United States, then, was won in no small degree with Beaumarchais's powder and shot, and by soldiers clothed in Beaumarchais's greatcoats and shod with Beaumarchais's shoes, and incited to battle with Beaumarchais's trumpets, which Sidney Smith would say should decidedly have had *Ere alieno* inscribed upon them.

As soon as he found, however, the States were likely to be insecure in the matter of payment either in money or produce, he changed the character of his operations, and became a general merchant on an immense scale, and had ships in every quarter of the world, and so realized an immense fortune. Besides these colossal operations, he founded, through his influence with the Ministers, the *Caisse d'Es-compte*, the notion of which he had taken from the Bank of England, and which is the origin of the present Bank of France. The Bank of France is thus originally the creation of a comic dramatist.

He established a steam-pump at Chailot, which, we believe, still does duty; and he published, at a loss of £40,000, the first complete edition of the works of Voltaire, having organized for this special purpose printing establishments at Kehl, with supplementary paper manufactures in the Vosges Mountains. His reputation as an all-enterprising, generally able, and prosperous man was so great that he was overwhelmed with applications from all classes, ages, and sexes for advice, patronage, and assistance in money. As for the latter, Gudin, his cashier, says he received on an average twenty letters a day. Among the list of his insolvent debtors were princes of the blood, poets, noblemen of all kinds, captains, and others, all whose accounts are ruthlessly marked *insolvable* by cashier Gudin, and he lent thus without security money to the amount of £36,000.

Beaumarchais, therefore, was now a universal favorite, and in the full flow of this popularity he composed his "Marriage de Figaro," whose astounding success was quite a political event. This piece, indeed, did no little towards preparing the way for the Revolution, for it effected even more than his "Mémoires," towards bringing contempt upon the institutions of the old *régime*. The King had had the piece read to him by Madame de Campan, and said, "The Bastille must be destroyed before the representation of such a play can be unattended with danger," and was resolved it should not be acted.\* But Marie Antoinette was in its favor, and it was said Beaumarchais expended more wit in overcoming the opposition to the performance of his piece than in composing it. Four years were spent in the struggle. There were but three persons in all of France who were opposed to the representation,—the King, M. de Miromesnil, keeper of the seals, and Suard the academician. Every great courtier, with the inconceivable levity of his race and time, was anxious to prove that he was not one of those who

\* Singularly enough, after the taking of the Bastille, Beaumarchais, whose house was close by, was appointed by the commune a member of a committee for superintending the destruction of that terrible fortress.



came under the definition of Figaro, — "small men who feared small writings," — and beset the author for private readings. But Beaumarchais, after having duly stimulated public curiosity with feigned timidity, professed himself unwilling to make the piece public and refused many solicitations for a hearing. "He apprehended," he said, "that a piece so displeasing to the King might really be dangerous, and he would keep it in future locked up in his desk." But the public impatience was so great that it became at last impossible for the King to resist. The long-wished-for permission was granted, and the piece was played in March 1784, at the *Comédie Française*.

All the *mémoires* of the time speak of the extravagant avidity with which all classes rushed to the first representation. The doors of the theatre were besieged early in the morning; *abbés*, street-porters, and blue-ribboned courtiers elbowed each other in the "queue"; the footmen of the Duchess de Bouillon were in her box keeping her places from eleven o'clock in the morning; three hundred ladies of the highest fashion passed the day and dined in the actresses' dressing-rooms; the gratings were finally driven in by the crowd, and three persons were crushed, — one more, says La Harpe, maliciously, than for Scuddery. Many a duchess, says Grimm, was glad to get a seat in a little side-box; while Beaumarchais himself witnessed the performance from an obscure corner, supported on each side by an *abbé* (one of them a brother of Calonne), with whom he had dined and of whose spiritual consolation he said he might stand in need in case of failure. But there was no failure, for Beaumarchais himself said, "*Il y a encore quelque chose plus folle que ma pièce c'est son succès!*" And in after revolutionary times he may have looked back with some contrition to the success of his "Marriage de Figaro," when he found, in the words of Montaigne, that "*on bat et brouille l'eau pour d'autres pêcheurs.*"

For Beaumarchais, in spite of all his wit and energy, was not naturally a revolutionist; and now in declining age was by no means calculated to match with the fierce spirits evoked by revolutionary passion. The Revolution came upon Beaumarchais when he was about sixty, when he was old and slightly deaf, and he was then anew thrown into a wild vortex of trouble and disaster. The gay-hearted, light-spirited Voltairean was no match for the atrabilious disciples of Rousseau, the champion of the rights of men, and ferocious demagogues, and blood-thirsty fanatics; and of this fact he had premonitory notice in a pamphlet war which Mirabeau forced upon him about his steam pump at Chail-lot.

Beaumarchais had refused to lend Mirabeau 12,000 francs, saying that as Mirabeau was sure to pick a quarrel with him, he should so gain 12,000 francs. The occasion was not long in coming for Mirabeau to make good the prevision of Beaumarchais. Mirabeau, then at his wits' end for money and occupation, was hired by some speculators who had risked their money on a fall of the shares of the Chaillot steam-pump, to write it down; and he published a violent pamphlet against the machine. Beaumarchais replied in his light, ironical fashion, and war commenced. But it was like the conflict of a ferocious young tiger with an old leopard stiff in the joints. Mirabeau collected himself into a roar, bounded on Beaumarchais's reputation, disfigured his whole life, rent it in pieces with his terrible talons, and delivered it up all lacerated to the

public, in the name of order, morality, and public justice, — Mirabeau in the name of order, morality, and public justice! — all because Beaumarchais was pumping up clear water to house-tops through little pipes at a moderate price, and Mirabeau had been refused the loan of 12,000 francs. Such were the preliminary quavers of one of the chief thunderers of the Revolution. Beaumarchais thought no good of reply, and retired from the conflict. Mirabeau, however, when he became the most popular man in France, forgot this little passage of arms, wrote *billets-doux* to his former antagonist, and came and ate pleasant little breakfasts at his great house in the Boulevards.

Other troubles, other plays, other speculations, gave Beaumarchais occupation during the early period of the Revolution, till his last great and unfortunate engagement to procure "sixty thousand muskets" in Holland, for the use of the Revolutionary government involved him in still more trouble than he had ever yet known in the course of his checkered existence. At one time we find him in the same cell with Mademoiselle de Sombreuil at the Abbaye, still at his old occupation, *mémoire-writing* to the Committee of Safety to prove he was all right about the "sixty thousand muskets"; at another time, in a room in the "King's Bench Prison" in London, still writing *mémoires*, called "*Mes Dix Epoque*," on the subject of the sixty thousand muskets. A compassionate English merchant and creditor had put him into the King's Bench to keep him safe out of the hands of the Convention and the way of the guillotine; but Beaumarchais would not remain; he wrote to cashier Gudin to move heaven and earth to raise money enough to get him out, and let him come over to the Convention and prove he was a "great citizen." He did get out; and the history of the whole Beaumarchais family forms a curious illustration of those days of revolution, terror, and massacre. The populace had a notion that Beaumarchais was an "*ennemi du peuple*," and had got the "sixty thousand muskets" stowed away in his cellars to effect some day a massacre of the people, when the "sixty thousand muskets," which had come from the disarmament of the Low Countries by Austria, were all the while in a Dutch port watched by English men-of-war. Beaumarchais was flying about from place to place by night in terror of his life, while his fortune was in the hands of the government, and his wife and daughter and sister were in prison as hostages for his success, with the guillotine in prospect in case of failure. He got with difficulty an interview at night with the Committee of Public Safety, during which his deliberate impertinence caused some merriment in the ferocious men who held his life and the lives of his family at their mercy.

Danton was speaking, and old Beaumarchais put his hand up to his deaf ear, and without fear of these lords of the guillotine crossed the room, and sat right in front of Danton to hear what he was saying. Danton laughed, and all laughed loudly at the fearless pertinacity of the veteran in the matter of the sixty thousand muskets. Some of the Committee had thought they were well rid of Beaumarchais and his claims to have his own property back again and his family set at liberty, by the massacres of September, from which he had a miraculous escape; they thought, perhaps hoped, he was among the victims of September, but here he was, quite at his ease, in the very den of the tigers themselves. He, on his side, wanted nothing so much as



to get quit altogether of the affair of the "sixty thousand muskets"; but he was obliged by the Committee of Public Safety to go wandering again to try and get the arms, and prove his good faith. He went through a series of adventures and disguises, and employed every ingenious artifice of which his inventive nature was capable to elude the careful watch of English men-of-war and Austrian emissaries over the muskets in the Dutch port; but it was of no use. The English government at last got suspicious, and ordered the weapons to be seized and carried off by their men-of-war; and Beaumarchais had to remain in exile for three years, living at one time at Hamburg in the lowest state of destitution,—lighting his own fires, and obliged to be careful even of his matches. His family, meanwhile, were daily expecting the guillotine, till the ninth Thermidor arrived in time to save their lives, and to enable Beaumarchais to return to his house in the Boulevards, which had been marked with the words "*Propriété Nationale*." He spent the rest of his life in endeavoring to get together the wreck of his scattered fortune. He had, however, some gleams of returning prosperity, and made a happy marriage for his only daughter before his death in 1799. He was found dead in his bed one morning, of apoplexy, after having passed the previous evening in the society of his friends in exuberant spirits.

It must be seen from this brief sketch of Beaumarchais's public life, that he was a man of universal endowments. With the exception of the highest spheres of poetry and philosophy, there was no department of intellectual or social enterprise in which he was not calculated to attain the very highest place. He followed the only public career open to any one under the old *régime*; and to have raised himself under the disadvantages of such a system from a watchmaker's shop to such a degree of eminence, was a very extraordinary achievement. Yet the greater part of his capacity was entirely thrown away: and it is the condemnation of such a state of society that they could find no proper use for a man of such surprising abilities. Let us fancy Pitt, or Sheridan, or Burke put to such occupation as Beaumarchais, obliged to run all over Europe as a sort of police detective after infamous gazetteers, in order to obtain by favor the simplest redress which he had a right to claim from justice. Beaumarchais had within him the capabilities of about six extraordinary men. His law-pleadings were written with such genius that, like the "*Lettres Provinciales*" of Pascal, they have survived the interest of the quarrel from which they sprang. His two best comedies would have done honor to Molière. He wrote *chansons* which Béranger would not have disowned; he had no mean aptitude for politics, diplomacy, and intrigue; and, in addition to all these, he had the managing, mercantile, and financial talents of a Brassy, a Baring, and a Rothschild. But there was more even than all this: his *Mémoires*, his readiness of wit, and his presence of mind, and his promptitude of speech, and his extraordinary and sudden resources in the face of overwhelming difficulties and unforeseen dangers, prove that he had the highest gifts of an orator and a statesman; his prose writings testify to his possession of the highest gifts of eloquence, for which no opportunity existed for other use than that to which he was necessitated to confine them.

If, under a despotic government, starting in life from a very humble condition, he agitated all France

with a wretched lawsuit about fifteen louis, what political eminence might he not have reached had he been placed, like Sheridan or Burke, on the benches of an Opposition, or if, indeed, he had only been born fifty or sixty years later in his own country!

His capacity for carrying on all sorts of work at the same time was surprising. No one could imagine how he found time to write for the stage. "When do you contrive to find leisure for play-writing, M. de Beaumarchais?" asked M. de Maurepas. "I wrote my last comedy the day the Ministers went to the *Redoute*," answered Beaumarchais. The *Redoute* was a public ball of no very good reputation, at which Maurepas had been seen. "Have you many such repartees as that?" rejoined Maurepas; "if so, I answer for its success."

Beaumarchais said it was only idle people who could not find time for everything.

But if Beaumarchais's capacity was greater than his actual achievements, so also his moral character was infinitely above his reputation. No man was ever subject to so much calumny, and no one ever bore it more cheerfully or more nobly. He had not an atom of spite or rancor in his nature. Everybody connected with him,—his family, his cashier, his servants, and his friends,—all loved him, and some to adoration. With enormous strength and dauntless courage, he was infinitely generous, merciful, and forgiving. Even his dislikes did not extend to the persons of the vicious; they ended with their vices. He was ready at any time to do a service to his bitterest enemy when the fight was over. He was incapable even of taking any advantage over a weak foe. When Rivarol published a foul lampoon against him, he refused to make any public mention of Rivarol's deserted wife and family, who were then living on his own bounty. And Talleyrand in his last days reproached him with being an incorrigible dupe to his generosity,—a reproof which Talleyrand was not likely to incur.

Yet he was naturally of his time and no saint; he affected its equivocal frivolous wit to perfection; and one of his best friends said "With the heart of a good man, you affect the tone of a Bohemian." He was somewhat pagan in his loves, and pagan in his religion. "Il fût aimé avec passion," says the faithful cashier Gudin, admiringly, "deses maitresses et de ses trois femmes"; but this was spoken of a time in which the Duc de Richelieu was complimented by a grave academicien in full academy on having the ubiquity of a Jupiter in his amours. Beaumarchais's first two wives died very shortly after their marriage, and his third wife was married to him when he was about forty-five, and by her high character and generous devotion amid the trials of his last years, entirely subjugated his love and esteem. As for his religion, he describes it in a sentence of his own:—"My brother, my friend, my Gudin, often discourses with me on the uncertain after-life, and our conclusion always is, let us try to deserve that it may be happy; if we succeed we shall have made an excellent calculation; if we are to be deceived in this consoling hope, the effect of preparation on ourselves in leading an irreproachable life affords inexpressible delight."

It is good to know that a man so richly gifted, whose happiness had been so often marred and ruined by the worst vices and follies of humanity, never gave way to misanthropy, but remained to the last with unimpaired generosity and trustfulness. Hope, the last best gift, was indestructible within



him; and he held the helm of his fortune to the end with a manly heart and a cheerful smile.

The amiability and playfulness of his nature are as recognizable in his latter as in his earlier days in a charming *chanson* which he composed for his daughter Eugénie on her return home from school, and even in the inscription on the collar of his little dog Follette, which went the round of the Parisian newspapers, and was written not long before his death:—"Je suis Mademoiselle Follette. Beaumarchais m'appartient. Nous demeurons sur les Boulevards."

#### DIARY OF PRINCE SALM-SALM.

At some distant period, when the generation now alive has passed away, an able and impartial historian may undertake to tell the melancholy tale of the rise and fall of the short-lived Mexican Empire. The theme will not be unworthy of a writer who can narrate events as vividly and brilliantly as a Macaulay, or who can depict character with the quaint and searching humor of a Carlyle. There is a unity of subject about the story, there is a picturesqueness in its incidents, there is a completeness in its tragical *dénouement*, which will render it especially susceptible of successful literary treatment when contemporary passions have passed away. The great Anglo-American Civil War, though of far greater importance, will probably be found, on account of its very magnitude, the multiplicity of its operations, and the number of conspicuous persons who were concerned in it, to present a far less promising field for the future historian. Such a writer as we have supposed, besides consulting public official documents, and such secret and confidential letters and memoirs as may then be submitted to his scrutiny, will actually derive many of his materials for the History of the Mexican Empire from the compositions of contemporary chroniclers, eyewitnesses of and partakers in the scenes which they describe.

One of the most recently published of these Recollections now lies before us.\* A diary composed under the interruptions of perpetual summonses to arms or amid the rigors of imprisonment can scarcely be expected to display a high degree of literary polish and finish; it is more likely to show traces of haste and crudity, but it possesses the inestimable advantage of strong individual interest. People never write better than when they are describing some personal adventure, involving great bodily peril or intense mental excitement. At such times the mask of conventionality is discarded, and the simple Man or Woman stands revealed before us. Thus it often happens that the accounts of earthquakes, shipwrecks, and other calamities related by unlearned persons who were the actual sufferers are far more worth reading than those which are ever so artfully composed by practised *littérateurs*.

We do not propose here to trace the story of the establishment of Maximilian's government. We prefer to join the turbid stream of Mexican history at the time when Prince Salm-Salm launches his bark upon it. Felix Salm-Salm, the hero of the narrative,—we shall have occasion presently to speak of the heroine,—derives his title from the little principality of Anhalt, now absorbed in the North German Confederation. He was bred as a soldier, served with distinction under the Prussian flag in

the Holstein campaign, and then volunteered into the army of the United States during the great Civil War. Upon the collapse of the Confederation he declined a position in the regular American army, and determined to seek his fortunes in Mexico, in which country he arrived early in the year 1866. At that time the star of the Imperialists was already beginning to wane, for the Republicans were well aware that their powerful northern neighbor, having crushed the attempted independence of some of his own children, was resolved to enforce the Monroe Doctrine to the utmost, and had peremptorily requested the Emperor of the French to remove his troops and all the other apparatus of Imperialism from the soil of America. A friend in need deserves a hearty reception, and one would have fancied that, coming at such a time as he did, zealously eager to support a falling cause, Prince Salm-Salm ought to have been especially welcome; yet for a long time he seems to have remained in the cold shade of neglect. Doubtless there was a superabundance of officers, especially of officers who deemed themselves worthy of high commands; the real urgent requirements of the Empire at that juncture were soldiers and money. But there were other causes which combined to keep the Prince in the background. The Mexicans were jealous of all foreigners, and the Austrians were jealous of Prussian officers. However, the Prince was permitted to join an expedition of the Belgian corps into the interior as a volunteer.

Let us leap over a period of several months, during which nothing of particular interest is recorded, and come to the 5th of February, 1867, a day to be remembered in Mexican annals, for it was then that the French began to evacuate the country. According to our author, they, and especially their commander, Marshal Bazaine, had made themselves detested, and at their departure no man bade them God speed; no woman waved her handkerchief, but suffered them to go in silence, with a contemptuous smile upon her lip.

The astute Emperor of the French probably wondered that his *protégé* Maximilian did not also quit such an uncomfortable and inhospitable country, but there was a chivalrous enthusiasm about the Royal Austrian sailor for which the great chessplayer at the Tuileries was scarcely prepared. Maximilian had faith in his enterprise, honestly believed that all good and well-disposed Mexicans wanted him as Emperor, and being of a generous, unselfish spirit, felt that it would be a dastardly piece of cowardice to desert them. Had he been successful, had he proved to the world that Mexico really loved her Empire, the world would have worshipped him. But as he was not successful the world thinks that he had better have taken his good brother emperor's advice, returned to Europe, and gone home to console his poor demented wife at Miramar. Few things in history strike us as more touching than the position of the poor hapless Emperor after the departure of the European forces, with hostile armies gradually converging round him, and with a mob of Generals and counsellors about him perpetually squabbling among themselves, and almost all penetrable by bribes, or liable to be warped by the dictates of private ambition. Yet Maximilian believed in those men, till one by one he discovered their incapacity or their treachery. At the last he must have indeed felt desolate, when the only soul which he could really trust, and with which he could thoroughly sympathize, was separated from him not merely by

\* My Diary in Mexico in 1867, including the Last Days of the Emperor Maximilian. By FELIX SALM-SALM. London. 1868.



leagues of salt water, but by the murky clouds of insularity.

Very soon after the French had left, the Emperor quitted Mexico city with all the forces he could raise, — a poor 1,600, — and established himself at Querétaro. This appears to us, who have no pretension to military science, to have been a most unwise proceeding. If Charles I., in 1642, had shut himself up in Oxford, because Oxford was more loyal than London, the war would have probably terminated in favor of the Parliament much sooner than it did.

The unfortunate Emperor soon found his occupation of Querétaro converted into a siege; the enemy daily pressed him closer, provisions daily grew scarcer, till after some months of much gallant fighting and unavailing bloodshed on either side came the catastrophe. But let us for a while turn to observe the fortunes of our hero. In obedience to the advice of his native counsellors, Maximilian had resolved to leave all foreigners behind when he marched for Querétaro. The Prince, however, begged hard for active employment, and was at length placed on the staff of General Vidaurri. In the author's opinion Vidaurri was the most remarkable man in all Mexico, Juarez not excepted. That he was a remarkable man is proved by a thoroughly Mexican fact. When all the rest of the country was swarming with robbers, the state which he governed was so quiet that the mails went regularly there, and money could actually be transmitted without an armed escort. Vidaurri was a tall, lank man of sixty, not in the least like a Mexican, but resembling both in outward appearance and manners a citizen of the United States. Probably because he had once been a Liberal, he was especially obnoxious to the Republican party. His end was very tragical. He was dragged by female treachery from the house of an American, where he lay concealed, and butchered under circumstances of exceptional brutality. Prince Salm describes the personal characteristics of all the principal men with whom he came in contact. Marquez, who afterwards lost the battle of St. Lorenzo, and who was vehemently suspected of treachery to the Imperial cause, he describes as a lively little man, with black hair, keen black eyes, and a full beard, which served to hide the effects of a disfiguring bullet-wound. "He was a brave soldier, but an indifferent General, and his atrocious cruelty had won for him the title of the "Alva of Mexico." Miramon was a handsome man of thirty-four, of elegant figure and manners. The Prince describes him as brave, intellectual, and ambitious, but lacking military science. Mejia was a little, ugly, yellow-skinned Indian of forty-five, thoroughly honest and trustworthy, very popular in his own district, an excellent cavalry General, and distinguished for personal bravery. These two chiefs, it may be remembered, suffered death at the same time as the Emperor.

The author relates many interesting incidents which occurred during the siege of Querétaro, in the operations of which, as his valuable qualities became gradually recognized, he appears to have taken a prominent part. Some little time before, a terrible affair had occurred at San Jacinto, recalling the atrocious fusillades at Lyons under Collot d'Herbois, the disappointed play-actor, in 1793. A hundred and twenty-three Frenchmen, prisoners of war, totally unaware of the fate that was hanging over them, were marched blindfold into the courtyard of a *hacienda* and there butchered, ten at a time, by a

battalion of infantry. During the siege of Querétaro, the Liberals got possession of a suburb, but were dislodged and defeated after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. The Frenchmen present, recalling San Jacinto, vowed that they would give no quarter, especially to those of their countrymen who were serving with the enemy. A horrible scene ensued, and Prince Salm says that he had to use his sword upon his own men before he could check their thirst for blood. On another occasion, being distressed by the piteous moans and cries of the wounded who lay in front of the Imperial trenches, the Prince went out with six men for the charitable purpose of bringing the sufferers within the lines; but they were immediately assailed by a merciless fire, were pursued by the enemy's cavalry, and only escaped with their lives owing to the density of the prickly cactus-bush. Many of the non-combatant inhabitants of Querétaro were killed by the besiegers' shot and shell; but people so soon become inured to such dangers that they still continued to take their evening promenade on the Alameda. As a reward was offered for every unexploded shell which was brought to the military authorities, the poorer inhabitants exposed themselves with the utmost recklessness in order to be the first to seize upon the coveted, but treacherous prize. A woman who carried her baby (Mexican fashion) on her back received a bullet through her neck which killed both mother and child. From the door of his lodging the Prince saw a woman who had brought her husband his dinner killed by a bullet. The first thing the unfeeling wretch did was to dive with his hand into the bosom of his poor wife, not to feel whether her heart was still beating, but to secure her money and cigarettes, which they always hide in that part of the dress; then he carried the body away without losing time in lamentation, first lighting a cigarette.

Mankind are so little impressed by the wholesale butchery of a great battle, the horrifying nature of the scene is so deadened to our imaginations by the blare of trumpets, the rattle of drums, the blaze of fine uniforms, and all the pomp and circumstance of war, that it becomes a duty to call attention to the minor miseries which are inflicted by the shocks of armed hosts. The First Napoleon, who had looked without emotion on the bodies of thousands of his fellow-combatants quivering in agony or stiffened in death, was once moved almost to tears by the desolate condition of a dog whose master had perished on the battle-field. Many of us speculate calmly enough on the chances of one great nation going to war with another just inclined, yet if we saw but one man's hand crushed and mangled, we should ponder for days after on the hideous sight. It would have been well if the statesmen who sat in their closets with the map of Mexico spread before them, speculating on the possible aggrandizement of the Latin race, could have seen as in a vision the bloodshed, the tears, and the misery of which their ambition would be the cause.

The situation of the besieged was gradually growing more precarious. Marquez had quitted Querétaro, promising to return with immediate reinforcements. No news, however, was heard of him, and it was strongly suspected that he had gone over to the enemy. As the unfortunate Emperor gradually lost confidence in his active adherents, he seems to have relied more and more upon Prince Salm, with whom he held many private conferences. Provisions were every day growing scarcer as the enemy



closed all points of access, the troops lived upon mule-meal and maize, while the Emperor's table would have been but scantily furnished but for the daily supplies afforded him by the nuns of the convent of San Teresita. Salm endeavored to break through the enemy's lines, in order to try and communicate with Marquez, but was headed by such overwhelming bodies of troops that he was compelled to return to Querétaro. It is a characteristic of the distrust entertained by the Emperor at this time of his Mexican advisers, that Salm received secret instructions ordering him to arrest the General who was associated with him in this abortive expedition, in case he showed the slightest trace of intending treachery. At last, it was determined that the whole Imperial force should break through the enemy's lines and seek refuge in the Sierra Gorda, General Mejia's active district, whose inhabitants were to a man devoted to him. The attempt was to be made on the night of the 15th of May. But early on the morning of the 15th May, before daylight, the Prince, being awakened by an unusual noise, sallied forth, and found the enemy in possession of the town. General Lopez, hitherto a trusted adherent of the Emperor, asserts that Querétaro was taken by surprise, but the majority of the field officers positively declare that the capture was a prearranged scheme, agreed upon between Escobedo, the Liberal commander, and the traitor Lopez himself.

Those readers who at this distance of time wish to see the respective items of evidence in support of these conflicting statements, will find them given at full length in the appendix to Prince Salm-Salm's work. It is not our business either to accuse or defend General Lopez; it is enough to say that the Emperor's cause was evidently tottering to ruin, and that arguments addressed to the pockets of military men of high rank appear especially acceptable in Mexico. The Emperor, had he only thought of himself, might have escaped if he had chosen to do so, for his escape was at that moment evidently desired by the Liberal victors; but once more his self-denying chivalry prevailed, and he resolved to remain and share the fate of his followers, whatever that fate might be. He and his principal adherents, including Prince Salm-Salm, were presently arrested, and imprisoned in the Convent of San Teresita.

At this point in our narrative we must turn to the adventures of the Princess Salm-Salm, an Anglo-American lady, whom we are proud to claim, transatlantically, as our cousin. When her husband went up to Querétaro, the Princess remained at Tacubaya, a pretty place, near Mexico city, in the house of M. Hube, formerly Consul-General of Hamburg. For a time, hearing no news from Querétaro, she felt very anxious, when General Marquez made his appearance, bringing the most excellent accounts from that city. Then the General, taking almost all the troops which had been left to defend the city, marched from Mexico for the purpose of attacking Porfirio Diaz, the Liberal commander, who was advancing on Puebla. Glorious news presently reached Mexico. Porfirio Diaz had been totally defeated, and his army dispersed. The news proved incorrect in one particular. There was a mistake in a name. Marquez was the general who had been totally defeated. Princess Salm-Salm at once perceived that this Liberal victory imported ruin to the cause of Maximilian; she determined, therefore, to go to Mexico, in order to speak to the commanders of the foreign troops, and ascertain from them whether

they would agree to surrender if General Porfirio Diaz would engage himself to secure life and liberty to the Emperor and his officers in case they should fall into the hands of the Liberals. The Republican victory had plunged all the region round Mexico in a state of anarchy; fighting was going on round Tacubaya, and a journey from that pleasant rural retreat to the metropolis was a somewhat more perilous undertaking than a trip from Richmond to London. M. Hube strongly opposed the Princess's departure. He even locked her into her room; but her womanly wit was too much for him, and she made more than one journey to Mexico, accompanied by her faithful and inseparable companion, a little dog named Jimmy. On one occasion, after dark, a sentinel fired at her, because in her nervousness she exclaimed, "*Enemigo*" (enemy), instead of "*Amigo*" (friend); on another occasion, when she was riding alone in broad daylight up to the Guadalupe-gate, with her white handkerchief fastened to her riding-whip as a signal of truce, the cowardly rascals who manned the ramparts—Imperialists, for Mexico was still held by Maximilian's party—fired a volley of bullets at her, one of which grazed her hair. We must not attempt to tell all the perils and adventures undergone by this energetic lady, but must refer the reader to her portion of the Diary, which we could wish to have been larger than it is; for, without any disparagement to Prince Salm's share of the work, women write better on matters of personal detail than men; besides which occasional traces of foreign idiom are perceptible in his narrative, while she, a transatlantic Englishwoman, writes her native tongue clearly and vigorously.

It is enough to say that she accomplished what few women would attempt, and what no man could do. If mighty Generals declined to grant her what she wanted, she sat down before their castles and literally besieged them into acquiescence. Thus, after some days, we find her valiantly making her way in a dilapidated yellow fiacre, drawn by four mules to Querétaro, a journey of four days over a road infested by robbers. She has heard that her husband was wounded in the city, and with Jimmy on her lap and a little revolver hidden in her dress-pocket she cares for no man. She arrives outside Querétaro, and visits General Escobedo. He refuses to allow her to enter, whereupon she goes on another three days' journey to San Luis Potosi, to lay her petition at the feet of the chief of the Republic, Juárez. Here is his portrait, as sketched by the Princess. A man a little under the middle size, with a very dark-complexioned Indian face, which is not disfigured, but, on the contrary, made more interesting, by a very large scar across it. He has very black piercing eyes, and gives one the impression of being a man who reflects much and deliberates long and carefully before acting. He wore high, old, English collars, and a black necktie, and was dressed in black broadcloth. Before the President had time to conduct her to the sofa, Jimmy had already established himself there. Her first interview was unsuccessful. Juárez declined to grant her permission to enter Querétaro. She determined, however, to attack him again, but while waiting for an opportunity heard the news of Lopez's treacherous surrender of the city to the Republicans. Thereupon she started at once, without asking further permission, and entered Querétaro without accident. The first sight of her husband affected her very much. He was not shaved, wore a collar several days old,



and looked as if he had emerged from a dust-bin. She wept, and almost fainted as he held her in his arms.

Soon after this the ex-Emperor and his generals were tried. The court-martial was held in the Iturbide Theatre, which, with very bad taste, was decorated for the occasion as if for a festival. The Emperor being ill, and knowing too well the decision at which the judges would arrive, declined to attend. All were sentenced to death, Prince Salm-Salm included. Again the indefatigable Princess starts for San Luis Potosi, and obtains a respite of the sentence from Juarez. Indeed, of all the people favorable to the Emperor who had the use of their liberty, this woman seems to have been the only one who had the heart of a man. The foreign diplomatic body appear to have acted with a culpable mixture of timidity and imprudence. It must be remembered that they themselves were in an awkward position, for they were not accredited to the President of the Mexican Republic, but to Maximilian, who was to the victorious party merely a foreign adventurer. While, on one hand, they talked vaguely of the vengeance which would be visited on Mexico by the European Powers which they represented, in case the Emperor's life were forfeited, on the other hand they fancied that they would save his life by joining the Republicans in their abuse of him. Their plan of action, says the Princess, did harm rather than good. The Mexicans knew little of, and cared less, for the great Powers of Europe, but they acutely judged that those Powers would scarcely attempt to avenge the death of a man whose policy was evidently contemned by the ministers accredited to his court. Meanwhile, while they were wasting time in barren or worse than barren talk, the Princess and her husband were planning for the Emperor's escape. It certainly seems that these plans would have succeeded had the Emperor joined heartily in the plot, and had he been provided with large sums of ready cash. The princess gives a graphic account of her endeavors to bribe Colonel Palacios, the Emperor's chief custodian. If she could have placed a bag of solid yellow gold pieces in his hand, she believes that she could have won him over; but unfortunately she could only show him a draft on the Imperial Treasury at Vienna for \$100,000. The untutored mind of the poor Indian—for such was Palacios—could see little virtue in a scrap of paper, and he revealed the proposal to his commanding officer, Escobedo. For the last time the Princess sought the President, and implored him to spare the Emperor's life.

"Trembling and sobbing, I fell down on my knees, and pleaded with words which came from my heart, but which I cannot remember. The President tried to raise me, but I held his knees convulsively, and would not leave him before he had granted his life. I saw the President was moved; he as well as M. Iglesia (the secretary) had tears in their eyes, but he answered with a low, sad voice: 'I am grieved, Madam, to see you thus on your knees before me; but if all the kings and queens in Europe were in your place I could not spare that life. It is not I who take it; it is the people and the law; and if I should not do its will, the people would take it, and mine also.' In my raving agony I exclaimed, he might take my life, if blood was wanted. I was a useless woman; but he might spare that of a man who might still do much good in another country. All was in vain. The President raised me up, and repeated to me that the life of my husband should be spared; that was all he could do. I thanked him and left."

The law here referred to by the President was, we presume, a law made under his sanction on the 25th of January, 1862, which condemned all rebels taken with arms in their hands to the penalty of death. In opposition to this a somewhat similar decree, surpassing it in cruelty, was sanctioned by the Emperor Maximilian on the 3d of October, 1865. The apologists in this country for the execution of Maximilian have often asserted that but for this fatal law he would not have suffered the extreme penalty. Prince Salm-Salm declares that this fatal decree was drawn up by Marshal Bazaine, who pressed it upon the Emperor as absolutely necessary to restore order. It was not directed against the Liberal army, for no Liberal army was then in existence, but against the numerous bands of brigands who, under pretence of serving the Liberal cause, devastated the country. Those who knew the disposition of the late Emperor are well aware that he would not attach his signature to any documents which were intended to be used for purposes of cruelty or oppression, but it is just possible that in a disorganized state of society many cruelties were afterwards perpetrated by virtue of this decree, the odium of which would necessarily in the minds of the sufferers attach to the usurping Austrian stranger. To persons accustomed to the mild political code of Western Europe, the execution of the Emperor seems a needless barbarity, but we can quite understand that to Mexicans the act appeared to be dictated by necessity and justice. We in England conceive that the Mexicans would have done well to imitate the lenity exercised towards the Confederate generals by the Federal authorities; the Mexicans felt otherwise; they believed that a terrible warning was needed by those Europeans who were inclined to meddle in their domestic affairs; and as a proof of their resolution, they imitated the savage boast of Danton, and bade defiance to the Monarchical Powers by showing them the head of a slaughtered Emperor.

We shall not dwell on the details of the Emperor's execution, though many particulars not hitherto published are given in these volumes. Our concluding words must be devoted to Prince Salm-Salm. His sentence of death was commuted to six years' imprisonment, and for some months he was kept in rigorous confinement. Interest, however, was made in his behalf by the Anglo-American inhabitants of Mexico, his ever-zealous wife stirred up her countrymen in the United States, a letter asking for his release was written by President Johnson, and at length he was suffered to depart from Vera Cruz, arriving at home in Aethalt just in time to spend Christmas Day, 1867, with his family.

We have omitted to touch on many interesting points which reveal the state of Mexican society, but we think we have said enough to induce the reader to examine these two agreeable volumes for himself. The photographs of the late Emperor, of Miramon, Mejia, and Prince Salm-Salm, will be scanned with curiosity, but we prophesy that the portrait which will be regarded with the most interest is that of the heroic lady who strove so earnestly to save the life of the ill-fated Maximilian.

## CONJUGAL TIFFS.

THE wonderful trials of temper imposed by matrimony can scarce ever be known to an outsider. The provocative power of a woman, which is naturally considerable, becomes many degrees intensified



by marriage. First of all, the intimacy of that mode of life renders her thoroughly acquainted with all the weak points of her lord. She knows exactly where to hurt him most severely, and where to touch a raw place hidden from the rest of the world. There is no doubt that when Xantippe pitched crockery at the scone of her husband, she accompanied the missiles with jeers at the poor man's doctrines. Milton, it is said, suffered horribly from the tongue of his helpmate, and we can imagine her, not only hiding his pen and ink, but making fun of his verses. But these are historical cases, where the battles were of chronic occurrence. In real life, people when married do not altogether bark and bite. There are intervals of repose when the atmosphere is clear and the sun shines; or, as it may happen, the storms are exceptional and the squalls comparatively rare. Offhand encounters frequently tend to postpone more serious conclusions, and the little domestic skirmishes common to the matrimonial state act as safety-valves of energy, which might, under strict confinement, burst into a disastrous explosion. There are numbers of women who would be quite uncomfortable if they had not small quarrels with their husbands. The smooth and even tenor of every-day existence is broken up into a picturesque variety by these passages. Husbands (especially when new to their happiness) are often puzzled to know what makes the angel cross, and, to use an expressive term, cantankerous. They ask the cause, but they are fenced off until a chance occurs for treading on their corns, and then the shindy commences in real earnest. A lady of this delightful complexion is completely happy if she can wind up with a good cry. The dear creature dissolves into tears, and the man feels himself at once a brute. This is her revenge. There is nothing now for the husband but absolute submission, and a full acknowledgment of his being in the wrong. A woman has lost her ground forever who fails in her object when she has recourse to her pocket-handkerchief, and to a display of swollen eyes and a red nose. Few, however, are stupid enough to play this card until their adversary becomes disgusted with the trick; it is generally kept back until the right time, and then used with a vengeance.

The fascinating hypocrisy of the sex is shown in nothing with such grace as in the periods which immediately ensue after a tiff. To the visitor or the casual diner there is no indication whatever of the disturbance. If a symptom is shown at all it is by the husband, who has not the same faculty as his wife of smoothing his feathers when ruffled. Of course this is only in good society. Amongst other classes it is not so simple a thing to dispose of the visible tokens of a matrimonial sparring-match. There are such things as black eyes and scratched faces. Yet it may happen that those of a higher sphere suffer just as bad punishments as the less polished combatants. Inward bleeding is more dangerous than an open wound. It is a fact that all tiffs contain the possibilities of offences which can never be forgiven. A wild, vicious word may stick and rankle in a woman's heart forever. Such a word was applied, for instance, by Mr. Jonathan Wild to the lady who visited him in trouble; and it is believed she hung him for it. A man who studies the disposition of his wife for the sake of his own peace must be cautious to mark her foibles of temper, for the best wives have certain weaknesses in this respect, which it would be unfair and rather uncomfortable to ignore. If they would only discover

them to us before marriage! But that is not the custom. Such frankness would be almost fatal to the institution which binds communities together. Besides, after all, women with tempers are much more tolerable than women without. They possess both action and spirit, while the tame, equable colorless creature has neither. A landscape seen in perpetual sunshine or moonshine would be dull; it is a relief to see it from time to time stirred by the wind or in the light of a flushed and angry sunset. Is this the reason why poets so often marry shrews? It is probable that a lady who becomes conscious that her husband is analyzing her would, out of sheer spite, give him something to speculate upon of a hard and practical description: she would cross his romantic vision on a broomstick, or, worse again, flit over his brain with a poker. Albert Durer was, it is thought, blessed in this fashion. Vulgar men are not exempt from similar benedictions in disguise. Yet they conceal their favors heroically. The Divorce Court lets us into many secrets; but there are thousands of profounder secrets unknown to that useful establishment. Tiffs are not sufficient causes for separation, although they may lead to the most penary reasons for parting.

We should think that in most instances when they do the fault lies with the husband. Marriage is a science, or, rather, a fine art. There is scarcely any woman who could not be reduced by a good system and discipline to an endurable line of conduct. Whether every woman would be worth the trouble of such a training is quite another question; but, undoubtedly, to the man who is married there is no more important task to take in hand. It requires judgment, coolness, and just a little clever cruelty. The slightest sign of weakness (and bullying, mind, is a vulgar admission of incapacity) will spoil the entire operation. Roughness of any kind is, indeed, most undesirable, and is only the weapon of clumsy reformers. Mild irony and satire, with the chill off, is much more effectual. Petruccio laid down an excellent programme for Rareyzing Kate where he said:—

"I will attend her here  
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.  
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear  
As morning roses newly washed with dew.  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence."

Petruccio was a genuine woman-tamer, who used his art not unkindly. Of course there are incorrigibles, whose husbands have no alternative but a study of the Book of Job, and a strong faith in compensative immortality. With them there is no rest. When we read in the papers of brutal violence towards wives, we are often too sentimental in condemning the husband. We may not take into account the unbearable provocation to which he is often subjected. A story is told of an actor who had to repeat Tobin's celebrated piece of claptrap, "The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save," &c. It occurred to him at the moment that he had whacked his wife about half an hour previously, in the presence of the green-room, and so, in order not to appear inconsistent, he altered the text thus: "The man who lays his hand upon a woman, *save when she deserves it*," &c. We should be sorry to allow this freedom with so noble a modern toast, but, unquestionably, there are times when its literal interpretation must seem unjust to laborers whose



wives pawn the children's clothes and waste the money in drink.

Into this branch of the subject, however, it is not our intention to enter. Disputes between man and wife, in which the smoothing-iron and the dishes are employed as arguments are beyond the cooler region of tiffs. It is well when the tiff only resembles a lovers' quarrel, and is established, perhaps, by the lady, for the express purpose of a delightful making-up. On such occasions a good husband is expected to show his appreciation of the luxurious misery he has gone through by a box at the opera or a new dress. He not only dances, but very properly pays the piper, and he has the consolation of reflecting that any future amusements of a similar nature must be similarly purchased. As Selden says, "If a man keep a monkey, shall he not pay for the glasses it breaks?"

### FOREIGN NOTES.

THE primogeniture question is the liveliest subject just now in England.

THE play of "Dot" is having a fresh run of success at the new Queen's Theatre, London.

THE title of the new operetta which Offenbach is said to be composing is "Le Sant de Leancate."

MATTHEW ARNOLD's London publishers have just issued a second edition of his admirable "Essays in Criticism."

DICKENS's new reading, the story of the murder in "Oliver Twist," has created the greatest excitement in London.

THE next Paris Exhibition will contain a statuette, executed by Mademoiselle Nilson, who is said to be almost equally gifted as a sculptor as she is as a vocalist.

THE environs of Rosenau, in Upper Hungary, are infested at present by a band of brigands commanded by a monk who was recently an inmate of a Capuchin monastery.

AMONG the grim statistics which fill the English papers this time of year is the statement that two hundred and three persons were killed by horses or vehicles in the streets of London during 1868.

MR. TROLLOPE's story, "He Knew He Was Right," will be resumed in these pages at the earliest moment possible. Owing to some mismanagement abroad, the advance sheets of the novel have failed to reach our hands. In the mean while we beg the indulgence of the reader.

MR. SPURGEON, the other day, was scolding certain of his followers who declined to interfere in politics on the ground that they were "not of this world." This, he argued, was mere metaphor. "You might as well," he said, "being sheep of the Lord, decline to eat a mutton-chop on the plea that it would be cannibalism."

THE Czar's most lovely young daughter, it appears, has not only to graduate in theology before she can ascend the Bavarian throne, but she has likewise to go through a severe course of musical instruction ere she can hope to secure the affection of her royal fiancé, who, it is said, broke off his marriage with the present Duchess of Alençon because she would not admire the "Tannhauser."

THE Yellowplush correspondent of the London Star, writing from Paris, thus describes the costume which her Majesty wore at the recent State Ball: "Her Majesty's dress, which will probably interest the fair portion of your readers, consisted of a skirt of maize satin, covered with numberless flounces, over which were several skirts of the lightest tulle, spangled with gold, the lowest bordered with panes of dimensions such as Gulliver may have seen in his wanderings amongst the Brobdignags, but the dimensions of which were certainly never equalled even at Chiswick. A wreath of these gigantic heartsease encircled the Empress's head, whilst her back hair was fastened by a comb, surmounted by five knobs of diamonds, one long ringlet falling to the waist.

"THE Americans," remarks an evening English journal, "must feel in a very pleasant mood towards Mr. Gladstone. Sometimes people criticise them without offering any apology for their presumption afterwards. This is very wrong, and Mr. Gladstone shows us a better example. During the progress of the late war he stated at Newcastle that 'Jefferson Davis had made a nation.' Every prediction that we have ever yet seen on the course American affairs will take has turned out to be wrong, and Mr. Gladstone's announcement was not justified by events. But Mr. Gladstone is ever ready to apologize. He assures an American correspondent that 'arrogance and self-confidence are among our national faults,' and that 'we require to be taken down.' Of his own audacity, for such he seems to think it, in commenting upon the events of 1864, he says, 'I must confess that I was wrong'; and not satisfied with this he adds, 'I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion.' This is what the Americans will call 'owning up,' in a very handsome manner. A recent writer in one of their journals declare that no one cares about the money involved in the *Alabama* dispute; all the Americans want is that England should admit that she was in the wrong from beginning to end of the war. Perhaps something may be made of that idea yet."

In an interesting article on "The Mortality of Musicians," in the Musical Directory, Mr. John Towers, speaking of the tendency of music to render its professors either apoplectic or mad, gives a list of forty-eight eminent musicians who died of apoplexy, the different branches of the profession being thus illustrated: composers, 15; stringed instrumentalists, 12; theoretical and critical writers, 18; singers, 6; keyed instrumentalists, 4; wind ditto, 3. He cites, however, some curious instances of longevity and artistic activity amongst musical people. Handel's father was 63 when Handel was born; the great composer lived to the age of 74. Haydn, the eldest of twenty children, lived to the age of 77 years and 2 months. The father of Erard, the renowned piano-maker, was not married until he was 64; Sebastian, the mechanic, was his fourth son, and he lived to the age of seventy-nine. Salieri lived to 50. An organist in Penketh has filled the post for sixty-five years. The Weigls, father and son, lived to be 80; the Talemans to 83 and 86; the Cervettos to 90 and 101. Alexander Boucher played the violin faultlessly at 90; and on his hundredth birthday Mr. Johnson played, with considerable mastery, a solo on the violoncello. Moscheles is now 75; Rossini was born 1792; Fetis is in his 85th year; Auber will be 83 on the 29th of this month; and, in conclusion, Mr. Towers adds:



"There is now living at Hertford a worthy musical gentleman, Charles Bridgeman, who commemorated his ninetieth birthday on Sunday, the 30th of August last, by presiding at the organ, morning and evening service, at All Saints' Church, Hertford, where he has held the post of organist uninterruptedly for seventy-seven years."

THE Pall Mall Gazette gives a very long and favorable review of Hawthorne's American Note-Books. "The thanks of all admirers of Mr. Hawthorne," says the critic, "are due to his literary executors for the publication of the present book. In these stray notes and diaries we have not, as in most posthumous writings, the incomplete fragments or unrevised draft of work that was one day to have been finished; but a collection of incidental thoughts, observations, suggestions, written down in their appropriate language as they occurred, and neither requiring nor admitting further polish. Indeed, it is remarkable, as matter of style, how classical a quality this writer maintains even in his most familiar and careless jottings; his dishabille is never slovenly; his correctness, in his least guarded moments, amounts almost to purism. These notes, in which the daily workings of the author's mind are exposed, are full of just the same qualities that constitute the charm of his most important and most popular works,—of the 'Scarlet Letter,' of 'The Marble Faun,' of the 'Blithedale Romance,' of 'Mosses from an Old Manse.' They are full of the same simple minuteness of observation, of the same susceptibility to external influences, the same child-like and unaffected sympathy with the daily life of nature and of men."

AN English critic has suggested an ingenious short-hand method of reviewing novels:—"We have often thought of establishing a system of reviewing novels in a single line. Certain classes would have to be established like those used for insuring ships, ranging from, say A to D. The letter A, B, C, or D might represent the general pitch and level of the work. A would be appropriated to books of genius, and ought to be allotted very sparingly indeed. A1 would be a work of genius highly finished. A4, a work of genius written in a slovenly way. The B class would represent clever books written by persons who, more or less, make a serious business of authorship and understand their business. C would denote single efforts, books which throw into the form of a novel some isolated romantic experience or the narrative of some peculiar frame of mind. D would describe the books which ought never to have been written at all; and D with a high number attached, D10, for instance, would mean a book utterly bad in conception and execution. A very few words of description added to the figure denoting the class would give every experienced reader a pretty distinct notion of the sort of book with which he had to do; for instance, three or four well-known novels might be reviewed thus:—

"'Mill on the Floss,' A2—Lower middle-class real life. Scene Lincolnshire or East Riding of York. Slight flavor of Positivism.

"'Barchester Towers,' B1—Studies of Church-of-England dignitaries, cathedral towns, and country gentlemen.

"'Miss Braddon's novels,' B6—Battle, murder, and sudden death. Good Lord, deliver us."

A PARIS correspondent tells the following story of M. de Flers, whose splendid collection of paint-

ings was recently sold at the Hôtel Drouot: "Some years ago De Flers lived at a small country house on the borders of the Forest of Fontainebleau, which he gradually turned into a small curiosity shop, to the infinite annoyance of his wife, who, having gone for a day's shopping to Melun, happened to observe a *marchand de bric-à-brac*. The idea of inducing him to carry off some of the accumulated rubbish, as she considered her husband's antiquities, struck her; she forthwith requested him to call the next morning, with a wheelbarrow, at her house. On his arrival, according to appointment, Madame de Flers showed him a lot she had selected, and, after some bargaining, got rid of the inconvenient lumber for 225f. (£ 9 sterling), much rejoicing at her husband's temporary absence, which allowed her to strike so favorable a bargain. That afternoon M. de Flers, on his way home, passing through the town of Melun, much struck by the beauty of certain antique vases, &c., displayed in the window of a *marchand de bric-à-brac*, asked their possessor how much he would let him have the lot for. After much bargaining the man agreed to deliver them at his country house for 325f. (£ 13 sterling), and he went home rejoicing to his wife at the wonderful beauty and cheapness of some purchases he had made at Melun. Madame de Flers groaned in her spirit, but congratulated herself in silence on her having at least made room for the new acquisition; when, lo! she raised her eyes, and beheld her friend of the morning pushing along the identical wheelbarrow in which he had carried off his load, the contents being the precise articles she had sold for £ 9, and which M. de Flers had repurchased a few hours later for £ 13."

## HIPPOLYTUS TO ARTEMIS.

χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ καλλίστα. — EUR. Hip. 69.

MINE own, my one desire,  
Virgin most fair  
Of all the virgin choir!

Hail, O most pure, most perfect, loveliest one!  
Lo, in mine hand I bear,

Woven for the circling of thy long gold hair,  
Culled leaves and flowers, from places which the  
sun

The spring long shines upon:

Where never shepherd bath driven flock to graze,  
Nor any grass is mown:

But there sound through all the sunny soft warm days,  
'Mid the green holy place,  
The wild bee's wings alone.  
Yea, and with jealous care,

The maiden Reverence tends the fair things there,  
And watereth all of them with sprinkling showers  
Of pearly gray dew from a pure running river.  
Whoso is chaste of spirit utterly,  
Untaught, yet so, even from his infancy,  
May gather there the dew and leaves and flowers;  
The unchaste, never.

But thou, O Goddess, and dearest love of mine,  
Take, and about thine hair  
This anadem entwine,—  
Take, and for my sake wear.  
Yea, take it, Queen, from me,

Who more to thee than common men am dear.

Whose is the holy lot  
As friend with friend to walk and talk with thee,  
Hearing thy sweet mouth's music in mine ear,  
But thee beholding not.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

## A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

[No. 163.]

### SOME THOUGHTS ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

BY TOM TAYLOR.

THERE are fashions in all arts, as there are fashions in the opinions and judgments about them. As a general rule, in a time of abundant writing, and widely diffused and therefore superficial knowledge, the tendency is to depreciate contemporary art in all its forms. We may note this disposition in current criticism, not only of the theatre, but of poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture. In all these the spirit of the time is always striving to express itself in new forms which appeal to popular appreciation, and obtain a great deal of it. But those who write about such things, having, or assuming to have, before their minds the labors of a long and illustrious past, are in the habit of contrasting the present with that past, to the detriment, almost invariably, of the present. This is at once an easier task, and one more flattering to the critic's sense of superiority, than fairly and dispassionately to appreciate and account for the performances and position of any contemporary art. But the latter I believe to be a more useful employment of the critical faculty. I propose to attempt such an application of it to the stage, as that form of art of which I have most intimate and practical knowledge. However humiliating, at first sight, to all connected with the stage, may appear the comparison of the theatre as it is, and as it was in what are called its "palmy" days, by which I suppose is generally meant the fifty years comprising the last quarter of last century and the first of this, there never was a time of more theatrical activity than the present, if measured by the number of theatres built or building, and actively occupied, in London and the provinces, and by the production of new pieces, whatever their quality. It is a fact beyond dispute that all the London theatres nowadays, and the most considerable provincial ones, devote themselves all but exclusively to contemporary pieces. The old *répertoire* is only exceptionally and rarely resorted to. The Haymarket company, on its annual autumnal tour, gives a series of the old comedies in the principal provincial theatres; and one of them is every now and then put up for a few nights in the interval between the production of the novelties on which the theatre habitually relies; or a star, or aspirant to stary honors, foreign, English, or American, may from time to time appeal to public favor in a play of Shakespeare's, or some other of the "old masters" of the drama; but, substantially, the fact is as I state it, that the theatre now lives on novelties. So

little is the old drama counted upon, that, when it is resorted to, it has none of the advantages or appliances which are lavished on new plays. There is no cost or pains in preparation, and no elaboration of rehearsals. Any scenery or dresses are good enough for it, any cast will do, the old stage business is acquiesced in. There is, in short, except perhaps on the part of the "star" himself, or herself, no application of mind to the business in hand, whether by actor or manager, scene-painter or costumier. This shows that those who are most materially concerned in theatrical property do not value their power to draw on the accumulated wealth of our dramatic past. Thus far, at least, the stage asserts its vitality, that it is always assimilating fresh food. This is a frequent subject of complaint with one school of critics. They find texts for insisting on the sound and remunerative policy of a return to the old drama in the occasional instances in which new life is imparted to old forms by some striking or unfamiliar interpretation, — as in the case of Mr. Fechter's Hamlet, or Mademoiselle Stella Colas's Juliet; — or when interest is excited by the reappearance of an old favorite, — as in the instance of Miss Helen Faucit's periodical returns to the stage; — or where something like completeness of scenic presentation is attempted, — as in the recent run of Macbeth at Drury Lane, with Mr. Beverley's scenery. But the experience of managers testifies against the critics. The old plays, they are unanimous in asserting, as a rule, and where there is no exceptional personal curiosity to be gratified, do not pay. If it was not for the provincial theatres, where the old "stock" plays still form part of the *répertoire*, we should not find our actors familiar even with the parts of Shakespeare which fall in their line of business, still less with those of any other old dramatist. The power of speaking blank verse with music and effect, is hardly ever found among our younger actors; and with it is gone the whole stage manner of the ideal or poetic drama. Except Shakespeare, indeed, the famous dramatists of Elizabeth and James may be said to be entirely banished from the stage to the library.

This shows, at least, that the theatres depend for support on audiences who are interested in presentations of contemporary subjects, or at least of subjects treated in a contemporary spirit. This is only the reflection in the theatre of a tendency apparent in all the other representative arts. Old pictures, if it were not for the demand of public and private galleries, would find but a poor market nowadays. It is only those of the highest class, such as the trustees of national collections and the possessors of



great family galleries will compete for, that now fetch prices comparable with those commanded by contemporary works. Last century it was all the other way. Then the taste, real or affected, for pictures, was confined to the genuine or mock *virtuosi*, the men who, on the grand tour, had acquired a relish for the old masters, or the pretension to it. Now the great picture-market is among our merchants, traders, and manufacturers, whose sympathy is all but exclusively for works of their own time. There is something analogous to this in the theatre. Last century the stage lived mainly on the old drama, or on plays which in form and character reflected the past rather than the present. Comedy and farce had, even then, it is true, the breath of contemporary life in them. But the serious drama was antique, or aimed at being so. There was no notion of extracting matter for deep or painful emotion out of contemporary life. This was sought exclusively in the ambitions, treacheries, loves, woes of remote and dignified personages, expressing themselves in artificial and stately rhythms. The Gamester is a solitary exception to this rule, and though its subject is contemporary, its form is studiously unnatural. And even comedy sought its materials mainly in one range of society,—that of the artificial, high-bred upper classes. If it went lower, it was to present some foil to these in a lower class just as artificial, and more unlike any contemporary reality. The great popular wave had not then, in fact, invaded the theatre. We see the rise of it in the last decade of last century, and its influence growing through the earlier part of the present, but generally in the shape of some sententious embodiment of unworldliness, or some impossible incarnation of humble, half-grotesque purity,—the country boys, for example, who are stock figures in the plays of the younger Colman, Reynolds, Morton, and their contemporaries. The formal old comedy which had employed the refined wit of Sheridan and the elder Colman, and the rare natural humor of Goldsmith, gradually degenerated into more and more trivial humors and stagey eccentricities. Tragedy, galvanized for a time by the electric power of the elder Kean into a more stirring and passionate life than the stately art of the Kembles could impart to it, dwindled into dulness. We saw the last of it in Macready. But he brought to its aid, besides his own vigorous, picturesque, and intelligent acting, and excellent stage management, all the attraction of a more complete and tasteful scenery and decoration than had ever till then been seen in the theatre. Charles Kean carried these aids and appliances still further, and by help of them kept the stage for a Shakespearian management of nine years, but only by dint of immense outlay, and with great help from burlesque spectacle, and such "sensational" melodrama as the Corsican Brothers and Pauline. Even then, it is understood that, though his large outlay was returned to him, it was with little or no profits.

So long as the patent theatres survived, there was a home in them for artificial comedy as for formal tragedy, and a body of actors trained to represent both with more or less finish and completeness. But the same influences, call them popular or democratic if you will, which were gradually modifying manners, political opinions and literature, were at work in the theatre, both to sap theatrical privilege and to new-mould theatrical amusements. The patents were broken down; all theatres were opened to all kinds of entertainments; actors became scat-

tered; and whatever of artificial or stately in stage art had been maintained by the barriers of privilege, or the influences of tradition, began to melt away, and make room for ways of acting and forms of entertainment bearing a more popular impress.

In the change much was lost which those who look back will always regret. But the change was a natural one, wrought out in obedience to wide-working laws, on the whole of a beneficent and beneficial kind. And if we lost the school of artificial acting, we turned over those who would have been pupils in it to the higher and subtler, if more difficult, school of life. The teaching in that school, though less systematic and less easily enforced, is immeasurably better than any which can be obtained in the school which has now closed forever. But in the interval between the two systems, through which our actors are now passing, there is a time of transition, when we feel the want of the lessons of the one, and do not yet see the fruits of the other's teaching. And what is true of actors is true of pieces also. We have become impatient of the highly artificial comedy and long-drawn, stilted, and remote tragedy of the last generation, but we have not yet hit upon the form of stage art in which our two great natural cravings—that for amusement and that for emotion—can be gratified, under conditions which satisfy refined as well as indiscriminating tastes.

To employ a pregnant distinction of Goethe's, our stage has discontinued the attempt to "realize the ideal," while it has not yet succeeded in the more fruitful effort to "idealize the real." The condition which every manager prescribes to the dramatist is to paint real life. As all real life is made up of joy and sorrow, it follows that what is sought is neither pure comedy nor unmixed tragedy, but something which shall move in turn smiles and tears,—which shall alternately amuse, and thrill, and move. It is worth remarking that there is hardly one of the plays of Shakespeare which does not fulfil this condition. Not one of his comedies but has its undercurrent of sadness or tenderness, breaking out in passages of sweetness and beauty which exquisitely enhance the gayety, wit, and humor in which they are set; hardly one of his tragedies but has its note of humor, relieving the pity and terror out of which it breaks;—and the same thing holds good, in the main, of all the best Elizabethan and Jacobean drama. Pure comedy and unrelieved tragedy are alike growths of a more corrupt and feebler time. It is so far a sign of health in the contemporary stage that the demand now is for drama, which admits the blending of tragic and comic elements. That this demand has thus far been responded to mainly by melodrama,—by which I understand a form of piece in which the play of emotion and character is subordinated and sacrificed to startling incident and scenic effect,—is not to be wondered at. It is not easy, out of the dulness and decorum, the commonplace, staidness, and sameness of life about us, to extract matter of amusement and emotion, or excitement, without trespassing on the domains of farce, slang, and vulgarity for the one, or resorting to the dark regions of crime and forbidden passion, or the thrilling effects of physical peril, for the other. These are the resources of the sensational drama, which for the moment all but exclusively occupies the stage. It is the upshot of the demand for real and contemporary incident and strong emotion working together, and is to be displaced not by any revival of the



dramatic masterpieces of another and widely different age, but by plays in which the same elements of dramatic effect are embodied in more artistic and refined forms. The elements of tragedy are always at work among us; and the selection and presentation of them in a dramatic form, with their due accompaniment of the quaint, eccentric, humorous, and trivial, which, combined with wit, constitute the comic woof of life, will be the work of any conspicuous dramatic power to be found among us at this time.

That there are many things working against the development of such a talent I think may be shown. The tide of the time sets more to the writing of novels than of plays. Except in a few conspicuous cases, in which mere business talent and long experience of the theatre (before as well as behind the curtain) are combined with marked cleverness in the contrivance or adaptation of dramatic situations and the clothing them with dialogue, managers do not pay so well as publishers, and are, as a rule, much less liberal-minded, intelligent, and pleasant to deal with. Then, whatever vividness there may be in having your conceptions set forth in action, there are the enormous and inevitable disadvantages of imperfect or blundering presentation. For one character well embodied on the stage, the dramatist is likely to have ten marred or maimed by his actors if he trust them with anything beyond the most well-worn commonplaces of the boards. The approaches of the author to the theatre are difficult and unpleasant. Managers, most of them actors or ex-actors, are too busy with the details of their daily work to give much attention to the dramatic essays of untried men; and the tried men are apt to be content with the tried subjects and sources of effect. Few of the managers have a standard of taste a shade higher than that of their public, or any aim beyond that of making their theatre pay by the most obvious means. They find or think it easier and safer to rely for profit and popularity on the class which now frequents the theatre, than to seek to attract a more fastidious or refined public, which they feel would be at once narrower and harder to please. A condition of dramatic improvement yet lacking to our stage is a manager who should combine with activity, promptitude, and regularity in business, and the other requirements for commercial success, a degree of literary culture, refinement, and social standing which would enable him, while consulting the taste of his time, gradually to elevate it, by giving it the best of which it is capable, and so by degrees to bring back to the theatre that class which has been alienated from it by the bad taste, bad manners, vulgarity, and extravagance too frequently presented on the stage. To second the efforts of such a manager we want a more independent, intelligent, and exacting criticism in the press. They must be backed, too, by attention to such material conditions as well-chosen hours of performance, comfortable sitting and hearing accommodation, and the absence of petty exactions by box-keepers and so forth. In all such matters managers have been content to go on in the old grooves, forgetful of the changes at work outside the theatre, such as the multiplication of rival amusements, more culture, enhanced fastidiousness of manners, and a higher notion of comfort, later hours of meals, increased distances, and difficulties of access to the theatre. The influence of such a manager as I am desiderating is required in every detail of the theatre, behind as well as before the curtain. Even in matters of

which the public know nothing, as the ordering of the *coulisses*, green-room, and dressing-rooms, so as to encourage habits of self-respect and good-breeding in the actors and staff of the theatre, there is great room for his influence. At present, nothing can be more depressing, or in the long run degrading to all in a theatre, than the inattention to cleanliness, politeness, and the usages of civilized life generally, to be found behind the scenes. Again, there is a wide field for the influences of such a manager in the conducting of rehearsals. He ought to be able to second the directions of the author, or to replace him, not only in guiding the business of the stage, but in seeing that dialogue is correctly given, that errors of emphasis, faults of pronunciation, violations of manners and proprieties are checked and set right: in a word, that the author's work is done justice to by the actors. Rehearsals at present are, as a rule, slovenly and careless, insufficient in attention to the necessary business of the play, while almost always cruelly wasteful of time,—harassing and wearing to good and attentive actors, though laxly indifferent to the faults and blunders of bad ones. In a word, in this as in other matters of theatrical government, there is evidence of a want of respect alike for the actor's craft and the public requirements. It is evident that the manager has little sense of any but a very low kind of taste to be satisfied, or of any public opinion to be faced which is likely to be either exacting or outspoken. I place the want of such a manager as I have shadowed forth in the very front of the conditions of theatrical improvement. Many will think my hope that the want may yet be supplied a visionary one.

However this may be, I am unwilling to abandon it. I believe nothing would tend more to bring about its realization than the application to the shortcomings of the stage as it is of a vigorous, honest, and practical criticism,—not the kind of criticism which finds, either in contempt or good-nature, an excuse for abandoning all attempt at discriminating praise or blame, or that which habitually depreciates all existing stage art, in plays or actors, because it is unlike the kind of acting and writing which the critic likes better, and which is nothing, in fact, but the application of inapplicable standards,—but a criticism which, if it professes to judge what is set before it, will judge it honestly, closely, and carefully; above all, never passing over instances of gross impropriety, disrespect, or defiance of the public, on the part of actors or managers; and never, on the other hand, omitting recognition of even the humblest merits. If the critic criticises at all, he is bound to do as much as this: if he considers what is before him unworthy of criticism, he should say so, and give his reasons for saying so. I cannot believe that such criticism would be useless, and I am certain it would not be superfluous. At present there is far too close a connection between critics, dramatists, managers, and actors, for the former to pass judgment on the latter with either impartiality or independence.

To show that the hopes I have expressed are not beyond the range of possibility, I would point to the French stage, on which many of them have found their fulfilment. It is true that the condition of things in the French theatre is not, at this particular moment, a very favorable one. Long, showy, and costly spectacles, like the *Biche au Bois* or *Cendrillon*, mere pretexts for the display of nudities, immodest dances, and showy scenery, or pieces



in which music is made the vehicle of indecent *double-entendre*, and the slang of the *demi-monde*, have recently occupied it, to the exclusion of better matter. Its comedy and vaudeville turn more on the violation of the Seventh Commandment than is wholesome or compatible with our notions of decency. Its *drame*, like our own, deals too much with coarse and repulsive forms of crime and lawless passion. But when allowance is made for all this, and much of it is temporary, the French theatre still keeps abreast of the times, still enlists among its authors many of the keenest and readiest wits of the age, can still confer literary reputations and academic chairs, is the most profitable, as well as the most popular, form of authorship, still furnishes amusement to all classes, from the highest to the humblest, and interests all orders of intelligence and refinement. Its actors are still admirable for finished truth and good taste, its theatrical administration and government present a contrast to our own for the regularity, order, completeness, and fulness of rehearsals, and the subordination and discipline enforced in the theatre. In Paris, unlike London, may be seen a number of companies, each made up with a view to a special order of performances, and fitted to fill the casts of these with completeness, from the humblest part to the highest. Some of these theatres, subsidized by the Government for that purpose, devote themselves exclusively to the highest class of performances, serious and comic, and are associated with a school for the instruction of actors and actresses, whose students compete annually for prizes, the highest of which carry with them the right to a *débüt*, and often the chance of an engagement at the Théâtre Français or the Odéon. The difference between the stages of the two capitals, in all these respects, is reflected, as might be expected, in their performances.

An Englishman, whose standard of stage art is at all high, feels humiliated by the thought of what English stage art is, while witnessing the performance in a French theatre. It is like an entertainment addressed to quite a higher order of minds than is catered for in the English theatre: refined where ours is vulgar, delicate where ours is coarse, graceful where ours is clumsy, and throughout bearing that impress of culture, taste, and intelligence, the presence of which is so rarely visible on our stage.

In thus praising the French theatre I seem to be pronouncing the condemnation of our own. Comparison of the two is, indeed, most humiliating to English self-conceit. But I have referred to the French theatre not so much for the sake of comparison as by way of example of a stage which respects and fulfils the conditions I desiderate in our own as regards its art, and apart from its morality.

I may now indicate what seem to me some of the chief reasons why these conditions are satisfied in the French theatre, and wanting to our own. Some of these reasons are rooted in natural character. At the head of these is the quick and delicate intelligence of the French people, their mobility, their ease and grace of manners, their aptness to understand a *demi-mot*, their volubility of discourse, — all tending to make of them good actors and good judges of acting. A French audience is critical, from *parterre* to *paradis*; it sits in judgment on the play and the performers, and so helps both authors and actors incalculably, encouraging the one to write and the other to act delicately, and, as it were, allusively, in reliance on the ready intelligence which will appreciate the subtle point in a phrase,

the shade of meaning in a look, a shrug, a scarcely perceptible movement or gesture. This sort of audience puts a premium, so to speak, on point and *finesse* in stage-art. Contrast our dear British public in these respects. The critics, it is said, used last century to occupy the two front rows of the pit. I fear that they might now be compressed into even less compass. I am sure less than two rows would accommodate them now. The presence of the critical element in our theatres is not sensibly felt by any outward sign drawn from the reception given by the audience to anything in play or actors. On the contrary, if there is a burst of applause, a hundred to one it is for some passage of bombast or claptrap in the play, or some egregious piece of rant or vulgarity in an actor. I need hardly point out how this recognition by applause of the wrong thing tends to deteriorate and vulgarize both play-writers and actors, leading both to look to coarser and coarser tricks of effect, and more and more rankly spiced baits of applause. The very word "clap-trap" is exclusively English. The French have no equivalent for it. The sparingness in noisy applause of French audiences led to the introduction of the *claque* into Paris theatres, — the organized clappers, *Entrepreneurs de succès dramatique*, as their founders styled them, — and the presence of the *claque* has now completely destroyed, in all besides, the habit of applauding with the hands. In England we want no *claque*, Heaven knows. The public applauds but too loudly what is noisy, coarse, and overdone, without any misguidance but that of its own bad taste. No doubt there is a body of sounder opinion and more refined judgment in the house, but it does not manifest itself audibly. The habit of hissing is all but extinct, and, indeed, much of what is applauded would not deserve hissing but by way of protest against the applause. And yet it has often seemed to me as if appreciation and stupidity were strangely blended in our British public. They have certainly a quick and keen sympathy, especially with anything that appeals to them as virtue, nobleness, or disinterestedness. I think I have rarely seen real excellence, even of the subtler and more refined kind, fail, in the long run, of appreciation at their hands; and yet I am certain that any given audience in any English theatre is unable to distinguish between gold and pinchbeck, in what is set before them on the stage, either in the way of writing or of acting. Only one thing they are intolerant of, — anything that to them is dulness. Unluckily, much is dull to a blunt, coarse slow taste that is not so to a more refined, subtler, and quicker one. Make an English public laugh or cry, and you are safe. They ask only to be moved, — whether to tears or laughter matters little: indeed, they like nothing so much as to be stirred to both alternately. But do not ask them to follow the development of an intricate character, to note the cross-currents of conflicting emotions, or the subtle under-workings of human nature in action, unless the character, emotion, and action have, besides their deeper and more metaphysical interest, a very palpable, strongly marked outer side to them. And yet Shakespeare's work is there to show us that the same British public may be fitted with a dramatic aliment which shall satisfy its coarsest appetite, and shall yet satisfy the cravings of the finest fancy and the loftiest imagination. It is a striking fact\* that Hamlet is the play oftener acted on the

\* For this I have the concurrent testimony of many experienced managers and curious theatrical chroniclers.



English stage. Nor does Hamlet stand alone,—though it stands highest among Shakespeare's plays, as a proof how that mighty master could provide in the same dish food for the humblest and highest intelligences, could reconcile all the exigencies of a stage, which, in his time as now, was anything but nice in its feeling, with the deepest and highest conditions of imaginative creation, could write at once for British playgoers, down to the sinful sixpenny mechanic,\* and for the loftiest and most far-reaching wits of the civilized world.

It must be admitted, with Shakespeare before us, that no dramatist has a right to say the British public are a swine before which he will not fling his pearls. I must, however, still maintain that it is not a critical public. It knows what amuses or interests it, but cares not to know or consider how it is amused or interested. It will not, like the French public, trouble itself to discover the author's aim, and then set itself to judge how far he has succeeded in carrying it out. It sits down, solidly, if not stolidly, before the green curtain, as if it said, "Here I am. Move me,—make me laugh,—make me cry." The French public asks gayly and eagerly, as it takes its place in the *parterre*, "*Voyons, what have you to show me to-night? What is the *mot de l'énigme* you ask me to set my wits to? Developpe me your plot,—propound me your social problem,—work me out your clever and interesting situation.*"

I say, again, that the contrasts of moods in the two audiences involves, and in many respects accounts for, the differences of English and French stage art. It lies at the bottom of the greater delicacy, *finesse*, and subtlety of the latter; of the tendency in our own theatre, on the author's part, to fly to violent emotions and situations, and on the actor's to exaggerated delineations; tempts both, in fact, to the strongest dramatic stimulants,—those which, according to the cunning with which they are used, may be the *motives* of a play of a Shakespeare or the subject-matter of a Surrey melodrama. The want of quickness in an English audience is also felt as a hindrance both by dramatist and actor in the necessity it involves of doing everything which the audience is meant to bear in mind very palpably and deliberately, and, as it were, with an emphasis. One of the most experienced and successful of modern dramatists once said to me: "When I want the audience to understand that one of my characters is doing something, I always arrange that the actor shall say, in effect, 'Now, I am going to do such and such a thing,—now I am doing it,—now I have done it.' Then you may hope the audience will understand you." This ingrained difference in the character of audiences is a fundamental and final fact, and any bad effect it may have on English stage-art cannot be evaded or remedied, except by the general quickening and refining of intelligence,—in other words, by education.

But there are other points of theatrical administration mainly in which our theatre is suffering from evils which have been remedied, or have never grown up in the French theatre. Theatres in Paris confine themselves mainly—though by law no longer compelled to do so—each to its special class of entertainment, classical tragedy and comedy, *drame*, light modern comedy, farce, *vaudeville*, *féerie*, and *spectacle*, musical *bouffonnerie*, as the case may be, and each has a company sufficient and

specially adapted for its specialty. Hence the sense of completeness in French performances which is so rare in this country, though there is a more visible aim at it now than there used to be within my remembrance. The good actors and actresses of London are so scattered that it is hardly possible to cast any full piece completely; and their number, in proportion to the theatres, is so small, that it is almost impossible to keep any sufficient body of them together, against the temptation of high salaries, and the prospect of being "cock of the walk" in some rival establishment. Till a company of actors have worked together for some time they cannot act their best. A body of even second-rate actors, by working in company under good guidance, may come to give very creditable and satisfactory representations. In London it is rare for a company to hold together above a few seasons. The Haymarket company is a conspicuous example of the good of working together, though it exemplifies, perhaps, not less strikingly, the need of judicious infiltration of more new blood from time to time, than its manager has found or thought it desirable to infuse. It is not to be lost sight of that there may be a keeping together of bad actors as well as good ones, and a steadiness in evil habits, and confirmed stinginess and slovenliness, which is really ruinous, while it is apt to pride itself on being respectable.

The frequent migration of actors is connected with another most pregnant evil of our stage,—the unsatisfactory mutual relations of actors and manager. Instead of a body of liege subjects under a paternal government, or devoted and obedient soldiers under a loved and trusted general, our theatrical companies, with rare exceptions, are homes of strife, bickering, and insubordination, where the constant struggle seems to be on the part of the manager to get the most he can for the least out of the actor, and on the part of the actor to turn the manager to account, as exclusively as possible, for his own gain and glory.

The sense of a common interest, of a duty of each to other, cheerfully rendered because certain of acknowledgment and return, I have rarely seen governing the relations of manager and actors. Our theatres are eminently combative and competitive as distinguished from co-operative associations. Hence the constant difficulties about parts, and the internecine struggles between the pretensions of actors, the frequent refusal of characters, and, as a consequence, the impossibility for either manager or dramatist of making the best of even the poor materials supplied by our "scratch" companies. For this state of things—the result of a chronic disease of the theatrical system—actors and managers must share the blame between them. It would, I believe, cease under my ideal manager.

I believe this difficulty is not experienced in France in anything like the same degree as here. There the rule is that the actor engaged as principal for a line of character plays in each piece, if it be the best part in the line assigned to him, whatever the absolute merit of the part may be. The working of this rule is helping by the system of what is called "*feu*"—that is, payments made to the actor on each night of performance, in addition to weekly or monthly salary.

The inattention, slovenliness, and insufficiency of rehearsals is another besetting sin of the English theatre which is not found in the French. Our managers and actors seem not to have even an idea

\* Ben Jonson.



of the pains and thought bestowed on this indispensable preliminary to performance by French authors, managers, and actors alike, thanks to which a piece sometimes undergoes almost complete "remodelling," in the progress of rehearsals.

Here I must conclude this paper, sensible that it by no means exhausts the subject. As far as it goes, it represents honestly some results of a long and varied experience.

### UNCLE CORNELIUS HIS STORY.

It was a dull evening in November. A drizzling mist had been falling all day about the old farm. Harry Heywood and his two sisters sat in the house-place, expecting a visit from their uncle, Cornelius Heywood. This uncle lived alone, occupying the first floor above a chemist's shop in the town, and had just enough of money over to buy books that nobody seemed ever to have heard of but himself; for he was a student in all those regions of speculation in which anything to be called knowledge is impossible.

"What a dreary night!" said Kate. "I wish uncle would come and tell us a story."

"A cheerful wish," said Harry. "Uncle Cornie is a lively companion,—is n't he? He can't even blunder through a Joe Miller without tacking a moral to it, and then trying to persuade you that the joke of it depends on the moral."

"Here he comes!" said Kate, as three distinct blows with the knob of his walking-stick announced the arrival of Uncle Cornelius. She ran to the door to open it.

The air had been very still all day, but as he entered he seemed to have brought the wind with him, for the first moan of it pressed against rather than shook the casement of the low-ceiled room.

Uncle Cornelius was very tall, and very thin, and very pale, with large gray eyes that looked greatly larger because he wore spectacles of the most delicate hair-steel, with the largest pebble-eyes that ever were seen. He gave them a kindly greeting, but too much in earnest even in shaking hands to smile over it. He sat down in the arm-chair by the chimney corner.

I have been particular in my description of him, in order that my reader may give due weight to his words. I am such a believer, in words, that I believe everything depends on who says them. Uncle Cornelius Heywood's story, told word for word by Uncle Timothy Warren, would not have been the same story at all. Not one of the listeners would have believed a syllable of it from the lips of round-bodied, red-faced, small-eyed, little Uncle Tim; whereas from Uncle Cornie,—disbelieve one of his stories if you could!

One word more concerning him. His interest in everything conjectured or believed relative to the awful borderland of this world and the next, was only equalled by his disgust at the vulgar, unimaginative forms which curiosity about such subjects has assumed in the present day. With the yearning after the unseen like that of a child for the lifting of the curtain of a theatre, he declared that, rather than accept such a spirit-world as the would-be seers of the nineteenth century thought or pretended to reveal,—the prophets of a pauperized, work-house immortality, invented by a poverty stricken soul, and a sense so greedy that it would gorge on carrion,—he would rejoice to believe that a man had just as much of a soul as the cab-

bage of Iamblichus, namely, an aerial double of his body.

"I'm so glad you're come, uncle!" said Kate. "Why would n't you come to dinner? We have been so gloomy!"

"Well, Katey, you know I don't admire eating. I never could bear to see a cow tearing up the grass with her long tongue." As he spoke he looked very much like a cow. He had a way of opening his jaws while he kept his lips closely pressed together, that made his cheeks fall in, and his face look awfully long and dismal. "I consider eating," he went on, "such an animal exercise that it ought always to be performed in private. You never saw me dine, Kate."

"Never, uncle; but I have seen you drink;—nothing but water, I must confess."

"Yes, that is another affair. According to one eye-witness, that is no more than the disembodied can do. I must confess, however, that, although well attested, the story is to me scarcely credible. Fancy a glass of Bavarian beer lifted into the air without a visible hand, turned upside down, and set empty on the table!—and no splash on the floor or anywhere else!"

A solitary gleam of humor shone through the great eyes of the spectacles as he spoke.

"O, uncle! how can you believe such nonsense!" said Janet.

"I did not say I believed it,—did I? But why not? The story has at least a touch of imagination in it."

"That is a strange reason for believing a thing, uncle," said Harry.

"You might have a worse, Harry. I grant it is not sufficient; but it is better than that commonplace aspect which is the ground of most faith. I believe I did say that the story puzzled me."

"But how can you give it any quarter at all, uncle?"

"It does me no harm. There it is,—between the boards of an old German book. There let it remain."

"Well, you will never persuade me to believe such things."

"Wait till I ask you, Janet," returned her uncle, gravely. "I have not the slightest desire to convince you. How did we get into this unprofitable current of talk? We will change it at once. How are consols, Harry?"

"O, uncle!" said Kate, "we were longing for a story, and just as I thought you were coming to one, off you go to consols!"

"I thought a ghost story at least was coming," said Janet.

"You did your best to stop it, Janet," said Harry.

Janet began an angry retort, but Cornelius interrupted her. "You never heard me tell a ghost story, Janet."

"You have just told one about a drinking ghost, uncle," said Janet,—in such a tone that Cornelius replied:—

"Well, take that for your story, and let us talk of something else."

Janet apparently saw that she had been rude, and said as sweetly as she might, "Ah! but you did n't make that one, uncle. You got it out of a German book."

"Make it!—Make a ghost story!" repeated Cornelius. "No; that I never did."



"Such things are not to be trifled with, are they?" said Janet.

"I at least have no inclination to trifle with them."

"But, really and truly, uncle," persisted Janet, "you don't believe in such things?"

"Why should I either believe or disbelieve in them? They are not essential to salvation, I presume."

"You must do the one or the other, I suppose."

"I beg your pardon. You suppose wrong. It would take twice the proof I have ever had to make me believe in them; and exactly your prejudice, and allow me to say, ignorance, to make me disbelieve in them. Neither is within my reach. I postpone judgment. But you young people, of course, are wiser, and know all about the question."

"O, uncle! I'm so sorry!" said Kate. "I am sure I did not mean to vex you."

"Not at all, not at all, my dear. — It was n't you."

"Do you know," Kate went on, anxious to prevent anything unpleasant, for there was something very black perched on Janet's forehead, — "I have taken to reading about that kind of thing."

"I beg you to give it up at once. You will bewilder your brains till you are ready to believe anything, if only it be absurd enough. Nay, you may come to find the element of vulgarity essential to belief. I should be sorry to the heart to believe concerning a horse or dog what they tell you nowadays about Shakespeare and Burns. What have you been reading, my girl?"

"Don't be alarmed, uncle. Only some Highland legends, which are too absurd either for my belief or your theories."

"I don't know that, Kate."

"Why, what could you do with such shapeless creatures as haunt their fords and pools for instance? They are as featureless as the faces of the mountains."

"And so much the more terrible."

"But that does not make it easier to believe in them," said Harry.

"I only said," returned his uncle, "that their shapelessness adds to their horror."

"But you allowed, — almost, at least, uncle," said Kate, "that you could find a place in your theories even for those shapeless creatures."

Cornelius sat silent for a moment; then, having first doubled the length of his face, and restored it to its natural condition, said thoughtfully: "I suspect, Katey, if you were to come upon an ichthyosaurus or a pterodactyl asleep in the shrubbery, you would hardly expect your report of it to be believed all at once either by Harry or Janet."

"I suppose not, uncle. But I can't see what —"

"Of course such a thing could not happen here and now. But there was a time when and a place where such a thing may have happened. Indeed, in my time, a traveller or two have got pretty soundly disbelieved for reporting what they saw, — the last of an expiring race, which had strayed over the natural verge of its history, coming to life in some neglected swamp, itself a remnant of the slime of Chaos."

"I never heard you talk like that before, uncle," said Harry. "If you go on like that, you'll land me in a swamp, I'm afraid."

"I was n't talking to you at all, Harry. Kate challenged me to find a place for kelpies, and such like, in the theories she does me the honor of supposing I cultivate."

"Then you think, uncle, that all these stories are only legends which, if you could follow them up, would lead you back to some one of the awful monsters that have since quite disappeared from the earth."

"It is possible those stories may be such legends; but that was not what I intended to lead you to. I gave you that only as something like what I am going to say now. What if — mind, I only suggest it — what if the direful creatures, whose report lingers in these tales, should have an origin far older still? What if they were the remnants of a vanishing period of the earth's history, long antecedent to the birth of mastodon and iguanodon; a stage, namely, when the world, as we call it, had not yet become quite visible, was not yet so far finished as to part from the invisible world that was its mother, and which, on its part, had not then become quite invisible, — was only almost such; and when, as a credible consequence, strange shapes of those now invisible regions, Gorgons and Chimeras dire, might be expected to gloom out occasionally from the awful Fauna of an ever-generating world upon that one which was being born of it. Hence, the life-periods of a world being long and slow, some of these huge, unformed bulks of half-created matter might, somehow, like the megatherium of later times, — a baby creation to them, — roll at age-long intervals, clothed in a mighty terror of shapelessness, into the half-recognition of human beings, whose consternation at the uncertain vision were barrier enough to prevent all further knowledge of its substance."

"I begin to have some notion of your meaning, uncle," said Kate.

"But then," said Janet, "all that must be over by this time. That world has been invisible now for many years."

"Ever since you were born, I suppose, Janet. The changes of a world are not to be measured by the changes of its generations."

"O, but uncle, there can't be any such things."

"You know that as well as I do."

"Yes, just as well, and no better."

"There can't be any ghosts now. Nobody believes such things."

"O, as to ghosts, that is quite another thing. I did not know you were talking with reference to them. It is no wonder if one can get nothing sensible out of you, Janet, when your discrimination is no greater than to lump everything marvellous, kelpies, ghosts, vampires, doubles, witches, fairies, nightmares, and I don't know what all, under the one head of ghosts; and we had n't been saying a word about them. If one were to disprove to you the existence of the afreets of Eastern tales, you would consider the whole argument concerning the reappearance of the departed upset. I congratulate you on your powers of analysis and induction, Miss Janet. But it matters very little whether we believe in ghosts, as you say, or not, provided we believe that we are ghosts, — that within this body, which so many people are ready to consider their own very selves, there lies a ghostly embryo, at least, which has an inner side to it God only can see, which says I concerning itself, and which will soon have to know whether or not it can appear to those whom it has left behind, and thus solve the question of ghosts for itself, at least."

"Then you do believe in ghosts, uncle?" said Janet, in a tone that certainly was not respectful.

"Surely I said nothing of the sort, Janet. The man most convinced that he had himself had such



an interview as you hint at, would find, — ought to find it impossible to convince any one else of it."

"You are quite out of my depth, uncle," said Harry. "Surely any honest man ought to be believed?"

"Honesty is not all, by any means, that is necessary to being believed. It is impossible to convey a conviction of anything. All you can do is to convey a conviction that you are convinced. Of course, what satisfied you might satisfy another; but, till you can present him with the sources of your conviction, you cannot present him with the conviction, — and perhaps not even then."

"You can tell him all about it, can't you?"

"Is telling a man about a ghost affording him the source of your conviction? Is it the same as a ghost appearing to him? Really, Harry! You cannot even convey the impression a dream has made upon you."

"But is n't that just because it is only a dream?"

"Not at all. The impression may be deeper and clearer on your mind than any fact of the next morning will make. You will forget the next day altogether, but the impression of the dream will remain through all the following whirl and storm of what you call facts. Now a conviction may be likened to a deep impression on the judgment or the reason, or both. No one can feel it but the person who is convinced. It cannot be conveyed."

"I fancy that is just what those who believe in spirit-rapping would say."

"There are the true and false of convictions, as of everything else. I mean that a man may take that for a conviction in his own mind which is not a conviction, but only resembles one. But those to whom you refer profess to appeal to facts. It is on the ground of those facts, and with the more earnestness, the more reason they can give for receiving them as facts, that I refuse all their deductions with abhorrence. I mean that if what they say is true, the thinker must reject with contempt the claim to anything like revelation therein."

"Then you do not believe in ghosts, after all?" said Kate, in a tone of surprise.

"I did not say so, my dear. Will you be reasonable, or will you not?"

"Dear uncle, do tell us what you really think."

"I have been telling you what I think ever since I came, Katey; and you won't take in a word I say."

"I have been taking in every word, uncle, and trying hard to understand it as well. Did you ever see a ghost, uncle?"

Cornelius Heywood was silent. He shut his lips and opened his jaws till his cheeks almost met in the vacuum. A strange expression crossed the strange countenance, and the great eyes of his spectacles looked as if at the very moment, they were seeing something no other spectacles could see. Then his jaws closed with a snap, his countenance brightened, a flash of humor came through the goggle eyes of pebble, and at length he actually smiled as he said, "Really, Katey, you must take me for a simpleton!"

"How, uncle?"

"To think, if I had ever seen a ghost, I would confess the fact before a set of creatures like you, — all spinning your webs like so many spiders to catch and devour old Daddy Longlegs."

By this time Harry had grown quite grave. "Indeed, I am very sorry, uncle," he said, "if I have deserved such a rebuke."

"No, no, my boy," said Cornelius; "I did not mean it more than half. If I had meant it, I would not have said it. If you really would like —" Here he paused.

"Indeed we should, uncle," said Kate, earnestly. "You should have heard what we were saying just before you came in."

"All you were saying, Katey?"

"Yes," answered Kate, thoughtfully. "The worst we said was, that you could not tell a story without — well, we did say, tacking a moral to it."

"Well, well! I must n't push it. A man has no right to know what people say about him. It unfits him for occupying his real position amongst them. He, least of all, has anything to do with it. If his friends won't defend him, he can't defend himself. Besides, what people say is so often untrue! I don't mean to others, but to themselves. Their hearts are more honest than their mouths. But Janet does n't want a strange story, I am sure."

Janet certainly was not one to have chosen for a listener to such a tale. Her eyes were so small that no satisfaction could possibly come of it. "O! I don't mind, uncle," she said, with half-affected indifference, as she searched in her box for silk to mend her gloves.

"You are not very encouraging, I must say," returned her uncle, making another cow-face.

"I will go away, if you like," said Janet, pretending to rise.

"No, never mind," said her uncle hastily. "If you don't want me to tell it, I want you to hear it, and, before I have done, that may have come to the same thing, perhaps."

"Then you really are going to tell us a ghost-story!" said Kate, drawing her chair nearer to her uncle's; and then, finding this did not satisfy her sense of propinquity to the source of the expected pleasure, drawing a stool from the corner, and seating herself almost on the hearth-rug at his knee.

"I did not say so," returned Cornelius, once more. "I said I would tell you a strange story. You may call it a ghost-story if you like; I do not pretend to determine what it is. I confess it will look like one though."

After so many delays, Uncle Cornelius now plunged almost hurriedly into his narration.

"In the year 1820," he said, "in the month of August, I fell in love." Here the girls glanced at each other. The idea of Uncle Cornie in love, and in the very same century in which they were now listening to the confession, was too astonishing to pass without ocular remark; but if he observed it, he took no notice of it; he did not even pause. "In the month of September, I was refused. Consequently, in the month of October I was ready to fall in love again. Take particular care of yourself, Harry, for a whole month at least after your first disappointment; for you will never be more likely to do a foolish thing. Please yourself after the second. If you are silly then, you may take what you get, for you will deserve it, — except it be good fortune."

"Did you do a foolish thing, then, uncle?" asked Harry, demurely.

"I did, as you will see; for I fell in love again."

"I don't see anything so very foolish in that."

"I have repented it since, though. Don't interrupt me again, please. In the middle of October, then, in the year 1820, in the evening, I was walking across Russell Square, on my way home from the British Museum, where I had been reading all



day. You see I have a full intention of being precise, Janet."

"I'm sure I don't know why you make the remark to me, uncle," said Janet, with an involuntary toss of her head. Her uncle only went on with his narrative.

"I begin at the very beginning of my story," he said; "for I want to be particular as to everything that can appear to have had anything to do with what came afterwards. I had been reading, I say, all the morning in the British Museum; and, as I walked, I took off my spectacles to ease my eyes. I need not tell you that I am short-sighted now, for that you know well enough. But I must tell you that I was short-sighted then, and helpless enough without my spectacles, although I was not quite so much so as I am now; for I find it all nonsense about short-sighted eyes improving with age. Well, I was walking along the south side of Russell Square, with my spectacles in my hand, and feeling a little bewildered in consequence, — for it was quite the dusk of the evening, and short-sighted people require more light than others. I was, in fact, feeling almost blind. I had got more than half-way to the other side, when, from the crossing that cuts off the corner in the direction of Montagu Place, just as I was about to turn towards it, an old lady stepped upon the curbstone of the pavement, looked at me for a moment, and passed, — an occurrence not very remarkable, certainly. But the lady was remarkable, and so was her dress. I am not good at observing, and I am still worse at describing dress, therefore I can only say that hers reminded me of an old picture, — that is, I had never seen anything like it, except in old pictures. She had no bonnet, and looked as if she had walked straight out of an ancient drawing-room in her evening attire. Of her face I shall say nothing now. The next instant I met a man on the crossing, who stopped and addressed me. So short-sighted was I, that, although I recognized his voice as one I ought to know, I could not identify him until I had put on my spectacles, which I did instinctively in the act of returning his greeting. At the same moment I glanced over my shoulder after the old lady. She was nowhere to be seen.

"What are you looking at?" asked James Hetheridge.

"I was looking after that old lady," I answered, 'but I can't see her.'

"What old lady?" said Hetheridge, with just a touch of impatience.

"You must have seen her," I returned. 'You were not more than three yards behind her.'

"Where is she, then?"

"She must have gone down one of the areas, I think. But she looked a lady, though an old-fashioned one."

"Have you been dining?" asked James, in a tone of doubtful inquiry.

"No," I replied, not suspecting the insinuation; 'I have only just come from the Museum.'

"Then I advise you to call on your medical man before you go home."

"Medical man!" I returned; 'I have no medical man. What do you mean? I never was better in my life.'

"I mean that there was no old lady. It was an illusion, and that indicates something wrong. Besides, you did not know me when I spoke to you."

"That is nothing," I returned. 'I had just taken

off my spectacles, and without them I should n't know my own father.'

"How was it you saw the old lady, then?"

"The affair was growing serious under my friend's cross-questioning. I did not at all like the idea of his supposing me subject to hallucinations. So I answered, with a laugh, 'Ah! to be sure, that explains it. I am so blind without my spectacles, that I should n't know an old lady from a big dog.'

"There was no big dog," said Hetheridge, shaking his head, as the fact for the first time dawned upon me, that although I had seen the old lady clearly enough to make a sketch of her, even to the features of her careworn, eager old face, I had not been able to recognize the well-known countenance of James Hetheridge.

"That's what comes of reading till the optic nerve is weakened," he went on. 'You will cause yourself serious injury if you do not pull up in time. I'll tell you what; I'm going home next week, — will you go with me?'

"You are very kind," I answered, not altogether rejecting the proposal, for I felt that a little change to the country would be pleasant, and I was quite my own master. For I had unfortunately means equal to my wants, and had no occasion to follow any profession, — not a very desirable thing for a young man, I can tell you, Master Harry. I need not keep you over the commonplaces of pressing and yielding. It is enough to say that he pressed, and that I yielded. The day was fixed for our departure together; but something or other, I forget what, occurred to make him advance the date, and it was resolved that I should follow later in the month.

"It was a drizzly afternoon in the beginning of the last week of October, when I left the town of Bradford in a postchaise to drive to Lewton Grange, the property of my friend's father. I had hardly left the town, and the twilight had only begun to deepen, when, glancing from one of the windows of the chaise, I fancied I saw, between me and the hedge, the dim figure of a horse keeping pace with us. I thought, in the first interval of unreason, that it was a shadow from my own horse, but reminded myself the next moment that there could be no shadow where there was no light. When I looked again, I was at the first glance convinced that my eyes had deceived me. At the second, I believed once more that a shadowy something, with the movements of a horse in harness, was keeping pace with us. I turned away again with some discomfort, and not till we had reached an open moorland road, whence a little watery light was visible on the horizon, could I summon up courage enough to look out once more. Certainly then there was nothing to be seen, and I persuaded myself that it had been all a fancy, and lighted a cigar. With my feet on the cushions before me, I had soon lifted myself on the clouds of tobacco far above all the terrors of the night, and believed them banished forever. But my cigar coming to an end just as we turned into the avenue that led up to the Grange, I found myself once more glancing nervously out of the window. The moment the trees were about me, there was, if not a shadowy horse out there by the side of the chaise, yet certainly more than half that conviction in here in my consciousness. When I saw my friend, however, standing on the doorstep, dark against the glow of the hall fire, I forgot all about it; and I need not add that I did not make it a subject of conversation when I entered, for I was well aware that it was essential to a man's reputation that his senses should



be accurate, though his heart might without prejudice swarm with shadows, and his judgment be a very stable of hobbies.

"I was kindly received. Mrs. Hetheridge had been dead for some years, and Lætitia, the eldest of the family, was at the head of the household. She had two sisters, little more than girls. The father was a burly, yet gentlemanlike Yorkshire squire, who ate well, drank well, looked radiant, and hunted twice a week. In this pastime his son joined him when in the humor, which happened scarcely so often. I, who had never crossed a horse in my life, took his apology for not being able to mount me very coolly, assuring him that I would rather loiter about with a book than be in at the death of the best-hunted fox in Yorkshire.

"I very soon found myself at home with the Hetheridges; and very soon again I began to find myself not so much at home; for Miss Hetheridge — Lætitia, as I soon ventured to call her — was fascinating. I have told you, Katey, that there was an empty place in my heart. Look to the door then, Katey. That was what made me so ready to fall in love with Lætitia. Her figure was graceful, and I think, even now, her face would have been beautiful but for a certain contraction of the skin over the nostrils, suggesting an invisible thumb and forefinger pinching them, which repelled me, although I did not know what it indicated. I had not been with her one evening before the impression it made on me had vanished, and that so entirely that I could hardly recall the perception of the peculiarity which had occasioned it. Her observation was remarkably keen, and her judgment generally correct. She had great confidence in it herself; nor was she devoid of sympathy with some of the forms of human imagination, only they never seemed to possess for her any relation to practical life. That was to be ordered by the judgment alone. I do not mean she ever said so. I am only giving the conclusions I came to afterwards. It is not necessary that you should have any more thorough acquaintance with her mental character. One point in her moral nature, of especial consequence to my narrative, will show itself by and by.

"I did all I could to make myself agreeable to her, and the more I succeeded the more delightful she became in my eyes. We walked in the garden and grounds together; we read, or rather I read, and she listened, — read poetry, Katey, — sometimes till we could not read any more for certain hazinesses and huskinesses which look now, I am afraid, considerably more absurd than they really were, or even ought to look. In short, I considered myself thoroughly in love with her."

"And was n't she in love with you, uncle?"

"Don't interrupt me, child. I don't know. Honestly, I don't know. I hoped so then. I hope the contrary now. She liked me, I am sure. That is not much to say. Liking is very pleasant and very cheap. Love is as rare as a star."

"I thought the stars were anything but rare, uncle."

"That's because you never went out to find one for yourself, Katey. They would prove a few miles apart then."

"But it would be big enough when I did find it."

"Right, my dear. That is the way with the love. Lætitia was a good housekeeper. Everything was punctual as clockwork. I use the word advisedly. If her father, who was punctual to one date, — the dinner-hour, — made any remark to the contrary as

he took up the carving-knife, Lætitia would instantly send one of her sisters to question the old clock in the hall, and report the time to half a minute. It was sure to be found that, if there was a mistake, the mistake was in the clock. But, although it was certainly a virtue to have her household in such perfect order, it was not a virtue to be impatient with every infringement of its rules on the part of others. She was very severe, for instance, upon her two younger sisters, if, the moment after the second bell had rung, they were not seated at the dinner-table, washed and aproned. Order was a very idol with her. Hence the house was too tidy for any sense of comfort. If you left an open book on the table, you would, on returning to the room a moment after, find it put aside. What the furniture of the drawing-room was like, I never saw; for not even on Christmas Day, which was the last day I spent there, was it uncovered. Everything in it was kept in bibs and pinafores. Even the carpet was covered with a cold and slippery sheet of brown holland. Mr. Hetheridge never entered that room, and therein was wise. James remonstrated once. She answered him quite kindly, even playfully, but no change followed. What was worse, she made very wretched tea. Her father never took tea; neither did James. I was rather fond of it, but I soon gave it up. Everything her father partook of was first-rate. Everything else was somewhat poverty stricken. My pleasure in Lætitia's society prevented me from making practical deductions from such trifles."

"I should n't have thought you knew anything about eating, uncle," said Janet.

"The less a man eats, the more he likes to have it good, Janet. In short, — there can be no harm in saying it now, — Lætitia was so far from being like the name of her baptism, — and most names are so good they are worth thinking about; no children are named after bad ideas, — Lætitia was so far unlike hers as to be stingy, — an abominable fault. But, I repeat, the notion of such a fact was far from me then. And now for my story.

"The first of November was a very lovely day, quite one of the 'halcyon' days of 'St. Martin's summer.' I was sitting in a little arbor I had just discovered, with a book in my hand, — not reading, however, but day-dreaming, — when, lifting my eyes from the ground, I was startled to see, through a thin shrub in front of the arbor, what seemed the form of an old lady, seated, apparently reading from a book on her knee. The sight instantly recalled the old lady of Russell Square. I started to my feet, and then, clear of the intervening bush, saw only a great stone such as abounded on the moors in the neighborhood, with a lump of quartz set on the top of it. Some childish taste had put it there for an ornament. Smiling at my folly, I sat down again, and reopened my book. After reading for a while, I glanced up again, and once more started to my feet, overcome by the fancy that there verily sat the old lady reading. You will say it indicated an excited condition of the brain. Possibly; but I was, as far as I can recall, quite collected and reasonable. I was almost vexed this second time, and sat down once more to my book. Still, every time I looked up, I was startled afresh. I doubt, however, if the trifle is worth mentioning, or has any significance even in relation to what followed.

"After dinner I strolled out by myself, leaving father and son over their claret. I did not drink wine; and from the lawn I could see the windows



of the library, whither Lætitia commonly retired from the dinner-table. It was a very lovely, soft night. There was no moon, but the stars looked wider awake than usual. Dew was falling, but the grass was not yet wet, and I wandered about on it for half an hour. The stillness was somehow strange. It had a wonderful feeling in it, as if something were expected, — as if the quietness were the mould in which some event or other was about to be cast.

"Even then I was a reader of certain sorts of recondite lore. Suddenly I remembered that this was the eve of All Souls. This was the night on which the dead came out of their graves to visit their old homes. 'Poor dead!' I thought with myself; 'have you any place to call home now? If you have, surely you will not wander back here, where all that you called home has either vanished or given itself to others, to be their home now and yours no more! What an awful doom the old fancy has allotted you! To dwell in your graves all the year, and creep out, this one night, to enter at the midnight door, left open for welcome! A poor welcome truly! — just an open door, a clean-swept floor, and a fire to warm your rain-sodden limbs! The household asleep, and the house-place swarming with the ghosts of ancient times, — the miser, the spendthrift, the profligate, the coquette, — for the good ghosts sleep, and are troubled with no waking like yours! Not one man, sleepless like yourselves, to question you, and be answered after the fashion of the old nursery rhyme; —

"What makes your eyes so holed?  
I've lain so long among the mould.  
What makes your feet so broad?  
I've walked more than ever I rode."

"Yet who can tell?" I went on to myself. "It may be your hell to return thus. It may be that only on this one night of all the year you can show yourselves to him who can see you, but that the place where you were wicked is the Hades to which you are doomed for ages." I thought and thought till I began to feel the air alive about me, and was enveloped in the vapors that dim the eyes of those who strain them for one peep through the dull mica windows that will not open on the world of ghosts. At length I cast my fancies away, and fled from them to the library, where the bodily presence of Lætitia made the world of ghosts appear shadowy indeed.

"What a reality there is about a bodily presence!" I said to myself, as I took my chamber-candle in my hand. "But what is there more real in a body?" I said again, as I crossed the hall. "Surely nothing," I went on, as I ascended the broad staircase to my room. "The body must vanish. If there be a spirit, that will remain. A body can but vanish. A ghost can appear."

"I woke in the morning with a sense of such discomfort as made me spring out of bed at once. My foot lighted upon my spectacles. How they came to be on the floor I could not tell, for I never took them off when I went to bed. When I lifted them I found they were in two pieces; the bridge was broken. This was awkward. I was so utterly helpless without them! Indeed, before I could lay my hand on my hair-brush I had to peer through one eye of the parted pair. When I looked at my watch after I was dressed, I found I had risen an hour earlier than usual. I groped my way down stairs to spend the hour before breakfast in the library.

"No sooner was I seated with a book than I heard the voice of Lætitia scolding the butler, in no very gentle tones, for leaving the garden-door open all night. The moment I heard this, the strange occurrences I am about to relate began to dawn upon my memory. The door had been open the night long between All Saints and All Souls. In the middle of that night I awoke suddenly. I knew it was not the morning by the sensations I had, for the night feels altogether different from the morning. It was quite dark. My heart was beating violently, and I either hardly could or hardly dared breathe. A nameless terror was upon me, and my sense of hearing was, apparently by the force of its expectation, unnaturally roused and keen. There it was, — a slight noise in the room! — slight, but clear, and with an unknown significance about it! It was awful to think it would come again. I do believe it was only one of those creaks in the timbers which announce the torpid, age-long, sinking flow of every house back to the dust, — a motion to which the flow of the glacier is as a torrent, but which is no less inevitable and sure. Day and night it ceases not; but only in the night, when house and heart are still, do we hear it. No wonder it should sound fearful! for are we not immortal dwellers in ever-crumbling clay? The clay is so near us, and yet not of us, that its every movement starts a fresh dismay. For what will its final ruin disclose? When it falls from about us, where shall we find that we have existed all the time?"

"My skin tingled with the bursting of the moisture from its pores. Something was in the room beside me. A confused, indescribable sense of utter loneliness, and yet awful presence, was upon me, mingled with a dreary, hopeless desolation, as of burnt-out love and aimless life. All at once I found myself sitting up. The terror that a cold hand might be laid upon me, or a cold breath blow on me, or a corpse-like face bend down through the darkness over me, had broken my bonds! — I would meet half-way whatever might be approaching. The moment that my will burst into action, the terror began to ebb.

"The room in which I slept was a large one, perfectly dreary with tidiness. I did not know till afterwards that it was Lætitia's room, which she had given up to me rather than prepare another. The furniture, all but one article, was modern and commonplace. I could not help remarking to myself afterwards how utterly void the room was of the nameless charm of feminine occupancy. I had seen nothing to wake a suspicion of its being a lady's room. The article I have excepted was an ancient bureau, elaborate and ornate, which stood on one side of the large bow window. The very morning before, I had seen a bunch of keys hanging from the upper part of it, and had peeped in. Finding, however, that the pigeon-holes were full of papers, I closed it at once. I should have been glad to use it, but clearly it was not for me. At the bureau the figure of a woman was now seated in the posture of one writing. A strange dim light was around her, but whence it proceeded I never thought of inquiring. As if I, too, had stepped over the bourne, and was a ghost myself, all fear was now gone.

"I got out of bed, and softly crossed the room to where she was seated. 'If she should be beautiful!' I thought, — for I had often dreamed of a beautiful ghost that made love to me. The figure did not move. She was looking at a faded brown paper. 'Some old love-letter,' I thought, and stepped



nearer. So cool was I now, that I actually peeped over her shoulder. With mingled surprise and dismay I found that the dim pages over which she bent was that of an old account-book. Ancient household records, in rusty ink, held up to the glimpses of the waning moon which shone through the parting in the curtains, their entries of shillings and pence! — Of pounds there was not one. No doubt pounds and farthings are much the same in the world of thought, — the true spirit-world; but in the ghost-world this eagerness over shillings and pence must mean something awful! To think that coins which had since been worn smooth in other pockets and purses, which had gone back to the Mint and been melted down, to come out again and yet again with the heads of new kings and queens, — that dinners, eaten by men and women and children whose bodies had since been eaten by the worms, — that polish for the floors, inches of whose thickness had since been worn away, — that the hundred nameless trifles of a life utterly vanished, should be perplexing, annoying and worst of all, interesting the soul of a ghost who had been in Hades for centuries! The writing was very old-fashioned, and the words were contracted. I could read nothing but the moneys, and one single entry, — ‘Corinths, Vs.’

“Currants for a Christmas pudding, most likely! — Ah, poor lady! the pudding and not the Christmas was her care; not the delight of the children over it, but the beggarly pence which it cost. And she cannot get it out of her head, although her brain was ‘powdered all as thin as flour’ ages ago in the mortar of Death. ‘Alas, poor ghost!’ It needs no treasured hoard left behind, no floor stained with the blood of the murdered child, no wickedly hidden parchment of landed rights! — An old account-book is enough for the hell of the house-keeping gentlewoman!

“She never lifted her face, or seemed to know that I stood behind her. I left her, and went into the bow-window, where I could see her face. I was right. It was the same old lady I had met in Russell Square, walking in front of James Hetheridge. Her withered lips went moving as if they would have uttered words had the breath been commissioned thither; her brow was contracted over her thin nose; and once and again hershining forefinger went up to her temple as if she were pondering some deep problem of humanity. How long I stood gazing at her I do not know, but at last I withdrew to my bed, and left her struggling to solve that which she could never solve thus. It was the symbolic problem of her own life, and she had failed to read it. I remember nothing more. She may be sitting there still, solving at the insolvable.

“I should have felt no inclination, with the broad sun of the squire’s face, the keen eyes of James, and the beauty of Lætitia before me at the breakfast-table, to say a word about what I had seen, even if I had not been afraid of the doubt concerning my sanity which the story would certainly awaken. What with the memories of the night and the want of my spectacles, I passed a very dreary day, dreading the return of the night, for, cool as I had been in her presence, I could not regard the possible reappearance of the ghost with equanimity. But when the night did come, I slept soundly till the morning.

“The next day, not being able to read with comfort, I went wandering about the place, and at length began to fit the outside and inside of the house together. It was a large and rambling edifice,

parts of it very old, parts comparatively modern. I first found my own window, which looked out of the back. Below this window, on one side, there was a door. I wondered whither it led, but found it locked. At the moment James approached from the stables. ‘Where does this door lead?’ I asked him. ‘I will get the key,’ he answered. ‘It is rather a queer old place. We used to like it when we were children.’ ‘There’s a stair, you see,’ he said, as he threw the door open. ‘It leads up over the kitchen.’ I followed him up the stair. ‘There’s a door into your room,’ he said, ‘but it’s always locked now. — And here’s Grannie’s room, as they call it, though why, I have not the least idea,’ he added, as he pushed open the door of an old-fashioned parlor, smelling very musty. A few old books lay on a side-table. A china bowl stood beside them, with some shrivelled, scentless rose-leaves in the bottom of it. The cloth that covered the table was riddled by moths, and the spider-legged chairs were covered with dust.

“A conviction seized me that the old bureau must have belonged to this room, and I soon found the place where I judged it must have stood. But the same moment I caught sight of a portrait on the wall above the spot I had fixed upon. ‘By Jove!’ I cried, involuntarily, ‘that’s the very old lady I met in Russell Square!’

“‘Nonsense!’ said James. ‘Old-fashioned ladies are like babies, — they all look the same. That’s a very old portrait.’

“‘So I see,’ I answered. ‘It is like a Zuccher-oro.’

“‘I don’t know whose it is,’ he answered hurriedly, and I thought he looked a little queer.

“‘Is she one of the family?’ I asked.

“‘They say so; but who or what she was I don’t know. You must ask Letty,’ he answered.

“‘The more I look at it,’ I said, ‘the more I am convinced it is the same old lady.’

“‘Well,’ he returned with a laugh, ‘my old nurse used to say she was rather restless. But it’s all nonsense.’

“‘That bureau in my room looks about the same date as this furniture,’ I remarked.

“‘It used to stand just there,’ he answered, pointing to the space under the picture. ‘Well I remember with what awe we used to regard it; for they said the old lady kept her accounts at it still. We never dared touch the bundles of yellow papers in the pigeon-holes. I remember thinking Letty a very heroine once when she touched one of them with the tip of her forefinger. She had got yet more courageous by the time she had it moved into her own room.’

“‘Then that is your sister’s room I am occupying?’ I said.

“‘Yes.’

“‘I am ashamed of keeping her out of it.’

“‘O, she’ll do well enough.’

“‘If I were she, though,’ I added, ‘I would send that bureau back to its own place.’

“‘What do you mean, Heywood? Do you believe every old wife’s tale that ever was told?’

“‘She may get a fright some day, — that’s all!’ I replied.

“He smiled with such an evident mixture of pity and contempt that for a moment I almost disliked him; and feeling certain that Lætitia would receive any such hint in a somewhat similar manner, I did not feel inclined to offer her any advice with regard to the bureau.



"Little occurred during the rest of my visit worthy of remark. Somehow or other I did not make much progress with Lætitia. I believe I had begun to see into her character a little, and therefore did not get deeper in love as the days went on. I know I became less absorbed in her society, although I was still anxious to make myself agreeable to her, — or perhaps, more properly, to give her a favorable impression of me: I do not know whether she perceived any difference in my behavior, but I remember that I began again to remark the pinched look of her nose, and to be a little annoyed with her for always putting aside my book. At the same time, I daresay I was provoking, for I never was given to tidiness myself.

"At length Christmas Day arrived. After breakfast, the squire, James, and the two girls arranged to walk to church. Lætitia was not in the room at the moment. I excused myself on the ground of a headache, for I had had a bad night. When they left, I went up to my room, threw myself on the bed, and was soon fast asleep.

"How long I slept I do not know, but I woke again with that indescribable yet well-known sense of not being alone. The feeling was scarcely less terrible in the daylight than it had been in the darkness. With the same sudden effort as before, I sat up in the bed. There was the figure at the open bureau, in precisely the same position as on the former occasion. But I could not see it so distinctly. I rose as gently as I could, and approached it, after the first physical terror. I am not a coward. Just as I got near enough to see the account-book open on the folding cover of the bureau, she started up, and, turning, revealed the face of Lætitia. She blushed crimson.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Heywood," she said, in great confusion; "I thought you had gone to church with the rest."

"I had lain down with a headache, and gone to sleep," I replied. "But, — forgive me, Miss Hetheridge," I added, for my mind was full of the dreadful coincidence, — "don't you think you would have been better at church than balancing your accounts on Christmas Day?"

"The better day the better deed," she said, with a somewhat offended air, and turned to walk from the room.

"Excuse me, Lætitia," I resumed, very seriously, "but I want to tell you something."

"She looked conscious. It never crossed me that perhaps she fancied I was going to make a confession. Far other things were then in my mind. For I thought how awful it was if she, too, like the ancestral ghost, should have to do an age-long penance of hunting the bureau and those horrid figures, and I had suddenly resolved to tell her the whole story. She listened with varying complexion and face half turned aside. When I had ended, which I fear I did with something of a personal appeal, she lifted her head and looked me in the face, with just a slight curl on her thin lip, and answered me. 'If I had wanted a sermon, Mr. Hetheridge, I should have gone to church for it. As for the ghost, I am sorry for you.' So saying she walked out of the room.

"The rest of the day I did not find very merry. I pleaded my headache as an excuse for going to bed early. How I hated the room now! Next morning, immediately after breakfast, I took my leave of Lewton Grange."

"And lost a good wife, perhaps, for the sake of a ghost, uncle!" said Janet.

"If I lost a wife at all, it was a stingy one. I should have been ashamed of her all my life long."

"Better than a spendthrift," said Janet.

"How do you know that?" returned her uncle. "All the difference I see is, that the extravagant ruins the rich, and the stingy robs the poor."

"But perhaps she repented, uncle," said Kate.

"I don't think she did, Katey. Look here."

Uncle Cornelius drew from the breast-pocket of his coat a black-edged letter.

"I have kept up my friendship with her brother," he said. "All he knows about the matter is, that either we had a quarrel, or she refused me, — he is not sure which. I must say for Lætitia, that she was no tattler. Well, here's a letter I had from James this very morning. I will read it to you.

"My dear Heywood, — We have had a terrible shock this morning. Letty did not come down to breakfast, and Lizzie went to see if she was ill. We heard her scream, and, rushing up, there was poor Letty, sitting at the old bureau, quite dead. She had fallen forward on the desk, and her housekeeping-book was crumpled up under her. She had been so all night long, we suppose, for she was not undressed, and was quite cold. The doctors say it was disease of the heart."

"There!" said Uncle Cornie, folding up the letter.

"Do you think the ghost had anything to do with it, uncle?" asked Kate, almost under her breath.

"How should I know, my dear? Possibly."

"It's very sad," said Janet; "but I don't see the good of it all. If the ghost had come to tell that she had hidden away money in some secret place in the old bureau, one would see why she had been permitted to come back. But what was the good of those accounts after they were over and done with? I don't believe in the ghost."

"Ah, Janet, Janet! but those wretched accounts were not over and done with, you see. That is the misery of it."

Uncle Cornelius rose without another word, bade them good night, and walked out into the wind.

## CARICATURE HISTORY.

In the last century, no one had thought of issuing a weekly caricature with accompanying letterpress; yet the number of pictorial burlesques of politics and politicians, of fashions and fashionable leaders, then published, is large; and we know all the great men, and many of the little men of the age, by the pencils of political satirists, such as Hogarth at one end of the chain, and Gillray at the other. Mr. Thomas Wright has done the student of history and manners some service by collecting as many of these fugitive productions as he could lay his hands on, and giving us an account of them in a very interesting volume, which he entitles, "Caricature History of the Georges; or, Annals of the House of Hanover, compiled from the Squibs, Broad-sides, Window Pictures, Lampoons, and Pictorial Caricatures of the Time." This volume is illustrated with engravings copied from the old prints of bygone generations, and in looking through it we seem to live over again the lives of our ancestors, and to share with them in the passions, personalities, jealousies, intrigues, and follies of the hour. Lord Macaulay made a collection of Whitechapel ballads to illustrate some period of English history. Mr. Wright has turned to the same purpose our caricatures from the ac-



cession of George the First to the peace of 1815.

To the proverb that "there is nothing new under the sun," caricatures are no exception. They have been found in Egyptian tombs; and the illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages are sometimes adorned with extravagantly humorous pictures, in which the object evidently was to satirise particular persons or classes. Caricatures became very popular in England in the days of the Commonwealth. They used to be engraved on playing-cards, and one of them is extant at the present day. It is entitled, *Shuffling, Cutting, and Dealing in a Game at Picquet*. Being acted from the year 1653 to 1658. By O. P. [Oliver, Protector] and others, with great applause. Underneath the title is the motto, "*Tempora mutantur, et nos*—" This squib was published in 1659, the year after Oliver's death, while Richard was feebly endeavoring to carry on the Protectorate. The several persons represented—Cromwell and his son, Lambert, Fleetwood, Vane, Lenthall, Claypole, Harrison, Monk, and others, express themselves in various pithy and suggestive ways; and a Papist looks on with the remark, "If you all complain, I hope I shall win at last." Our early caricatures were mostly manufactured in Holland, and this continued to be the case even down to the time of the South Sea Bubble; but after that date a vigorous race of native satirical artists sprang up, and has continued to the present day.

A great number of caricatures arose out of the Sacheverell business in the reign of Queen Anne. The reverend doctor, who was a renegade from Whiggism, had become a vehement Tory and asserter of High Church principles, and in that capacity he preached a sermon at St. Paul's, before the Lord Mayor and Corporation, on the 5th of November, 1709, of so violent a character towards the Dissenters and their friends, the principles of the revolution, and the Whig Lord Treasurer, Godolphin, that it was determined to impeach the author. In the mean while, the Tories caused the sermon to be printed and extensively circulated; and when the trial of Sacheverell ended in his inhibition for three years, the condemnation of his discourse, and the burning of a copy of it by the common hangman, an immense excitement seized on the nation, and a series of riots ensued of a very alarming character. High Church clergymen preached incendiary sermons; money is said to have been distributed among the mob; several encounters took place in the streets; dissenting places of worship were sacked and burnt; in short, ferocious intolerance was exhibited. The commotion was fruitful in ballads and caricatures, not merely on the side of Sacheverell. The Whigs were not idle, and Mr. Wright gives a specimen of the kind of satirical prints they sent forth against their opponents. We here see Sacheverell in the act of writing his sermon. He is prompted on one side by the Pope, and on the other by the Devil; and the title of the engraving is "*The Three False Brethren*." In retaliation for this, the High Church party caricatured Bishop Hoadly, a Low Church friend of the Dissenters, in a print which Satan is represented as closeted with the prelate, whose infirmities are coarsely ridiculed. They also parodied the Sacheverell caricature, putting a mitred bishop in place of the Pope, and making the Devil fly away in terror from the doctor's pen. The oddest thing done at that period, however, was the issue of a medal with a head of Sacheverell on one side, and on the other

a device and inscription which varied in different copies so as to suit the predilections of both parties.

The caricatures of the Sacheverell days are to be found in the collection of Mr. Hawkins. "In general," says Mr. Wright, "they are equally poor in design and execution." The figure or head of the clerical hero was introduced into all kinds of articles of ornament or use. Tobacco-stoppers, seals for letters, coat-buttons, &c. were made to take sides, and the general excitement was stimulated by every art that could possibly be pressed into the service.

On the accession of George the First, and the return of the Whigs to power after the brief ascendancy of Harley and Bolingbroke, the former of those Ministers was made the subject of a caricature which seems now not to be in existence. The object was to represent the Earl as the tool of the French King and the Pretender,—an imputation which he had drawn on himself by the precipitate and disadvantageous peace he had concluded after Marlborough's brilliant victories, and by his intrigues against the House of Hanover.

The famous South Sea Bubble furnished abundant matter for literary and pictorial satirists to turn to account. The earliest English caricature on this disastrous speculation is entitled "*The Bubbblers bubbled; or, the Devil take the Hindmost*." It contained a great many figures: a circumstance which seems to have been regarded as a recommendation, for another caricature of the same period was advertised as presenting "nigh eighty figures." This was in 1720, and in the same year a large number of "Bubble" caricatures were issued in France and Holland. In the latter country, several of these, together with satirical plays and songs on the same subject, were collected and published in a folio volume, entitled "*The Great Picture of Folly*." So great was the demand for such productions, and so easily were people satisfied with anything in the shape of a pictorial satire on the madness of the hour, that old engravings were reissued with a verbal application to the various bubble companies, though the figures could hardly be twisted by the utmost ingenuity to any interpretation of current events. In England, packs of "bubble cards" were largely sold,—an idea apparently derived from the caricature playing-cards of the time of the Commonwealth. In the sets belonging to the latter age, each card was embellished with an engraving representing some preposterous scheme, accompanied by four lines of verse. In many cases both pictures and verses were pointed and epigrammatic. The English caricatures of that time, however, are said to be very inferior to the Dutch.

But an Englishman of signal genius in the department of comic and tragi-comic art was on the eve of making himself famous. Hogarth's first caricature was published in 1721, and its subject was the company-forming mania of the previous year.

The general election of 1722, under the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, led to the production of many caricatures by the Tory party, who were then very much in the shade. The Tories complained, and not without reason, that the Whigs resorted to a most extensive system of bribery, and, being in opposition, they were of course severely virtuous. In Applebee's *Original Weekly Journal*, of January 6th, 1722,—a Tory publication,—the following editorial note occurs: "Altho' we think the appointing general meetings of the gentlemen of counties, for making agreements for votes for the



election of a new Parliament before the old Parliament is expired, is a most scandalous method and an evident token of corruption, yet we find it daily practiced, and, which is worse, publicly owned, particularly in the county of Surrey, where the very names of the candidates are published, and the votes of the freeholders openly solicited in the public prints. The like is now doing, or preparing to be done, for Buckinghamshire; and we are told, likewise, that it is doing for other counties also." There cannot be a doubt that Walpole used every means in his power to secure a majority. He hardly made a secret of his determination to carry the elections by bribery and personal influence, if he could carry them in no other way; and by a liberal expenditure of money he succeeded. The Tories were very strong on the matter of this bribery. One of the caricatures of the day is entitled, "The Prevailing Candidate; or, the Election carried by Bribery and the D—l." Another is called, "Britannia stript by a Villain; to which is added, the True Phiz of a late Member." The former is still in existence, and is engraved in Mr. Wright's volumes. It represents the candidate — a fine gentleman in peruke and lace — slipping a bag of money into the pocket of the voter, who seems to hesitate, but is being persuaded by a devil hovering in the air above him. The wife is urged in the same direction by a parson; but two little boys express their contempt for the whole proceeding. The last of some stanzas underneath runs:—

"Say the boys, 'Ye sad rogues, here are French wooden brogues,  
To reward your vile treacherous knavery;  
For such traitors as you are the rascally crew  
That betray the whole kingdom to slavery.'"

The election which proved so advantageous to Walpole was succeeded by a calm in the political world, during which the caricaturists employed themselves for the most part on social topics. The rage for pantomime which at that time took possession of the stage; the humors and vanities of Rich, the harlequin-manager of Covent Garden Theatre, of Heidegger, of Farinelli, and of other persons connected with the amusements of the day; the eccentric performances of "Orator Henley," the scurrilous clergyman who used to preach on a tub to the butchers of Clare Market; the quarrels of Pope, and other matters of a purely personal character, — these were the subjects which for a long while kept the pictorial satirists busy, to the exclusion of affairs of state. It is curious to mark the similarity of the then condition of the stage to the present. Burlesque performances, grand scenic effects, realistic contrivances, mountebanks, tumblers, rope-dancers, and wild beasts, were the chief attractions, against which tragedy and comedy had very little chance. All the town rushed to see a movable windmill, as they now flock to witness a sham steam-engine and train. The machinist elbowed the dramatic author out of the way, and in one of his early caricatures Hogarth represents a barrow-woman wheeling off, as "waste paper for shops," the plays of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Congreve, and Otway. The date of the print is 1723.

With the death of George the First, in 1727, the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole recommenced with great vigor. Bolingbroke, who had been allowed to return to England, but not to resume his seat in the House of Lords, sought every opportunity of making the most virulent attacks on the successful Minister. He and Pulteney started the famous political journal called the *Craftsman*, of

which the working editor was Nicholas Amhurst, who wrote under the assumed name of Caleb d'Anvers; and the Tories being thus joined by the discontented Whigs, Walpole found himself face to face with a formidable array of adversaries.

He was accused of truckling to France (an imputation brought against every unpopular Minister), and of fiscal tyranny in extending the excise duties to wine and tobacco. The Gin Act — passed with a view to restraining the sale of our English spirit, the consumption of which by the lower classes had led to great disorders — was also extremely unpopular, and it proved as complete a failure as attempts to make people virtuous by statute law generally do prove. All these matters contributed to bring Sir Robert into considerable disrepute, and on the 13th of February, 1741, Sandys, one of the malcontent Whigs, made a violent attack on the Premier, concluding with a motion for an address to the King, praying him to remove Walpole from his councils "for ever." The motion was warmly supported by Pulteney, Pitt (afterwards Lord Chatham), and others; but it was lost by a very large majority. On the same day, Lord Carteret introduced a similar motion in the House of Lords, and was seconded by the Duke of Argyle; but this also was defeated. The double incident gave occasion to a Ministerial caricature, which is engraved in Mr. Wright's book. It is extremely clever, full of invention, and drawn with considerable spirit. The scene is Whitehall as it then was, — the only feature of which now remaining is Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall. A coach-and-six is being driven furiously towards the Treasury. The Earl of Chesterfield rides the off-leader as postilion, and the Duke of Argyle is on the box as coachman. Lord Carteret, who sits inside, calls from the window, "Let me get out," (the application of which, by the way, is not clear, as it does not seem that the proposer of the motion in the Lords endeavored to escape from the business), and the coach, which has run over several people, is in the act of upsetting. Lord Cobham, as footman, holds on to the straps behind, and Lord Littleton — a tall gaunt figure — rides on horseback after the carriage. In the foreground of the picture, Pulteney, drawing a set of partisans after him by their noses, wheels a barrow laden with the *Craftsman*, the *Champion*, and other journals in the interest of the Opposition; but he sees the catastrophe, and exclaims, "Zounds! they're over!" Further on, Sandys, letting fall his Place Bill, and throwing up his hands and arms in dismay, exclaims, "I thought what would come of putting him on the box!" — alluding to the Duke of Argyle; while, not far from the coach, Smallbrook, Bishop of Lichfield, bows obsequiously to the great folks. Several editions of the print were published (some with variations), and the "patriots" retorted with a parody. The original was accompanied by some verses, rather humorously conceived; and Horace Walpole, writing to Conway, speaks highly of the whole, and especially commends the likenesses.

The Second Pretender's rebellion was fruitful in caricatures, of which the most famous is Hogarth's *March of the Guards to Finchley*, on their way to the north. The city trained bands were at this period made the subject of much disrespectful joking; indeed, they had a hard time of it during the whole of the century, down to the days when Cowper had his fling at them in *Johnny Gilpin*. After the suppression of the formidable rising in Scotland, the caricaturists seem for a long while to have di-



vided their attention between the politics of the hour, and the eccentricities of fashion, or other social topics; giving quite as much attention to the latter as to the former. This was the epoch of Hogarth's great productions, in which comic art was raised to the highest level. But, though Hogarth had no equal, he had contemporaries of considerable ability as fugitive caricaturists. We see much of their work in Mr. Wright's volume, and it gives us no mean idea of their readiness and skill. It is curious to observe how long the feeling of antagonism to the House of Hanover, as something foreign and degrading, lasted with a large proportion of the people. In several of these caricatures the British Lion is represented in various ignominious positions relatively to the Hanoverian White Horse. Politics, however, as in most times, frequently gave place to social matters. The rivalries of Garrick and other eminent actors; the quackery and insolence of Dr. Hill, a surgeon and journalist, who made some little name, about the middle of the century, by his scurrility and assurance; the egregious hoax of the Bottle Conjurer at the Haymarket Theatre; the earthquake of 1750, the apprehension of which threw all London into spasms of terror, but which, when it came, proved to be so gentle that, as Horace Walpole said, "you might have stroked it"; the Betty Canning Mystery; the Cock-Lane Ghost; the rage for Handel and other foreign musicians; the extravagance of the rich, and the exaggerations of fashion; these were favorite subjects with the caricaturists of the time of George the Second, and of the early years of George the Third. Towards the conclusion of the former reign, and for some time after, great complaints were made of the profligacy of manners, and of the evils introduced into the country by the importation of French modes and tastes. It cannot be questioned that the grievance was a serious one, and that our national morals were never more depraved, shameless, and impudently coarse, than at the period in question. Young men of fashion, having made the grand tour,—often in company with tutors who were proficient in every species of debauchery,—returned to England worse than they left it, and propagated at home the vices they had learnt abroad. Even though we may not accept as a true picture, in any general sense, the terrible account given by Churchill, in his poem called the *The Times*, we must yet allow that society in the middle of the eighteenth century was deplorably corrupt. The Hell-Fire Club, and other associations of a similar character, maintained a standard of villany which every young rake did his utmost to reach; the ladies were often as bad as the gentlemen; masked balls and open-air entertainments at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, contributed to the general laxity of morals; and the style of female dress reflected the spirit of the epoch.

The hoops, which had been large enough in the days of George the First, became much more outrageous in the next reign; and a contemporary caricature represents a lady being let down with a crane and pulley into her sedan chair by three assistants, who carefully lower her through the open roof. The head-dresses were equally absurd. They were piled up to an enormous height by the aid of false hair, cushions, pins, pomatum, feathers, ribbons, and artificial flowers; and very singular are the pictures we here find of the fantastic forms they were made to assume. The men soon rivalled the women in eccentricity of dress. For a year or two subsequent

to 1770, the Macaronis, as the young beaux for a while delighted to call themselves, were the talk of the town, the rage of the moment, and the subjects of wits and caricaturists.

Going back a few years, we find Hogarth, towards the conclusion of his life, involved in a bitter quarrel with Wilkes and Churchill, the mortification resulting from which is thought to have hastened his death. The painter had received a pension from Lord Bute, who, on rising to power shortly after the accession of George the Third, made a great show of patronizing literature and art, though doubtless with no other object than to procure support for his ministry, of which it stood greatly in need. In the fervor of his new-born political zeal, Hogarth attacked his old friend Wilkes, in Number One of the prints called *The Times*.<sup>1</sup> Wilkes retaliated in the *North Briton*; Churchill assisted on the same side, in his *Epistle to William Hogarth*; and a great many caricatures were published, representing the painter performing ignominious services for the minister, or receiving his pay. Lord Bute is frequently typified by the comic artists of the time in the form of a large jack-boot, by way of a pun upon his title. Smollett, as a paid advocate of the Scotch favorite, and himself a Scotchman, was severely ridiculed about this time; for all our Northern fellow-subjects were then regarded as Jacobites, or as a set of hungry adventurers who came to England to pick up what they could get. The unpopularity of Lord Bute has hardly ever been equalled; but it was shared by his fellow ministers, especially Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, whose name lent itself very readily to the caricaturists. On the other hand, Wilkes and Pitt were the idols of the populace, until Pitt accepted a place in the Upper House, under the title of Lord Chatham, when he was looked upon as a tool of the court party, which was still ruled in secret by Bute, though that nobleman had been compelled to retire from the ministry. In a caricature published about 1770, Wilkes is pictured as a patriot worried by two dogs, one of which has the features of Dr. Johnson, while the other is distinguished by the head of some court writer whose identity cannot now be traced. Johnson was frequently caricatured. A print issued in 1782 shows him as an owl, standing on two of his own volumes, and leering at the heads of Milton, Pope and others, which are surrounded with starry rays. This was in allusion to the depreciatory remarks contained in his recently published *Lives of the Poets*. The face is powerfully drawn, and is probably a good likeness of the Doctor, from the exaggerated and unsympathetic point of view.

It would be impossible, in the compass of a single essay, to follow the complicated politics of the reign of George the Third, as exemplified in the comic art of that long era; for the caricaturists were very busy during the whole of those sixty years. The love of caricature seems to have increased as the eighteenth century wore on towards its close, and a vast number of pictorial squibs were issued during the days of the second Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan, of Shelburne, North, Warren Hastings, Grattan, Horne Tooke, and the other eminent politicians of the time. The faces of all these men have been rendered familiar to us by the burlesque artists of the period, who did not spare royalty itself. Indeed, George and his consort were frequently made the subjects of ludicrous pictures, which could hardly have been flattering to their self-esteem. They were represented as "Farmer George and his wife," a



very commonplace couple, equally plain in looks and in costume; as misers hugging their bags of gold; as frugal, homely people, frying sprats or toasting muffins; as sordid economisers, trying to save a few pence in any shabby way; as perambulators about Windsor and Weymouth, scraping acquaintance with the peasantry, and staggering them with rapid and irrelevant questions; and in other ludicrous or ignoble relations. Of course, the celebrated story of the apple dumplings, told by Peter Pindar in a well-known poem, was illustrated by the draughtsmen of the time. A caricature on this subject, depicting his majesty "learning to make apple dumplings," was published in November, 1797. The king's passion for hunting, his coarse features and ungainly figure, his over-familiarity of manner, and his devotion to trivial pursuits, were repeatedly satirised by the artists of the latter part of the last century. It used to be said—whether justly or not—that his majesty gave so much time to agriculture that he neglected the duties of the state; and he was also accused of wasting a good deal of petty ingenuity in making buttons. But the avarice of the august pair was what the caricaturists were most fond of holding up to popular aversion and ridicule. "A very clever caricature was published by Gillray, entitled 'Anti-saccharites,' in which the king and queen are teaching their daughters to take their tea without sugar, as 'a noble example of economy.' The princesses have a look of great discontent, but their royal mother exhorts them to persevere: 'Above all, remember how much expense it will save your poor papa.'

"The king, delighted with the experiment, exclaims, 'O, delicious! delicious!'" Another caricature by the same artist, published in the same year (1792), after the arrival of news of the defeat of Tippee Saib, shows us Dundas, as the minister who took charge of Indian affairs, communicating the intelligence to the monarch and his consort. The secretary of state announces that "Seringapatam is taken,—Tippee is wounded,—and millions of pagodas secured." George, who is dressed in the costume of a huntsman, exclaims, "Tally ho! ho! ho! ho!" while Charlotte sighs forth, "O the dear, sweet pagodas!" Gillray, it appears, had a personal cause for disliking the king, the latter having once spoken of the artist's sketches with contempt. Yet in December, 1790, Gillray had published a very loyal caricature, representing Dr. Price, the Unitarian clergyman, as a disseminator of treason, anarchy, and atheism, and Burke as the illustrious upholder of the crown and religion. Exactly a year later, we find him satirizing William Pitt as a toadstool springing out of the royal crown, which is described as "a dunghill." Price could hardly have been more revolutionary than that.

The most eminent caricaturists of the later years of the eighteenth and earlier years of the nineteenth centuries were Gillray, Rowlandson, and Sayer. Gillray may be said to have refashioned and reanimated the art. His best works are marked by real genius,—by great inventiveness, lively characterisation, considerable humor, and no mean executive skill. His later works are not so good as his earlier; some of them, indeed, he only engraved, without designing. Rowlandson was coarser, but not devoid of talent; and Sayer, though less known at the present day than either of the others, was ingenious and prolific. The comic art of the reign of the third George was more varied and elaborate

than that of the two preceding reigns; but it was also more vulgar in spirit and design. The astounding ugliness of costume which set in about 1780, and continued in several forms for many years, was equalled by the heavy, debauched, bloated, and mean faces of the people; and both these facts were made the most of by the caricaturists.

The profligacy and spendthrift habits of the Prince of Wales were severely lashed in many of the caricatures of that period; but in a little while personal matters gave place to the more important considerations arising out of the revolutionary condition of France, the spread of agitation in our own country, and the great war which speedily burst out between ourselves and the newly established republic. The anti-revolutionary and anti-Gallican feeling of the upper and middle classes of England is sufficiently proved by the caricatures reproduced or described by Mr. Wright, which are almost all on the national and conservative side. The French are held up to ridicule in every conceivable way, and John Bull is made to think the most of himself. The brilliant achievements of our army and navy were commemorated in many forms.

Although there is a little occasional satire at the expense of the volunteers, and an outbreak of grumbling now and then at the taxes, the sentiment, on the whole, is strongly on the side of loyalty. Bonaparte is depicted as a braggart, coward, and imbecile little manikin. The amount of national self-esteem which was thus encouraged, looks half-ludicrous, half-pitiable, at this distance of time. A debased and clap-trap spirit came over the comic art of the period, and it is impossible to glance back at it with any sentiment of satisfaction. In one of Gillray's sketches, George the Third appears as the King of Brobdingnag, holding in his hand the diminutive figure of Bonaparte, whom he is scanning through an opera-glass, and addressing in these words, slightly altered from Swift's text: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon yourself and country; but, from what I can gather from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wring'd (sic) and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude you to be one of the most pernicious little odious reptiles that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." The likeness of George in this print is very good; but the portrait of Napoleon presents quite the reverse of his real appearance. He is drawn with the lantern jaws and approximating nose and chin of a very old man—though he was then young—and his hair is carrot red! The personal appearance of the great general could not then have been much known in England; but some of the later sketches are better. It is remarkable, by the way, that the popular ideal of John Bull, continued, even to the early years of the present century, very different from that which is now accepted, as if it had come down to us from time immemorial. The costume, wig included, is that of the eighteenth century; shoes and buckles occupy the place of the now familiar top-boots; and the type of face is rather German or Dutch, than English. The modern John Bull must have come up after the peace of 1815.

Mr. Wright's volume concludes with the death of George the Third, in January, 1820, and its final pages are occupied with some of the fashionable oddities, in the way of male and female dress, of the concluding years of that long reign. The dandies and dandizettes of 1819-20 must have been a strange



race. "Dandizette" was a term applied to the feminine devotees to dress, and their absurdities were fully equal to those of the dandies. We are now, however, touching upon our own day. The rising race of caricaturists were men whose works and lives bring us down to the present moment: for the most remarkable of them is still alive. George Cruikshank connects the age of Gillray, Rowlandson, and Sayer, with that of the elder Doyle, Leech, the younger Doyle, and Tenniel. The Georgian and the Victorian eras are linked together by the genius of this admirable humorist, who was a pictorial reformer in the evil days of the Regency, and who still survives to employ his pencil on social topics in the better times which have ensued.

## HOW TO SING AN ENGLISH BALLAD.

BY ELIZABETH PHILP.

"It is universally agreed that of all music, that of the human voice is the sweetest." — SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

In these days, when to sing is the rule and to sing well is still the exception, a few words on the art of interpreting an English ballad may not be generally unacceptable. That it is indeed an art, and an art by no means easy of acquisition, must be taken for granted by every beginner who desires to steer clear of incompetency and error. It is not enough that the aspirant should have a good voice, a good ear, and a fair knowledge of the piano-forte; it is not enough that she should have acquired a correct French and Italian accent, and pronounce her own language with delicacy and precision. These things are but raw material; and it depends not only upon the master, but also greatly upon the pupil, to what account this raw material is employed. For the singer, unlike the poet, is "made," not "born." And the singer can hardly be even "self-made." She must be taught many things which it is all but impossible she should discover for herself. She must be taught how to take breath; how to unite song artistically with speech; how to avoid the harshness of certain consonants; how to make the most of certain vowels; how and when to sacrifice the word to the note, and when to sacrifice the note to the word; how to make a story intelligible; how to convey the impression of certain emotions; and many other matters of the like nature and importance. And these things, we repeat, must for the most part be imparted; for they are the result of method, and of experience, and cannot, like reading and writing, be expected to come, as Dogberry has it, "by nature." The best singer in any society is, as a rule, the one who has been best taught; and she who attempts to "warble her native wood-notes wild" in a London drawing-room may be assured that, however sweet her voice and however excellent her intentions, she can only hope to give pleasure to those among her hearers who know as little about singing as herself.

As singing is the most universally popular of modern accomplishments, so it is precisely that on which the least money and attention would seem generally to be lavished. For a percentage of ninety young Englishwomen who play tolerably, and even brilliantly, upon the piano-forte, we scarcely find ten whose singing of an English ballad is even commonly inoffensive to a cultivated ear. The amateur vocalist, if she has been taught at all, prefers, indeed, for the most part an easy Italian cavatina by some popular music-master, "because," as she admits, "the words are all vowels, and so easy to sing." Also,

let us add, because the Italian cavatina leaves her more at liberty to treat both words and music in whatever way is most convenient to herself. Starting with the assumption that "nobody will know what it is all about," she is fettered by no consideration of fitness as to time and expression. She can sing the difficult passages as slowly, and the easy ones as rapidly as she pleases. She can take breath in the middle of a word. The poem may be joyous; but if it suits her to drawl the melody in a touching and sentimental style, she is at liberty to do so. Or, on the other hand, she may render the saddest of lyrics in the cheerfullest manner, and at the giddiest pace; and the incongruity which would startle even the least critical hearer, if the fair vocalist were so tampering with an English ballad, passes unnoticed. And then, only too often she is herself ignorant of the language in which she is singing.

Now these things, we submit, are abuses, — abuses derogatory alike to the singer and the art. They represent a false condition of things. They partake of the nature of "shams." They evidence a vitiated taste; and it is time they were abolished. *How* to abolish them is another matter. Reforms are ever slow of pace, and those who would introduce them into questions of taste, can but reason, advise, and leave the rest to time.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; therefore, we should say, in the first place, let all who wish or attempt to sing, submit to be taught. In the next place, we are an English people, rich in English poetry, in an English school of music, in domestic and historical associations; and therefore let our daughters at least *begin* by learning to sing songs in their own language. To be intelligible is always something gained; and the singer whose efforts are aided by the poetry of a Kingsley or a Browning has, at all events, a powerful coadjutor to lean upon.

As a mere school of vocalization, the Italian method is unquestionably the best. The Italian method develops and cultivates the voice, as an *instrument*; equalizes it; strengthens it; and gives it flexibility. No competent professor will attempt to train his pupils upon any other system. But it by no means follows that the pupil who has been trained on the Italian method is bound to pass from the exercises of Garcia and Crivelli to the cavatinas of Verdi and Rossini. As reasonably might we require the performer on the French horn to play nothing but Gounod, or limit the professor of the German flute to Beethoven and Mozart. The voice, we repeat, is but an instrument; and as an instrument it has to be trained and developed by means of exercises. This done, the instrument is ready for use; and the first use, we maintain, to which it is reasonable and desirable to put it, is that which enables its possessor to sing songs in her native language. When she can do this, and do it well, — when she can sing an English song, or ballad, so articulately that every word of the poem is distinctly understood by her hearers; when she has acquired the art of giving due effect and expression to the poem, as a poem; and when she has overcome the primary difficulty of singing and speaking simultaneously, in such-wise that the note sung shall be a perfect note, and the word spoken shall be an articulate word — then, and not till then, let her turn to the German Lied, the French Chanson, and the Italian Bravura. Having begun at the beginning, the rest will be easy; and we may be tolerably certain that those who do not begin at the beginning can never arrive satisfactorily at the end.



And, after all, it is the well sung English ballad that gives the most universal pleasure in the home circle. It is the English ballad that moves the sympathies and enchains the attention of the majority of hearers. With two Italian Opera houses in the season, and an almost daily succession of concerts supported by Italian vocalists, the taste for foreign music gets amply gratified; and at home we turn with a sense of the keenest refreshment to the familiar accents and intelligible melodies of our own English school. Few amateurs can hope to sing Italian music in a manner that shall satisfy ears accustomed to the singing of our great operatic "Stars"; but those who, by the aid of taste, feeling, and expression, can succeed in giving full interpretation to the words of an English poet and the music of an English composer, may rely upon finding attentive and delighted listeners even among the most zealous of opera *habitués*.

English vocal solos may be divided into two classes,—songs and ballads. Songs may be sacred or secular; but they do not, of necessity, embody a story. It may even be questioned whether they must, of necessity, be expressed in words. The song of the nightingale calls in no aid of language; but it is a song, and one of the best of songs, nevertheless. The famous variations to Rode's air, the glory and delight of florid vocalists, though executed upon the open sound of A, with never a word in it from beginning to end, is in the same way a song. A Song, however, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, is an expression of feeling or sentiment in verse, unalloyed by any dramatic or narrative interest. A Ballad, on the contrary, embodies some story or legend. To take two instances, familiar to every reader,—Waller's exquisite lines, beginning "Go, lovely rose," offer one of the best specimens of the *genus* Song, while Professor Kingsley's well-known "Three Fishers" may fairly stand as our representative of the Ballad.

The first step towards singing an English ballad should be a careful study of the words. These should be considered from every point of view, and read *aloud* with every effort to give them full expression, either by retarding or hurrying, raising or lowering the voice, in accordance with the sentiments of the story. When the best interpretation—or, as it is technically called, the best "reading"—of the poem has been decided upon, the singer has then to study the resources and capability of the melody, and to practise till she succeeds in singing the words with precisely those same dramatic and sensational effects of utterance which she employed when reading them aloud. But to do this is by no means easy. It is often difficult to pronounce a harsh-sounding word on a high note. It sometimes happens that the very word which should be delivered with most power falls upon the weakest note of the singer's voice. Grating consonants must often be softened down. Vowels must sometimes be made the most of. Sibilants, above all, require the most lextorious treatment. For these, and a hundred similar emergencies, the ballad-singer must be always prepared. The art of taking breath is also of considerable importance. Only the merest tyro would, of course, take breath in the middle of a word; but to avoid this one error is not enough. The singer must be careful never to take breath in a way that breaks the flow of a sentence, or interrupts the sense of the words. The poem, whether read or sung, must be respected above all else; for to sing, be it remembered, is but to recite vocally.

A good singer punctuates by taking breath judiciously. There are, of course, passages in some ballads where, in order to give the effect of strong passion, such as hope, terror, joy, despair, the singer finds it necessary to let the breath come and go in that fluttering, intermittent way which in cases of real emotion is caused by the accelerated action of the heart. Again, there are occasions when the voice seems to fail from emotion, and where the words are interrupted by pauses, or broken by repressed sobs. Effects of this kind, when skilfully indicated rather than broadly expressed, give immense charm to the rendering of a pathetic ballad; provided always that they are not indulged in too frequently.

The efforts of every singer should be bounded by the capabilities of her voice. She should know her own voice thoroughly, its strong and weak points, its shoals and quicksands, its utmost limits. Those who attempt to strain the voice beyond its natural compass inevitably sacrifice expression and accentuation to an unwise ambition. The consciousness of effort is fatal to that self-possession, that ease of delivery, and that freedom of thought, without which it is impossible to express delicate shades of meaning, or the fluctuations of emotion. Nor is this all. The singer who attempts to force her voice beyond its own natural limits, can only gain compass at the expense of sweetness and strength. For every high or low note unduly acquired, the whole middle register is made to suffer. Her voice, thus impoverished, is also less durable. It becomes, ere long, thin, quavering, and unreliable, and finally deserts her some years sooner than it would have done with fair play and commonly careful treatment.

Finally, every singer should be able to play her own accompaniment. Granted that she has a mother or sister always at hand, trained to the work, thoroughly familiar with every song she sings, and prepared beforehand for every shade of expression; still there must come occasions when this *alter ego* is missing, and when the singer must either play for herself or trust to the tender mercies of an unaccustomed accompanist, or be silent altogether. That she should be able to play for herself is, of course, the one thing needful and desirable; and if she cannot do this, she had far better choose the latter alternative, and not sing at all. She may, however, rely upon it, that (excepting only, perhaps, the professor whose pupil she is, and who, having taught her the song, is competent to lead her) she is, at all times and under all circumstances, her own best accompanist. No one else can so well know when to bear up her voice by playing loudly, when to play softly, when to hurry, when to loiter. No one else can be in such entire sympathy with her. There is, of course, a class of songs (as the Italian bravura or the more florid sacred song of Handel) in which the singer can only command sufficient breath by standing upright, and having nothing else to do or think of but attack and overcome difficulties of elaborate execution; but our business on the present occasion is with the English Ballad, and not the operatic *scena*.

In songs it frequently happens,—though in ballads rarely,—that a verse is repeated, unchanged in either words or music. When this is the case, the singer, to avoid monotony, should vary the expression. And it is surprising how many shades of expression the simplest poem may be made to yield. So many are they, indeed, that a really good singer finds it wellnigh impossible to sing the same song



twice according to the same reading. It is only the soulless singer,—the mere drilled puppet into whose memory every turn and inflection has been instilled by the persevering labor of the master,—who never deviates into variety. To the genuine musician, it need hardly be observed, such singing is utterly valueless; and yet there have been public vocalists of high repute who remained all their lives mere echoes of the “coach” in the background; whose every note, look, gesture, was dictated from without; and who realized both fortune and fame without ever having been enlightened by a single original idea. Let not the beginner, therefore, be discouraged when we say that in order to sing a ballad well, it is necessary not only to be well taught, but—to think; just as in the art of sketching from nature, it is necessary not only to be well taught, but—to see. In both cases the experience of the master must, in the first instance, be brought to the help of the pupil. The clever artist shows the tyro how to use his eyes; the experienced musician guides him to the use of his brains. The time, of course, ought to come for both, when help is no longer needed; and when that time comes for the vocalist,—when her voice, as an instrument, has been developed and perfected; when, as a singer, she has acquired full command over it; and when, following the path into which her steps have been guided, she has learned to think, to interpret, in a word, “to read,”—then, and not till then, the master’s work is done, and the singer is made.

### THE FOUR SIGHS.

BY JAMES HUTTON.

ALL four sighed at the same moment,—not deep, long-drawn sighs, but soft, airy sighs of relief, mere bubbles upon the surface, and certainly not indicative of intense sorrow, though perchance not unmingled with pain.

Four gentlemen, in the first bloom of manhood, were lounging in easy attitudes, sipping Clos Vougeot, and nibbling devilled biscuits, in front of a blazing fire. For some ten minutes or so, not a word had been spoken. It was no “awful pause,” but one of those pleasant, purring silences, which spring spontaneously from the fumes of a well-ordered and harmonious dinner—such a dinner as does equal honor to the heart of the host, and the head of his *chef de cuisine*. Chewing the cud of sweet, or sweetly bitter fancies, these worthy gentlemen sipped and mused, and mused and sipped; and finally, as if by a preconcerted signal, came out of their temporary fit of abstraction, and—sighed. No one opened his lips, or ventured to break the silence, until the host, after quite unnecessarily poking the fire,—and from the top,—gave a short hysterical laugh; and, assuming an air of nonchalance, betrayed by his trembling voice, stammered out, abruptly: “I am going to be married! Who will be my best man?”

Such a question, at such a time, and in such a place, could only be answered in one way. The three guests bravely volunteered, to a man, for the dismal duty; but to their infinite surprise, failed to extract from their evidently nervous host any information as to the name, social position, or any other belongings, of the future Mrs. Grenville Tremaine Jones. “Be content, my friends,” said that excellent gentleman, “to wait till next Friday fortnight, and then you shall judge for yourselves. This much only will I tell you. She is young, she

is beautiful, exceedingly, she is lovely, she’s divine.”

“But, why marry on a Friday?” asked one. “It is unlucky to marry on that day, you know.”

“As for luck—it is unlucky to marry on any day,” was the flippant remark of another guest.

“Put it off till Saturday, and then you’ll have all Sunday to think over what you’ve done, and so repent at your leisure.”

“Well,” said the third, “I always looked upon you, Jones, as a marrying man; I wish you all joy; but don’t cut your bachelor friends, old boy; for really your cook is an artist, and your Burgundy is irreproachable—for this side of the Channel.

“I have fixed upon Friday,” their host replied, rather drily,—for he was piqued by the levity of his friends,—“because it has pleased me to be married on the anniversary of my dear mother’s wedding-day. And now let us talk about something else.”

Upon this, bumpers were drained to the health and happiness of the adventurous pair, and, by degrees, the conversation passed through the usual phases incidental to a bachelors’ gathering. But it has not yet been told how these four bachelors came to sigh all at the same moment, though for only one of them was the fatal day irrevocably fixed.

Mr. Grenville Tremaine Jones was the occupant of a semi-detached villa, in that portion of Asia Minor which is immediately contiguous to “The Grove.” He was of a tall, slight, and rather elegant figure, with fair hair, blue eyes, a narrow forehead, and a receding chin, and in the twenty-seventh year of his age. Of a timid, gentle, and kindly disposition, he can hardly be said to have had any will or character of his own. Neither had he any particular pastimes or pursuits. Scrupulously correct in his outward man, he was also free from vice, and as simple and untutored as an English maiden, born and brought up in a rural vicarage. His father died when he was young; and his mother, a fond, foolish woman, idolized her boy, and indulged his every whim and fancy, provided it was “genteel” to do so. As a girl, she had been insipidly pretty, with long flaxen ringlets, and had attracted very marked attention from the junior officers of the regiments quartered in her native town, to whom she handed ices, bath-buns, and oyster-patties, across her father’s counter. Two young subalterns in particular, Cornet Grenville and Lieutenant Tremaine, had been pointedly assiduous, and in after times she used to allude mysteriously to certain proposals that had *all but* been made to her by those distinguished heroes. Failing the military, Miss Jane Blewitt had finally become the wife of Theophilus Jones, the well-known drysalter, to whom, in his old age, she bore a son and heir. In remembrance of the brilliant fortune that had *almost* been hers, she bestowed upon the offspring of her matured affections the name of her two youthful admirers, and flattered herself that they sounded not only genteel, but quite aristocratic. Gentility was the rock on which the good woman split. Her chief anxiety was to ensure the gentility of her darling Grenville Tremaine. Indeed, the only redeeming point about the poor woman was her unselfish love for her boy, which, to his credit be it said, he reciprocated with as much warmth as his feeble nature was capable of feeling for anybody or thing. He was, therefore, much grieved at her death, which left him, at the age of four-and-twenty, absolutely alone in the world. So he resolved to travel for a year or two, in the hope of picking up some genteel



acquaintances; but never got further than Paris, where he lived for six months in a boarding-house entirely frequented by English families. Here he became intimate with a young barrister, named Blake, who attached himself to his fortunes, and indoctrinated him in the art of ordering a dinner with the appropriate wines. As soon as he had acquired this amount of useful knowledge, his friend Blake carried him back to London; and, in fact, took possession of him and all that was his. It so chanced, however, that in the early part of September, when this *fidus Achates* was away, the feeble and fickle Jones plucked up heart of grace to intimate to his absent tyrant that he could not again receive him as an inmate in his house. Surprised at his own audacity, and fearing lest Blake might reply to his letter in person, Mr. Jones hurried off to Hastings, where he amused himself, when the tide was out, by looking for sea-anemones in the hollows of the low, shelving rocks.

One day, while engaged in this harmless amusement, he observed that the rising tide had almost surrounded a point somewhat higher than the others, on which a young lady was half sitting, half reclining, apparently absorbed in one of Mudie's novels, and totally unconscious of the approach of the waves. In vain did the timid swain endeavor to catch the maiden's eye, as he pointed to the advancing foam. The nymph remained abstracted in the fortunes of an imaginary hero, or heroine, and paid no heed to the increasing vehemence of his warnings. At length, when the rock was completely cut off from the mainland, she slowly raised her eyes, and seemed in an instant to take in the whole danger of her situation. For one moment she gazed upon the deepening waters with well-simulated terror, then suddenly threw herself on her knees in the attitude of supplication, — first contriving, however, by a dexterous feminine movement, to knock off her hat, thereby causing her hair to fall loose in a perfect deluge of gold over her shoulders and down to her waist. For the first time in his life Mr. Jones was moved by a generous impulse, and, without once thinking of his patent leather boots, he splashed through the water up to his knees, snatched up in his arms the trembling little Venus, and carried her far above high-water mark before he would suffer her to put her foot to the ground. Even then, he insisted upon seeing her safe to her own door, in spite of her mild remonstrances. She was sure he must be fatigued with carrying her all that distance; he would catch such a dreadful cold: she should never forgive herself if he did. Mr. Jones not only saw her into her own house, but extorted, without much difficulty, permission to call and inquire after her health on the morrow. After that, they met every day, and were together the whole day, either sauntering along the esplanade, roaming about Fairlight, or looking out over the sea from the heights of the Castle. By degrees Mr. Jones extracted from the artless damsel as much of her history as he cared to know. Her name was Clara Knyvett; she was the daughter of an Indian officer, an only child, and an orphan. She had been brought up by her aunt as a governess, and was seeking a situation, when ill health compelled her to proceed to the seaside. With men of ordinary nerve and self-complacency the affair would soon have been brought to a matrimonial issue, for the little lady took no pains to disguise her feelings; but Mr. Jones's diffidence refused to see in her demonstrative frankness anything more than a

childlike reverence for strength and courage, — the qualities in which he happened to be singularly deficient.

Still, time, that overcomes all difficulties, would, probably, in the long run, have overcome even the imbecile reserve of Mr. Jones, had not circumstances have occurred of quite an unexpected character. His charmer met him one morning in a state of painful depression. Now and again a stifled sob would burst forth, or the handkerchief would be furtively raised to the eyes. If a good man, struggling with adversity, is a spectacle agreeable to the gods, tears and sighs are by no means pleasant, or even safe, for men to witness in a pretty woman. Poor Grenville was deeply touched; and, at length, after much entreaty, he discovered that she had received a letter announcing the serious illness of her kind aunt, and summoning her to what would probably prove a death-bed scene; but, alas! her quarter's pension, as the child of an Indian officer, would not be due for some days, and she was already indebted to her landlady for a week's rent and board. In an instant, the *portemonnaie* of Mr. Jones was pressed into her hands. He would bear no denial. She could return the money at her own convenience, and, perhaps, during her sorrowful attendance upon her sick relative, she would spare a kind thought for the lonely bachelor upon whose solitary state she had cast a ray of joy and hope. The gentleman was clearly becoming affected, and the now sobbing Clara cannot be accused of tearing herself away from him with timorous precipitancy. She gave him abundant time for saying anything more that he might like to say, or even for venturing upon some demonstrativeness by arm or lip. But Mr. Jones's courage failed him at this crisis; and they parted. Weeks passed, but the money came not; and, at last, Mr. Jones began to fear that his sweet little Clara had caught the complaint from which her aunt was suffering.

On this eventful day, however, he was startled by the unprecedented announcement that there was a lady in the drawing-room who wished to see him. He rightly divined that his visitor could be no other than the fair syren of Hastings. She had come to repay him the money he had so generously advanced in her hour of need and tribulation. She had been for a time so engrossed with constant attendance upon her dear aunt, that she had not had a moment to do or think of anything else. And, when all was over, she knew it was too late to remit to Hastings, and, alas! she had mislaid his town address. She had hunted for it everywhere, when it suddenly occurred to her that she might have put his card into his *portemonnaie*. How delighted she was to find it there! All this, and much more, she said, in torrents of words, emphasized with the most bewitching smiles, and purified by an almost infantile simplicity. The hour and the woman had arrived. Mr. Grenville Tremaine Jones was at her feet — literally. He dropped on one knee, seized her hand, and covered it with kisses — then sprung to his feet, passed his arm around her waist, and drew her to himself, gabbling, stammering, spluttering no matter what. In less than ten minutes he had pledged himself to marry a woman of whom he knew nothing more than she had chosen to tell him. Taking the bit between his teeth, he fairly bolted from the path of reason and common sense. Not content with engaging himself, he had wrung from the lady — after a feeble show of maidenly coyness — her consent to their union taking place on Friday fortnight,



—and it was then Tuesday. He only regretted that his housekeeper had gone out to do some shopping, for he wished her to say whether she would retain or dismiss that worthy individual. Clara had tact enough to be enraptured with everything. His housekeeper, she was quite sure, must be a treasure. She would not hear of the dear old thing being sent away. She would rather stay away herself, — this was said with an arch smile and a roguish twinkle of the eye that completed the conquest of the impressionable young man, and left him her slave.

As he sipped his generous Burgundy, Mr. Grenville Tremaine Jones had been recalling this pleasant episode; and as he did so, he thought how proud and happy his dear mother would have been to have welcomed his adored Clara, and how she would have taken the enchantress to her arms as her own child. And as he thought of this, he SIGHED.

On the opposite side of the fireplace, and directly facing the host, sat Dr. John Bryan, a young medical practitioner, rapidly rising into repute in Bloomsbury. It so chanced that late one afternoon towards the close of the London season he was suddenly called on to attend a young lady, residing in a dull but respectable boarding-house, who had been knocked down and run over by a hansom cab. The case was a very serious one. Not only was her arm broken, but the whole system had been seriously deranged by the shock, and there was reason to fear that some internal injury had been sustained. This last apprehension proved to be groundless; and a cure would speedily have been effected had she paid closer attention to the doctor's instructions. But unfortunately, the little lady was slightly self-willed. The consequence was a relapse, a long convalescence, and a very long doctor's bill, though John Bryan had reduced his charges to a minimum, partly out of pity for her childlike helplessness and simplicity, partly out of admiration of the golden glory of her long flowing tresses. As Constance rather prided herself upon her ancient descent, than upon plebeian wealth, two elderly gentlemen, who had constituted themselves her special champions and "blackamoors," insisted upon being allowed the privilege of acting as her bankers on this occasion; and as each stipulated that the other should know nothing about it, Miss Tayleur made rather a good thing out of her illness, — the more so, as she went off, after all, without paying the bill. The landlady, also, had some reason to complain; for, in consideration of the heavy medical expenses incurred by her favorite lodger, she had allowed her to go away for a month for change of air without requiring a settlement in full previous to her departure. But when six weeks had expired, and nothing had been heard of Miss Tayleur's movements, Mrs. Robinson wrote to her at the address she had given, inquiring after her health, and when she might hope to see her again.

Instead of a reply, she received her own letter: no such person was known, nor was there any such street in Scarborough. Then the murder came out. The two old gentlemen confessed their folly, and Dr. Bryan was informed that his fascinating patient was suspected of being an adventuress. The doctor bore the news with equanimity; he merely expressed his regret at having been deceived by the artless manners of the "child of earth with the golden hair," and the affair passed away from his mind.

In the latter part of October, John Bryan found himself desperately in love with the daughter of a

prosperous city merchant, residing in Tyburnia. Dropping in one evening to try a new duet, he was surprised to find Miss Wilkinson in a decidedly sulky humor.

"Tell me," said he, gently, — "tell me, Charlotte, what is the matter?"

"There is nothing the matter," was the unsympathetic reply.

"Pardon me, Charlotte, there *is* something the matter. Have I offended you in any way? If so, I assure you it was quite unwittingly on my part."

The soft tone in which he spoke worked visibly in his favor. The lips trembled, and a tear stood in each eye. Making a vain effort to be calm, she asked with affected indifference,

"By the way, do you happen to know a Miss Constance Tayleur?"

"Well, I wish I could say *No*," said he, laughing. "But surely, Charlotte, Miss Tayleur is not one of your friends? Question for question: How long have you known her? What is she? Where is she?"

"Stop, stop, Dr. Bryan, you are a bad catechist; you give me no time to reply. If you particularly wish it, I can obtain her address from Harriet Fielding, who told me all about that affair. I must say, Dr. Bryan, your conduct was disgraceful. It was not what — what — what —" the poor girl's dignity fairly broke down, and she burst into tears.

"My dear Charlotte," said John Bryan, tenderly soothing her, "you have been entirely misinformed as to the matter." Whereupon he quietly told her the whole history, and obtained ready credence for his truthful tale.

"But who is this Harriet Fielding?" he asked.

Charlotte Wilkinson laughed a merry little laugh, and nodded towards her father, who either was, or seemed to be, sound asleep in an easy-chair, with a book lying upon his knees.

"To tell you the truth, John, Harriet Fielding is rather a friend of dear papa's than mine."

Here a snort was heard to issue from the easy-chair.

"I can't say that we know anything at all about her, except what she told us herself as we travelled up together from Hastings. She told us, or rather papa (another growl), that she was going up to London to look out for a situation as housekeeper to a quiet elderly widower (a series of low growls), and asked papa to tell her what to do. So papa *very kindly* recommended her to Mrs. Watkins's boarding-house, and even promised to take her there herself."

"But how is it that I have never met her here?" asked Mr. Bryan.

"O, that's just it. Papa asked her to come and spend this evening with us, and promised her some good music, as you were coming. When she heard your name, she uttered a sharp cry and turned quite pale. As soon as papa had left us, she told me that you had jilted her dear friend, Constance Tayleur, and declared that nothing on earth would ever induce her to meet you."

"I'm very sorry, I am sure, to be deprived of the pleasure of making Miss Fielding's acquaintance; but I was not aware that I was such a terrible ogre among confiding spinsters. What sort of person is she?"

"O, she is a little fairy, with the sweetest voice and the most silvery laugh in the whole world; and such hair, — a perfect cascade of gold when she loosens the band and lets it fall down over her shoulders."



"Show me her photograph!" exclaimed the young doctor, springing to his feet and pouncing upon an album. "Show me her photograph, Charlotte. It is the little witch herself, or I am a Dutchman!"

Dr. John Bryan was no Dutchman. The sun-picture clearly established the identity of Harriet Fielding and Constance Tayleur; but fierce was Mr. Wilkinson's indignation on discovering, as he said, that he had taken a viper to his bosom. John Bryan, however, calmed his fury, and promised very soon to clear the neighborhood of "the cockatrice." On the morrow he instructed his friend Stephen Hawkhurst to proceed against her with "the utmost rigor of the law" for the recovery of his bill for attendance and medicines. But it was not the money he cared about at all. His only anxiety, and it was shared by Charlotte Wilkinson, was to frighten the dangerous schemer to a sufficient distance from Tyburnia to prevent her from encountering Wilkinson *père* in one of his impressionable moods. And as he thought of her youth, her beauty, her infantile simplicity of manner, and then of her profound duplicity, her unscrupulous artfulness, her utter disregard for truth, it is not surprising that he, too, should have SIGHED.

Mr. Hawkhurst, the solicitor, was over head and ears in love, for the first time in his life, and at first sight; and this is the way it came to pass:—

Stephen Hawkhurst was the fifth son of a country gentleman, with a small, unencumbered estate of about £1,200 a year. He was articled to a respectable solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in due time became an attorney-at-law on his own account.

Luckily for him, or perhaps, unluckily, he had been adopted and brought up by a maiden aunt, who left him a snug little fortune of £7,000 odd, put out on excellent security, at five per cent interest. As a natural consequence of this legacy, Stephen Hawkhurst never had, or wished to have, a silent client. But the unprecedented necessity for doing something had exercised a galvanic effect upon the torpid mind of Stephen Hawkhurst, who wrote to Miss Harriet Fielding three letters, each more peremptory than the preceding one, insisting upon immediate payment, with the threat of legal proceedings in the event of non-compliance with his demand. No notice being paid to these epistolary gems, he took out a writ; and having nothing in the world to do, proceeded to the distant region of Tyburnia, to serve it with his own hands.

Never was man more completely annihilated than Mr. Hawkhurst when ushered into the presence of a bright, sunny little thing, wreathed in smiles, and beaming with kindness and fun.

It was so good of him, she said, to come all the way to see her. She knew she had been dreadfully rude in not answering his letters, but she was so afraid of lawyers—they were so awfully clever. Besides, it was so very awkward; for just at that moment, it really was not quite convenient to pay her dear friend Dr. Bryan. She could never forget how kind he was to her. Somebody had been making mischief and setting him against her, and she knew nobody in London, and was so ignorant of business; and then she threw herself on the sofa, and hid her face, and had a good cry.

This was more than Mr. Hawkhurst bargained for. Though a lawyer, he was still a man; and, it might be added, a very weak man. He sat brushing his hat the wrong way, and wishing himself back in Raymond Buildings, all the time the golden-haired

sprite was speaking to him; but when she broke down and sobbed, he jumped up and exclaimed, "John Bryan is a brute, and I am no better! I *must* serve this writ on you, though 'pon my word, I feel I am a beast to do it. But don't cry—I'll make it all right. Do forgive me. I had no idea you were an—an—angel!" With that he rushed out of the room, down stairs, and into the street. His back, however, was scarcely turned before both envelope and writ were in full blaze, while the little lady was almost convulsed with laughter at the discomfiture of her enemy.

When Mr. Hawkhurst returned to his chambers, his first impulse was to send Miss Fielding a check for the entire sum. But he was quite as little accustomed to writing *billets-doux* as to serving writs; so that, by the time he had torn up half a quire of note paper, his passion had cooled down to the value of £50. Sending a porter to the bank for a note to that amount, he enclosed it in a sheet of paper, containing only the words, "From a sincere Friend and Admirer"; and despatched it by a messenger, with instructions to leave it at the door, and on no account to say who had sent him. She will recognize, he thought, the monogram on the envelope.

Poor man! it is as well that he was not present when the "angel" opened the note left by his messenger. She never for a moment troubled herself to look at the monogram, or the handwriting; but pocketed the money, with a smile, under the full impression that it came from her old beau, the City Merchant. Mr. Hawkhurst, however, continued in a fool's paradise all that evening. He still went on building castles, until the sudden thought stabbed him, like a dagger, "What if she is already in love with another."

Cold drops stood upon his forehead: there was a feeling of suffocation in his throat. With a violent effort he gulped down half a wine-glass full of Burgundy, and then relieved his momentary anguish with a SIGH.

Mention has already been made of Edmund Blake, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. The most marvelous thing about Mr. Blake was his means of locomotion. He would be in Paris one week, in Edinburgh another, then he would be seen in Manchester or Liverpool, and after that in London or Ramsgate. As he never carried anything but an old carpet-bag with him, it was rumored among his friends that he generally took French leave of mine host of the hotel he might chance to honor with his company. On one occasion, he happened to be at Brighton, lodging in the house of a respectable widow lady, in straitened circumstances, who had denied herself everything in order to bestow a brilliant education upon her only child, in the hope of obtaining for her a comfortable home as governess or companion.

Mary White had just left school at the time Mr. Blake engaged her mother's back and front parlors. She was a joyous, bright little thing, with a profusion of golden hair, which she was fond of letting down over her shoulders. Her voice was the very essence of harmony; her manners bewitchingly simple; her eyes beamed with seemingly artless, confiding affection; her rippling smiles were altogether irresistible. Edmund Blake made no attempt to resist them. For upwards of a fortnight he raved about her, and to her. There was nothing he would not do for her. She should have her carriage and pair, a house near Hyde Park, a stall at the Opera



— he thought of promising a box, but changed his mind. But Mary remarked that his collars and cuffs were particularly ragged, that he had only one pair of boots, and they were patched at the side; and, above all, that he neither made any presents to herself, nor paid his weekly bills to her mother. For all that, she was a good deal impressed by his manly presence, his rich voice, his smooth talk, his pleasant anecdotes, and his varied information; when one morning it was discovered that the fine gentleman had departed, taking with him his carpet-bag, but omitting to pay his account.

Now that Mary's education was completed, Mrs. White resolved to dispose of her furniture, and seek for herself a situation as housekeeper, and for her child that of a companion, or governess. Mary, however, had other plans in view for her own advancement. Full of romance, and blest with an excellent opinion of her own charms, personal and intellectual, she felt confident of her power to secure an eligible match, provided only she could obtain an opportunity of showing herself off to advantage.

The first thing to be done was to get clear of her mother. She waited, therefore, until their furniture was converted into hard cash, and then she practised her first deception. She told her unsuspecting parent that, on the recommendation of one of her late schoolfellows, she was going as a reader and pianist to Lady Purnell. Her mother accordingly supplied her with an abundant and even handsome outfit, and insisted upon her taking thirty pounds in cash, to meet any unforeseen expenses as companion to such a fashionable lady. With terrible resolution she tore herself from her mother's arms, and taking her place in the train, was whisked off to London. Her poor mother never heard from her from that hour. Relinquishing the fruitless search in despair, the unhappy woman accepted the humble post of housekeeper to a single gentleman residing in Bayswater, by whom she was always treated with kindly deference and respect. On this day of surprises, however, Mary White had been met face to face at a corner of "the Grove," by her temporary admirer, Edmund Blake. With his most fascinating bow, therefore, he sidled up to her, and began to address her in a tone of impertinent familiarity. The little lady stopped, calmly looked him up and down, and swept on with all the dignity of a tragedy queen. Mr. Blake flushed up to the roots of his hair, and springing into a hansom, desired the cabby in a very loud voice to drive him to Berkeley Square. Mary overheard the direction, which she perfectly understood, and tripped along, laughing to herself right merrily. Mr. Blake was a good deal disconcerted by this encounter. She was looking pretty, he said to himself, but what was she doing in London, and how came she to be dressed so well? His conscience was somehow not quite comfortable, and in spite of the generous wine, he SIGHED.

The marriage ceremony had been duly performed. Mr. Jones had previously informed his friends that the affair would be strictly private, as the lady he was about to wed was an orphan, and an entire stranger in London. His friends, however, were not the less somewhat surprised, on arriving at the church, to find that the officiating clergyman was in the act of reading the benediction, and to observe, that the only other person was a respectable looking matron, whom Dr. Bryan recognized as Mrs. Watkins, the landlady of a boarding-house

patronized by old Wilkinson. This circumstance drew his attention more particularly to the bride, and though it was difficult at that moment to distinguish her features, he felt convinced in his own mind, that his former patient, Miss Constance Tayleur had at last limed her twigs to some purpose. It was not, however, until after the young couple had retired into the vestry, and signed their names in the parish-book, that he was able to push past Mrs. Watkins, ostensibly to offer his congratulations, but in reality to satisfy his doubts. "My dear Clara, allow me to introduce my very particular friend, Dr. John Bryan." The lady started at the name, but recovering herself with a desperate effort, she looked at him so piteously, that he could only mutter something about wishing her every happiness, and moved aside to make room for his companions.

"Miss Tayleur!" exclaimed Mr. Hawkhurst.

"Molly White!" cried Mr. Blake.

The poor girl hid her face in her hands, tottered, and would have fallen, had not John Bryan thrown his arm round her waist, and carried her out into the air. As he was about to deposit his light burden in the carriage, a man of repulsive mien, and a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance, laid his hand upon his arm.

"Not so fasht, shir," said he, "I arresht that 'ere young oman at the shuit of John Bryan, Esquire, M.D."

"Stand aside, fellow. I am Dr. John Bryan, and I have no suit whatever against this lady."

"Stop, stop, stop," cried Mr. Hawkhurst. "For Heaven's sake, don't make a row, John. Here, my man, there's a mistake somewhere. This lady is not the party I meant at all. Take this,"—slipping a sovereign into his hands.

"All right, guv'nor," said the man of law: "only, I'll take my davy out, that 'ere's the very identical party, you yourselt told me to take, at the very door of the church."

"Confound your insolence," cried the discomfited Stephen. "I tell you there has been a mistake."

The man slunk off, grumbling and growling, but made his own story good to the satisfaction of the policeman and the half dozen nursemaids with perambulators, who had gathered round the door.

While this little dialogue was going on, Dr. Bryan had placed his still half-unconscious burden in the carriage, and thrusting in the dazed and paralyzed bridegroom, desired the coachman to drive home with all speed, while he himself followed in a hansom.

As the wretched couple drove up, the door was thrown open, and the housekeeper stood on the threshold to welcome her new mistress.

"Quick, quick, Mrs. White," said Mr. Jones. "Help your mistress up stairs to her own room. She is going to be ill, I'm afraid."

A wild scream interrupted him. "Mother! mother! you too, here?" and the unmasked adventurer sank on the ground in a swoon, from which she was long in recovering.

And when her consciousness returned, the first thought that rushed into her mind, and filled her with shame and despair, was the knowledge of the invalidity of her marriage. All her art, all her intrigues, had produced no other result than the detection of her baseness and treachery. But was she penitent? Did she really repent of her wrong-doing, or was it only her failure she regretted?

The answer was given in action rather than in



words. Closing her eyes, she pretended to be overcome by a desire for sleep, and murmured a wish to be left quite alone. Her request was acceded to; and John Bryan, accompanied by Mrs. White, who attributed her daughter's swoon to surprise at meeting with her at such a moment, went in search of the bridegroom.

They found him in his library, seated in his customary arm-chair, and comforting himself with a tumbler of brandy and water. When his house-keeper and his friend entered the room, he coolly intimated his intention to repudiate the marriage; though, for Mrs. White's sake, he was willing to pay any reasonable sum of money to settle herself and daughter in some respectable line of business. This naturally led to an explanation of the whole affair, and to an exhibition of poignant anguish on the part of the poor mother. Suddenly the street door was shut with great violence. They all looked at each other in alarm. Hurrying into the room in which the foiled adventuress was supposed to be sleeping, they found it empty. Nor was she to be seen in the street; but, in the distance, a hansom cab was tearing along as if racing against time. Never again did Mr. Jones behold his fair enslaver, though Mr. Hawkhurst could have told him that she was daily visible behind a certain lunch-bar, coquetting with city clerks while she administered to their mid-day indigestion. Her mother, however, retired to Islington upon a small annuity settled upon her by Mr. Jones, who speedily disposed of his "villa residence," and removed into chambers at the Albany, where he will doze away his useless existence.

#### MORE ABOUT VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO was borne at Besançon, on Septidi (the seventh day of the decade), the 7th Ventose, year 10 of the French Republic (consulate), that is to say, on the 26th day of February, 1802. This *enfant sublime*, as he lived to be named by Chateaubriand, came into the world a puny, feeble infant, "not longer than a knife," as his mother said, and the doctor in attendance declared that he could not live. Thanks, however, to the care that was bestowed upon him, the loving care of that "stubborn mother," to use his own words, which made him "twice her child," he did not die.

When quite a child he accompanied his parents to Italy and Spain, and returned with his mother and youngest brother to France at the commencement of the year 1812, when his father (General Hugo, one of Joseph Bonaparte's generals, and who before had served under the Republic), judged it prudent to send them out of Spain. Victor Hugo's first verses, naturally enough, gave utterance to the opinions he had imbibed from his mother, an ardent royalist, who died whilst he was still quite a youth, in the year 1821. In the following year his marriage took place with Mademoiselle Adèle Foucher. Some little time after his marriage, circumstances drew Victor Hugo nearer to his father. He saw him more and knew him better. Under his influence he began to admire Charles X. less, and Napoleon more. Age and reflection, however, taught him that liberty was preferable to either. A few years later he proclaimed himself an admirer of liberty in Art as well as in other things, and his preface to *Cromwell*, which appeared in 1827, was the first shot fired against the arbitrary system of laws which at that time prevailed, not only in the drama, but throughout French literature.

One of the characteristics of Victor Hugo's genius is its wonderful fertility. Poetry, epic and lyric, legend, romance, drama,—in every department of literature,—has he written, and with the hand of a master. In *Les Orientales* and in *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, he resuscitated lyrical, in *La Légende des Siècles*, he created a style of epic poetry. In *Hernani*, he revolutionized the drama as understood in France up to 1830. In *Le dernier jour d'un condamné* he was a Socialist before ever the name was invented. In *Notre Dame de Paris*, he recalled the Middle Ages to life again. In *Les Misérables*, the nineteenth century lives and speaks for itself.

"There is not a poet who has ever lived" (as M. Vacquerie has well said) "a more militant, or a more heroic existence. The government of Charles X. prohibited the production of one of his dramas, *Marion de Lorme*. Charles X. offered him as compensation a pension of 4,000 francs, which he refused. The official censorship of Louis Philippe prohibited another drama of his, *Le Roi s'Amuse*; that of the empire has prohibited all his dramas. Thus, in common with all innovators, he has met with blind or systematic opposition; he has been fought, mocked, insulted, calumniated. Nearly all his pieces have been hissed. *Hernani* and *Le Roi s'Amuse* were the subjects of tempests of violence. Troubling himself not at all about this ephemeral excitement, he continued on his way, producing those brilliant works which will outlive the French language."

In 1841, he was, after having been rejected three times, elected a member of the Academy.

On the 4th of December, 1843, he had the misfortune to lose his eldest daughter, who was married to Charles Vacquerie, brother of the admirable writer and intimate friend of Victor Hugo, Auguste Vacquerie. Drowned together by the upsetting of a boat in the Seine, the death of Charles Vacquerie and his wife was one of those thrilling events of real life, which surpass those of fiction in pathos and in the emotion their mere narration excites. A powerful swimmer, and able to save his own life, when he saw that he could not save that of his wife, that devoted husband folded his arms around her and died with her.

Two years afterwards Victor Hugo was made peer of France. In the Chamber of Peers he pleaded the popular and liberal cause. One of his most remarkable speeches was one against proscription, especially directed against the exile of the Bonaparte family.

With regard to his elevation to the peerage, I may relate an amusing anecdote, which is historically true, and which has never been published before. It will serve, perhaps, to point a moral to a certain school of critics, a rather superficial school, which, at haphazard, will pounce upon any little incident having reference to a public character, and thereupon construct a theory more or less, perhaps wholly, at variance with the man's real nature and disposition. Thus, everything that is possible to be said has been said of M. Victor Hugo. In a distich, improvised one day in a sportive mood, on himself, he has thus happily summed up the principal calumnies of the hour of which he was the object.

Voici les quatre aspects de cet homme féroc,  
Folle, assassinat, ivrognerie et boue.\*

Friends and enemies have vied with each other,—the one, who were formerly (perhaps still are)

\* Heinrich Heine, the German poet, accused him of being hump-backed.



called *Hugolâtres*, in vehement admiration, and the other (such as are to be everywhere found, who delight in flinging stones at every great reputation, not to speak of political enemies), in as vehement detraction.

If chance, had not brought to a natural conclusion an interesting conversation between King Louis Philippe and the poet, which took place the evening before the nomination of Victor Hugo to the peerage, it might have been said and believed that the peerage in question had been ardently solicited, and that the king had harshly refused it. Victor Hugo had gone to pay an evening visit at the Tuileries. The queen, the princesses, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and some intimate friends, were in a large drawing-room which communicated by folding doors with a long gallery, where the king was in the habit of walking up and down after dinner, generally with some friend, with whom he conversed the while.

On the evening in question, the king and Victor Hugo were in the gallery, walking to and fro together, conversing, stopping every now and then as it generally happens with people who walk and converse at the same time. The doors of the large drawing-room were open, and those who were sitting there could see the king and the peer expectant pass and repass, and from time to time stand still for awhile. The king was relating to Victor Hugo an episode of his youth. How, when a youthful general, he had served the republic, as his father Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, had done before him. Wishing to obtain a command in the republican army, he had gone to see Danton, who was at the time Minister of War. Now, the celebrated revolutionist was, as is well-known, exceedingly brusque in his manners and conversation. The king, stopping, without thinking, almost opposite the open doors, had just arrived at the point of his anecdote where he spoke in the words of Danton himself, and imitating the manner and tone of Danton, raised his voice, saying, "Young man! You ask me a favor which is not granted to everybody; I do not know you, or how far you are to be trusted. Who is to know that you might not turn against me to-morrow and become my enemy?"

Victor Hugo being the listener, was not so much absorbed by the conversation but he could perceive that everything the king was saying could be heard in the drawing-room, and would, doubtless, be commented upon. It might be thought that the words of Danton to the young Duke of Chartres were addressed by the king to Victor Hugo; so the latter said:—

"The king is not aware, perhaps, that what he says may be heard, and that it would be easy to put a false interpretation upon his words."

The king laughed; and, entering the drawing-room, related and explained the incident. What might not have been said if one of those present had left before the king's explanation, and had said with all the authority of his position at court:—

"The nomination of M. Victor Hugo to the peerage is extremely doubtful. He is most anxious for it, and has pressed the king upon the matter, who hesitates a good deal. This is what I have seen and heard myself," &c. &c.

If one of those chances which occasionally happen in political life had delayed or prevented the appointment, such critics as we have above alluded to would, without doubt, have believed themselves justified in asserting that Victor Hugo had been a

self-seeking, hungry applicant for rank and emolument;—than which nothing could be more the reverse of the truth concerning a character so essentially independent and lofty-minded as his. But thus it is often that history is written!

As this sketch of Victor Hugo's life is made from a literary and personal point of view only, I abstain from alluding further to his political life beyond mentioning bare facts. At the revolution of 1848, he was nominated to represent Paris in the Constituent and afterwards in the Legislative Assembly. Expelled from France in consequence of the events of the 2d December, 1851, he took refuge first at Brussels, whence he was expelled, then in Jersey, whence he was also expelled, on account of an article which appeared in a newspaper with which he was wholly unconnected, and for which he was entirely irresponsible. It is only fair to Jersey to add, that he and his companions in exile at Guernsey were subsequently invited to return by an address signed by five hundred of the principal inhabitants of the island.

The first half of M. Hugo's great and distinguished career has been related with an exquisite charm in a work entitled, *Victor Hugo, raconté par un témoin de sa vie*. This witness, it is well known, was Madame Victor Hugo, whose recent death was the object of much and wide-spread regret expressed in every newspaper and in every country,—a homage to her character and to her many virtues, which was well deserved.

M. Victor Hugo, faithful to the exile which he considers a duty, remains at Guernsey. His entire life is absorbed by unremitting work. Summer and winter he rises with the day, and, entering his *cabinet de travail*, works without intermission till noon, when he allows himself an hour of repose for breakfast and his morning walk; he then resumes his work till about five o'clock, when he generally finishes his work for the day. He dines at half past six, and goes to bed invariably at ten. He gives a portion of his time, regularly, in attending to the dispensation of his charity, which is large and wisely administered. Besides the weekly dinner he gives to forty poor children, no one really in need is ever refused bread or coal at Hanteville House.

Thus is passed the life of Victor Hugo, as all those who know him, his habits, and the ways of his house, are aware. With the exception of the society of a few intimate personal friends, he lives at Guernsey a life of absolute solitude. The exiles who were the former companions of his banishment are all dispersed: some in England, some in Belgium, some in Spain, while some have returned to France, having accepted the amnesty. One only excepted, M. E. H. de Kessler (one of those who were at the side of Baudin, on the now celebrated barricade, when he fell), a writer of considerable talent, who lives on terms of the closest friendship with the illustrious poet.

Before I conclude, I have a remark to make which may be of importance to some of my readers. It need hardly be said that M. Victor Hugo's correspondence is extensive. He receives on an average considerably more than four thousand letters every year from all parts of the world, from all classes, and on every conceivable subject. I was with him the other day, when he received, amongst others, four letters, each from a different quarter of the globe, and each urgently requesting an immediate reply for publication. Among his correspondents there are a great number of English, and as M. Victor Hugo



does not understand the English language, and as he has not his son, François Victor Hugo (the translator of Shakespeare,) always at his side to render him assistance, notwithstanding every wish to do justice to each of his correspondents, there would be a greater probability of his understanding their communications, and therefore of their obtaining answers, if they would address themselves to M. Victor Hugo in French.

I will give, in conclusion, the names, in chronological order, of the works produced by M. Victor Hugo up to the present time:—

- 1822. *Odes et Ballades.*
- 1823. *Hans d'Islande.*
- 1825. *Bug-Jargal.*
- 1827. *Cromwell.*
- 1828. *Les Orientales.*
- “ *Le dernier jour d'un condamné.*
- 1830. *Hernani.*
- 1831. *Notre Dame de Paris.*
- “ *Marion de Lorme.*
- “ *Les Feuilles d'Automne.*
- 1832. *Le Roi s'Amuse.*
- 1833. *Lucrèce Borgia.*
- “ *Marie Tudor.*
- 1834. *Littérature et Philosophie mêlées.*
- “ *Claude Gueux.*
- 1835. *Angelo.*
- “ *Les Chants du Crépuscule.*
- 1837. *Les voix intérieures.*
- 1838. *Ruy Blas.*
- 1840. *Les Rayons et les Ombres.*
- 1842. *Le Rhin.*
- 1843. *Les Burgraves.*
- 1845–1851. *Discours aux Chambres et aux Assemblées.*
- 1852. *Napoléon le Petit.*
- 1853. *Les Chatiments.*
- 1856. *Les Contemplations.*
- 1859. *La Légende des Siècles.*
- 1862. *Les Misérables.*
- 1864. *William Shakespeare.*
- 1865. *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois.*
- 1866. *Les Travailleurs de la Mer.*
- 1869. PAR ORDRE DU ROI.

To this list may be added a work in two volumes, entitled *Actes et Discours pendant l'exil*, consisting of documents already known to the world, but scattered here and there, shortly to be published in a collected form. These are the letters and speeches which have been written and spoken by M. Victor Hugo, since 1851, on political and social subjects, upon occasions when his intervention has been demanded by a people or a cause,—as recently in Poland, Italy, Belgium, Crete, and quite recently in Spain.

## A CHAPTER ON HORSESHOES.

THE Romans shod their horses, though not in the same way as we do. Their *pedilum* lapped over, and therefore occasioned a rattling sound. Winckelmann has published a drawing of a Roman gem, showing one man holding up the foot of a horse, and another man shoeing it. An iron horseshoe is mentioned by Appian; but shoes (*carbatinæ*) made of raw hides were, as Aristotle and Pliny attest, put upon camels in the time of war and during long journeys. Nero is said by Suetonius, to have shod his mules with silver. Pliny records of Poppæa, the empress of Nero, that she used gold for the same purpose. These shoes had probably the upper part only formed of the precious metals, or perhaps they were plated out of thin slips.

In the horseshoes found in the German barrows,

says Fosbroke, the shoes project not downward, but upward. At Colney, in Norfolk, were found Roman urns, and a horseshoe of uncommon form,—round and broad in front, narrowing very much backward, and having its extreme ends almost brought close behind, and rather pointing inward, *with the nail-holes still perfect.*

An early instance of nails in horseshoes is furnished by one of a horse buried with Childeric I., who died 481, which was fastened with nine nails (*Archæologia*, iii. 35). Du Cange and Carew mention the custom of shoeing only the fore-feet. La Brocquiere describes the Oriental horseshoes as being very light, rather lengthened towards the heel, and thinner there than at the toe. They were not turned up, and had but four nail-holes, two upon each side. The nails were square, with a thick and heavy head.

The present mode of shoeing horses was introduced into this country by the Normans, at the time of the Conquest. The Britons had been taught the use of them by the Romans, but their *pedolan* were probably considered too clumsy to be adopted by the Saxons. The Franks in the ninth century, and probably also the Normans, shod their horses in winter only.

It may be mentioned, *en passant*, that the male horse only was ridden by knights and people of any distinction in the Middle Ages; and that to ride a mare was always looked upon as a degradation. This was either a religious superstition, or an old Teutonic prejudice. In the thirteenth century, horses were obtained from Turkey and Greece, and at a later period from Barbary. The lord rode the *destrier*, or war-horse; the lady, the *paléfroï*, or palfrey; the servant, the *roncin*; and the luggage was carried by a *sommier*, or sumpter.

White horses were most prized, after them dapple-gray, and bay or chestnut. It is curious to find that, in 1435, the queen of Navarre gave carrots to her horses. The ordinary price of horses in England, in the reign of Edward I., was from one to ten pounds. When St. Louis returned to France from his captivity, the Abbot of Cluny presented to the king and queen each a horse, the value of which Joinville estimated at five hundred livres,—equal to about four hundred pounds of our present English money. Feats of horsemanship were much practised; one of these was to jump into the saddle in full armor:

No foot Fitzjames in stirrup staid,  
No grasp upon the saddle laid,  
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,  
And lightly bounded from the plain.

Horses were frequently given as bribes. The widow of Herbert de Mesnil gave King John of England a palfrey to obtain the wardship of her children; and one Geoffrey Fitz-Richard gave the same monarch a palfrey for a concession in the forest of Beaulieu.

A large pitcher, ornamented with horseshoes, was found in a Norman pottery, discovered on the estate of Lord Scarsdale, near Derby. It is figured in *The Reliquary*, and is a very interesting example of the period. The decoration is the badge of the ancient lords of the soil on which the vessel was made, and it was probably designed for castle use. The badge is that of the family of Ferrars, Earls of Derby, Ferrars, and Nottingham, who held Duffield Castle from the time of Henry III., when the lands were confiscated.

The out-of-the-way little capital, Oakham, has a



unique prerogative: it claims a horseshoe from every noble or royal personage who lodges within its walls, or passes through its streets.

In its ancient Norman hall may be seen these iron *souvenirs* of distinguished visits, some adorned with a coronet, and marked with the names of donors from Queen Elizabeth down to Princess Victoria. The castle was built by Wakelin de Ferrariis, *temp.* William I. The Smiths' Company at Chester was in existence there long prior to 1498, in which year Prince Arthur, son and heir of King Henry VII., paid a visit to the quaint old city. The prince's horses required to be re-shod, and the services of Thomas Edyan, master-smith, and senior alderman of the Smiths' Company, were called into requisition on that duty. This work was completed so entirely to the prince's satisfaction, that he then and there presented to the said Edyan a silver badge, bearing a shield, on which were engraved a horseshoe, pincers, and hammer, surmounted by a *fleur-de-lis* crown, which he granted to be thenceforward worn by his said master-smith, Thomas Edyan, and his successors, the senior aldermen of the Smiths' Company, forever. A gravestone, excavated at the western end of St. John's Church, Chester, contained a *fleur-de-lis* cross, on either side of which were sculptured a horseshoe and a smith's hammer and pincers,—clearly commemorative of a defunct member of the Smiths' Company at Chester, and possibly of that very Edyan whose workmanship had so won the prince's favor.

In Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry VIII.*, printed in Kennet's *History of England* (ii. 17), we read that Henry "having feasted the ladies royally for divers days, did depart from Tournay to Lisle (October 13, 1513), whither he was invited by the Lady Margaret, who caused there a joust to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a large room, raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while the horses, to prevent slipping, were shod with felt or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro sive tomento*), after which the ladies danced all night." Shoeing with felt is mentioned by Shakespeare (*King Lear*).

Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, says: "Under the porch of Staninfield Church, in Suffolk, I saw a tile with a horseshoe upon it, placed there to hinder the power of witches, though one would imagine that the holy water would have been sufficient." The charm of the horseshoe lies in its being forked, and presenting two points. Thus, Herrick in his *Hesperides*, says:—

"Hang up *hooks* and sheers, to scare  
Hence the hag that rides the mare,  
Till they be all over wet  
With the mire and with the sweat;  
This observed, the manes shall be  
Of your horses all knot-free."

Even the two forefingers held out apart, are thought to avert the evil eye, or prevent the machinations of the lord and master of the nether world.

The pentacle, or seal of Solomon, is supposed to possess great power, as being composed of two triangles presenting six forked ends, and therefore called pentacle erroneously.

Mr. Timbs states, that when Monmouth Street was a fashionable locality of London, it was noted for its number of horseshoes nailed over the doorways or on the sill. In 1813, Sir Henry Ellis counted here seventeen; in 1841, there were six; but in 1852, there were eleven; now there are fewer. Nelson had great faith in the horseshoe, and

one was nailed to the mast of the ship *Victory*. "Lucky Dr. James," attributed the success of his fever-powder to his finding a horseshoe, which he adopted as the crest upon his carriage. A horseshoe is very conspicuous at the gate of Meux's Brewery, at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, and on the trappings of the horses of the establishment. The lucky belief in the horseshoe may have led to its having been adopted as the ornamental portion of a scarf-pin.

Messrs. Larwood and Hotten, in their *History of Signboards*, state that the horseshoe by itself is comparatively a rare sign. The three horseshoes, however, are not uncommon; and the single shoe may be met with in many combinations, arising from the old belief in its lucky influences. The sun and horseshoe is still a public-house sign in Great Titchfield Street; and the magpie and horseshoe may be seen carved in wood in Fetter Lane,—the magpie perched within the horseshoe, and a bunch of grapes being suspended from it.

### BONBONS.

THE consumption of sugar in Europe is enormous; and it is a curious fact that it increases from year to year in much larger proportion than the population. In France it has attained to about 15 lb. per head per annum, and, judging from the quantity of sweetmeats eaten by almost all classes, of which some idea may be gained from the number of shops in Paris alone, where bonbons form the principal if not the exclusive trade, one would imagine that a considerable proportion of this amount is consumed in the form of sweetmeats. The *Moniteur* says that taking one year with another not less than 30,000,000 francs' worth of sweetmeats are annually made in France. As the exports are under 3,000,000, this leaves 27,000,000, or nearly £1,100,000 sterling, as the annual value of home-made sweetmeats consumed by the French people. To this have to be added £100,000 or £200,000 worth of "cheap sweets," manufactured by steam and imported from England into France. The common sugar-plum is reputed to be an Italian invention, dating no farther back than the commencement of the sixteenth century. It was in Italy, moreover,—where they have always been skilful confectioners,—that sweetmeats were discovered to be an admirable medium for getting rid of dreaded rivals, unfaithful lovers, and troublesome friends.

The manufacture of the antique sugar-plum, the antediluvian burnt almond, and those nauseous twelfth-cake ornaments dabbled over with bright mineral colors more or less baleful, has been long since discarded by the higher class of sweetmeat manufacturers. They received their first blow from the Aboukir almonds, dating back, evidently, to the period of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt; their next from the cracker bonbons, called Cossacks,—on account of the terror with which, like their namesakes, they inspired the fair sex at their first advent in 1814,—the cornets à paillettes, the tortillons, the Muscovites (named thus because they were furred), and the primaveras (a variety of frozen bomb). Then came the marquises, orangines, marrons glacés (iced chestnuts), violettes candies (candied violets), cerises pralinées (burnt cherries), boules à l'ananas (pineapple balls), dattes au café, Eugénies (after the Empress), diables noirs, Ganaches, Mignons (named after Ambroise Thomas's opera founded on



Goethe's charming story), Africanes (so called from Meyerbeer's latest work), Belisaires, boules-mandarins, Madrilègues, and éphémères or "bonbons fondants," which had to be eaten very quickly, — the inscription on the boxes said within four-and-twenty hours, — the consequence was that they became the rage, and almost made the fortune of the inventor in Paris alone; for people were afraid they would not outlast a journey into the provinces. Next there was the Thérèse, with lines of verse parodied from the song of "Le Sapeur." This year the bonbons par excellence are the Inutiles, so named after Cadol's new comedy, over which the French court laughed so much the other day at Compiègne.

Formerly the making of bonbons was a tedious affair, and the chief Paris manufacturers were in the habit of beginning their preparations for the great consumption on the "jour de l'an" — when almost as many bonbons are eaten in Paris as during the whole of the remaining 364 days — as early as the month of August. Now, however, when the process is far more delicate and complex, and the demand has more than doubled, they commence preparing only some few weeks in advance. One grand reason for this is because bonbons belong to the category of perishable merchandise. If one were only to forget to eat them for a sufficient length of time, they would devour themselves. To preserve them they have to be shut up in air-tight cases with a layer of chloride of calcium, which absorbs all moisture at one end, and by this means they may be kept for several years.

It is usually about the commencement of December that the great factor of bonbons in the Rue de la Paix, the successor of the famous Siraudin, — who abandoned confectionery to turn vaudevilliste about the same time that Alphonse Karr forsook literature to become a "marchand de bouquets" — fairly sets to work. His establishment, which ordinarily employs some 180 persons, then requires the services of almost double that number, the majority of whom are engaged in making bonbons by the million until the turn of the new year.

The entire underground portion of his premises is devoted to the manufacture of sweetmeats. On descending the stone staircase one finds one's self in a stifling atmosphere, too heavily laden with the aroma of vanille and other essences. Around are scores of workmen, their faces lighted up by the red glare of numerous furnaces, busily engaged in plunging particular fruits into large caldrons filled with boiling syrups. More in the shade are other stalwart-looking men, their countenances made pallid by the intensely heated atmosphere, piling up almonds, &c. on huge copper vessels; and so constant is the sound of metal clashing against metal that the visitor might imagine himself in an armor smithy instead of a sweetmeat factory, amongst workmen making bonbons for women and children to crunch. On all sides are piles of sugar-loaves, gallons of liqueurs, syrups, and essences, — kirsch, rum, aniseed, noyau, maraschino, pineapple, apricot, strawberry, cherry, vanille, chocolate, coffee, and tea — with sacks of almonds and baskets of chestnuts, pistachio nuts, and filberts being emptied into machines which bruise their husks, flay them, and blanch them all ready to receive their saccharine coating.

Most bonbons are made by hand; only those which are flat at the bottom are cast in moulds. In the hand-made bonbons the sugar-paste is rolled into shape by the aid of an instrument formed of a

stout piece of wire, one end of which is twisted and the other fixed into a wooden handle. With this the paste is taken out of the caldron and worked into the desired form by a rapid *coup de main*. For bonbons of a particular form, such as those in imitation of various fruits, &c. models are carved in wood.

A certain number of these, say from fifty to sixty, are fixed on a narrow strip of wood, and the confectioner takes moulds of them in starch, contained in a series of large shallow drawers. As soon as these moulds become dry they are filled with liquid sugar already colored and flavored, after which the drawer is put on one side for four-and-twenty hours, when the bonbons are ready for sale. Liqueur bonbons are composed of a mixture of some given liqueur and liquid sugar, which is poured into moulds and then placed in a slow oven for the day. Long before they are removed a hard crust has formed on the outside, while the inside remains in its original liquid state. Bonbons are crystallized by being plunged into a syrup heated to 36 degrees Réaumur. By the time they are dry the crystallization is complete, and acts as a protection against the atmosphere, allowing the bonbons to be kept for a certain period, though their flavor deteriorates after a short time.

If the bonbons themselves are in some degree works of art, the bags, baskets, and boxes made to contain them are still more so. Some of these are reproductions of antique *chefs d'œuvres*, notably the beautiful casket of Anne of Austria preserved in the Museum of French Sovereigns; others of modern invention are models of taste and elegance; for instance, the panier Watteau, formed of fancy straw, satin, pearls, and flowers, the bottom of which was covered with a lace pocket-handkerchief, as though it were simply some graceful addition to the mauve or rose-satin lining. But this handkerchief costs a thousand francs or so, and thus we are enabled, when sending a lady seemingly only a few score of delicious bonbons, to make her a handsome present in the most delicate possible way.

Some bonbon boxes have the sweets concealed under large bouquets of violets fringed with lace, or interspersed among roses reposing on a bed of white satin embroidered with gold. The satin bags, of brilliant colors, are usually worked over with glass or pearl beads, and fringed at their openings with pearl pendants and bands of lace or marabout. The lining is of tinfoil, to preserve the bonbons as far as practicable from humidity. This year M. Reinhard sends only his bonbons in these satin bags thrust into slippers of gold and silver filagree of the natural size. In memory of the "pantin," or little puppet, with which grown-up people in France used to amuse themselves some century or so ago, others of these bags are in the form of dolls. Figures of dolls too, several feet in height, artistically designed, and in gorgeous costumes, are usually displayed in the windows of the confectioners for several days preceding and subsequent to the "jour de l'an," attracting crowds of spectators. It is quite as essential at this period to pay a visit to Siraudin's, and inspect his dolls, which are this year mounted on gilt velocipedes, as it is to see the last new comedy by Augier or Sardou. Other novelties of the season for containing bonbons for New Year's étrences are in the form of Roman chariots, classic lyres, and mediæval mandolines.

At Easter, when sweetmeats are almost as much in request for presents as they are at the new year, the windows of the bonbon establishments are filled with Easter eggs of the gayest colors, and made, of



course, of sugar. There are elegant nests of eggs, baskets of eggs, cradles full of eggs, and figures of coquettish-looking peasant-girls carrying eggs to market. Birds of brilliant plumage are sitting on the nests or hovering over them, while the eggs in the baskets and cradles repose on the softest swans-down or the richest lace and satin. There are eggs, too, rivalling in size Sindbad the Sailor's famous roc's egg, bound round with ribbon and filled with bonbons.

The quantity of bonbons exported from France is very inconsiderable. England, Spain, Russia, Turkey, and the United States are the chief consumers, and yet they do not take more than a hundred thousand pounds' worth between them. More of the acid bonbon is exported to England than any other, just as more of those of an oily character are exported to Spain. The bulk of bonbons sent to Turkey and Egypt are consumed by the ladies of the harem.

### FOREIGN NOTES.

THE municipality of Missolonghi have resolved to raise a monument to Lord Byron, on the spot where the poet breathed his last. One half of the cost of the monument is to be defrayed by the municipality, and the other half to be obtained by public subscription.

IN the death of Viscount Strangford the Pall Mall Gazette has lost a frequent and a valued contributor. Lord Strangford also wrote for the Saturday Review, and other organs of standing and importance. His experience on Oriental matters was extensive.

WAGNER has finished the third part of his *Niebelungen*, a mammoth opera in four parts, necessitating several nights for performance. In one scene an aquarium is required for the characters, who have to swim and disport about between water and rocks, singing all the while. Pleasant work for delicate-chested tenors.

AT the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, the plan has been adopted of issuing monthly admission tickets at the price of thirty francs. These are issued on the first of each month, and admit to every performance within that period except "first representations." For these the ticket-holder has the right to a numbered seat *au prix du bureau*.

IT is the fashion of some Paris papers to speak of the toilets of ladies of the *monde* and *demi-monde* in the same breath. Two members of the aristocracy have written to the *Gaulois* to demand that their wives' names may not be mentioned. In case the editor transgresses he will be liable to a fine, according to the law *Guilloutet*.

CHARLES XV., King of Sweden and Norway, has published, at Stockholm, a pamphlet of sixty pages with the title, "Ideas and Reflections on Modern Tactics." The principal conclusion of the Royal author is that the armies which have become so large since the French Revolution must be reduced. He would have them weaker in numbers, but improved in quality and organization.

"A GOOD deal of nonsense," says the Leader, "is being talked and written concerning the lowering of the musical pitch to the Continental standard.

The idea was started by Mr. Sims Reeves, who, having lost a quarter of a note at the top of his register through wear and tear, thinks it convenient to come down a peg or two to an easier range. But what say the basses and baritones, who will have to come down, too, but who have no further cellarage room in their voices?"

IN Vienna the government forbids the parodying of public characters at masked balls. At one of these entertainments, recently given in that city, two visitors appeared dressed up as Count Bismarck and Baron Beust, and walked about arm-in-arm. This tentative proposal of an alliance between the two nations so lately at war was received with marked dissatisfaction by the crowd; and finally the two diplomatists were seized by the police. Austria has not yet forgotten Königgrätz.

A BET made by a wag of Berlin on New Year's Day attracted crowds to one of the principal streets of the capital. In this street there is a hair-dresser's shop, and the author of the bet had undertaken to sit for four hours, without moving, in the place of the wax figure in the window. At three in the afternoon he appeared at his post, dressed in a white sheet and with a huge wig on his head surmounted by a fez cap. Every effort was made by the bystanders to make him show some sign of life. Street-boys were tempted by the promise of large rewards to make their most ridiculous grimaces, and address him in all sorts of funny speeches; but all in vain. He remained immovable until the clock struck seven, when he rose, bowed gravely to the assembled crowd, and retired into the shop.

Lowell's new volume of poems, "Under the Willows," is attracting great attention in England. The London Review says that "the poet who wrote 'The Fable for Critics' and 'The Biglow Papers' will never lack an audience throughout Saxondom, fit and not few." Speaking of the "Commemoration Ode," the Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "In Mr. Lowell the victims of the great conflict have found no unworthy Simonides. The tone of the poem is one of mourning sustained by triumph, and of exultation tempered with grief; its thoughts and language are those of grave and repressed passion, its verse firm and majestic. Let those writers who sneered at the 'essentially blackguardly character' of the Northern people five years ago read it and be ashamed. This noble ode will live as the expression, and a most manly and pathetic expression, of the feeling of a nation at a signal crisis of its history."

THE brother of the Tycoon has played Paris a naughty trick. He has run away from his creditors. There are some who say that his parentage, or, rather, connection with the Tycoon, is questionable. However that may be, it is certain that his Highness not only forgot to pay the rent of the hotel which his chamberlains hired for his accommodation on the Avenue de l'Impératrice, but likewise for the superb furniture eagerly supplied by all the great houses of Paris. The bedroom of his Highness was draped with pink and salmon-colored satin, those shades having been selected in order to remind him of the glories of Eastern sunsets; the chairs, &c., mounted in a curious combination of buhl and maple; the tables of his drawing-rooms of Algerian onyx, the rest being *en suite*. Of household linen he had sufficient to stock a reasona-



bly sized linendraper's establishment. This finale not a little amuses the Parisians, who recollect that on his first visit to the Exhibition his Highness sneezed, whereupon padded leather curtains were immediately hung against the doors to keep off draughts. His Highness went about carefully guarded by mouchards, and escorted by A. D. C.'s detached from the Imperial household for his special guidance.

THE Medico-Chirurgical Academy at St. Petersburg lately conferred the degree of M.D. upon Mme. Kaschewarow, the first female candidate for this honor who had presented herself before them. When her name was mentioned by the dean it was received with an immense storm of applause, which lasted for several minutes. The ceremony of investing her with the insignia of her dignity being over, her fellow-students and new colleagues lifted her upon a chair and carried her with triumphant shouts through the hall. At this moment Mme. Lucca was espied among the audience, and such was the students' fickleness, that the lady doctor had to yield her elevated seat to the popular singer. The prima donna not only remained in undisputed possession of the extemporized throne, but was carried upon it to her carriage, whilst the new doctor had to find what comfort she could in her diploma.

THE art of advertising is certainly making great progress in England. The Pall Mall Gazette complains that the burlesque and pantomimes are full of tradesmen's puff. "At Drury Lane, a well-known firm of haberdashers have a scene to themselves for the exhibition of their Christmas goods, while Covent Garden introduces a similar display on behalf of a rival establishment. At the Polytechnic, again, a so-called scientific lecture is devoted to the glorification of a pushing watchmaker. Perhaps the pulpit will be invaded next. Sermons interlarded with *réclames* of cheap coals and Gladstonian claret would no doubt command their price. Among other novelties of advertising we may also note that the attractions of the South Kensington Museum are fully proclaimed by advertisement in the theatrical column of the *Times* along with 'Puss in Boots' and 'Turko the Terrible.' Why should this system of advertising be confined to only one of the national collections? Why should not Professor Owen be allowed to advertise his stuffed beasts, and Sir R. Murchison his fossils in the same way?"

THE London Athenæum of January the 16th publishes the following note from Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1869.

We beg leave to call the attention of English authors and publishers to the following simple statement of facts which concern them no less than ourselves.

In accordance with our custom when republishing English books to make, if possible, a special arrangement with the author, or otherwise to lay aside a portion of the profits resulting from the publication for his use, we entered into an agreement with Mr. Dilke's publishers to reprint an American edition of his "Greater Britain." This was as far back as May, 1868, and immediately thereafter we made public announcement that the book was forthcoming. It was published in December. A few weeks previously to its appearance, however, and some five or six months after we ourselves had announced the book, the Messrs. Harper & Brothers also made public advertisement that they were about to issue it. They had been already sufficiently notified of our

intention to republish "Greater Britain"; but as soon as we became aware of their purpose, we informed them by letter of our arrangement with the author. The Messrs. Harper, however, persisted in their determination; and, as a consequence, Mr. Dilke's work, bearing their imprint and offered at a nearly nominal price, is now before the trade. Of course the author's anticipated profits, no less than our own, will be precluded by a proceeding so directly in contravention of the courtesies of the trade, and so well calculated, if persisted in, to destroy the remuneration to which foreign authors are equitably entitled.

A similar course to that above mentioned was, we regret to say, pursued by the house in question on the appearance of Mr. Trollope's "North America"; and the unremunerative price at which that work was published by the Messrs. Harper destroyed our profits, and, of course, prevented the author from receiving the share which otherwise would have accrued to him from the edition published by us.

As our object in making this communication is simply to place ourselves right before the public, we refrain from comment on the facts now presented. Whatever injury may result to English authors and publishers, should such practices become the rule instead of the exception, the responsibility will not rest upon us.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

MRS. BURTON's preface to her husband's book on Brazil is one of the most delicious pieces of self-assertion that ever fall in our way. It deserves quotation:—

"Before the reader dives into the interior of Brazil with my husband as a medium, let me address two words to him.

"I have returned home, on six months' leave of absence, after three years in Brazil. One of the many commissions I am to execute for Captain Burton is to see the following pages through the press.

"It has been my privilege, during those three years, to have been his almost constant companion; and I consider that to travel, write, read, and study under such a master, is no small boon to any one desirous of seeing and learning.

"Although he frequently informs me, in a certain Oriental way, that 'the Moslem can permit no equality with women,' yet he has chosen me, his pupil, for this distinction, in preference to a more competent stranger.

"As long as there is anything difficult to do, a risk to be incurred, or any chance of improving the mind, and of educating one's self, I am a very faithful disciple: but I now begin to feel, that while he and his readers are old friends, I am humbly standing unknown in the shadow of his glory. It is therefore time for me respectfully but firmly to assert, that, although I proudly accept of the trust confided to me, and pledge myself not to avail myself of my discretionary powers to alter one word of the original text, I protest vehemently against his religion and moral sentiments, which belie a good and chivalrous life. I point the finger of indignation particularly at what misrepresents our Holy Roman Catholic Church, and at what upholds that unnatural and repulsive law, Polygamy, which the author is careful not to practise himself, but from a high moral pedestal he preaches to the ignorant as a means of population in young countries.

"I am compelled to differ with him on many other subjects; but, be it understood, not in the common spirit of domestic jar, but with a mutual agreement to differ and enjoy our differences, whence points of interest never flag.

"Having now justified myself, and given a friend-



ly warning to a *fair or gentle* reader, the rest must take care of themselves. — I leave him or her to steer through these anthropological sand-banks and hidden rocks as best he or she may."

THE Era, a dramatic and musical almanac, thus speaks of Charles Dickens in its "Biographical Memoranda of Living Dramatic Authors." "This distinguished novelist, the son of Mr. John Dickens, of the Navy Pay Department, was born at Portsmouth in 1812. A few years afterwards his father retired on a pension, and came to London as a Parliamentary reporter. At an early age Mr. Dickens was removed from school and placed in the office of a barrister of eminence, — Mr. Chitty, we believe. In the year 1834, he began to contribute to the 'Old Monthly Magazine,' his first paper in that periodical being 'Mrs. Joseph Porter over the way.' This was followed by 'Horatio Sparkins,' and 'The Boarding House,' but it was not until the publication of the second paper under the last title that he assumed the pseudonym of 'Boz,' as may be found by reference to the 'Old Monthly' for August, 1834. Engaged as a parliamentary reporter on the Morning Chronicle, then edited by Mr. John Black, he published in the evening edition of that paper a series of sketches, — the first being 'Meditations in Monmouth Street.' These were republished in three volumes, with illustrations by Cruikshank, early in 1836. Immediately after, he commenced the popular 'Pickwick Papers,' completed in October, 1837, when the sale which originally was three thousand, had extended to thirty thousand copies. While writing the 'Sketches,' a strong inclination towards the stage induced Mr. Charles Dickens to test his powers as a dramatist, and his first piece, a farce called the *Strange Gentleman*, was produced at the St. James's Theatre on the opening night of the season, September 29, 1836. The late Mr. Harley was the hero of the farce, which was received with great favor. This was followed by an opera, called *The Village Coquettes*, for which Mr. Hullah composed the music, and which was brought out at the same establishment, Tuesday, December 6, 1836. The quaint humor, unaffected pathos, and graceful lyrics of this production found prompt recognition, and the piece enjoyed a prosperous run. *The Village Coquettes* took its title from two village girls, Lucy and Rose, led away by vanity, coquetting with men above them in station, and discarding their humble though worthy lovers. Before, however, it is too late, they see their error, and the piece terminates happily. Miss Rainforth and Miss Julia Smith were the heroines, and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Gardner were their betrothed lovers. Braham was the Lord of the Manor, who would have led astray the fair Lucy. There was a capital scene where he was detected by Lucy's father, played by Strickland, urging an elopement. Harley had a trifling part in the piece, rendered highly amusing by his admirable acting. On March 6, 1837, was brought out, at the St. James's Theatre, a farce called "*Is She His Wife; or, Something Singular*," in which Harley played the principal character, Felix Tapkins, a flirting bachelor, and sang a song in the character of Pickwick, 'written expressly for him by Boz.' The name of the author was not given in the playbill. The celebrity so rapidly acquired by Mr. Charles Dickens in other departments of literature, kept his pen from this time too constantly in request to enable him to follow up his early dramatic ventures, but the vivid portraiture

of characters in his numerous novels have supplied adapters with a rich store of material for the stage."

## BLUE AND WHITE.

"Of all the colors, sweet sir, what may your favorite be?"

And the lad I had nursed back to life looked up, and made answer to me:

"Two colors I choose, — blue and white." Then up from my throat did there spread,

Yea, to my very temples, a dye of the happy red;  
For a maiden's face will flush at the lightest thing  
evermore;

And blue was the ribbon that bound my hair, and  
white was the gown that I wore.

"May I tell you all, lady sweet?" "Ay, sir, an' it please you so."

All alone with each other we sat in the firelight's glow:

He, the lad whom our men had found nigh dead  
close by,

And the mother that bare him could never have  
nursed him more gently than I.

"Sister, — nay, pardon my freedom, — but O, you have been so good,

I well could wish that I owed you the duty of  
brotherhood;

Crown your sweet favors with this, the greatest of  
all, and be

As tender to her I love, as you have been tender to  
me."

Then over every sense there swept down a terrible,  
dim

Dusk of oblivion, as there I sat, and listened to  
him.

Silence a moment, and then, by the helping of God  
His grace,

I answered: "Yea, brother, I will," with a very  
smile on my face.

"Now, God bless you, sister. Listen. A year ago  
She gave herself to me forever and ever, and so,

One sweet autumn eve, in the time of the falling of  
dew,

I gemmed her little white hand with a circlet of  
sapphires blue.

"She, my own lady, taketh ever the most delight  
In the calm virginal colors, — the delicate blue and  
white;

And, sister, mine eyes were soothed with a sense of  
lovesome repose

When I saw you this evening wear the hues that  
my darling chose."

Oh! but the bonnie blue ribbon pressed on my head  
all too tight;

Oh! but my heart beat wild beneath its virginal  
white;

Oh! but the hours were long as I knelt in the dark  
alone,

Moaning: "My Father, teach me to say but, 'Thy  
will be done.'"



# EVERY SATURDAY:

## A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

[No. 164.]

### A MODERN FRANKENSTEIN.

You have possibly heard the story of a foolish man who was so highly delighted with the performance of Punch in an itinerant show, that he immediately purchased the puppet at an exorbitant price, and took it home for his own private amusement. Likewise you have heard, or if not, you have conjectured, that when the foolish man placed Punch on the table, and found him incapable of movement, he felt grievously disappointed.

But now I am going to tell you of something of which you certainly have not heard.

I am the foolish man.

My disappointment, as you have heard, or conjectured, was excessive. Without writing my autobiography, it will be sufficient if I come at once to the fact, that at the time of my absurd purchase, a varied and indiscriminate love of amusement had converted me into a sort of Sir Charles Coldstream. The notion of Punch jumping on the table for my sole entertainment, had brought with it a sense of refined selfishness that was almost overpowering. I recollect I once saw Mr. Macready's inimitable performance of Luke in the version of Massinger's *City Madam*, entitled *Riches*. Luke, a prodigal who had wasted his substance, and had afterwards, through the supposed death of his brother, become possessed of immense wealth, sat at the head of an enormous table, groaning with every sort of wine and viand, and he sat — alone. Here was a repast for a score of guests, yet Luke feasted alone.

This was his compensation for the misery he had endured during that period of his life when, already accustomed to luxury, he had been subjected to indignity and want. While everybody else feasted, he had starved. Tit for tat. He now invited himself to a gorgeous banquet, from which everybody else was excluded. Luke was a very bad fellow, but there was something in his nature that harmonised with my own. I felt more glad than I ought to have been when he was regaling himself in his selfish fashion; less glad than I ought to have been when his brother returned to life, and retributive justice hurled him from his lofty eminence.

My feelings, when I brought home the puppet and laid it on the parlor-table before me, must have been extremely similar to those of Luke when he first sat down to his feast. I had had my period of privation. I had not indeed suffered poverty, but I had lost the capability of being amused, which alone makes life tolerable. The people standing round the show from which Punch squeaked forth his paltry ribaldry had roared with laughter, while I was

altogether unmoved. Now the tables were about to be turned. Punch should squeak for me alone; and that very fact might be sufficient to season his wretched jokes even for my dull palate.

One of my readers, looking extremely sagacious, wonders that I could be such a fool as to lay Punch on the table and expect him to get up of his own accord; and is willing to explain how the hand of the human performer, craftily inserted into the puppet, is the sole cause of its brief vitality. If, having purchased Punch, I had managed him after the approved fashion, moving his arms with two of my fingers and his head with a third, there would at least have been a method in my madness.

Exactly, I ought to have been amused by witnessing the twiddle of my own fingers. In that case a handkerchief knotted into that infantile semblance of a confessional, wherewith nurses vainly try to amuse squalling children, would have answered my purpose. The verb "amuse" rose before me in the purely passive form. I did not want to amuse myself, but to be amused, — that is, by somebody or something that was not myself, and the sight of Punch in the street suggested to me that the puppet was the destined source of amusement.

So far so good; but, as the sagacious reader has perceived, I have not yet accounted for my extreme folly in believing that Punch was capable of spontaneous motion. The wish that the inanimate figure might squeak and jump about was ridiculous enough, but it was not without precedent. The German poet Heine once wished that every paving-stone might have an oyster in its shell, and that the earth might be visited by heavy showers of champagne; and a town where the window-panes are made of barley-sugar, and ready-roasted pigs, with knives and forks stuck into their bodies, run about squeaking, "Come, eat me," — such a town has for years been the coveted Utopia of many an infant epicure. But why, in my case, did the floating desire condense itself into a firm belief? Why did such a trivial wish become father to such a very audacious thought?

If the sagacious reader persists in this question, he has never known what it is to be really in love. For if he has experienced the sort of love out of which such works as *Romeo and Juliet* can be fashioned, he must be perfectly aware that there is a state of mind in which wish and belief are entirely commensurate with each other. Tell a lover, fired with the sort of passion which I now have in view, that his idol is quick-tempered, greedy, vain, selfish, — give her in short, any attribute that militates against perfection, and support your assertions



with any amount of evidence, and you will find that the false faultless image which is set up in his own mind is not to be overthrown by living witness or by lively argument. No; he worships a mental ideal, and the earthly figure which he has chosen as its corresponding actuality must exactly resemble it, in spite of every obstacle. When the idol so strenuously bolstered up falls down, it comes with a crash, as in the case of Othello.

Well, the desire of seeing a spontaneously jumping Punch, had with me reached the intensity of belief, and as the figure lay on the table before me, I honestly expected it to get up and execute some of its wonted feats. It was exactly eight o'clock when I commenced my experiment, and when the timepiece had struck the half hour I was still, with fixed eyes, staring at a motionless Punch. When I heard the indication that an hour was completed, I was in despair.

For about ten minutes, as I learned by the timepiece, my mind was a perfect blank; but I was roused by a sharp ring at the bell. Impelled by I know not what instinct, I strode to the street door, and, tearing it open, saw an uncouth person with unkempt hair, holding in his hand a vessel, apparently of tarnished silver, which he proffered for a moment and then withdrew. Following the motion of his arm, I snatched it from him, and, closing the door with a bang, rushed back into the dining-room, an inner voice telling me that I now held an elixir of life which would animate the puppet. I sprinkled a few drops on the rigid face, and inclined my own head towards it with feverish expectation. A smart stroke on the left ear, causing me considerable pain, startled me from my contemplation. I raised myself to an erect posture, and to my infinite delight, saw Punch sitting upright and brandishing his cudgel with more than wonted vigor. (By the way, I should have said before that I put this weapon in its proper place, with the arms of the figure folded across it, when I first laid my purchase on the table.)

Punch not only moved, and rattled his tiny legs, but his eyes seemed to flash with a vivid intelligence which I had never perceived in the show, and he appeared to meditate some decisive action. He did not meditate long, but aimed a second blow at my head, which I fortunately avoided, the removal of a tangible object for the exercise of his vigor causing him to fall sideways on the table. The pain which he apparently felt, when his own wooden head came into collision with the board, which had only an oil-cloth covering, was clearly expressed by an increased brightness in his eyes. After viewing me maliciously for a few seconds, he dealt a blow at my table lamp, the glass leg of which he demolished, causing the top to fall with a heavy crash, and leaving me no other light than such as was afforded by the fire in the grate. A violent bound then took him to my sideboard, when, with insane fury, he effected the destruction of my wine-glasses and cruets.

How little do we know what is good for us! Not many minutes before I had lamented the want of animation in the hideous figure I had so foolishly purchased, and now I would have given anything to see it deprived of the wild vitality I had still more foolishly thrust upon it.

The world in general is accustomed to look upon Punch as simply a ridiculous figure. On their way to the spots where they pursue the more serious occupations of life, gentlemen of education and intelligence have their attention arrested by the sound of a squeaking voice with which they have been famil-

iar from childhood, and join a small crowd intent on witnessing the performance of a drama which causes universal laughter. They do not much understand what is passing before them, for the plot of the play has undergone considerable changes since the days when their mammas at a considerable expense bespoke a special performance of Punch for the amusement of the juvenile party assembled to celebrate their birthday. Possibly one of the combats at the time of their pause is between Punch and a very stiff dragon, which opens its jaws and fiercely squeezes the head of the puppet between them. They did not see such a dragon in the days of their youth; but they are not astonished at the innovation. The whole affair is too trifling to awaken anything like surprise, however adverse the performance may be to the law of precedent. The educated and intelligent spectators feel, however, that the soundless bite of an ill shaped dragon is not sufficient to repay them for their slight sacrifice of time; an instinct tells them they ought to hear the crack of the cudgel against the wooden head. So they take care to see Punch strike one of his quasi human adversaries, and to see the head of the adversary knocked smartly against the proscenium before they resume their journey.

The character of a man of education and intelligence may be tested by the precise moment at which he quits the semicircle of spectators arranged before Punch's show. Mere vulgarians, comprising especially those errand-boys who have been enjoined not to lose a moment, are sure to stop till the performance is over, when they usually follow in the track of the retiring exhibitor, and therefore afford no criterion at all. But with the man of education and intelligence, who is sure never to see either the beginning or the end of the play, the case is altogether different.

When he is liberal, he graciously waits till the cashier of the show comes with the hat, that he may pay a fair price for the enjoyment he has received. When he is stingy, he takes fright at the hat, and its first appearance, even in the distance, is the signal for his departure. When he is merely careless, he retires indifferently, just as the fit takes him, without waiting for or shunning the opportunity of payment. But, however the men of education and intelligence may differ from each other, they all agree in one point. Every one of them, if, on quitting the little crowd, he runs against a friend who passes, leaving the show unnoticed, feels bound to apologise for having taken part in a recreation so frivolous. Some refer sentimentally to the delight afforded by reminiscences of the innocent days of children; some wisely make the novel remark that "men are but children of a larger growth"; some, more honest, confess that it is their weakness to like a laugh, however obtained, and to add that they look upon Punch as an expedient for the promotion of hilarity that has never been known to fail.

And so they walked away to keep important appointments, and to transact important business, little reflecting that they have witnessed one of the most awful tragedies ever offered to the contemplation of mankind. They have, in fact, seen represented a series of murders, all perpetrated by brutal means, that would raise the horror of civilized Europe if brought before the notice of a legal tribunal, and all accompanied by reckless derision on the part of the murderer, an uncouth being, whose form and voice seem to separate him from the rest of mankind. It is, I believe, by Charles Lamb that



Punch is regarded as a compound of Richard the Third and Don Juan. But the wicked Englishman perishes on Bosworth Field, and the Spanish libertine is borne away by fiends; whereas there is no retributive justice in the tragedy of Punch. By hanging the hangman, the hook-nosed ribald shows that he is superior to human law; by killing the Evil One, who appears not as a tempter, but as a Nemesis, he shows that he is beyond the reach even of superhuman punishment. Of all the plays ever invented, there is none so thoroughly wicked as that in which the English Punch, widely differing from his Neapolitan ancestor, is the principal personage.

This is no digression. It is necessary for my readers to regard Punch from a serious point of view, and to know that I am capable of regarding him in a like manner, if they would appreciate the horror which I felt when a living, moving Punch, apparently an incarnation of the spirit of malice, was carrying on his work of destruction before my eyes, visible only by firelight. A statue, associated with nothing but cheerfulness, — say, for instance, one of the insipid figures copied from some creation of Canova, — when standing in a passage, where the rays of the moon, unmingled with other light, fall upon it, becomes a ghastly spectacle. In mere rigidity, under certain aspects, there is terror, and I have no doubt that every one of Madame Tussaud's rooms, inspected by the gray light of early dawn, becomes a Chamber of Horrors.

What, then, could be more awful than the deformed Punch, with a thousand murders upon his head, which, if not real, were, at any rate, as real as himself, brandishing his instrument of destruction with grievous efficiency, and displaying hideous features, rendered more hideous still by the red glare by which they were illumined? He seemed a triumphant demon, sporting in his proper element.

Not without a sense of fear, I made several desperate clutches at the figure, hoping to arrest the work of destruction, but I only received as many severe raps on the knuckles. Some other measure must be adopted. A thought struck me. I left the room and descended into the kitchen, where I heard raps and crashes repeated in the room above. The servants had retired to rest.

Presently I returned to the parlor armed with a large dish-cover, which was generally used to retain warmth in haunches of mutton and other joints of more than ordinary dimensions. Punch was on the table where I had first placed him, and I was pleased to notice that my looking-glass was still unbroken. A languor, probably caused by over-exertion, had evidently taken possession of the destroyer, and seizing my opportunity, I clapped the cover over him, and resolutely held it by the handle. The clattering noise I heard within showed me that the activity of the captive had returned. The sound only served to increase the vigor of my pressure.

At this moment I heard the latch-key in the door of the house, and shortly afterwards the door of the room opened, and a young gentleman, who lodged in an upper apartment, and with whom I was on familiar terms, made his appearance. He cast a look of surprise at the broken lamp, but his attention was soon absorbed by myself. What in the name of wonder could induce me to stand in the midst of semi-darkness, pressing a large dish-cover on the table with all my might, he could not divine, and with sundry expletives he acknowledged his perplexity. "What was I up to?" This was

his question, couched in an idiom which he had studied with much assiduity.

Now, I am not given to mendacity, neither was I guilty of any crime that I wished to conceal. I was merely doing my little utmost to prevent the destruction of my property. And yet something prevented me from telling the honest truth. Put yourself in my place, reader, and ask yourself whether there is a friend in the world to whom you would acknowledge that you were keeping a recently animated puppet under a dish-cover? With impudence suggested by despair, I answered I was doing nothing. My reply seemed to be more satisfactory than I had reason to expect, and indeed to suggest some meaning that I had not intended. My friend looked exceedingly knowing, winked archly, thrust his tongue into his cheek, and left the room without further question.

Relieved by his departure, I unwittingly relaxed the pressure of my hand, when the dish-cover, as if impelled by a spring, at once flew up to the ceiling, and Punch, released from captivity, was in full enjoyment of a liberty which he at once expanded into license, bounding to a small table which was used to sustain small fragile curiosities, and demolishing them with demoniac delight. Unable to endure any longer the wanton tyranny of the reckless puppet, I seized the poker, and fiercely struck the head. The body being of a yielding material — glazed chintz, I believe — offered no resistance, and consequently the head was merely bent beneath my blow without receiving any injury whatever. Some other mode of attack must be adopted. Flinging down the poker and snatching up the tongs, I firmly laid hold of Punch, and, holding the tongs at arms' length, conveyed him to the fire.

Nothing I ever endured in my life equalled the horror I felt during the few moments that followed. The head of the puppet was pinched tight between the tongs, but the eyes rolled, as if Punch were aware of the fate in store for him, and the little legs kicked convulsively. I plunged him into a yawning gulf of fire, caused by the separation of two large coals, and then thrust him down with the poker. During this process he writhed as if in the most intense agony, and his eyes were fixed upon me with a mixed expression of rage and pain, until the small flames that arose beneath began to consume him, and he was gradually changed into a black, shapeless mass. The end of the operation was marked by a prolonged squeak, that seemed to enter my very soul. I sank back exhausted into an arm-chair.

On the following morning I was aroused by the servant's opening the shutters. Raking the ashes I discovered a lump of charred wood, which was evidently the head of the ill-starred puppet. My friend entered the room and asked me if I was better, with more of mirth and less of anxiety than usually accompanies such questions when addressed to an invalid. In reply to some searching inquiries, he replied, with a scarcely suppressed smile, that on the previous night he had found me with a very flushed countenance, violently pressing a dish-cover on the table, and evidently not very steady on my feet. The beer-boy, who called for the empty cans, reported that on the previous evening I had, somewhat to his surprise, taken in the beer myself. When I endeavored to gather the general opinion as to the destruction of the lamp and glasses, which still lay in fragments, the servant stated her belief that the cat had been in the room.



Surely, my knowledge of my own affairs is better than of other persons. If my readers choose to favor an hypothesis, based upon the evidence of the beer-boy and the servant, and to decide that I might indeed have bought Punch, but that all the wonderful events that followed the purchase were the result of a heated brain, I can't help it. I have told the truth to the best of my belief, and if they object to receive it the fault is theirs, not mine.

#### LADY MARGARET'S VALENTINE.

IN our village of Kempton there was only one opinion of Lady Margaret, — whether contemplated in the past or the present, whether thought of as the wife or widow of Sir Geoffrey Caryll, she was always spoken of as “a perfect lady.” People were not persuaded of anything more entirely than of the perfections of Lady Margaret. Her excellence was an article of faith among us, so perfectly did our little world believe in her.

This gracious lady was beautiful in face, very graceful in movements, gentle in manner. She was affable without impertinent condescension, and respectful to everybody. The good Kempton people were very proud of her title; “a lady in her own right,” they called her; dear, faithful, friendly souls, and I had listened to them in my childhood with much solemn wonder in my swelling heart as to what those words might mean.

Lady Margaret had stood much alone in the world before her marriage. She had been an orphan; she had brought no grand relations to look down on the hereditary devotion of the Kempton neighbors; and Miss Smithers, the grocer's heiress, had had a larger fortune; but Lady Margaret stood in no need of the recommendations of money or friends, she was such “a perfect lady!”

As to myself, I worshipped Lady Margaret with a truly devoted heart, and my mother gave her the purest admiration, and a very grateful love.

I suppose I may say that my father, James Royds, had been the first gentleman of his family. The Royds family had, in long succession, from father to son, been in the place of land stewards to the Caryll property; but the late Sir Geoffrey, who had been Lady Margaret's husband, and my father, had been “only sons,” and as the boys grew into close friends it was agreed that they should not be parted. They went to Oxford together, where my father greatly distinguished himself. He had become a barrister, and he had married early; then, in the same year, he and Sir Geoffrey died — Sir Geoffrey of a fall from his horse, my father in consequence of a fever caught in London. I was ten years old at that time, and Lady Margaret had been only two years married.

The house in which we lived had been prepared for my mother's reception when a bride, by Sir Geoffrey. It stood within the park wall, which was covered with ivy from the ground to the coping; and it was backed by great cedars, whose huge cone-covered branches gave out sweet odors as they lay straggling in great feathery lengths across the turf. The Court was about a half a mile off, and we could get to it by a pathway straight across the park, passing by the spring called the “Deer Pool,” which lay on the sunny side of a dense thicket of evergreens; this path was only used by the servants of the Court, ourselves, and our two maid-servants, and the privileged feet of the village postman. My mother and I were also allowed to use “the private

drive,” and there my little pony-carriage wheels were often heard merrily running over the well-rolled, perfectly kept, gravelled road.

On the deaths which I have recorded, the Kempton people added to their every-day thoughts many speculations as to how my mother and Lady Margaret would be left; and on both matters they were soon sufficiently informed. My mother was left in affluence, and Lady Margaret had the entire Caryll property bequeathed to her; but if a certain Captain Granby, of whom no one had ever heard before, but who now turned out to be some distant cousin of Sir Geoffrey, survived her, he was to be the future owner of Kempton Court.

Nobody cared for Captain Granby. Nobody knew where he was. In India, said somebody; so they took that matter for granted. For all practical purposes Lady Margaret was mistress of the situation, and more magnificent sympathy was offered to her in consequence.

In the old times there had been public days at Kempton Court, such as the old king's birthday, by which George the Third was meant, when a flag waved from the porch tower, and the place had been thrown open to all who had an established right to come. But as time went on the days were changed. The accession of Queen Victoria had been kept; and in my time it had always been Lady Margaret's wedding-day.

After Sir Geoffrey's death there was much wondering about these public days. For six years Kempton Court was a house closed to all but particular friends; and during all that time the wondering as to the possible *fête* days of the future was every year renewed. During all this time Lady Margaret had been the angel of our house. She had won my mother out of her desponding grief for my father's early death, and she made me love her as I could not hope by any description to make anybody understand. I quite worshipped Lady Margaret. The most perfect lady! I could echo the village judgment now from my own heart, and because of my own experience; and generally Lady Margaret was even more delighted in as a widow than she had been as a wife, — our perfect lady! Lady Margaret used often to have me to stay with her at Kempton Court; and rather more than six years after her husband's death, when I was her guest, — it being February, and in fact, St. Valentine's eve, she said:

“Mary: the people have been six years without their public days in the park. I am thinking this year of beginning them again. I wonder if it would be liked?”

I spoke positively of the pleasure it would give; and when I looked at her beautiful young face, — she could not have been more than twenty-seven, I think, — I felt glad that she would no longer deprive our little world of so much loveliness of person and mind.

“And you will go out again, — see friends, I mean.”

“Yes,” said she; “but I shall not go to London *this* year, I think.”

Then I knew that by degrees the old ways were to be returned to, and I was glad. Yet with my gladness there mingled a girlish regret, because I felt that Lady Margaret might become something else, — something not known to me, — that I, who had only known her so very well since her widowhood, might lose a something, and that what I lost others would gain. I had begun to be jealous of the world already.



She talked very merrily that evening; she spoke of her maiden life, of London, of my "coming out," — for I was seventeen, — of people who had been beauties and heiresses; of some who had married well, and others who had married ill; of love in a cottage, and of those who had agreed that, considering the chances of this mortal life, " 'tis best repenting in a coach and six." I was amused and interested beyond measure. She spoke with a brilliant familiarity of the life of her youth. It came back to her in memory with evident pleasure, and we stayed up gossiping much beyond our usual bedtime.

As we stood at last on the landing of the stairs, saying good-night, she said: —

"Shall we walk to the Beeches to-morrow?"

"O yes," I exclaimed; for the Beeches was a wooded hillside, dotted about with huge masses of granite, at the foot of which a rapid river ran, with most picturesque windings; and there Lady Margaret had already given me two lessons in sketching, the spot to which we went being both sheltered and sunny, and so very agreeable for the time of year.

To tell the truth, I dreamt of the things we had talked about, and when Lady Margaret met me in the hall, after breakfast, in her short black serge, and said, "Come, Mary, or the morning sun will be gone. And do you know it is Valentine's day?" I colored up to my eyes, because I had said to myself over and over again, *I hope she will not marry again*, — Oh, I hope, I hope!

Away we went; the day was the brightest that ever dawned on any Valentine, I am sure; the sun was like summer, the birds were singing, the primroses were showing in the sheltered places, and when we got to the Beeches, there was the dry rustle of the beech mast beneath our feet, and gay green patches where the leaves of the blue hyacinths had pushed their way.

"O, this is exquisite!" cried Lady Margaret. "See the light on those glittering rocks, — look how the shadow of those great boughs gets painted on them. But we have not the river yet; let us get up the bank and see how it looks from above, — I declare, it is hot."

Lady Margaret was quite right. We had walked fast, we were in a place at once sunny and sheltered, and it was a moment of as much enjoyment and promise as any lady-sketcher could desire. She had got beyond me now, by a rough path up the steep bank, and she stood waiting.

"O, Mary, it is delicious! So peaceful, so pretty! It seems odd to think of so much beauty going on, whether or not there be any to look at it. Nature is a prodigal. Here we are quite alone, not a creature have we seen — not a Valentine!"

And then she laughed like a girl. She took one or two steps more, so as to command the other side of a granite rock, and then she came back quickly to me.

"O, I hope he did not hear. There is a man there, sitting down, drawing in water colors; — what shall we do?"

"Go home," I said.

"I don't know. The place is my own. I shall speak to him."

She went up the bank once more, keeping me by her side. But as we neared the highest point of the intervening wall of stone, the man appeared on the top. He took off a cloth Scotch cap that he wore, and bowed to us. We were both struck by the extreme picturesqueness of his position, attitude, and

general appearance; and it was with a peculiarly sweet voice that he said: —

"I know I am on Lady Margaret Caryll's grounds. But I hope I have not trespassed too far, — too near the house, I mean."

"You are nearly a mile from my house," said Lady Margaret. The stranger again gave a little bow. "Do not leave your sketch unfinished. The scenery here is very fine, and you will not often get so good a day at this time of the year."

"Thank you!" he said. And once more touching his hat, he turned away, as if to go back to where Lady Margaret had seen him. We, too, turned away, and I thought Lady Margaret looked disturbed.

"We will come some other time," — then she added, after a pause, with an odd, short laugh, as if vexed at being disappointed of our sketching hour, — "when there are no Valentines about"; and I, a little chafed, perhaps, by her manner, — for the first time in my life it vexed me, — said quickly, —

"Nay, it was *your* Valentine, — you saw him, not I!"

"Child!"

I started; stood still; took her hand, and kissed it.

"I wish I had never uttered the word," I cried.

"So do I," she said, "and I *said* it, as well as *saw* it first; so the whole fault of this is mine, — kiss me, Mary. There! Now no more!"

And so we did not speak of it just then any more. But before the day was ended we had both laughed heartily over the Valentine, the vexation and the adventure. We called the sketcher "the Valentine"; we wondered about him a little, and finished the day by coloring up our morning walk till it glowed as a good story when we told it at "little tea," to my mother. There it seemed to end. Yet, again and again, as weeks passed by, I felt an unaccountable vexation rise in my breast because Lady Margaret had seen "the Valentine." At last, when June was come, there was something else to think about. The return to the old public days was announced. The people were to have their fill of pleasure, and once more they might go home tired, loyal, and satisfied, if they would. The day fixed upon was the 20th of June, and everybody said that they should "make it a point to go."

Then everybody wondered if Lady Margaret would leave off her mourning on that day, — if she would really wear colors. I was a very slave in my love for Lady Margaret. I did not wish her to be gay after that fashion. I hoped, feared, wondered. When the day came she kissed me lovingly, and was dressed in rich-flowing, soft-shining gray, with a white bonnet, and delicate marabout feathers in it; and the blessedness of her presence seemed to wrap me round like a garment.

Such a day it was! such lights and shadows, such warmth and gladness! such a confusion of happy sounds! The whole park, except where the deer were kept enclosed, was alive with a moving multitude, enjoying the glad fellowship of those holiday hours. Suddenly Lady Margaret came up to me.

"Mary," she said, — "the Valentine!"

I thought she looked odd and excited. I suppose I seemed very stupid, for she went on with strange earnestness, —

"Have you heard of a man — a young man, a gentleman, I mean — who has been lodging with Mrs. Bond, by the river-side — he is 'the Valentine' — he is here!"



"Do you mean the man who came there, fishing? I heard that some youth came there on foot, with his fishing-rod. He has been ill. My mother sent him strawberries a week ago. I have never seen him."

"That talking Miss Nancy Bennet says he has often asked about me."

There was something just a little less than perfect in Lady Margaret's manner, I thought; and the thought troubled and vexed me.

"Come with me now," she said.

So we walked across the park together, to where people were collected under the shade of some stately oaks. But I could think only of the brilliant morning in February, and that *dreiful* Valentine, — for so I called the man in my heart.

"How do you do, Mrs. Bond?" said Lady Margaret, walking straight up to the mistress of the little inn. Mrs. Bond courtesied and congratulated herself on being there. "Not but that it was hard to come," she said, "for I have a lodger now, my lady, whose fishing is wellnigh forever over. I could not leave him at home. He vowed like a wilful child that I should bring him. I had a world of difficulty to settle it."

"And how was it arranged?"

"Why, with two poles and an arm-chair; and there he is! He is one of those who always have their own way, and such don't last long."

We looked in the direction pointed out by Mrs. Bond, and saw a figure wrapped up in cloaks, sitting in a chair, in the shade.

"I heard," said Lady Margaret, "that a sick man had been brought here; I thought I would ask about him."

"Thank you, my lady; just like you. I wish you would speak to him. There, he looks this way, — you may almost see his eyes flash."

"He is prodigious handsome," said a voice close by; and Lady Margaret a little shrunk aside from the touch of Miss Nancy Bennet. "Prodigious handsome! My sister and I make him often an object for a walk, — pleasant to have an object," said Miss Nancy. "Mrs. Bond seems to take great care of him; sets him outside to watch the river, and he admires the river, and talks of your ladyship — talks vastly of your ladyship," giggled Miss Nancy; and though the poor creature meant no more, I am sure, than to do honor to Lady Margaret's perfection, I yet felt I could have strangled her for her manner of doing it."

"Well, and I wish her ladyship *would* speak to him, if she will be so kind," said Mrs. Bond, angrily. "He wants friends, — people as *can* be friends;" with a fiery flash of her eyes on Miss Nancy. "When I asked him the other day who I should send to if anything happened, he said, 'The doctor or the coroner, — which you please'; and if that is not enough to break the heart of any woman who has been wife and mother, I don't know what is."

"What is his name?" asked Lady Margaret.

"That he don't tell," said Mrs. Bond. "But he pays his way, and he had got that natural to me, that if he did n't pay I could not turn him out. He ain't like other people. He's got a wonderful way with him; why, my old man is just like his servant, and my grandchildren — they adores him!"

"Nevertheless," said Miss Nancy, spitefully, "you will get into trouble if you let him die in your house without a doctor."

"Then trouble may come, and welcome. A doctor he won't have, and not all the doctors that ever were made would keep him here; for he is dying,

though slow; and I am doctor enough to know that."

"Very mysterious!" exclaimed Miss Nancy.

"Which I never denied," responded Mrs. Bond. "But still I know something. Gentleman he is; ill he is; dying he is. I wish, my lady, you would go and speak to him."

"Good-day, Mrs. Bond," said Lady Margaret, with one of her quiet, penetrating smiles which went to the heart directly; and then, with her hand within my arm, she walked up to the languid figure in the chair under the trees.

He took off his hat as she came near. Miss Nancy Bennet had certainly not overstated the amount of his beauty. He looked at Lady Margaret boldly, with a smile which was wonderful, but strangely free. Many people stood by. There was something in his face as he looked at my kind friend, which I felt vexed that they should see.

"I hope you are not too ill for the enjoyment of this day," she said.

"I am too ill for enjoyment of any kind," he answered, with a sweet voice, and the accent of an educated man. "I am here on business."

"What!"

"I had two things to do. One was to secure for Mrs. Bond a happy day; and then, — my voice is weak; will you come closer to me?"

We walked to his side, and Lady Margaret stooped her head.

"Then, to try to see *you*; and ask your charity for the few days I have to live."

Lady Margaret kept her hand on my arm and looked at the sick man kindly.

His features were as perfect as a statue's; his face might have served as a model for a young Apollo. The whole countenance was of that godlike character which belongs to such ideas, — so bold, sweet, and free, without a touch of the coarse or rude; it was like the assertion of a superior nature that could neither be understood nor restrained. I felt surprised at the contemplation of such living beauty; and yet there was a ghastliness when the smile died away, which separated this sick man from the strong and healthy living souls that were now standing about us.

"How can I help you?" said Lady Margaret.

"By saying that, when I am dying, if you are sent for, you will come."

"Not till then?" she said, softly.

"As you please," he answered; and then again there was that free smile on his face which had so greatly struck me at first. It was grandly beautiful, no doubt, but, nevertheless, it was a smile that had in it more power than pleasantness.

When the day was spent, and the last of the crowd were gone, I found Lady Margaret sitting alone in the library. The door was open and the windows also. She was sitting still and thoughtful, in the cool freshness of the evening air.

"Where is your mother, dear Mary?" she asked.

I said, "She walked home hours ago. She has sent the pony carriage for me."

"Oh!" said Lady Margaret, "that will suit me exactly. Send your servant back on foot, and then you, Mary, can take me a drive."

"I should like it very much," I answered. "But I shall not know how to get home. I am not allowed to drive by myself by the road, and I am afraid to take Robin by the deer-park; they jump out and startle him so."

"Never mind; I will send you home, or take you. Only stay with me now, and take me a drive."



It was odd to hear Lady Margaret so positive, I thought. But I was glad to do as she said, and I did it. The pony carriage came, and Lady Margaret and I drove away. When we got to the lodge gates she said:—

"Drive to Mrs. Bond's, my dear."

"Lady Margaret!"

"Yes; I must see that man again. I can't get over what—what—what I felt, Mary; and this delicious air cools me. Drive on, Mary."

I felt vexed, surprised, sorry. To blame Lady Margaret, even to doubt Lady Margaret, was a new sensation; but I drove on silently in the direction of the "Crown and Salmon."

"There we are!" she cried, with considerable excitement in her voice. "Don't be unnatural, Mary. You can't speak."

"I don't like being here," I said.

She touched my arm and made me look at her. Her beauty was heightened so by what she had in her mind that she quite dazzled me.

"You must neither think nor speak," she said. "I feel sure that a very wonderful thing is going to happen to—*to me*." And then she got out of the carriage and went straight into the house.

I stayed in the carriage waiting. The river murmured away. Young men who had come for a few days' fishing strolled about talking of the river, the weather, and the weight of salmon. Half an hour passed, and then Lady Margaret came back, with a face, the odd excitement of which she could not conceal.

"Go to your own home now, Mary. It is too late for anything else." So I drove to our entrance-gate, when Lady Margaret got out, and walked straight across the park towards the Court, only saying, "Thank you, dear; good-night." I looked after her. I felt as if there was something wrong. I did not like the unnaturally strong interest my perfect Lady Margaret had shown in this beautiful stranger. I disliked her whole manner so much,—I felt it to be so unaccountable that I kept all about it a secret from my mother.

Days and weeks passed. Lady Margaret had sent two medical men, at different times, to see the sick man, but no entreaties of Mrs. Bond, nor of her husband, could make him see either of them. Mrs. Bond said that he must die. Lady Margaret sent all manner of dainties to the inn from the Court, which the sick man appeared to relish exceedingly.

This man then became the chief interest of our lives. He would sit in his arm-chair by the riverside, refusing to speak to any one except Lady Margaret. All eyes and mouths were open to watch and to report proceedings. Lady Margaret was with him daily—once, twice a day; and when he was worse for a few days, she remained and waited on him like a servant.

How things grew worse until they assumed unpleasant dimensions, I need not say. But Lady Margaret's perfections first grew dim, and then withered away. At last my mother cautioned me that it was a matter on which I had better not speak; and then I wept bitter tears.

Down, down, down, in popular opinion, went Lady Margaret. The whole county heard, talked, wondered, and, for the most part, condemned. At last my mother spoke to her.

"O yes," she said, standing up in our morning room, "I know people dislike my having taken to sick-nursing." And she laughed a hard laugh, such

as we had never heard from her before. Then she stopped suddenly, and wiped her eyes, which were full of tears. "I cannot help it," she said. "I *must* go there. I cannot keep away. It would kill the poor creature if I did."

"Indeed, indeed, you ought," pleaded my mother.

"I can't," she repeated, almost angrily; "will you believe me if I say I *won't*." Then she walked out of the room. But in another moment she came back again. She kissed my mother, looking with sad, entreating eyes into her face. "You will always stand by me," she said. "The Royds have always been faithful to the Court. You will always make Mary think well of me?" Then she broke out in great excitement,— "But, in the name of Heaven, what have I done? Are we never to visit the sick, or comfort the afflicted?" My mother did not speak. But I, in an excess of girlish excitement, cried out, "O, Lady Margaret, that is not the question. It is so dreadful, because people say you are in love with that horrid man"; and then a fit of crying overcame me, and I dropped my face on the sofa cushion, sobbing violently.

"Is it as bad as that?" she asked, with a trembling voice and a scared face. "But do not cry, my darling. You are a good, brave girl. Thank you for telling me. Yet do not call that sick man 'horrid,' it is not true; and I cannot cease to care for him. But perhaps I ought to take him away, if people say such things."

She looked at my mother like one in a dream.

"Give it all up, Lady Margaret. Send the man to some consumptive hospital. Give him what you please,—but not your good name. You can hardly exaggerate what people say."

She made no answer to this speech of my mother's, only going out of the house quietly. But the next evening as I was walking past the Deer Pool, I turned home quickly, for there, in the shade, sat Lady Margaret, with that man's hand in hers, his head on her shoulder, and every now and then she kissed the broad white forehead, till he looked up at her with a face so bright with thankful love, that I fled away, and got back to my mother's arms, and told her all I had seen.

"We will go away for a time," she said. "Try not to think of it, Mary."

But my idol was broken; and the burden of unbelief nearly broke my heart.

Things grew so bad, that even good old simple-minded Mrs. Bond spoke to her at last, and said that it was unseemly for one in her station to nurse a sick man of whom she knew nothing, and whose name even was unknown. But Lady Margaret only replied that she should never desert the sick lodger, and that she would never let any one take her place by his bedside, either by day or night.

But immediately after Mrs. Bond's expostulation a new thing happened. The Kempton carriage, which was hired for all occasions by everybody, arrived at the "Crown and Salmon," and took the sick lodger to the railway station. There was Lady Margaret; she took their places, and, unattended, they went away together. Martin, her maid, had gone to London by a previous train.

A solemn sort of mourning fell on all hearts now. We felt shamed in her shame. But we loved her still.

Lady Margaret never wrote to any one, but Martin corresponded with the housekeeper. Mrs. Bent used to bring us these letters to read.

"It is all just as it used to be," she wrote. "She



nurses him like any hired woman; and he evidently loves her fondly."

Martin spoke of the sick man as Mr. Lisle.

Then she wrote again. "I am coming home. Lady Margaret sends me back. My lady has scarcely left Mr. Lisle's room day or night for a week. He is better now, and they are going to the sea. I expect her attendance on him must have excited some surprise, though people speak of them as related, and I favor the idea. But, quite unexpectedly, Captain Granby—he who is the heir—has arrived. Lady Margaret seems to be on good terms with him, though *some* high words I know they have had. He says he will take part of the nursing of Mr. Lisle."

So Martin came back, and in a fortnight's time Lady Margaret wrote to Mrs. Bent that her sick friend was dead. She enclosed a note to Mr. Browning, the clergyman, saying she should have the funeral at Kempton, and that the body was to be placed in the Caryl vault.

Nothing could exceed the anger of all Kempton at this news of the funeral that was to be. The vault was opened with angry words; the once "perfect lady" suffered from names too vile for repetition. The coffin of good Sir Geoffrey was to endure defilement from the neighborhood of one for whom his widow had given her fair name, and stained the hitherto spotless pages of the chronicles of their house. But no one could interfere; and the day and the funeral came.

The Kempton world kept aloof; but, nevertheless, on the lookout.

The funeral *cortège* came slowly up the road that flanked the park, to the village church. In the mourning coaches were Captain Granby, and following him, Lady Margaret. Some people only saw her black veil, but others said that she was weeping in the old quiet way, as she would have wept before the fevered life of the last three months had come to her.

Then came the procession up to the open grave, and the people who were gathered round heard the burial words, and, at *one* word, started—one word but little expected. The coffin, with the black inscription on the glittering silver plate, showed with most conspicuous clearness this announcement:—

"Olivia, wife of Charles Caryl Granby, died October 7, aged 23.

The news spread. The good old clergyman was appealed to. He could only show a note from Lady Margaret, telling him that the sick person, once at Mrs. Bond's, and now dead, whom he was to bury, was not a man, but a woman; that she had confided her secret to her, and that she had been taken away to die as a woman should.

"She was the wife of Sir Geoffrey's heir," wrote Lady Margaret. "She had left him on the morning of their marriage, having received, on her return from church, a letter from a lover whom she had believed to be dead. Her friends had over-persuaded her, knowing to how large a property Captain Granby would succeed. She had wandered about for above a year in a man's disguise, and then she formed the project of getting to Kempton and casting herself on my protection. I had the happiness of getting her to see her husband before she died."

No particulars were ever given; no further explanation was ever made.

When Captain Granby spoke of Lady Margaret he said she was an angel.

When I went again to Kempton Court, and into

the accustomed room, called by the dearly-loved voice, welcomed by the much-prized embrace, I wept tears of joy, knowing what they were saying in the village, and echoing the words in my heart—"Such a perfect lady." One day Captain Granby brought a bright young wife to the Court; but who the first poor bride was we never knew. But every twentieth of June, though there are no more *fête* days at Kempton, Mrs. Bond has her own special rejoicing. There comes to her regularly a twenty-pound Bank of England note.

## CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.

V.

"WERE you ever much upset by your extraordinary successes?" I asked Rossini, one day.

"My extraordinary successes!" said the *maestro*, smiling in his peculiar way; "but seriously, I have always kept pretty quiet, both after success and failure, which I owe to an impression of my earliest youth that I have never forgotten. Before my first operetta came out, I was present in Venice at the first performance of a one-act opera of Simon Mair's. Mair, you know, was then the hero of the day, and had brought out about twenty operas in Venice with immense success. And yet that evening the public treated him as if he were a mere ignorant boy; I never saw such rudeness,—it utterly amazed me. So that's the way, said I to myself, you reward a man who has provided you with pleasure for years and years? Have you the right to do this because you pay a few pauls for admission? If so, your judgment is not worth a rush,—and for the future, I made that my principle as much as possible."

"They have not always been very gentle with you?" said I.

"I should think not! you know how they used me when the *Barbiere* was brought out; and that was not the only time. One evening, however, the Venetians quite moved me. It was the first performance of an opera called *Sigismonde*, which bored them intensely. I could see how gladly they would have given vent to their disgust; but they kept it down, and let the music go on undisturbed. This amiable behavior made me feel quite soft."

"I can easily imagine that," said I, laughing.

"To tell the truth, I was then the most insolent creature in the world. I loved my parents dearly, and was uneasy until I could get the length of securing a competence for them. But beyond that I cared not a straw for anything or anybody. It may have been wrong, but I could n't help it; I was made so."

"It was lucky you were, for otherwise you would n't have composed the *Barbiere*. But, *à propos*, I have sometimes heard that Marcellina's song in the second act is not your own; is that true?"

"You mean the *Aria di Sorbetto*?" said Rossini; "I do boast of having composed that, and it reminds me of another *Aria di Sorbetto* which was funny enough. I had an awful *Secunda-Donna* for my opera, *Ciro in Babilonia*. Besides being hideously ugly, she had the most wretched voice. After trying it with the utmost care I discovered that she possessed one single good note, the B flat above the lines. So I wrote a song for her in which she had nothing but this note to sing; and the rest I put into the orchestra, and as it was liked and applauded, my singer of the one note was delighted with her triumph."



"Anyhow, she was modest. But this *Ciro*? I have never seen or heard it."

"It was one of my fiascos. When I came back to Bologna after it, I found an invitation to a picnic awaiting me. I ordered the confectioner to make a sugar ship with *Ciro* on its flag; the mast was broken, the sail torn, and it lay on its side in an ocean of sweet cream. My friends demolished my shipwrecked vessel with much laughter."

"However, that does n't prove that your Persian conqueror deserved his fate. *Zelmira* is one of your least-known operas, and is certainly one of your best."

"Whilst I was in Vienna," said Rossini, "it had great success; but it requires as splendid a cast as I had then. The days I spent there were delightful."

"Were you satisfied with their musical means?"

"The chorus was capital. The orchestra was very good but weak, which, however, may possibly have been owing to the house. Did you know Weigl?"

"In my earliest boyhood I just saw him; did he conduct?"

"Yes. He knew that he had been spoken of to me as one of my great opponents. To convince me of the contrary, he rehearsed my *Zelmira* with such infinite pains as I never experienced anywhere else. Sometimes I was tempted to tell him not to exaggerate his care, but I was obliged to confess that it went beautifully. At that time I heard several of my operas in German, and to my entire satisfaction. The German language suited my music much better than the French, as I afterwards convinced myself. The arrangements of my operas for the Grand Opéra have often made me doubt my ears, and the words seemed to me quite impossible and unbearable. Nourrit, however, to whom I complained, thought it all right, and nobody noticed it. It would have been ridiculous to be more severe than the French, and so I let it be; but I could not get over the impression it made. Well! when the music really moves one the words lose their importance. And if the music does not carry you away, what's the good of it? It becomes unnecessary, if not superfluous, or even disturbing."

VI.

"Tell me something about your beginning. How came you to make your *début* at Venice?"

"Chance has a great deal to do with our lives," answered Rossini. "At thirteen I was engaged as *maestro al cembalo* to the Opera at Sinigaglia. There I found a singer with a pretty good voice, but not an idea of music. One day she finished up an air with a cadence setting all the laws of harmony at defiance in the most barefaced way. I tried to show her that she must pay some regard to the harmony in the orchestra, and she seemed to a certain degree to grasp the truth of this remark, but, at the performance, she again trusted to her own inspiration and made a cadence which sent me into fits of laughter. The pit also roared, and the donna became furious. She complained to her special protector, the manager, a very rich and well-known Venetian, who had a great deal of property in Sinigaglia; and he accused me of having made the public laugh by my unseemly behavior."

"I was ordered before this gentleman, who was very stern, and pitched into me tremendously, threatening me with imprisonment for my impudence in making fun of a great artist. He could have done it too, but I did not allow myself to be

frightened, and so the thing took another turn. I explained to him about the harmony, convinced him of my innocence, and instead of sending me to prison, he took an immense fancy to me, and said that when I was ready to write an opera, I was to come to him and he would arrange the thing for me. And it is to him that I owe my first *scrittura* in Venice, and the two hundred francs I got for it, which was a fortune for me in those days."

"That was in the San Mosé, was n't it?"

"Yes; that theatre has since failed, and it is a great loss to young Italian composers. They used to do short comic operas for four or five persons, without chorus or change of scene; things which could be rehearsed in no time, and cost the manager hardly anything. In that way one easily got one's things performed, and gained experience. A great number of noted composers made their *début* there. Nowadays, when a young Italian composer wants to make a first attempt for the stage, he will find it difficult to manage without a few thousand francs. It is true the requirements are very different now, and the manager can hardly be expected to throw them in into the bargain."

"It's a pity the Italians have so entirely given up the opera buffa, for in that they really excelled."

"The Neapolitans especially had a great turn for it," answered Rossini. "It requires not so much musical talent as a thorough knowledge of stage business. But we have not got the singers for it. Their continual flourishing of daggers destroys all graceful and easy motion."

VII.

"You must have heard Paganini?"

"For many years he was almost constantly in my neighborhood. He declared that he followed my star, as he called it; and wherever I was he was sure to follow. He sat by me whole days and nights whilst I composed."

"Was he interesting to talk to?"

"Full of original ideas, and a strange creature. But what talent! You should have heard him read music! He took in half a page in a glance. You know the story about him and Lafont in Milan? I was staying there."

"Lafont came to Milan with the curious prejudice that Paganini was a kind of charlatan, and thought to make short work with him; so he asked him to play something with him at his concert in the Scala. Paganini came to me to know if he should accept. 'You must,' said I 'or he will think that you are afraid of him.' Lafont sent him the solo part, but Paganini would not look at it, and said that the rehearsal with the orchestra was enough. At the rehearsal he read off his part very demurely; but, in the evening, he repeated the variations which Lafont had just played, in octaves, thirds, and sixths, so that the poor Frenchman got into the greatest confusion, and did not even play as well as he could. I reproached Paganini for this disloyal behavior, but he only laughed in his sleeve. Meanwhile, Lafont returned to Paris furious, and Paganini was considered a charlatan by the Parisians till he himself taught them better."

"Is it true that at first he had a fuller tone and played on thicker strings?"

"The difficulties he met with in an increased number of parts obliged him to use thinner strings, and when he went abroad he was no longer in his prime, so there may be some truth in it. What always astonished me most in him was the power he



had of suddenly changing from excitement to repose, when he came upon the most difficult passages after the most passionate melodies; he would get all at once as rigid as an automaton, and I almost believe that at such times he grew physically cold."

"I suppose there is little truth in the many extraordinary stories told of his early life?"

"None at all. For some time he held an appointment at the court of Prince Bacciochi, and then wandered about Italy giving concerts. In that way he could not get rich; Italy is not the place for that."

"And yet it is said that he had a passion for money."

"His stinginess was equal to his talent, and that is saying a good deal. When he was making thousands in Paris, he would dine at a restaurant with his son for two francs, and take away a pear and a bit of bread for the boy's breakfast. He had the queer wish to be a baron, and found a man in Germany who helped him to manage it; but who, finally, demanded no small sum for it. It made him ill for months with anger and vexation."

"And yet he made Berlioz a magnificent present?"

"So says Paris," said Rossini, shrugging his shoulders, "and I suppose I must believe it, though it really seems impossible."

"There are so many wonders in the world, that one more or less makes but little difference. Isn't it wonderful that you have not written anything for twenty-two years? What do you do with all the musical thoughts that must be buzzing about in your head? How can you exist without composing?"

"Without inducement, without excitement, without the fixed purpose of creating a definite work? I never required much to make me compose; my opera-books prove that. But something is necessary."

"You have often contented yourself with very mediocre libretti."

"If that had been all! In Italy I never had a complete libretto when I began to write; I composed the introduction long before the words of the next numbers were finished. And often my poets were people who, though they did not write badly, had not the least idea of the requirements of music, so that I had to work with them instead of they for me, and that always in a hurry. When I was under Barbaja, in Naples, I had to attend to the whole opera, and hear all the rehearsals. Barbaja never would pay a bill that I did not sign; and, with all that, I was under an agreement to write two operas a year."

"And wrote four?"

"I sometimes got leave of absence, which I made use of. My whole income was only 8,000 francs: true, I lived in Barbaja's house, and had no household cares."

"Barbaja must have been a genial fellow in his way."

"He carried on his business in a grand sort of style, and prided himself particularly on having the best opera. But what a splendid orchestra there was at the San Carlo then!" exclaimed Rossini. "Festa, of whom I spoke to you before, was an eminent conductor. Next to that of the Grand Opéra in Paris, that orchestra in Naples was the best I ever met with at a theatre."

"The Paris one is still capital, but as to power it never made much impression on me."

"The house is too big; I particularly dislike these monster houses,—they kill everything. The effect of a locality cannot be sufficiently taken into account. Transfer the orchestra of the Conservatoire with all its splendor to the Grand Opéra, you would not know it again."

## SOCIAL PENALTIES.

THE pressure of society upon the individual is, and must always remain, one of the most important subjects of the anxiety of men who study the conditions of human progress. In excess it plainly leads to the most pernicious results, by stifling those eccentric growths of opinion and feeling out of which new and improved forms have to be taken and shaped by a process akin to that of natural selection among species, and without which the exigencies of circumstances must infallibly outstrip the means of satisfying them; and so a confused kind of despair grows up in the minds, and stagnation in the habits, of men. On the other hand, a deficiency in this pressure leads to evils hardly, if at all, less grievous than those which come of its excess. That everybody should be legally at liberty to follow his own will in the few purely self-regarding kinds of action, and in all matters of feeling and opinion, is a maxim which needs no comment nor confirmation either in England or in any other country which has taken its ideas upon law from English institutions. This much is a clearly proven piece of wisdom, which no English or American lawgiver is at all likely to overlook. The law, we may be quite sure, will never repair any neglect on the part of the community to punish dissent from the ruling and accepted ideas of the time. But is there no danger of this neglect occurring? no danger of there springing up largely an indifference to the claims of accepted maxims of conduct, an under-estimate of the value of social accord, a passionate readiness of self-assertion, a foolish, thoughtless, and in certain conditions of temper, a malignant contempt for the advantages which the social union confers even upon those who have most diverged from the beliefs which have been chiefly instrumental in binding our modern society together? If this be so, and there are some wise observers who profess to entertain apprehension in this direction, then it is certain that the penalties which society—that is to say, the majority of the circle to which a man belongs—has it in its power to inflict, have lost their efficacy as deterrents, and that a growing number of persons are less and less moved by fear of them. It is worth while to put this in another way, perhaps; that the pleasures which society has to offer, and its prizes, and everything else, have lost their attractions for many minds, so that to be deprived of them counts for less than it might do, or than it used to do. People of a certain sort, and that hardly the lowest sort either, venture to encounter the disapproval of sets and circles to which they belong, because their approval brings no consequences that they are capable of holding dear. In other words, opinion has not moved equally over the face of society. One portion of the world has pushed on or aside, while the rest has remained stationary and fixed in a little narrow circle of ideas, pursuits, and pastimes, which the others have outgrown. The stiffening of social forms, the ever-growing rigidity of etiquettes, the multiplication of fashionable shibboleths of speech and thought and habit—all this means the voluntary self-exclusion of a good many people of independent humor



from a life which cramps, restrains, and infinitely wearies them.

And the striking thing is, as we have just hinted, that those who flout society, and retreat to rural hermitages, or shut themselves up in solitary chambers, — or else, while feigning solitude, enjoy companionships unrecognizable by drawing-rooms, — are not by any means people of the lowest sort, either in intelligence, aspiration, position, or general social good-will. They are no *mauvais sujets*, out-at-elbows, insolvent, inveterate foes to the minor courtesies, hostile to the tailed coat. On the contrary, in all these things they are found blameless. Their bills are paid, their clothes well-made, their linen good, their salutation and accost beyond approach. Neither, again, are they as a rule mere cynics. It is not because they despise life, and its enormous tasks and tiny accomplishments, that they save themselves (to use a French idiom) from the favorite haunts of the majority of their fellows; rather because they esteem life too precious to be given away to folly and grievous hollowness. It is probably inevitable that a little folly and a great deal of hollowness should grow into communities that are very large, very rich, and, from their unmelloyed age and fundamental constitution, very artificial. But the inevitable is still very often that to which the best minds least easily reconcile themselves. This or that may be no more than the necessary result of conditions which no mortal man can repair or much modify; yet we like it just as little, and are just as little ready to submit ourselves to its burden. Hence, the more unavoidable you show the artificiality of society to be, not the less but the more are people whom artificiality revolts disposed to turn their backs on the scene, and seek simplicity in solitude or else in a clique. It is quite true that in neither of these two resorts are they sure of finding what they seek, for the solitary and reserved man not seldom becomes as artificial in his own way as the dweller in courts and kings' houses; while in small cliques artificiality in one shape or other is pretty sure to have a place, and little circles of people with some special aim or principle to bind them together are notoriously apt to develop a canting phraseology, an esoteric mannerism, a half-pious affectation, compared with which the mannerism and affectation of Fop's Alley or the Belgravian rout actually smell of Arcadia and the green fields. For all this, however, there is rather a feeling abroad that the true social penalties are what are currently styled social joys. To be invited to a great number of drawing-rooms is a worse fate than to be excluded from them.

To be patronized by a great host of men and women for your merits is to have a more evil thing befall you than if you had been cut by them for your sins. A wise man might consent never to be invited out to dinner, if the alternative were the position of a frequent diner-out. It may be said, with reason, that the so-called pleasures which society places at the feet of those whom it delighteth to honor are not particularly pleasurable in themselves, but are the outward and visible signs of a high esteem and creditable repute among men. The weakest part of this consolation to the temporary idol of those who distribute social prizes is that he sees them bestowed, far more steadily and lavishly than upon himself, on the mob of the mentally rag-tag and bobtail who fringe dinner-tables and drawing-rooms. If to be taken much notice of, to have many cards on one's mantelpiece, to dine at many boards, and stand

in many crowded saloons and on many crammed staircases, be in truth outward signs of social grace, how comes it that they are still more conspicuous in those on whom we would rather have looked for a brand, or the mark of a beast? This is one of the many trains of reflection which are leading some men to a froward and audacious contempt for the worst penalties which the ogre of society is able to inflict on the self-possessed person.

It is sufficiently obvious how powerful an instrument for the coercion of unreasonable whimsicalities and unreasonable manifestations of an eccentric and inexpedient personality is thus thrown away. If the pleasures of social intercourse were more carefully thought about, and more wisely organized, then everybody who had not been born a Diogenes — and the character is mostly artificial — would take as much pains as he could to avoid breaking with a body that had so much to give him, and so much to snatch away from him. It would be a great misfortune, both for the individual and for society, if blandishments and social joys were to trip up men in the conscientious search after truth and elevation of character, or in frank and manly expression. But there is nothing either discreditable to a man or dangerous to anybody else in a certain strong reluctance to offend the opinion or feeling of people about him, with whom he is accustomed to live, and to whom he owes much obligation. If occasion arises when it is above all things expedient that some person or doctrine should be smitten hip and thigh, then the unanimous verdict of the best persons that have ever lived testifies to the need of sacrificing this rightful considerateness to what happens at the time to be the more binding duty of proclaiming a truth or vehemently protesting against an error. But the temper of our day perhaps attributes something too much of a merit to the discovery of discrepancies between one's self and the bulk of one's neighbors.

Men, and especially women, think less than they did, or than perhaps it is well that they should think, of flying in the face of old and decent usage. They too often leave the beaten track, not pained at the pain which their divergence gives to worthy souls to whom they owe many a debt, but rather as an army with banners, victorious and jubilant. They too often shake off the old things, not with a touch of regret at parting with what has served generation after generation of good people, but as clever men who have found out a trick and an imposture. There may be many causes for such a humor, and one of them is the disregard into which society has brought such pains and penalties as it has to use. But this, after all, is only removing the difficulty a step further back. Why have the social sanctions grown so comparatively inefficient? Why are average social pleasures so slight, and the deprivation of them so little felt? It must be that the world has grown so big; there is such ample room and variety that men have wider choice of societies than they have in simpler days and among more primitive communities. A man must be a decided villain to be universally tabooed, and on the other hand there are not many forms of eccentricity which he can choose to play at, in which he will fail to find playmates; and, if he has any just force of character, it will be no drawback to pleasures which their companionship confers upon him that they are not the rapid and monotonous pleasures of that lofty, but far from exhaustive section which calls itself the world. Seen in this light, the complaint of the decay of the efficacy of



the social penalty does not come to very much; it only implies that there is no longer anything like a single and uniform tribunal for that sort of divergency to which the complaint usually refers. Out of the track of acts and opinions which universal common sense holds to be pestilent and will not tolerate on any terms, a man may defy the opinion of one set of people in the just confidence that he is secure of the approval of some other set. There is scarcely anybody in the world, and certainly not anybody worth taking into account, who is not responsible to some social tribunal or other; only in our modern society these tribunals are vastly numerous, — whether too numerous and too individualized for the perfect health of the body politic, only very wonderful philosophers indeed can positively decide.

## MARCUS AURELIUS AND THE TALMUD.

BY E. H. PLUMTRE.

THE name of the great Stoic Emperor has been brought before English readers within the last few years with new distinctness. Mr. Maurice, in his "History of Moral Philosophy," has, with his usual insight, led us to sympathize with the calm, heroic temper, the profound sense of the need and the presence of a Divine Guide, which characterize the "Self-Communings" of the man who showed how a Stoic could be true to himself under the purple chlamys of sovereignty, as Epictetus had shown how the same belief could ennoble one who had to live as a slave, and was oppressed by bodily infirmity. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of his best essays, has given proof that the contemplation of that character could kindle in him an unwonted enthusiasm, that he found there something above the "sweetness and light" on which he commonly lavishes his praise, or else those very graces in their loftiest and least alloyed form. And lastly, Mr. Farrar, in his recently published volume, "Seekers after God," has placed Marcus Aurelius, together with Epictetus and Seneca, in the list of those who serve to illustrate the law that "God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

And it will be owned that the more we know of the man and of his writings the more this interest deepens. We are brought into contact with one of the very few who have held a position of commanding power as a solemn trust, living under a perpetual self-scrutiny, and obeying to the utmost of their power the law written in their hearts. With a trustful faith which reminds us of St. Paul's words, that "all things work together for good to those that love God," he counts up, one by one, all the events of his life, — the kinsmen, friends, and guardians under whose care he grew, the teachers and thinkers who had led him on to truth, as blessings that he had received from God, elements in the education by which he had been disciplined, and was to be led onward towards perfection. Even the blindness or connivance as to the vices of his wife Faustina, and his son Commodus, at which Gibbon sneers, may be regarded as, more or less, part of the fortitude with which he "accepted the inevitable," and sought to keep the tranquillity of his life unimpaired by those disturbing forces. And it was not, we must remember, the life of an eclectic dilettanti like Alexander Severus, or a reactionary dreamer — a "Romantikér," as Strauss calls him — like Julian. He came to the purple when the

reins of Empire required to be held with a strong hand, when barbarous tribes, Quadi and Marcomanni, were hovering threateningly on his frontier, when the finances and judicial administration of the provinces required the most watchful handling. Our own Alfred presents in many respects the most complete parallel, all the more striking because there is no trace of any conscious reproduction.

For Christian thinkers the life itself is full of problems of deep interest. Students of Church history have to associate it also partly with the legend of the Thundering Legion, which shows, even on the hypothesis that relegates it most entirely to the regions of the fabulous, that there was something in him which attracted the sympathy and admiration of the Christians of the Empire, and made them wish, in spite of adverse facts, to claim him as their own. But they are compelled to recognize, in spite of all prepossessions in his favor, that he took his place among the persecutors of the new faith, that the treatment of its adherents in his reign was more severe than it had been under his immediate predecessors. They find a strange contradiction between his admiration for the Stoic's scorn of danger, and regardlessness of life, and the supercilious coldness with which he speaks of the heroism of Christian martyrs. The only notice that he takes of them in his "Meditations," is to express his admiration of the soul that is —

"Ready, if need be, either to quit its tenancy of the body, or to be scattered to the winds, or utterly extinguished, or abide in being; by 'ready' I mean, that this should rise out of its own independent judgment, not of mere obstinacy (*ναπαράσις*) as the Christians do, but with full consideration and calm self-respect, and free from all tragic airs, so as to persuade others also." (Medit., xi. 3.)

Among the contemporaries of Aurelius there was one in a remote province of the Empire, unknown to all Roman writers, unknown to all Christian fathers, finding no place in histories of the world or histories of the Church, whose name for many centuries was familiar only to the scholars of his own race, or the few Christian divines who dabbled in the lore of Rabbism. But he, too, has been brought within our own time with new prominence. The labors of men like Basnage and Jost, and Grätz and Rapoport, popularized in England by Dean Milman in his "History of the Jews," those of Dr. Emmanuel Deutsch, in the Quarterly article on the Talmud, which twelve months ago was the theme of most men's wonder, have made us look with interest, perhaps even with reverence, on the name of Rabbi Jehuda-ha-Nasi — the "prince" or "patriarch" of the Sanhedrim, so far as that still continued to have an ideal existence, the heir of Gamaliel and Hillel in the great scribal succession. The impression which he made on the men of his own time and race is shown in the fact that the title "Rabbi" was applied to him *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, with no further note of individual distinction.

He was known as the "saint," the "holy one," the "meek." As being, like his forefather Hillel, of the house of David, the inextinguishable hope of Israel centred for a time in him, as they had centred previously under Hadrian on the "Son of the Star," the rebel Bar-Kochba. His disciple Abba Areka (himself known by the honorable distinction of "Rab") said that if he were to look for the Messiah as manifested in any of his contemporaries, he should turn to Jehuda-ha-Nasi and to none else.



But for us, as Dr. Deutsch has shown, Rabbi Jehuda has left a more enduring monument. He comes before us as the Moses of later Rabbism, the compiler of the Mischna, the man who undertook to collect, if not into a systematic code, yet into something like a *corpus juris*, the oral traditions of the schools of Palestine, and left it as a *κρῖμα ἐς αἶναι* to posterity. It became, in its turn, the starting-point of a new literature. Halachah, and Hagadah, and Midrashim, — exegesis, and tradition, and legend, clustered round it in varying forms among the Jews of Palestine and Babylon, and so the comment overshadowed the text, and the Gemara and the Mischna together grew to the colossal dimensions of that Talmud, of which, thanks to the last-named writer, most English readers now know something more, and can take (with whatever drawback) a truer estimate than they could a short twelvemonth back.

There is something striking enough in the thought that two men so strangely contrasted in thought, fortunes, character, were living at the same period. That interest is more than heightened, it takes us by storm with a strange fascination, when we are led to believe that the two were not strangers to each other; that they met and conversed with mutual respect, with feelings, on one side at least, that deepened into personal affection. The thought is one which might almost rouse Landor from his grave to write a new "imaginary conversation" between the Emperor and the Rabbi, the author of the "Meditations" and the compiler of the Mischna. The idea, I need scarcely say, has hardly as yet come within the horizon of English writers of the history of the Church or the Empire, and naturally challenges a somewhat sceptical scrutiny. Dr. Arnold Bodek, however, in an elaborate monograph which he has just published, does not shrink from maintaining this thesis; and brings together an amount of circumstantial evidence interesting in itself and in the collateral issues which it raises, and establishing the point in question to at least a high degree of probability.

I shall be rendering, I believe, an acceptable service to those who find a never-failing interest in the history of human thought in the critical period when Philosophy and Judaism and Christianity were working together towards the then unknown future, if I attempt to give a *résumé* of his arguments, noting here and there some points that come within the average range of an English student's reading, but have not found a place in Dr. Bodek's otherwise exhaustive treatise.

It had been known to most Rabbinical scholars that the traditions of the Midrashim, in the biographical notices scattered here and there of Rabbi Jehuda, speak of him as the friend of a Roman Emperor, to whom they give the name of Antoninus. Among our own Hebraists, Selden, whom Dr. Bodek quotes, and Lightfoot, whom he does not quote, refer to this intimacy. The latter cites from the Jerusalem Talmud a passage in which it is implied that the Emperor had secretly become a convert to Judaism, and received the sign of the Covenant. "When the proselytes of righteousness (those, *i. e.* who are circumcised) shall take their place in the world to come, the Emperor Antoninus shall be the leader of that company."

Lightfoot himself seems disposed to give credence to the story, and balances between Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius as probably identified with the hero of it. Later legends expanded the story into

strange extravagances. At the time of the Rabbi's birth, it was said, A. D. 125, in the year when Bithar, the last stronghold of Bar-Kochba's insurrection, fell, and Akiba, who had been the soul of the movement, died, there was an imperial edict forbidding circumcision. Simon, however, the son of Gamaliel (this, it may be noted, was not the Gamaliel of Acts v., but his grandson), was faithful to the Law, and circumcised his new-born son. He was seized and sent to Rome, and there found favor with a noble Roman matron, who sheltered the child and its mother, and brought it up as a foster-brother with her own son. That son was the future Emperor. The two were thus friends literally from their cradle, and their later intercourse was but the renewal of the intimacy of their childhood. The friendship lasted through life. When the Rabbi heard of the Emperor's death he burst into a cry of lamentation: "The bond is broken."

For the most part these notices have remained, as has been said, unknown to the historians of the Empire or the biographers of the imperial philosopher. For the few who have discussed them at all, mostly Jewish scholars, there was the question, Who was the Antoninus thus referred to?

No less than eight emperors (Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Commodus, Severus, Caracalla, Geta, Macrinus, Elagabalus) used the name on their coins and official inscriptions. Which of them was to be selected as having been the friend of the great Jewish patriarch? The Talmud writers, it should be stated, almost always speak of the Emperor in question as "Antoninus, the son of Asverus." And this introduces a new element which does not diminish the difficulty. If we are to take "Asverus" as the natural Semitic form, by a slight *metathesis* of "Severus," the only three whom we should so describe were Caracalla and his brother Geta, as the sons of Septimius, and Elagabalus, as assumed to be the son of Caracalla. Dr. Bodek gives us accordingly a series of conjectures ranging over nearly every name in the list, and urges what he looks upon as fatal objections against most of them. Jost (*Gesch. Isr.*, iv. 88) fixes on Caracalla, on the ground that he was literally the son of Severus, and that the time at which the Rabbi is said to have been at the height of his activity is after A. D. 220; contemporary, therefore, with Caracalla, but not with either Pius or Aurelius. The decree of that Emperor which extended the rights of citizenship to all subjects of the Empire, and allowed Jews in particular to be admitted to hold office, is looked on as accounting for the favor with which that people looked on him.

For Elagabalus (whom Cassel fixes on) there were the facts that he was said in his early Syrian days to have circumcised himself in honor of the God whose worship he sought to introduce at Rome, and that the Talmud writers speak also of one "Asverus, son of Antoninus," who is identified with Alexander Severus as the adopted son of Elagabalus. Grätz, whose masterly history of the Jews gives great weight to his authority, comes to the conclusion that the Rabbi Jehuda spoken of is not the Patriarch, but his grandson of the same name, identifies the Emperor with Alexander Severus, and connects the Talmud story (1) with the eclecticism which led that Emperor to place in his private oratory the effigies of Abraham and Orpheus, and Christ, and to engrave on its walls the maxim, "Do to others as ye would they should do to you," which in one form had come from the lips of Hillel,



and in another had become the "royal law" of Christians; (2) with the nicknames "Syrian," "Archi-synagogus," with which he was assailed, apparently on account of his devotional tendencies, by the population of Alexandria and Antioch; and (3) with the well-known fact of his requiring candidates for office to have a public testimony to their character, on the avowed ground that this was what Jews and Christians did in appointing their religious teachers.

Frankel, admitting the probability of Grätz's theory, believes that two sets of facts have been confounded by the Talmud writers, and that both grandfather and grandson were friends with Roman emperors; while he fixes on L. Verus, the adoptive brother of Aurelius, joint emperor with him, as the one associated with the Patriarch. Finally, Rapoport, whom Dr. Bodek follows, returned, with new evidence and as the result of a fuller criticism, to the old tradition which pointed to Aurelius.

Dr. Bodek rightly urges, we think, the utter improbability that a man, such as the Patriarch Jehuda is represented, would have been drawn into anything like intimacy with a monster of cruelty like Caracalla, or a profligate boy like Elagabalus, or a voluptuary like Verus. Against Alexander Severus he urges (1) that he never appears on coins or inscriptions as bearing the name of Antoninus; (2) that the absence of Moses from the list of those whose memory he held in honor, speaks rather for a wider sympathy with the simpler monotheistic creed of which Abraham was the representative, than for any leaning towards the stringent Judaism embodied in the Mischna. He proceeds, step by step, through his own constructive argument.

I. The dates of the life of Aurelius are briefly these:—

	A.D.
Born	121
Adopted by Antoninus Pius	138
Marries Faustina	145
Becomes Emperor	161
Death of L. Verus	169
War with the Quadi. Legend of the Thundering Legion	174
Revolt of Avidius Cassius, and the Emperor's visit to the East	176
Death	180

The first point accordingly is to show that the Patriarch and the Emperor were contemporaries. And here (1) Dr. Bodek appeals to the oft-repeated, almost proverbial saying of the Midrashim, that "Rabbi Jehuda was born on the day on which Rabbi Akiba died." The latter event coincided with the suppression of the revolt of Bar-Kochba and the capture of Bithar, and this fixes the birth of the patriarch in A. D. 125. (2) Another Midrash contains the statement that in a given year "three great men died in the same month, Jehuda-ha-Nasi, Antoninus, and Artaban, King of the Persians (Parthians), and that every one saw in it a fulfilment of the words of Zechariah (xi. 8), 'Three shepherds also I cut off in one month.'" The only Parthian king who bore this title, and died about this time, was Vologesus III., of the house of the Arsacidae, and he died in the same month as Commodus, the third bearer of the name of Antoninus, *sc.* the beginning of A. D. 193. This accordingly would also be the date of the Rabbi's death. (3) A record in the Talmud reports that "when Simon, the son of Gamaliel (Jehuda's father), died, the country was laid waste by locusts and many other disasters."

This would give the date when the patriarch entered on his office and became prominent both as a teacher and a prince. But the Roman biographer of Aurelius mentions that at the commencement of

his reign the Empire was in a state of collapse and misery, owing to pestilences, inundations, and the vast swarms of locusts that laid the country waste. This accordingly gives another synchronism. The Emperor and the Patriarch entered on their respective tasks about the same period. (4) An adverse date, resting on the assumption that the patriarch's disciple, Abba Areka, went to Babylon, and became, with his consent, the founder there of the school which produced the Babylonian Talmud, in the year A. D. 220, Dr. Bodek, following Rapoport, disposes of by a various reading which gives A. D. 190, and so brings it into harmony with the results already aimed at. It is right to add that Lightfoot (with whose writings Dr. Bodek does not seem to be acquainted) supports him on this point also, and fixes A. D. 190 as the date of the compilation of the Mischna. Jost, on the other hand (II. p. 118), maintains the later date.

II. Next comes the proof of the identity of Marcus Aurelius with the "great unknown," the Antoninus-ben-Asverus of the Talmud. The chronological data already gained exclude all emperors after Commodus. The character of Commodus, and the disparity of years between him and the Rabbi, exclude him also. Antonius Pius never visited the eastern provinces of the empire, and the Rabbi was living in obscurity up to the time of that emperor's death. The objection to L. Verus has been already stated. The Talmud comes again to our assistance. It speaks of three emperors bearing the name of Antoninus,—(1) the Great, (2) the son of Asverus, (3) the Little, the grandson of the Great. This, Dr. Bodek urges, is according to Jewish usage. The founder of a royal house, the first bearer of the name, was known as the "Great." In this sense, and not with the connotation with which the epithet was applied to Alexander or Pompey, did they speak of Herod the "Great." Here, then, the first of the three is Antoninus Pius. The last is Commodus, whose death, under the name of Antoninus, has been already noticed. We arrive by an exhaustive process at the identity of the "son of Asverus" with the philosopher-emperor. But what then is the explanation of the strange description thus given? Two hypotheses are offered for our choice.

(1) It was conjectured by Rapoport that the name of the emperor's father, Annus Verus (his own name also till his adoption by Antoninus Pius), would be written on medals and coins with the usual contraction, and so appear as AS. VERUS, and be taken by the Jewish writers for a single name. (2) Dr. Bodek, who boldly grapples with the difficulty, identifies Asverus with Severus (just as *Stoa* in Aramaic becomes *Astoa*), and explains the name by the fact that the Emperor's great-grandfather, on the mother's side, was L. Cælius Severus, who under Hadrian had been Prefect in Palestine, and had been prominent in subduing the rebellion of Bar-Kochba. By him, on the death of his father in his infancy, Aurelius was brought up, and might thus be described as his son, in the wider sense in which the Jews in their genealogies used that description, while the prominent place which Severus held in their memories would account for their fixing on that name instead of that of his paternal grandfather, M. Annus Verus.

III. There remains the question, When could the two men have come into contact with each other? What was there in each of them to draw them to one another? Is there any internal impossibility



that should lead us to reject the Talmud narrative, assuming the identification to be established? Dr. Bodek points to the rebellion of Avidius Cassius in the Asiatic provinces of the Empire as that which led the Emperor to the East. Dio Cassius (lxxi. 28) says that he went to Syria; Ammianus Marcellinus, more definitely, that he visited Palestine. The Jews had taken no part in the rebellion, and were likely, therefore, to be looked upon with favor. This would be in A. D. 176, when the patriarch was at Tiberias in the height of his fame, the recognized representative of his race, living in a princely state, on terms of friendly intercourse with the Parthian king. There was no man in Palestine so likely to attract notice. And the character of the Rabbi presented much that the Emperor might sympathize with, just as that of the Emperor presented much that won the sympathy of the Rabbi. The latter, following in the steps of Hillel and Gamaliel, encouraged the study of Greek literature and philosophy, spoke Greek as well as he spoke Hebrew, had the Roman tendency to codification, of which the proof remains in the Mishna, and appears in one passage of the Talmud as expressing the warmest possible admiration of Roman art, as shown in their temples, bridges, market-places, and other public works.

The ethical precepts ascribed to him in the *Pirke Aboth* (the "Sayings of the Fathers") are such as might well win the philosopher's approval, almost identical, in their scorn of mere appearances, with his own teaching and that of his master, Epictetus. Take, for example, these:—

"Which is the right way that a man should choose to walk in? That which glorifies the Creator, and gains for him the esteem of men.

"Observe a small commandment as zealously as a great one, for thou knowest not what shall be the reward for each.

"Balance the loss of obeying a commandment against the future gain, and the gain of transgressing against the future loss.

"Be mindful of three things, and thou wilt never fall into sin. Bethink thee that there is an Eye over thee that sees, an Ear that hears, and that all thy doings are written in a Book."

And on the other, who that reads the Emperor's "Meditations," or any account, like Mr. Farrar's, of what he was, but must feel that the pantheism of the Stoics became in him a real living trust in God and his providence, more real and living than the mere monotheism of many Jews,—that his self-control and victory over sense, his habits of personal devotion, as distinct from official acts of worship, his love of truth, his yearning, in the midst of doubt, for immortality (iii. 3. xii. 5), his rule of life, ("Love Man-kind, Follow God," (vii. 31), would seem to the Jewish thinker, as they seem to us, to place him as among those who were "not far from the kingdom of God."

It would only be the most natural distortion of a truth if such a man should be described, first as "a proselyte of righteousness" in the higher, and then in the lower, technical sense with which the Jews were familiar. Here also, I believe, Dr. Bodek's case is stronger than he represents it. He labors hard to prove that there was nothing in the Emperor's Stoicism to set him against Judaism; he brings out the points of agreement between the two systems. But, strangely enough, he does not quote what makes so strongly in his favor as the direct testimony of Josephus, that the teaching of the Pharisees was, on the great questions of ethics, all but

identical with that of the Stoics, the fact that his representation of their modified teaching of a divinely appointed destiny, which was yet compatible with free-will, was precisely in harmony with the doctrine that pervades the "Meditations" of Aurelius. The very absence from the Mishna of the old prophetic element that had once characterized Jewish thought and speech, would seem to him to present a favorable contrast to that "tragic" vehemence which offended him in the Christians in whom it still lived and worked.

It may, at least, be noted as significant that Mr. Matthew Arnold, who in one essay writes, for him, so enthusiastically about Aurelius, has another devoted to an equally high estimate of the *Pirke Aboth*, unconscious, obviously, of there being any personal points of contact between the two.

IV. It remains to note what the Talmud preserves as to the intercourse between the two men thus brought together. It will be admitted, I think, that it is as interesting as any "imaginary conversation" could be, that there is nothing intrinsically impossible in it; that it does not read like a legend.

1. Before they met, we are told, the Emperor, looking on him as in the number of his "friends" or special councillors, wrote to the Patriarch to ask him how he should restore the tottering finances of the Empire. The Rabbi took the messenger into a garden, rooted up some of the flowers, and planted others in their stead, thus indicating that he should change his officers. This fact, it will be noticed, coincides with the statements of Roman historians, that the Emperor, during his war with the Marcomanni, was reduced to such distress that he was compelled to pawn his jewels. The story reminds us (here again I add to Dr. Bodek's treatise), and was, perhaps, meant to remind the Emperor, of the story of Tarquinius Superbus and the people of Gabii, with which the Rabbi's general culture had probably made him familiar.

2. They met. The Emperor gave large gifts to the synagogue at Sepphoris, and lands for the endowment of the school there, or at Tiberias. The Patriarch entertained him with a princely magnificence. They exchanged their thoughts on grave questions with a freedom that must have presented a strange contrast to the restraint which the Emperor could not but feel in all his intercourse with Faustina and Commodus. He asked the Jewish teacher, who observed the usual hours of prayer (the third, the sixth, the ninth), why a man might not pray to God at any time. The Rabbi urged that this was irreverent; that communion with God required order, system, appointed seasons, and fixed forms. This did not satisfy the Emperor, and the conversation broke off. Next day the Patriarch presented himself to Aurelius early in the morning with the usual ceremonial greeting. An hour after he came again and repeated it, and again, and yet again, hour after hour, till the Emperor grew impatient at what seemed an impertinence, and turned and asked him, "Dost thou thus show thy respect for thy Lord?" And then the Rabbi answered, in words that embody the essence of later Judaism, "Ah, seest thou how an earthly king limits his hours of access to certain times and seasons? How much more then God, who is the King of kings?"

They discussed, on another occasion, the question of man's responsibility. "How," said the Emperor, "can man be made to give an account for his deeds? The body may say, 'It is the soul that sinned: when it leaves me, I am but as a dead thing, motion-



essential. A staid and demure female will sit in the hall and receive letters. She must be a person of discretion, and above answering forward questions, or taking too much notice of handwriting, or the addresses on envelopes. We observe that the hall porters of good clubs are usually selected from heavy, somnolent men of a chilling demeanor and a permanent stupidity. The fitness of such men for their calling is demonstrable when you know that a large correspondence is intrusted to their charge, which is never seen even on the outside by wives or mothers and sisters, and that they also are acquainted with the condition in which gentlemen leave the establishment at the small hours. We should be far from insinuating that in a women's club the experiences of the hall portress would bear any comparison to the experiences of a hall porter, but at the same time it would not be well to intrust such grave responsibilities to other than old heads. The coffee-room and dining-room will possibly follow in its regulations the arrangements of the Athenæum or the Reform. But will there be a billiard-room at the Gynæceum? Ladies play that game skilfully and gracefully in private houses, and there is no reason why they should not wield their cues, make points, win hazards, cannon and kiss amongst themselves.

The piano might be introduced into the drawing-room, but we suspect a feminine committee might vote it a bore. A piano to many ladies is a thing of business, and not of pleasure, and they would as soon sit down to it in off hours as to a sewing-machine. But what about that grand institution — that indispensable characteristic of clubs — the smoking-room? The mildest cigarettes, we are glad to say, have never been domesticated by ladies in our country, and we sincerely hope they never will. But, after all, a club consists in its members; and it is a question whether the female intellect is not too bright and delicate to meddle with the dull routine of keeping a club in order. Ladies are impatient of rules, and violently impatient of bores, when they are of their own sex. Now, a club cannot get along without its rules, and would never subsist or stick together but for its bores. This latter assertion may seem paradoxical; but it is easy to show how it is not. A club of clever fellows would be a most intolerable place, — almost as bad as the clubs you read of in books, where the members are charged to the lips with epigrams and retorts, and keep popping at each other all the night.

The bore is the buffer against which each man may knock his head, and not be hurt. You can always escape him by a retreat; and after a while you regard him as an institution, like the hall-racks or the clocks. His vanity is infinite; from the bore made, not born, to the bore born, not made. How would ladies put up with this inevitable "series," as Mr. Lewes would term the tribe? How would they tolerate the gradual development of one? And as we are afraid we must assume that the original members of the Gynæceum will be persons with views and ideas, with principles and missions, and all the rest of it, we tremble for the intolerance that would be shown towards females ambitious enough to figure prominently amongst their sisters as types of the creature whose habits and customs prevail in men-clubs. Then again we are forced to speculate whether ladies in other particulars will resemble certain classes of club-men, — the conditions under which they will live in some respects resembling the

conditions under which the former have been educated in their propensities. Any one who frequents a club knows the sort of man who is ferociously prepared to back his bill, and who seems to order and to eat his dinner only for the express purpose of growling and complaining of it afterwards. Can one imagine a lady of this temper? — writing her grievance in connection with the cutlet or the soup, recording her indignation at the corked wine, her rage at the smoked omelette. Then again there is the personage dear to the writers of sketches, who sits on two newspapers while he reads a third. Will any lady sit on the Times and Telegraph while she travels slowly through the Economist? We are inclined to think not. Ladies, as a rule, — all women, indeed, — are far more courteous than men, and more given to surrender trifles, and restrain small desires. But what of *cliqueism*? Here we see a rock on which we are afraid the club is in danger of splitting.

Women, when together, are much more clannish than men. See them in the drawing-room after dinner, grouped, taking sides, and giving tacit snubs to each other by the style in which they take up their positions in this polite field of battle. What will it be when they are thrown so often into each other's society that, as a matter of course, they must go into sections, impelled by those likes and dislikes which are so emphatically stamped on their dispositions? In men's clubs, cliques are common enough, and in some instances it will happen that one particular set will be powerful enough to rule the others, and give a tone and drift to the whole house. Ladies are pretty sure to disintegrate, and what a tussle there will be for the leading position! When the strong-minded few have attained it, imagine the jealousies, meannesses, and anxieties of the rest to get in with them!

Male visitors have been talked of in connection with the proposed establishment. They are already, indeed, made bones of contention. The committee (we quote Lady Portsmouth) were in favor of their daily admission to a room set apart to receive them. Miss Alice Westlake writes to the Times to say that this had been "a part of the scheme from the first." We are rejoiced to hear it, though it alters in some respects the chances of the club assuming the characteristics we have been bold enough to conjecture. The failure of all similar experiments is attributable to the exclusion of gentlemen, and the subsequent irregularities arising from the impossibility of rendering this exclusion perfect. The male visitors will not, we presume, be admitted to all the privileges of the place, although we do not see why a lady, when she has a club, should not invite a gentleman to dine or to take a cup of tea with her there. It is to be hoped that this visitor's room will not be the most unpopular or the worst furnished on the premises.

There is a club in town where the guest-room is so dreary and vault-like that it has been called the Potter's Field — a place to bury strangers in. We feel confident enough that the committee of the ladies' club will not put their friends in a cavern. But there is one point we desire to have solved. Are married women admissible? If so, the fact will render them more independent of their husbands than they have hitherto been. "I think I shall dine at the club to-night, dear," will be heard in future from *either* head of the household. "John, where is the mistress?" "Gone to the club, sir; said she would not be home until late. You were to find her in the billiard-room, sir, if you went



down," and so on and on. There would be a strong retaliatory weapon placed in a wife's hands if she had a good club open to her, and why should she hesitate to use it? If her husband chooses to spend his time at the Megatherium, she can call a cab or her brougham and drive off to cheerful companions and the Gynæceum.

We do not expect to see this institution flourish at first; there are those who will ridicule it, despite the grave and serious social questions which it involves. We have really no desire to do so. Under wise regulations, there is no reason why ladies and gentlemen should not have inexpensive and select *réunions*, and if flirtation comes of them, why flirtation and the approaches to it are not such bad games after all, and are, according to Mr. Trollope, much superior to croquet.

Theatres are often hot and stifling, a ball stiff and wearisome, a dinner nearly always formal and hard to endure, an afternoon tea pleasant enough. The Ladies' Club *réunions* would, we should say, most nearly resemble the last of these, and would possess a certain piquancy from the novel fact of the management and the system. There was an exclusive community of the kind established in London some years ago, but it fell to pieces from the facts coming out that the members degenerated into bloomerism, drank champagne like men, and smoked consumedly. We may take it for granted that these melancholy results of a first experiment will bear good fruit in the course of the next, and that the women's club now about to start will conform to those proprieties which render the sex more engaging, than the daring violations of all propriety which brought the celebrated "Jolly Dogs" to grief.

## WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

### A STUDY OF CHARACTER.

ANY one who attempts to investigate the life and extraordinary career of Mr. Gladstone, soon discovers that any literary or biographical attempt necessarily resolves itself into a study of character. Such a study speedily becomes a social puzzle, an ethical problem. Mr. Gladstone is a many-sided man. There are all kinds of diverging lines in his character. His orbital range has been so abnormal and eccentric that it seems at first hard to refer it to any kind of law. There is no man against whom greater contradictions and inconsistencies are alleged, inconsistencies and contradictions which he himself admits, and which the world hastens to condone. Like Moore's *Alciphron*, as he takes each successive step, the step behind crumbles forever away beneath his feet. He has falsified every prediction which men have made of him, or which he has made of himself. To understand him, we have to investigate abstruse veins of thought in his mind, which to most men are utterly dry and repellant, but which, when suddenly transferred to the region of practical politics, spring a mine with meteoric explosion. There are, we believe, people who deny that Mr. Gladstone possesses the least honesty of purpose. They refuse to believe that he is a good writer, or that he is a really great orator. With such persons we can have no common ground. We do not profess to say whether Mr. Gladstone is a first-rate statesman, or only, as it has been happily said, a second-rate statesman with his mind "in a first-rate state of effervescence." However that may be, Mr. Gladstone is a man of whose high nature and great gifts his country may well be proud. That

indeed would be a miserable party spirit which, for the sake of party, would seek to derogate unjustly from these great qualities. With whatever measure of infirmity and alloy, Mr. Gladstone is the most brilliant Englishman of the century, and is, in the main, inspired by a chivalrous and most unscrupulous honor. The reputation of her great statesmen is dear to England; and to us it seems utterly impossible to construct any theory of Mr. Gladstone's character, or to find any clew to its changes and chances, without in the fullest degree demanding these two elements as the basis of our estimate. There may be flaws in the shining harness. The image, with its head of fine gold, may have an admixture of iron and clay. There is, no doubt, speaking generally, a tendency towards the sophistical in his mind. There is something parasitical in his nature. The oratorical genius is not, after all, the statesmanlike genius; and Mr. Gladstone, with his concentrated power of oratory, is often reflecting the thoughts and guidance of other intellects, from whom he receives thoughts, and to whose thoughts he lends his great gift of varied and eloquent expression. His principles resemble a system of stratification, where each new set of ideas overlays and wellnigh obliterates its predecessor; and to this is to be attributed that want of proportion in his mind, which by many is held to be its cardinal defect. The study of a career so noble and varied and rich in achievement, with whatever admixture of error and infirmity, is necessarily fraught with the highest and most elevated interest.

Mr. Gladstone entered parliament through what was then the favorite avenue of academic distinction. He had done very little in parliament, — a few remarks, almost conversational, about the freedmen of Liverpool, about slavery in the island of Demerara, where his father held property, and a short, set speech chiefly remarkable as being a defence of the Irish Church, — when he was made a Lord of the Treasury, and afterwards Under-Secretary of State. But Sir Robert Peel had the quick eye to detect early political genius, and the happy ability to foster it. Mr. Gladstone could not fail to commend himself heartily to Peel's sympathies. Like Peel, he had passed through Eton and Christ Church. Like Peel, he had taken from the University of Oxford its highest honors. Like Peel, he had sprung from a family that owed all its greatness to the honorable and successful pursuits of commerce. In process of time the young statesman procured for himself a peculiar kind of reputation. He almost approximated to the ethical reputation which Wilberforce had obtained in the unreformed parliament. There was an earnestness, a seriousness about him, to which the House was not accustomed, but which it did not dislike. There was a gentle hortatory and religious vein about him, not unmusical, to which they willingly listened. They saw that he was nervous, scrupulous, sensitive to a degree. In every political step, in every speech and vote, he avowed a lofty religious motive and followed an inflexible principle. This was fine, superfluous, in fact; and men thought that a political casuist was too far removed from the region of practical politics. In those days there was a kind of gentle languor and melancholy about him. He seemed a recluse, of scholarly, poetic temperament. He was a political lotus-eater. His voice was called the "echo of a voice"; the voice of one in whose breast all human passions were lulled.

It was thought that he lacked the "combativity"



necessary for parliamentary conflict. It was thought that both his *physique* and his *morale* were against him. Men regretted that one of so much mind and culture should be never likely to prove an orator, and should turn out on so many points to be altogether impracticable. There was much vague admiration for him. Evidently he loved truth with a passionate love, and he mixed in controversy with the courtesy of a knight of romance, avoiding selfishness and personality, and only seeking to defend the better cause. The Tadpoles and Tapers must have shaken their heads despairingly at him.

But in the mean time Mr. Gladstone was developing another side to his character, for which the public were hardly prepared. He manifested, if indeed any man, a dual character. If he was great as a thinker in the study, he was equally great as a man of business in the office. All the commercial genius of his family appeared to find an existence in himself. He had all a financier's taste for figures and statistics. Business men, who were brought in contact with him, found that the young statesman understood their own line of commerce as well as or better than they did themselves. His information was unbounded, and his mastery of detail. It was said of him that he possessed vast information "in connection with that undercurrent of commerce which flows in warehouses and counting-houses, but of which the Cabinet and the library know scarcely the existence." It is probable that from the very first he was a free-trader, and that he anticipated his great political master in the fulness and ripeness of his views. There was no financial detail in which he could not detect and state the underlying principle. It was noted that not even Sir Robert Peel nor Sir James Graham had so broad and philosophical a grasp of principle. It was well known that the great revised Customs Tariff Act of 1842, when out of twelve hundred duty-paying articles more than half were relieved from taxation in whole or part, was, under Peel's guidance, Mr. Gladstone's sole handiwork.

Mr. Gladstone watched the bill, clause by clause, through the committee; the acute intellect that dealt so much with abstract ideas with all the subtlety of a casuist or a theologian, was absorbed with the great subject of Baltic timber, or the duties on salt meat and salt herrings. Practically, so well did this fiscal legislation work, that the Whig deficit was exchanged for a surplus of some millions. There seems also every reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone was the author of that great institution in railways, the parliamentary train.

Thirdly, Mr. Gladstone was now winning himself great position as a parliamentary debater. With each step that he made in political life his mind seemed to expand. Men did not clearly understand the character of his mind; they questioned whether he understood his own mind; but he was able and he was conscientious. For successful oratory, character is as important an element as ability. When Demosthenes said that action was the first, second, and third thing necessary, what Demosthenes meant was most probably earnestness. And Mr. Gladstone was always terribly earnest, to the acknowledged point of being crotchety. If he put on his hat, it was as if, to use a modern expression, he was "crowning the edifice," and would draw on his gloves as if he were enunciating an immortal principle. Still, this was a fault in the right direction. He became a great debater; in some points of view the best debater in the House. His freshness and

vitality were astonishing. He had not the great drawbacks which other great debaters had. It was always felt that Peel was plausible, and had a Pecksniffian odor about him. Sir James Graham was sarcastic and weighty, but then many people thought that Sir James Graham was a hypocrite. Disraeli was mighty, but then his might was dwarfed by personalities. Macaulay and Sheil were both born orators in their way; but Macaulay was too imaginative, and Sheil was too passionate. Mr. Gladstone was at least perfectly free from all such extremes as these. His speeches were no longer on merely special subjects, but dealt with all matters of broad imperial interest. It was known that he could be a victorious competitor with great commercial authorities. The lawyers found that both in subtlety and grasp the young statesman was able to vie with them. Ecclesiastics, in the outward world, knew that he could meet them exactly on their own ground and precisely with their own weapons. He always seemed to be developing fresh powers of which he and the world had been unconscious. He made many very able speeches before he attained the height of those great orations which thrilled the House and the country. Only slowly and gradually he became what Mr. Bernal Osborne called the "Red Indian" of debate. By such gradual approaches Mr. Gladstone has made his way to the Premiership; and the only wonder is that he had not attained it before the shadows of age were beginning to close upon him.

We will now attempt to follow Mr. Gladstone's career somewhat more in detail.

Mr. Gladstone stated at a Glasgow meeting some time back that he had not a particle of any but Scotch blood in his veins. Almost simultaneously Scotland has given to the country a prime minister and an archbishop. The Gladstones, in the last generation, though they came from an old stock of Lanarkshire lairds, were only humble traders at Leith. Mr. Gladstone's father came as a youth to Liverpool, became a member of a firm of the greatest reputation on the Change, made a splendid fortune, purchased the estate of Fasque in Kincardineshire, obtained a baronetcy, saw his son a Cabinet Minister, and died in 1851, nearly a nonagenarian. It was through this distinguished parent that Mr. Gladstone may be supposed to derive his astonishing intimacy with our commercial system, and it may here be said that both his mother and his wife may be worthily associated with his own high feeling and high intellect.

At Liverpool, he was often brought into contact with Mr. Canning, who, at election time, used to be his father's guest at Seaforth. It may well be imagined how potent an influence was the mind of Canning over the dawning mind of the Liverpool merchant's son. It was at Eton that he first formed that friendship with Lord Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, which, through the father of his friend, was destined first to bring him into political life. One of his school friends has made the following interesting mention of him: "Gladstone was a perfect scholar; and the only lad who was afterwards at all equal to him was Selwyn [the Bishop of Lichfield and New Zealand]. They both lived at the same game's, a house that took very few boarders, and, therefore, it was the more remarkable that the two leading men of Eton should come from under the same roof. The house is situated just opposite to the Christopher Inn. Gladstone was tall, with a par-



ticularly clear and tranquil eye, and a good complexion; and indeed he always went by the name of 'handsome' Gladstone. I should have thought Gladstone too contemplative and deep in his mind to have wished to become a statesman, and embroiled in all the evanescent toils of politics; and he, like Froude, engaged in no rough games, although I think Gladstone was a cricketer. I should have set Gladstone down for a second Wordsworth in after life." He was, at Eton, a great friend of Hurrell Froude's, and it has been supposed that this friendship was not without effect in determining the peculiar complexion of Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical views.

We believe that at Oxford Mr. Gladstone, Sir Roundell Palmer and Mr. Lowe, all entertained for a time the intention of taking holy orders. How different might have been the condition of English politics if this determination had been maintained! These early days would not have been of any political import, had not Mr. Disraeli, who, with his immense strategical ability, has an aptitude for blunders, gone back to them, in order to found a charge of inconsistency against his mighty rival.

Had Mr. Disraeli possessed the advantage of a public school and University education he would have been saved this blunder. He alluded to a debate at the Union on the 16th of May, 1831: "I am sure hon. gentlemen opposite will remember Wyatt's rooms and the Oxford Union," and he quoted a resolution of a ferociously Tory character, adding, "The amendment, as I have read it, was quoted by Mr. William Gladstone, of Christ Church." The reference was ill-judged; the common sense of the House could not tolerate that the speaker should go back to undergraduate college days in search of weapons of attack. It had, however, the advantage of eliciting from Mr. Gladstone some autobiographic sentences of much interest. "The right honorable gentleman, when he addressed the hon. member for Westminster, took occasion to show his magnanimity, for he declared that he would not take the philosopher to task for what he wrote twenty-five years ago. But when he caught one, who, thirty-five years ago, who, just emerged from boyhood, and still an undergraduate at Oxford, had expressed an opinion adverse to the Reform Bill of 1832, of which he had so long and bitterly repented, then the right hon. gentleman could not resist the temptation that offered itself to his appetite for effect. . . . Sir, as the right hon. gentleman has done me the honor thus to exhibit me, let me for a moment trespass on the patience of the House to exhibit myself. What he has stated is true. I deeply regret it. But I was bred under the shadow of the great name of Canning; every influence connected with that name governed the first political impressions of my childhood and my youth; with Mr. Canning I rejoiced in the removal of religious disabilities from the Roman Catholic body, and in the free and truly British tone which he gave to our policy abroad; with Mr. Canning I rejoiced in the opening he made towards the establishment of free commercial interchanges between nations; with Mr. Canning, and under the shadow of that great name, and under the shadow of the yet more venerable name of Burke, I grant my youthful mind and imagination were impressed with the same idle and futile fears which still bewilder and distract the matured mind of the right hon. gentleman."

It was hardly fair of Mr. Gladstone to give this speech this mere boyish character, as it was deliv-

ered only the year before he was first elected to his seat in the first reformed parliament. That phase of the constitution has now ceased to exist, but up to this point Mr. Gladstone's career has been commensurate with it, and the parliamentary life of Mr. Gladstone during the constitution of 1832, like that constitution, has become matter of history. Looking broadly at that career, and attempting honestly to arbitrate between conflicting views, it appears to us that, on the whole, Mr. Gladstone has adopted a disinterested and patriotic course. Mr. Gladstone is certainly fond of office. Mr. Bright once said that he thought Mr. Gladstone was much happier in office, but he thought he would live longer without it. But, nevertheless, he has repeatedly refused or sacrificed office, and by so doing wellnigh reduced himself to a state of Ishmaelitic isolation. There was something almost Quixotic and indubitably austere in his resignation of office in 1845. It was not even professed that he was in antagonism with his chief, Sir Robert Peel, on the question of the Maynooth Grant. His rigid Church principles were then perceptibly beginning to thaw. He was aware that by supporting the bill he should be departing from the principles of his famous book on the "Church in Relation to the State," and he held it his duty to resign office, and so study the subject free from all biassed and selfish considerations. His friends strongly remonstrated with him, conspicuously among them the present Lord Derby. "I respectfully submit," says Mr. Gladstone, in his recent "Chapter of Autobiography," "that by this act my freedom was established, and that it has never since, during a period of five-and-twenty years, been compromised." After a year of penitential expiation, Mr. Gladstone became Secretary for the Colonies in the reconstructed Free Trade Administration of Sir Robert Peel. But Newark was now closed against him. The Lord of Clumber, who had hopelessly quarrelled with his own heir on the Free Trade question, was not likely to assist that son's recreant friend. Mr. Gladstone was now without a seat in Parliament for nearly two years, during a considerable portion of which he was a Cabinet Minister. From the gallery, or beneath it, he watched that great battle of Free Trade, where he could not himself mingle in its fray and lift his voice above the din. It must have been a sore trial to him to sit silent while weaker men were dealing with the profound subject which he knew so intimately.

In the general election of 1847 he obtained the parliamentary blue ribbon of representing the University of Oxford. He himself has told us how fondly, how passionately, he desired and clung to his seat. He would be content to sit as a member, he once said, if he only had a majority of a single vote. "The representation of the university was, I think, stated by Mr. Canning to be to him the most coveted prize of political life. I am not ashamed to own that I desired it with almost passionate fondness." He says, perhaps with a shade of reproachfulness, that it used to be a trust, which, once given, was not recalled. But abnormal politicians must expect abnormal electoral treatment. Indeed, if the worthy electors had been far-sighted enough to have followed out the logical results of the principles Mr. Gladstone now professed, that persistent resistance which was always made to him at Oxford would have been successful at the outset. But they looked at his career as a whole, and not at its recent phases. He was a High Churchman; those stood



sponsors for him who were high in the estimation of the University, and, above all, there was the immortal essay, which had never, in so many express terms, been repudiated.

One of his first steps as member was to give a vehement support to the Jewish bill, to which he had hitherto been vehemently opposed. This was taking up an entirely new position. He now adopted the principle of Religious Equality, which was fraught with serious results, to be gradually worked out in course of time. Discerning men saw that he was effectually severing himself from the Oxford majority, but Oxonians repeatedly sought to retain him as one who, in spite of growing differences, in the main so faithfully reflected their intellectual tendencies and religious sympathies.

For years the scanty band of Peelites occupied the cross-benches. That party was all head and no tail; generals without an army, leaders without a following. The tendencies of the Peelites were confused and contradictory, gravitating partly towards the Whigs and partly towards the party which they had disorganized and abandoned. The instinct of Conservatism was still strong upon Mr. Gladstone, and for long years that instinct retained its vitality. For the most part, Sir Robert Peel gave Lord John Russell an effectual support; but just before his death, in that great Pacifico debate in which Mr. Gladstone made his first great oration, of some hours' length, Sir Robert appeared to be veering in the opposite direction. Mr. Gladstone struck out a course for himself, and by so doing ran the peril of being stranded high and dry as a politician. The whole Peelite party were subsequently very much in this condition when they withstood the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Events justified them. Lord John having loaded his gun, was too much frightened to pull the trigger. The leave of the Attorney-General was necessary before any prosecution could be brought, and this leave was never given. The bill was an abortion from the first. Mr. Gladstone supported Mr. Disraeli in his motion for inquiry into agricultural distress, on one occasion answering Graham, and being answered by Peel.

After the death of Peel, he would probably have joined the Conservative ranks in 1852, but the question of protection was not then thought to be closed, and was a barrier to his doing so. He declared that he hoped he should find the policy and measures of the new Government such as he could support. This generous language, however, did not prevent him from being largely instrumental in the downfall of the first Derby ministry. There ensued between him and Mr. Disraeli one of those oratorical duels, which once made the latter express his thankfulness that there was a piece of solid furniture between them. Then followed the Coalition Ministry of All the Talents, under the Earl of Aberdeen, in which, for the first time, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Still, Mr. Gladstone might cling to the lingering idea that after all he was something of a Conservative. The Peelites with whom he acted would certainly refuse to call themselves Whigs. Once there was an ugly *fracas* at the Carlton Club, because Mr. Gladstone, while acting against the Conservative party, still frequented the Conservative headquarters. Very ungentlemanly conduct is absolutely indefensible; but still these blunt Tories knew what Mr. Gladstone, with all his acuteness, had failed to detect: that he had entirely forsaken the first love of his youth, and that now mountains were rising and seas were

rolling between him and the familiar but long-abandoned shores of the past.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer he now made his first great Budget speech, which lasted five hours, and introduced his system of fiscal reforms. The Cabinet drifted into war, and calculations based on conditions of peace were thwarted under conditions of war. The Ministry of "suspended opinions and smothered antipathies" fell to pieces; but though Mr. Gladstone resumed office under Lord Palmerston, he soon parted company with the new Premier, being forced into the step by Lord Palmerston himself.

Mr. Gladstone was very restive under exclusion from office; he always is under such circumstances. In 1856 his speeches were incessant. He had almost a mania for speaking. It was, indeed, said that all this was abnormal, and almost looked like a diseased condition of brain. Members would look at the bar, and exclaim, "What, Gladstone again! Why, he has spoken every night this week!" And not only would he speak that night, but he would speak over and over again the same night. As he was not in express collision with Lord Palmerston, he once more began to draw near to the Conservatives. The China question allowed a temporary amalgamation of Peelites, Radicals, and Tories. On that great debate on the lorch "Arrow," Mr. Gladstone delivered another of those finest speeches, which have now become historical. Lord Palmerston's success at the General Election only paved the way for his downfall, the following year, on the cry of submitting to French dictation. The Tory administration came in, and on the whole Mr. Gladstone gave them a generous and discerning support. He would not enter the Cabinet, but he accepted from them his commission to the Ionian Isles. This occasioned much speculation and surprise; but we are inclined to believe that the simple reason was that he was desirous of clearing up some points in Homeric geography, and gathering some hints towards the vindication of Helen's much damaged character. He saw that nothing would satisfy the Ionians but annexation to Greece, and this was afterwards conceded to them, to their own eventual dissatisfaction. He supported the Tories by speech and vote in their attempt to introduce a Reform Bill, and though he did not speak on their behalf, he voted with them on that want of confidence motion which ejected them from office. The Tories were greatly disgusted when, without the slightest hesitation, he immediately accepted office in Lord Palmerston's broad-based administration. It seemed very probable that he would be ejected from Oxford: but it judiciously transpired that he had stipulated with Lord Palmerston for an influential voice in Church patronage. The Peelites were now absorbed into the Liberal ranks. But Mr. Gladstone was now not only Whig, not only Liberal, but an extreme Radical, giving expression to doctrines of extreme and levelling democracy. He enunciated the famous "flesh and blood" doctrine: what the Americans would call the "platform" of manhood suffrage. We should here mention that his speech on the second reading of Lord Russell's single-barrelled Reform Bill was one of the mightiest of his oratorical efforts. His advanced opinions caused the forfeiture of his seat, first at Oxford and afterwards in South Lancashire. But though rejected by those constituencies, Mr. Gladstone is the accepted of the empire; who have elected him by a preponderance of suffrages as its virtual ruler.



Let us now look upon Mr. Gladstone in the aspect in which he will probably be longest and best remembered, that of a renowned chief in British oratory. We will view him in the scene of his great parliamentary triumphs. It is some memorable afternoon of some bygone session. The loungers about the vast portals of the Hall are waiting to obtain a sight of the celebrities. Mr. Gladstone drives up, perhaps, in an open carriage, and is probably greeted with more or less of an ovation. Mr. Gladstone does not mind an ovation. He has learned to understand, he "the people's William," the judicious use of a mob. But his way of entering the Hall is different to his way of entering the Chamber. He rarely walks up the floor to receive a greeting. You look to the front bench; he is not there: presently you look again, and there he is: he has crept into the House, silently, almost stealthily. He has the customary large box of papers by him. If he is going to make a speech, there is also a small flask of some mucilaginous compound, which he will occasionally lift to his lips. Public speakers would, in their common interest, be glad to know what that small flask contains, and whether it is really any aid to that beautiful and noble voice.

It was a genuine pleasure—more so, once, perhaps, than it is now—to ask Mr. Gladstone a question; his voice was so agreeable, his manner so mild and gentlemanly, and he took such infinite pains to go fully into matters for you; leaning on his box, pointing his finger, and imparting a sermonic flavor of "thirdly and lastly," to the smallest observations.

It has been well said of Mr. Gladstone that he clothes material facts with moral considerations, and moral considerations with material facts. This contains the secret of the wonderful charm which belongs to that historical series of his Budget speeches. The figures of arithmetic are transformed into figures of rhetoric. That dry desert of statistics is changed into a garden of roses. To Mr. Gladstone's mind all those figures are instinct with the most intense meaning. They are outward and visible signs of inward and invisible things. They proclaim the beats of the nation's pulse, and tell both of its functional and organic condition. Probably the greatest of these Budget speeches was the great speech of the year 1860. There were a series of stage accessories belonging to this speech, which have rarely been paralleled. Mr. Gladstone had had an attack of bronchitis, which had already caused a postponement of the Budget. This Friday night, if he were not sufficiently recovered, the work would devolve on Sir Cornewall Lewis. It was known that he was still very unwell. On Tuesday he had been in bed, and there had been some rumor of congestion of the lungs. The House was very crowded,—crowded for an hour before the commencement of the business of the night. Even Jews, to secure their places, had joined in the prayers of Christians. To the last moment it seemed doubtful whether the great fiscal Minister would show. And when at last he came, and had commenced his marvellous speech, and men saw his face pale and worn, and observed him leaning, as if fatigued, against the table, it was doubtful whether his voice would really last to the end. His physician was seated under the gallery, watch in hand, observing this wonderful physical effort. Through the brass lattice of the ladies' gallery, his wife was looking and listening, still more riveted, still more anxious. Gladstone spoke for four hours. Not for

a moment did the musical river of speech ever falter. There was the same eager play of feature, dramatic action, and melodious utterance. The speech was concluded by a peroration in the loftiest vein of eloquence, which neither the elder nor the younger Pitt could have excelled. It was less a speech than an epic. The effect on the House was extraordinary, and the same thrill of delight and admiration ran throughout the country. Only there were one or two grumblers who suggested that this impressive bronchitis was simply an ingenious ruse.

But Mr. Gladstone quietly answering a question, with his energies held in leash, or Mr. Gladstone with his power of luminous exposition setting forth the principles of the Budget, are both very different to Mr. Gladstone in the full sweep of impassioned oratory. Then we have what Mr. Bernal Osborne calls "the Red Indian." "We see before us the splendid savage bounding on to the floor of the house—the swift of foot, the eagle eye, the voice that rings like the sound of victory; the manly presence that reminds us of a chieftain." Sometimes, directly he rises, he raises his warwhoop and brandishes his tomahawk, and the work of scalping and excoriation begins. One of his famous speeches, in answer to Mr. Disraeli, has been thus described: "In the memory of the present generation there has no speech been delivered in the House of Commons in which there was such a rushing eloquence; such a rage of words. Its 'go' was incomparable. There was not even time to cheer. It seemed as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had only five minutes to spare, and into that space had to crowd the entire Dictionary.

"He seemed to be speaking against time, and the pace reminded one of nothing so much as the last half-mile of the Derby. He kept this up for a good hour. He swept on as a hurricane, the House as he tore on rising to catch every word. There was exultation in his voice; there was an intensity of hate in his speech of which the printed report conveys but a poor idea. He took the House by storm and retained it for the remainder of the evening. It was a physical rather than an intellectual impression which he had created. It would be difficult to state what was the gist of Mr. Gladstone's speech. It was a sensation rather than a demonstration which he had made; but the sensation was tremendous." And this brings us to that sensitiveness, irritability, and bad temper, which, after all, stamp Mr. Gladstone as being only an imperfect Christian. Mr. Horsman, on a memorable occasion, crossed swords with him. He told Mr. Gladstone that he always began his reply by knocking a man down, and that he knocked everybody down who attempted to dispute with him. Many other very uncomfortable things did Mr. Horsman say. The "Saturday Review," which always treats Mr. Gladstone as a spoilt child, with alternate caresses and reproaches, thus described the effect: "As each keen and polished sarcasm told upon the House, there gathered over his countenance that expression of condensed, unutterable passion, which those who have watched him know so well. His lip curled savagely; his eyes flashed; his attitude became more rigid; his fingers twitched; the paleness of his face grew ghastlier and ghastlier, leaving not a vestige of color on his cheek except the dark spot on the centre,—the shadow thrown by the high cheek-bone as the light fell on it from above." Something of the same sort happened when Mr. Gladstone, on a mem-



orable evening, again and again interrupted Mr. Disraeli, and laid himself open to a sharp rebuke, in which the sense of the House concurred. On one occasion he used an expression towards Mr. Disraeli, concerning which he afterwards said, "I think the expression was a very improper one, and I sincerely regret that I have used it." To such mistakes does Mr. Gladstone's peculiar temperament render him liable. It is pleasant after such things to find him, at the Mansion House, calling Mr. Disraeli his right honorable friend. But Mr. Gladstone is generally assaulting some one. He is said to resemble the retired hangman, who felt obliged to execute a puppy once a week. Once he gave the House of Lords the severest scolding which that august body ever received.

Mr. Gladstone's "verbiage" has been immensely discussed. A man said, some years ago, that he had been into the House of Commons seventeen times in the course of a day or two, and each time found Mr. Gladstone speaking. He has never been able, as the Frenchman said, to avail himself of a great opportunity of holding his tongue. Mr. Kendall, recently member for Cornwall, happily said that Mr. Gladstone would not say that twice six was twelve, but he would say that twice six multiplied by three minus thirty plus six was twelve. A writer in the "Quarterly Review," describes Mr. Gladstone answering a question, and contrasts him with Lord Palmerston. "Supposing each Minister was asked what day the session would be over, the Viscount would reply, that it was the intention of Her Majesty to close the session on the 18th of August. Mr. Gladstone would possibly premise, that, inasmuch as it was for Her Majesty to decide upon the day which would be most acceptable to herself, it was scarcely compatible with parliamentary etiquette to ask her Ministers to anticipate such decision; but, presuming that he quite understood the purport of the right honorable gentleman's question, of which he was not entirely assured, the completion of the duties of the House of Commons and the formal termination of the sitting of the Legislature being two distinct things, he would say, that her Majesty's Ministers had represented to the Queen that the former would probably be accomplished about the 18th of August, and that such day would not be unfavorable for the latter; and therefore if the Sovereign should be pleased to ratify that view of the case, the day he had named would probably be that inquired after by the right honorable gentleman."

It is remarkable how Mr. Gladstone errs both on the side of diffidence and on the side of confidence. Thus, in the late Lancashire election, he declared that he was nobody, and his opinions were nothing. He was always tearing his raiment and pouring ashes on his head. He speaks of "his humble and insignificant person." "It would be the height of arrogance," he almost whines, "to forget that I am no more than a young, a late, a feeble laborer in this happy cause." "If my affection is of the smallest advantage to that great, that ancient, that noble institution, that advantage, *small as it is, and it is most insignificant*, Oxford will possess as long as I live." In almost abject terms he alluded, in the House of Commons, to his connection with the Whig party. "I am too well aware of the relations that subsist between the party and myself. I have none of the claims he (Lord Russell) possesses. I came among you an outcast from those with whom I associated; driven from them, I admit, by no arbitrary

act, but by the slow and resistless force of conviction. I came among you—to make use of the legal phraseology—in *formâ pauperis*. I had nothing to offer you but faithful and honorable service. You received me as Dido received the shipwrecked Æneas,

"Ejectum littore egentem  
Accepti,"

and I only trust you may not hereafter at any time have to complete the sentence in regard to me—

"Et regni demens in parte locavi."

You received me with kindness, indulgence, generosity, and I may even say with some measure of confidence. And the relation between us has assumed such a form that you can never be my debtors, but that I must forever be in your debt." Now this language is positively servile and unreal; and now that Mr. Gladstone is Premier, it is to be hoped that he will leave it off.

But Mr. Gladstone figures at all kinds of meetings, and makes all kinds of speeches. He is opening a school; he is addressing a mechanics' institute; he is adorning a penny reading; he is receiving an address; he is taking part in some religious meeting, perchance for the S. P. G. At Burslem, on the great Wedgwood occasion, he confined himself, as if afraid of his own genius, rigidly to his manuscript. A little anecdote of Mr. Gladstone's public speaking may be interesting. On one occasion he had promised to attend a local meeting in behalf of the S. P. G., in a vast London central parish. With the usual stupidity of the local mind, the meeting was most insufficiently made known in the neighborhood. The result was that there was not a single reporter present, and the general attendance was exceedingly thin. A chairman was extemporized, and soon after he had begun, Mr. Gladstone drove up, and in turn addressed the audience. The speech has been described to us as one of the happiest efforts he ever made. He addressed his scanty audience with all the clearness, force, and eloquence with which he could have addressed the House of Commons. An apology for the thin attendance was made to him, and the chairman explained that he was in no way responsible for the want of the proper arrangements. Mr. Gladstone courteously waived any apology, and said how glad he was, on any occasion and to any audience, to support a cause to which he was so much attached.

It will be interesting to turn away from politics to discuss Mr. Gladstone's place and office in literature. In speaking of Mr. Gladstone as a literary man, we should, perhaps, first speak of him as a poet; for, though he has not written much poetry, much may be gathered from the little he has written. Jointly with Lord Littelton he issued a volume of "Translations," which, printed at first for private circulation, has subsequently enjoyed extensive publicity.

Mr. Gladstone's Greek and Latin compositions hardly rise above, if indeed they attain the level of, University prize compositions, and cannot, in scholastic merit, be for a moment compared with Lord Littelton's wonderful performances. His translation of that beautiful hymn, Toplady's "Rock of Ages," into rhyming monkish Latin, is, indeed, an exceedingly happy effort; but his translations into English from ancient and modern authors better show the poetical quality of his mind. We will quote just one brief passage from the Italian, of Manzoni's Ode on the Death of Napoleon:—



"How often, as the listless day  
In silence died away,  
With lightning eye deprest,  
And arms across upon his breast,  
He stood, and memory's rushing train  
Came down on him again:  
The breezy tents he seemed to see,  
And the battering cannon's course,  
And the flashing of the infantry,  
And the torrent of the horse,  
And the quick ecstatic word,  
Obeyed as soon as heard."

His earliest work, that difficult and obscure "Essay on the State in Relation to the Church,"\* which seemed to belong, if ever work belonged, to the region of abstract opinions, has of late been very eagerly scrutinized. The chief interest of Mr. Gladstone's publications is, first, the light that is thereby thrown on his political course, and on the growth of his peculiar mental idiosyncrasy. We cannot help thinking, in glancing through Mr. Gladstone's various works, that he has shifted almost as much in his theological as in his political creed. Mr. Gladstone is always supposed to have intimate relations with the "Guardian" newspaper. It would be interesting to compare Mr. Gladstone's stand-point in the Essay, and in the earlier numbers of the "Guardian," with the "Guardian's" review of "Ecce Homo," Mr. Gladstone's own book on "Ecce Homo," and Mr. Gladstone's own references to Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism," in that Edinburgh address, which is perhaps the most careful and finished of all his publications. Mr. Gladstone has given us a commentary on the Essay in his recent "Chapter of Autobiography," which contains much noble writing, especially in his sketch of the Oxford movement (pp. 28-31). He clearly explains his original point of view. "The distinctive principle of the book was supposed to be that the State had a conscience; but the controversy really lies not in the existence of a conscience in the State, so much as in the extent of its range. Few would deny the obligation of a State to follow the moral law. Every treaty, for example, proceeds upon it. The true issue was this: whether the State, in the best condition, has such a conscience as can take cognizance of religious truth and error, and in particular whether the state of the United Kingdom, at a period somewhat exceeding thirty years ago, was or was not so far in that condition as to be under an obligation to give an active and an exclusive support to the established religion of the country." Mr. Gladstone has favored the world with the very interesting correspondence with Macaulay, which seems to have considerably shaken him in the stability of his opinions. Let us now look at the practical results. "Scarcely had my work issued from the press, when I became aware that there was no party, no sectional party, no individual person, probably, in the House of Commons who was prepared to act upon it. I found myself the last man on the sinking ship." The question subsequently arises, why, if he had changed his views, he postponed all idea of legislation till a great party opportunity arose? He makes answer, "I have not been disposed, at any time of life, gratuitously to undertake agitations of the most difficult, and at times apparently the most hopeless, questions." This is an instance of that political and worldly adroitness which has characterized Mr. Gladstone amid all his aberrations.

He thought that the question might not come on

in his lifetime. In touching language he says: "On that subject I will only say, that a man who in 1865 completed his thirty-third year of a laborious career; who had already followed to the grave the remains of almost all the friends abreast of whom he had started from the University in the career of public life; and who had observed that, excepting two recent cases, it was hard to find in our whole history a single man who had been permitted to reach the fortieth year of a course of labor similar to his own within the walls of the House of Commons; such a man might surely be excused if he did not venture to reckon for himself on an exemption from the lot of greater and better men, and if he formed a less sanguine estimate of the fraction of space yet remaining to him than seems to have been the case with his critics." He says, however, that he still does not coincide with Macaulay's view that Government only means police, although it is difficult to see with much clearness where his view now differs from Macaulay's. The "Essay" was chiefly known, and will be chiefly remembered, through this famous review.

Other publications, comparatively little known, might be cited which illustrate the progress of Mr. Gladstone's opinions. Mr. Gladstone's letter to the Bishop of Aberdeen is a very remarkable one. He holds that synodical action of some sort is necessary to the well-being of a church, and that the laity, as a body, must take some part in the church synod; and that in matters ecclesiastical their assent and authority cannot be dispensed with. He writes as a Scotch churchman. He suggests that there should be three chambers; bishops, clergy, and laity respectively. He alludes to the deplorable condition of the Colonial Church. Much of this language caused alarm among his most fervent supporters. It was clearly seen, for instance, by Dr. Wordsworth, the Warden of Glenalmond, who published a letter to him, that he looked, albeit indirectly, to a separation between Church and State.

It should be noted that Bunsen prefixes to his "Church of the Future" a correspondence between himself and Mr. Gladstone, in which Mr. Gladstone says: "Although I see in the Church of England everywhere the signs of revival and improvement, there is yet an evil condition of things which can only be averted by an increase of the episcopate." Mr. Gladstone's vote has brought very near to us the question of the disestablishment of the Church of England, which is one of the next large questions looming on the political horizon. We need not discuss further Mr. Gladstone's religious writings, which display all his "earnestness," but which, if they had not owned his name, would probably have dropped still-born from the press.

In 1851 Mr. Gladstone published his translation of Signor Farini's "Roman State from 1815 to 1850." These four volumes of translation form one more proof of his versatility and his enormous industry. While Mr. Gladstone was translating the earlier portion, Signor Farini was concluding the latter portion, which he dedicated to his translator. "I decided on relating then to you, sir," writes Farini, "who, by your love of Italian letters, and your deeds of Italian charity, have established a relationship with Italy in the spirit of those great Italian writers who have been our masters in eloquence, in civil philosophy, and in national virtue, from Dante and Machiavelli down to Alfieri and Gioberti." Mr. Gladstone has now become a household name in Italy. What the present Sir Robert Peel is to

\* We have been using a copy which belonged to H. R. H. the late Duke of Sussex. The margin is filled with the Duke's notes, the volume being thoroughly analyzed and annotated by him in a very thoughtful way.



Geneva, Mr. Gladstone is to the whole of Italy. Of the language and literature of the country he is an absolute master. On one occasion he is known to have delivered a speech of three hours in faultless Italian. Mr. Gladstone's vigorous and hearty exertions on behalf of Italian nationality proved great helps to his popularity at home. Those efforts probably had some effect in hastening the Italian revolution. It is not often that a publication has such a large and direct political influence as Mr. Gladstone's "Letters to Lord Aberdeen on the State of the Neapolitan Prisons."

Mr. Gladstone's statements on Italian matters were impugned by Lord Normanby and others, but their accuracy was hardly materially affected. The Letters were the result of a long sojourn which he made in Naples in 1850-51. Lord Palmerston sent Mr. Gladstone's Letters to every English ambassador, requesting each one to bring them under the notice of the court to which he was accredited. The Neapolitan Government itself published an answer, which Mr. Gladstone met by a crushing rejoinder. It would be out of place to enter here on a criticism of Mr. Gladstone's work on Homer and the Homeric Age. In much it is deeply interesting, though the scholarship is defective, and the work is rather a matter of derision than otherwise with German critics. It is very curious to notice Mr. Gladstone's crotchety nature, as shown in these volumes. It is not only that he sees mystic adumbrations of the *cultus* of the Virgin, and of the doctrine of the Trinity; in the most chivalrous way he espouses the cause of Helen, and expends a great deal of ingenuity in exploring the force of the middle voice, in order to ascertain whether Homer's princesses washed their heroes themselves, or caused them to be washed. Mr. Gladstone has also contributed to the "Quarterly Review" and the "Oxford University Essays."

There will frequently be observed in Mr. Gladstone's writings, a kind of "energy divine," and a *curiosa felicitas* of words. In all that Mr. Gladstone writes, there is, to some extent, the same energy of language, the same strong, happy, idiomatic English. Only it must be owned that, although these elements exist, they are by no means constant elements in Mr. Gladstone's compositions. You often meet with a page of exquisite English, but also over how many wearisome pages you must travel before you alight upon such an oasis of the desert. We candidly confess that we find it an extremely difficult matter to read with enjoyment, as a whole, any one of Mr. Gladstone's literary works. Macaulay tells a story, — or perhaps invented one, — that a man chose to go to the galleys rather than read Guicciardini; and Guicciardini is, to say the least, easier reading than Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone's books owe any popularity they may enjoy to the fact that they were written by the leading statesman of the age. If it were not for this they would probably be chiefly remembered as marvels of logomachy and wasted ingenuity, or be speedily forgotten. At the period of publication they will eagerly be examined to see what Mr. Gladstone's opinions may be on important events in contemporary history. Even his speeches, so irresistible in their hearing, have very much the same character in their perusal.

Who ever fairly followed Mr. Gladstone through all those interminable speeches of his in his Lancashire campaign? The most inveterate reader of the "Times" would be content to glance his eyes down

that wilderness of verbiage, allowing it at times to rest on the passages which elicited bursts of cheering, but greatly wondering to what the cheering could be attributed. Mr. Gladstone's speeches are sometimes said to be Demosthenic. We hope the parallel is not altogether complete, for Demosthenes was as unfortunate as a statesman as he was magnificent as an orator. But can any one sincerely believe that Mr. Gladstone's speeches will ever be classic as our Demosthenes? As we read the Greek orator we see how every word is essential to a sentence, and every sentence to a *periodus oratorica*. There are many noble passages in Mr. Gladstone's speeches, but whole columns might be cut out, and the pruning-knife should everywhere be unsparingly applied. How feebly, and in a kind of anticlimax, do these long, involved sentences, end! what involutions, what parentheses, what twistings and zigzags of speech! How often do we regret, for Mr. Gladstone's own scholarlike fame and literary repute, that fluent volubility of speech, which is often as so much sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.

As we listen to the great orator, we are borne away on the resistless tide of his eloquence; but as the words meet us in the passionless print, we see that there is a luxuriance of foliage without fruit, that exuberance of language often hides poverty of thought, and that often an enormous expenditure of labor has been incurred on behalf of some barren intellectual crotchet. It may safely be said that no writer of real eminence has written so voluminously as Mr. Gladstone, and, at the same time, has made such slender additions to the knowledge, amusement, or thought of humanity.

It will readily be conceded that Mr. Gladstone's strength lies in practical politics rather than in authorship. But we are forced to believe that the same qualities or defects of mind which pervade his writings must also belong to his statesmanship. One of the keenest of Liberal writers has said of him that he is "a statesman of the very highest class of the second rank, a statesman of wonderful resource on all subjects, of fine insight on many, — but not a statesman of deeply matured political principles, nor one of the safest judgment." Some such estimate as this is, we think, substantially correct. Mr. Gladstone has also been called the most vulnerable of politicians. His course seems unpatriotic in the Crimean war, and unnatural in defending the Chinese for poisoning wells. Still, his friends urge his unbounded honesty; and while we vehemently urge this ourselves, we see that this honesty has generally been exercised in harmony with his personal and political predilections. Mr. Gladstone invests every side he adopts with a halo of earnestness and political truth. But when this halo is successively attached to two different sides of a subject, it becomes something of a will-o'-the-wisp or a mist. When Mr. Gladstone advocates the extinction of the Income Tax, and when with growing love he expatiates on its utility and its charms; when he vehemently condemned Mr. Olivier for desiring to cheapen French wines which the English could never drink, and afterwards cheapened them because drinkable above all drinks; when he strongly advocated the system of small boroughs, and shortly afterwards ruthlessly prepared to sweep small boroughs away, it becomes rather puzzling to outsiders to determine on which side the Gladstonian earnestness and truth is really enlisted.

\* We have no desire to interfere with politics, and do not discuss his anticipated legislation on the



Irish Church. But it has been surprising that political writers have not connected this with his crusade against endowments some years ago. It will be remembered how strongly he advocated the heavy taxation of charities, and with that want of proportion so characteristic of his mind he could not modify a sweeping principle to meet particular instances. He would, for instance, tax the London hospitals, though the result would be that hundreds of in-door patients and thousands of out-door patients would necessarily be excluded under most afflicting circumstances from these humane palaces of suffering. Such is the result of applying an inflexible political principle to complex conditions of society. Mr. Gladstone has now obtained the roc's egg in the Westminster Palace for which all the politicians sigh. But the question evermore arises, *What will he do with it?* If the highest statesmanship was a necessary adjunct to the highest oratory, there could be no doubt of the answer. But, historically speaking, statesmanship and oratory are easily susceptible of divorce. The concentrated fires of passionate speech are soon opposed to the *lumen siccum* of philosophical truth. However that may be, all patriotic Englishmen may well have a national pride in their Premier: in his scholarship, his eloquence, his earnestness, his profound religious nature, his vast experience, his enormous industry, his boundless capacity; and the most timid may, for a time, check their forebodings, and wish him all good wishes for a strong, successful, and glorious administration.

### HARRIET MARTINEAU.

DURING what is now a long series of years, whenever death had taken from us any of our greatest men, there was sure to appear in the Daily News an obituary, or rather a biography, of remarkable power and ability. Other newspapers might give ampler detail or make display of cooler judgment; but in these Daily News' articles there was a charm which seemed peculiarly their own. A quick and ready sympathy with all that was genuine and noble, and a hearty dislike for whatever was artificial and unreal, lent freshness to the writing. And then there was a certain picturesque manner in the arrangement of the subject and grouping of incidents, which showed that a great literary artist was at work.

At last the secret was discovered, or perhaps betrayed itself, and we knew how Harriet Martineau, still unconquered by her long and depressing illness, was laboring on as earnestly, and apparently as hopefully, as ever. Some of those of whom she wrote had started in the race long after her first fame was won. Some had been dear friends of her own, and with others she had once struggled in some good cause, and shared with them a common victory. Some were still availing themselves of her aid for reforms yet unachieved, when they had to leave their work for her and others to complete. Of all those whose biographies she has written, there are few, or none, of whom she had no personal recollections and special knowledge.

These Biographies, therefore, have an interest, to which the ordinary newspaper obituary cannot pretend. They are not only accounts of great leaders in the two worlds of thought and action, but also the impressions these men have left of themselves on a mind which is at once singularly acute and vigorous. There is no doubt that there is something lost on the side of strict impartiality, but there is a vast

compensating gain on the other side; and then, though Miss Martineau is of far too warm a temperament and is too thorough and generous a partisan to be quite impartial, — there is, at least, no conscious unfairness. If she praises heartily, it is because she feels deeply. If she extenuates little, she puts down naught in malice. The scales of justice may at times seem to dip unduly in her hands, but there has been no additional weight thrown in but her own strong sense of what is right and wrong. There is, nevertheless, we think, but small doubt that Miss Martineau's deepest sympathies lie rather with the men who govern than with the men who write. It is not merely that their sphere of action is more important or their range of influence wider, but she seems to understand them better, and respect them more. She can allow for their difficulties more readily, and find quicker excuses for their short-comings. Nor can we say that she is altogether wrong; at least, as regards the men whose lives she has here reviewed.

With, perhaps, the one exception of Henry Hallam, the men of letters seem here morally inferior to the men of action. Even the feebleness of Lord Carlisle is respectable as compared with that of De Quincey. The Duke of Newcastle, unsuccessful politician as he was, contrasts brightly with Lockhart the successful critic, or Rogers the spoilt favorite of fashion. And who, of all the names before us, had a sense of duty like that which guided Lord Elgin on his path? Miss Martineau's sketch of this great man seems to us nearly the most perfect in the volume. It is clear that she esteemed him as he deserved, and there is a something of suppressed pathos in the way in which she speaks of his untimely death. Once before, in a private memorial called "A British Friendship," she has touchingly alluded to the strange chance which made three old Christ-Church friends — Lords Dalhousie, Canning, and Elgin — each, in turn, Governor-General of India, and each, in turn, a victim to its deadly climate. No doubt, in India, as elsewhere, "the path of duty is the way to glory," and Lord Elgin's name will long be honored. But in this world, at least, this faithful Scotchman was not to find

"The stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outadden  
All voluptuous garden roses."

He was to die far from his home, and those he loved so truly, and find his last resting-place in a distant cemetery among the Himalayas.

Another sketch, scarcely less interesting but widely different, is that of Lady Noel Byron. Miss Martineau knew her and appreciated her, and has told us what indeed we knew otherwise, how noble and good a woman she was. She assures us, too, what perhaps we all did not know, how deep was Lady Byron's love for her perverse and wilful husband. It was her firm belief that it was wrong for her to live with him any longer, though the conduct which led to this belief she kept a secret from the world; but in spite of all, in spite of misrepresentation and abuse and calumny, she loved him still.

"She loved him to the last with a love which it was not in his own power to destroy. She gloried in his fame, and she would not interfere between him and the public who adored him, any more than she would admit the public to judge between him and her. As we have said, her love endured to the last. It was her fortune which gave him the means of pursuing his mode of life abroad. He spent the utmost shilling of her property that the



law gave him while he lived; and he left away from her every shilling that he could deprive her of by his will; and what the course of life was, which he thus supported, he himself had left on record. Yet, after all this, the interview which she had with his servant after his death shows what a depth of passion lay concealed under the calm surface of her reserve.

"It will be remembered that when Byron knew himself to be dying he called to his man Fletcher and desired him to 'go to Lady Byron and . . . ' Here his utterance became unintelligible, till he said, 'You will tell her this'; and Fletcher was obliged to reply, 'I have not heard one syllable that you have been saying.' 'Good God!' exclaimed the dying man; but it was too late for more. Fletcher did 'go to Lady Byron'; but during the whole interview she walked up and down the room, trying to stifle her sobs, and obtain power to ask the questions which were surging in her heart. She could not speak, and he was obliged to leave her."

Here is a description of poor Charlotte Brontë, which brings her vividly before us:—

"There was something inexpressibly affecting in the aspect of the frail little creature who had done such wonderful things, and who was able to bear up with so bright an eye and so composed a countenance, under not only such a weight of sorrow, but such a prospect of solitude. In her deep mourning dress (neat as a Quaker's), with her beautiful hair, smooth and brown, and her fine eyes, and her sensible face indicating a habit of self-control, she seemed a perfect household image, irresistibly recalling Wordsworth's description of that domestic treasure. And she was this. She was as able at the needle as at the pen. The household knew the excellence of her cookery before they heard of that of her books. In so utter a seclusion as she lived in, in those dreary wilds, where she was not strong enough to roam over the hills; in that retreat where her studious father rarely broke the silence, and there was no one else to do it; in that forlorn house planted on the very clay of the churchyard where the graves of her sisters were before her window; in such a living sepulchre her mind could not but prey upon itself: and how it did suffer, we see in the more painful portions of her last novel, 'Villette.'"

As we close the volume, we feel but one regret, that the lives are only *sketches*. Why were not the Daily News' articles freshly drawn, on a larger scale, and with greater fullness? As they are, however, we are grateful for them.

They may not be full-length portraits, but if they were, the workmanship could not be better. But when was Miss Martineau ever a careless artist? More than forty years must have passed since first she began to publish, and she has scarcely written anything that is not masterly and good. What a versatility of power and what a masculine grasp of great subjects she has always shown! Whether it is a question of abstruse philosophy, or some political subject of the day, there is always the same ease and vigor. We may differ from her, and quarrel with her if we like, but at least we must respect her. And in much that she has written, there is no possible ground for either difference or quarrel. There are those delightful tales that first popularized political economy, — there is that beautiful novel, "Deerbrook," — there are "Feats on the Fiord," and "The Crofton Boys," — there are her graphic volumes of English History, and other works only inferior to these.

Remembering, then, all the pleasure which in past days we have owed to her, we are glad of the opportunity her "Biographical Sketches" gives us, to tell Miss Martineau how heartily we welcome a new book of hers, worthy to take its place with those she gave us so many years ago.

#### EUROPEAN EMIGRATION AND AMERICAN PROGRESS.

AMONG the particulars of public intelligence recently received from the United States, there is one which, unless we mistake its bearing, is of infinitely greater importance than reports of political struggles, or aspirations after extension of frontier. It is announced that the immigration from Europe into New York in 1868 fell short by 30,000 — about twelve per cent — of that of 1867. And, it is added, as matter of speculation, that although high prices and uncertainty of employment in America may have contributed to the change, yet, as regards Ireland at least, the source is "beginning to run dry." The commencement of a new geological era could hardly be more significant for the earth's surface than that of so great a reaction as this against the tendency of the last generation would be for its social condition.

We have already on more than one occasion pointed out the probability of this revolution, looking at it from a British point of view; and now the echo of our own words seems to come back to us from America. Our own records show a falling off in Irish emigration of 10,000, or about 12 per cent, for 1867 as against 1866; a falling off which appeared to continue through the first three months of last year, down to which period alone we have seen returns. The declension is slow, it will probably be for some time fluctuating; but when we consider the extent to which Ireland has been depleted during the last twenty years by the removal of the young and energetic portion of her population, and also the real, though as yet slight, increase of national well-being at home, there certainly are ominous signs in view that we have reached "the beginning of the end."

Whatever the result may be on our prosperity at home, if such be really the case, the prospect is a little formidable for the United States, which depend so mainly for their material progress on the ample supplies of ready, sturdy, unfastidious labor which Ireland has so long furnished. But it would raise still more serious considerations if the fact should prove to be (as there are certain indications) that the supply from Germany is likely to diminish also. The great exodus from that quarter has already had remarkable effects on the progress of events in that country, if not quite so marked as in Ireland. The principal source of emigration has hitherto been Southwestern Germany, together with Hesse Cassel, and some other regions north of the Main.

Now the population of Southwestern Germany has only increased from eight millions in 1834 (in round numbers) to nine millions at present, a slower rate of increase even than that of France, which has been of late the subject of so much discussion. If we were to take the principal homes of emigrants by themselves, — Baden, Wurtemberg, the two Hesses, — the result would be still more marked; in these States population has remained very nearly stationary. This emigration has done, but it has also carried off from Germany, as from Ireland, an



unfair proportion of the young and active, and thereby diminished the fund on which it draws for continuance. Add to this the undoubted signs of a recent increase of material well-being and social activity over much of this German region; add, further, the increasing dearness of life in America, and we shall be able to estimate the reasons which exist for apprehending that a gradual but steady decline in the vast army of labor which Europe sends forth by annual instalments to America is likely to be accomplished.

Assuming that these prophecies of evil are to be fulfilled, the results on the economical progress of the United States would be very serious indeed, and, indirectly, on that of the civilized world in general. At no period of their existence has an ample and increasing supply of industrious immigrants been more required there. The great railway across the continent is fast approaching completion. It will bridge over the long journey between the East and the as yet unpeopled West, and render the distance between New York and San Francisco practically shorter than that between Liverpool and New York. There will be a vast movement of the energetic Eastern population in that direction. There will be new cities to build, new states and territories to settle, new empires (we might almost say) to found. But none of this can be done unless the head-work of the American colonist is seconded by the physical labor of the thousands on thousands of inferior toilers whom he had hitherto contrived to enlist in his service, or unless his fertile imagination and the necessities of the case bring about some substitutes. What are the chances of this?

Subsidized emigration—the transplanting at the public expense of hordes of paupers from one side of the Atlantic to the other—is a resource which will probably present itself to many minds here; it is probably the very last which American intelligence would favor.

Negro labor (if events turn out as our hypothesis supposes) will rise in the market. For the negro, a diminution in foreign, particularly Irish, immigration would be a boon of the highest order. Necessity would overcome even the inveterate hatred of the South and the cold aversion of the North. It would silence the idle speculation of those who are forever proclaiming the incorrigible indolence of the race as a pretext for perpetual oppression. "Pay the negro well and he will work well," was General Grant's curt and true reply to a Louisiana senator, who wanted the other day to get State assistance for public works, while unemployed colored labor was at hand in abundance. Those who have seen negroes at work where they are well paid and well looked after, in some of the few industrious establishments of the South conducted by Northerners, will not have much doubt about the matter. And those who have not such experience ought at least to be aware that the cotton production of America is reviving to an extent somewhat formidable to competitors, and that every pound of American cotton is now grown by free colored hands. Still, this resource is but a limited one, and will by no means suffice. It could only be utilized through displacing and setting free white labor in old localities; for the blacks are not adapted to work in the cold bracing regions of the interior, to which the great Atlantic and Pacific railway is now to conduct the flood of immigration.

There remains only one other source of supply;

one as yet strange to our ideas, but which is already coming into play, and will extend its action year by year until it results in changes as yet unforeseen. China, with its 400,000,000 of people, lies immediately opposite San Francisco: and the spell which so long forbade the migration of its gain-loving and energetic people being now fairly broken, there is nothing to oppose their swarming to fill up the vacuum. More than forty years ago there appeared, in the transactions of some American historical society, the strange narrative of an Indian wanderer who had made his way from the Atlantic States to within a day's journey of the Great Western Water, when he was frightened by tidings of "bearded men," described to be "white, with long beards," who made slaves, it was said, of the natives. They were thick and short, had "long heads which were covered with cloth. They were always dressed, even in the greatest heat; had fire-arms, with powder and ball,—pieces heavier than those of the Indians, but which could not carry so far." They came over the sea "in search of a dirty wood" (fustic, probably) "which dyes a fine yellow." Such is the earliest record with which we have ourselves met of Chinese commercial enterprise in America. The nation now furnishes a very large part of the population in the maritime parts of California; with sufficient demand, the supply is unlimited; and future days will, perhaps, witness a strange peaceful contest between numbers, industry, dogged perseverance, and the communistic habits of the Asiatic race, always acting in mutual support, on the one hand, and the higher intelligence and individual energy of men of European blood on the other.

But there is yet another resource of a different order, perhaps more important than any of these, which the American will possess in his struggle with the supposed difficulty with which we have threatened him. It will tax to the utmost one of his greatest qualities,—his ingenuity, exercised in supplying deficiency and dearness of manual labor through machinery. It is perhaps the faculty of which we Western races in general have the greatest reason to be proud, as specially our own. It exists nowhere in the world except among us and our American descendants. But the latter, urged by necessity, have applied it, not, indeed, on a grander scale than ourselves, but more habitually and with far greater versatility; nor is it possible to limit in imagination the extent to which their ingenuity in this direction may be stimulated by such a call on it as that which we anticipate.

#### A MODERN ALPHABET INVENTOR.

A FEW months back a paragraph in the New York Tribune stated that a literary relic had been sold in that city for the sum of eleven hundred and thirty dollars,—the highest price any book has fetched in that country. It was a copy of Eliot's Indian Bible, a book that no man living can read. Eliot was a Puritan Englishman, who emigrated to New England on account of his religious opinions, and died at Roxbury, where a handsome memorial was erected to his memory by his admirers.

This brought to my recollection the labors of another ingenious mind, known by the name of George Guess among the people of the United States. He was an Indian, and his name See-quo-lah. If ever a record of patient industry, untiring perseverance, and natural ingenuity deserves record, it is this. Eliot's Bible was in Mohegan, with



the usual Roman letters, with different signs to denote the different inflections of sounds. But See-quo-lah invented an alphabet for the use of his tribe. His idea originated in the early French and Indian wars. The Cherokees had a white prisoner, on whose person they found a letter; to satisfy his capturers, the prisoner had to read it for their edification. But of course the tenor of his reading differed greatly from what he pretended to read from.

The "talking leaf" had ever been a mystery to these untutored minds of the prairie. They had long considered it a gift of the Great Spirit, and held it in great veneration. But See-quo-lah, then a youth, knew better; he maintained that it was purely man's invention, and the desire to have a written alphabet for his tribe possessed him. For a long time the idea lay dormant; the migrations of the tribe or their predatory excursions left him no leisure. But lamed, and as it proved, for life, the long hours of his forced imprisonment brought forth the old idea. His first attempt was to gather all the sounds of the Cherokee tongue; but the result was far from encouraging. He collected above two hundred. His next difficulty was to place a sign as equivalent to a sound. Like the old Egyptians, and probably like the first alphabet inventors, whoever they may be, he made use of hieroglyphics. He embodied pictures of birds, beasts, &c., which approximated with the sounds, and served best as a representation. But the mind, before it could realize such a category, would require an immense amount of training. He looked over the extensive list with some dismay, and endeavored to modify it. He was successful enough to abbreviate it to eighty-six. He was able to accomplish this, because in Cherokee all syllables have a vowel ending. An enumeration and classification of these syllables made, and a sign for each, would complete it. Thus there needed no distinction between vowels and consonants. A rather unwieldy affair, no doubt; but when the system was learned, easier to spell by than by using Eliot's method. The longest word of this system contains but fourteen signs or syllables, while the longest words of Eliot's have often over thirty.

It took the ancient world ages before it could entirely discard the picture-signs for letters. The idea of simple letters stole on imperceptibly, and is enveloped in inexplicable mystery. But this poor Indian at one stroke discarded his picture-signs, and invented an alphabet almost as commodious as those of European nations. His next difficulty was to make so many signs dissimilar to each other. Perhaps he might have seen some English printed matter, for some of his signs greatly resemble our letters. The figure 4 is prominently used. Some signs are like Greek or Asiatic letters, others like Slavonian. But they have a far different sound from their prototypes, if such they were. The sign S sounds like *th*, M like *lu*, and the rest are equally different. But most of them are pure inventions. All are used over again in different postures, so to speak, — distorted, inverted, or abbreviated.

His pen was a nail; he wrote on bark. Eventually (about 1825) he obtained a pen and some paper from one of those frontier traders, but the pen was carefully preserved as a guide to manufacture others by. His ink he made himself from barks. His first pupil was his daughter.

But, like Roger Bacon, Gutenberg, Galileo, and others, his neighbors suspected him of practising the black art. Doubtless he seldom left his hut;

his mind being in his work, his time would be taken up with it. His tribe shunned him; but his inoffensive, as well as his pitiable condition, preserved him from any dire consequences.

He was told that they would see the fruits of his labors before they judged too harshly. The following year he brought his invention before the sachems of the tribe, causing his daughter to write from his dictation in an adjoining apartment, and *vice versa*. The tribe were astonished; and after a little wavering, and his assurance of using no supernatural powers, they allowed him to instruct some of the youths of the tribe. After several months' interval, the youths were brought forward, and, amid great popular excitement, were tested and examined in as many ingenious ways as the cunning Indians could suggest; but the youths proved themselves masters of the new art.

His discovery led to the printing of the New Testament in the Cherokee language; in 1825, the United States cast a fount of type from his invention, and even printed a newspaper from it (The Phoenix). The capitals differ from the small letters only in being made a little larger. The missionaries brought in the use of Arabic numerals, although See-quo-lah had invented numerals to correspond.

He afterwards expressed his regret that his invention should have been promoted to undermine the principles of his Indian religion. He never became a Christian. When his tribe were obliged to move out of Georgia, he accompanied them to their new home in Arkansas. We next hear of him in Northern Mexico, and then at San Francisco, where he died at the age of seventy-eight, in August, 1843.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will, early in April, receive the compliment of a public dinner from the journalists of Liverpool.

A GRAND commemoration of Mendelssohn is to take place in Berlin on the anniversary of his death, on the 4th of next November.

WACHTEL, the tenor singer, has just been decorated with the Order of the White Hawk at the hands of the Grand Duke of Weimar.

MARK LEMON is reading "Falstaff" in Scotland. Robert Buchanan is favoring the London public with recitations from his own poems.

CHARLES ROBERT WELD, a brother-in-law of Tennyson, and the author of several successful books of travel, recently died at Bath, England.

THE inauguration of the Theatre of the Viceroy of Egypt at Cairo (a building run up in less than three months), has just taken place with the representation of the *Belle Helène*.

THE negotiations for Mademoiselle Schneider's trip to Egypt have fallen through. The Pacha made Orientaly munificent proposals, but the Grand Duchess prefers her quiet little Court at home.

HERR FORMES is about to appear in London as an actor of Shakespearian characters. \* He has been very successful in some of these representations



in Germany; and much is expected of his *début*. Shylock is to be the subject of his first essay.

M. PAUL HUET, a landscape painter of considerable eminence, has died, being struck with apoplexy while at work.

THE human hair feminine is no longer to be trusted in cases of drowning. The bathing-police of Dieppe are warned not to seize an imperilled lady by the hair, as heretofore, since that appendage frequently remains in the grasp of the would-be rescuer.

A NOVELTY has appeared in the album way, — namely, a space to introduce registered certificates of births, marriages, and deaths in contiguity to the likeness. Pleasant to know, when you present your *carte* to a lady friend, that she is reserving a space for the assurance of your demise!

MADAME RACHEL, now at large, pending the investigation of the legal justice of her sentence, has cut a joke at the expense of the law by affixing a notice over her shop-front, "Closed during alterations." But a street boy, equal in wit to Madame Rachel, chalked up the other night an intimation to "Beware of the paint."

THE St. Petersburg journals speak of Madame Patti's *début* there in the most enthusiastic terms. She is represented as having been recalled forty times in the course of the performance of the *Son-nambula*. A St. Petersburg letter, calculating the number of camellias in the seventy bouquets thrown at the feet of the pretty Marquise on the opening night of the opera season, and reckoning each flower at the average price of four francs, makes out that the floral tribute paid to the *diva* by the public on that one evening cost £ 800.

A NEW book by Mr. Gladstone, "Juventus Mundi; Gods and Men of the Greek Historic Age," is announced for publication. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, the historian of Rationalism, has in the press "A History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne," which is likely to provoke a good deal of discussion among those who love to "draw inferences." The Poems and Letters of Mary Lamb, the Memoirs and Correspondence of Bishop Atterbury, the newly discovered writings of Defoe, and a reprint of Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Cornhill* essays on Culture and Anarchy are also to be expected.

A CRIMINAL of a nearly unique kind has been tried in Northern India. It appears that Ramadheen, Hindoo of the Mirzapore district, took to poisoning as a relief from *ennui*, as a grand and exciting sort of hunt. The number of his victims is unknown, but he killed twenty-seven in a year and a half, and exhibited a particular taste for holy men on pilgrimage, that is, according to Hindoo ideas, for the worst forms of murder he could commit. There is strong evidence, indeed proof, that a Society of Poisoners exists in India, with which the Thug department has great difficulty, but Ramadheen was, it seems, an amateur.

THE Spectator fancies that the Emperor sees signs of his decline, wrestles with himself and France to disprove them, will finally, in some supreme effort to be rid of them, shake the world. What direction

that effort will take remains a secret probably even to himself. Were he what he was at fifty, it would be Socialist. No effort, say many French observers, would dislodge the man who abolished the mortgages on French peasant properties, a proposal which has three times emerged under one form or another into half light. Were he less bitterly assailed, were parties less irreconcilable, and feuds less savage, it would be the grant of "liberty," that is, of an American constitution, with a free legislature and a free press, but an irremovable President. Napoleon could interpret the wishes of a legislature as readily as those of France, and he is no Andrew Johnson, to defy instead of leading representatives. Being as he is, his probable course is a great foreign enterprise, which shall once more let France feel that she is still first — as she estimates primacy — among the nations of the world. It is to this resolve that all symptoms tend, but this resolve is not taken yet; the Emperor still "hopes," "firmly hopes," honestly hopes, that if he can but wait, if time will but fight for him, it may never be unavoidable. But does Time ever fight for a living man, an existing being, a working organism? That is the question Napoleon III, like Philip II, — so like and so unlike him, the lemur of the Cæsarist family, — has now to decide, and one fears he will find that the truth is in Louis Blanc's wisest apophthegm, "Edifices have duration, — it is only ruins which have eternity."

THE Pall Mall Gazette is not over-fond of Robert Buchanan. Speaking of the new edition of Longfellow's poems, to which Mr. Buchanan has contributed a critical introduction, the Gazette says: "Mr. Robert Buchanan is the editor, and with great condescension introduces this obscure writer to the English public. From his preface, which is short but trenchant, we learn that Mr. Longfellow's 'faculty of story-telling is unique; his spiritual insight singularly calm and pure; his purpose admirable; his cadence rhythmical; and his whole art full of self-reverence and conscience. In spite of this he is, Mr. Buchanan intimates, not a poet in the highest sense, but, like Byron (to a great extent), Browning (in a higher degree), Goethe (still more nearly), and Crabbe and Scott altogether, a rhetorical versifier, or a writer who 'employs verse for the sake of its elegant effects.' 'Only a few selective spirits,' it is added, 'sing always because they find all other utterances inadequate.' Is Mr. Buchanan aware that 'selective' cannot possibly mean selected? Further on we hear that Mr. Longfellow 'is now and then prolix, but not so prolix as Goethe in the sub-Faustian and non-lyrical pieces.' We should like to bring Mr. Buchanan to chapter and verse about these 'pieces.' This editor seems to be unwilling to praise one man without depreciating another. He tells us that 'Evangeline' is 'infinitely finer than the "Hermann and Dorothea."' Finally, Mr. Buchanan sends forth the volume with a good word for its contents and a bad one for a much-abused class of his fellow-creatures. 'In a word, they are all beautiful, all are full of clear, ringing tones, and a pleasant music. The public is right to love them in defiance of small critics, who love nothing.' In six short pages this amiable editor has contrived to disparage a good many persons, including his author, and to leave a most unpleasant impression of dogmatism and pretension on the mental palate prepared to enjoy the Attic fare spread by a gentleman and a scholar. Such a banquet should have another marshal than Mr. Buchanan."



THE London Leader is rather severe on the Duke of Cambridge. "His Royal Highness George William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, K.G., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.H., G.M.M.G., G.C.L.H., P.C., D.C.L., Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Ranger of the Parks (we like to give him his full titles, though there may be many more whereof we know not), is a very fine type of those happy officials who enjoy a not ignoble income for a very far from overwhelming amount of work. All things considered, we may assume that His Royal Highness's lines are laid in pleasant places, and that he has no cause to curse the star of his destiny or the ingratitude of his country. He enjoys the moderate pay of £5,999 as Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief.

Why not £6,000 at once? Who can tell? save that the figure of £6,000 is subject to a certain tax which a pound under that income may save. As Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, His Royal Highness receives a foot-guards' colonel's pay of £2,200 per annum. For his duties at the Horse Guards he has £4,132 per annum. We are not aware what the clothing allowance may be worth a year which the Duke enjoys as Colonel; or of what value the perquisites may be which accrue from the Ranger-ship of St. James's, Green, and Hyde Parks, and Richmond; at the last place there is certainly a residence, and the Metropolitan parks doubtless afford good pickings.

But we will take for practical purposes the sum of the three amounts mentioned above, and call the annual income of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge £12,331 and perquisites. Now what on earth has the Duke of Cambridge done in tangible shape that he should enforce a yearly claim upon the recognition of the country to the tune of £12,331 and perquisites? . . . There is no reason why the

Duke of Cambridge should be holding such sinecures as he now possesses. Even his advocates can only advance as an excuse his Royal blood. As great a claim was possessed by Frederick Duke of York, the hero of that column whose lightning-conductor spike is explained to country cousins as intended for a file for the unpaid bills of the deceased. He, too, was Commander-in-Chief in his day,—the day of Wellington. And of him was written, when he died in 1827, the following bitter epitaph:—

"Here lies Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead.  
Had it been his father,  
We had much rather;  
Had it been his brother,  
Better than another;  
Had it been his sister,  
No one would have missed her;  
But since it's only Fred,  
Who was alive and is dead,  
There's no more to be said."

What judgment will posterity pronounce on Frederick's nephew and successor in military emoluments?"

#### "THY KINGDOM COME."

Now, in the heat and burden of the day,  
Father, 't were faithless of thy child to pray;  
That Thou should'st call me to Thyself away,  
Nay, rather I will kneel, and kneeling, say,  
Father,— "Thy will be done."

Yet the work presses, and the hands hang down,  
And in much weeping is the good seed sown;  
Oh! for the harvest, and the bringing home,  
Oh! for the Master's Presence with his own,  
Father,— "Thy Kingdom come."



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

[No. 165.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XLII.

SHOWING WHAT TOOK PLACE AT ST. DIDDULPH'S.

NORA ROWLEY, when she escaped from the violence of her lover, at once rushed up to her own room, and managed to fasten herself in before she had been seen by any one. Her elder sister had at once gone to her aunt when, at Hugh's request, she had left the room, thinking it right that Mrs. Outhouse should know what was being done in her own house. Mrs. Outhouse had considered the matter patiently for a while, giving the lovers the benefit of her hesitation, and had then spoken her mind to Stanbury, as we have already heard. He had, upon the whole, been so well pleased with what had occurred, that he was not in the least angry with the parson's wife when he left the parsonage. As soon as he was gone Mrs. Outhouse was at once joined by her elder niece, but Nora remained for a while alone in her room.

Had she committed herself; and if so, did she regret it? He had behaved very badly to her, certainly, taking her by the hand and putting his arm round her waist. And then had he not even attempted to kiss her? He had done all this, although she had been resolute in refusing to speak to him one word of kindness,—though she had told him with all the energy and certainty of which she was mistress, that she would never be his wife. If a girl were to be subjected to such treatment as this when she herself had been so firm, so discreet, so decided, then, indeed, it would be unfit that a girl should trust herself with a man. She had never thought that he had been such a one as that, to ill-use her, to lay a hand on her in violence, to refuse to take an answer. She threw herself on the bed and sobbed, and then hid her face,—and was conscious that in spite of this acting before herself she was the happiest girl alive. He had behaved very badly; of course, he had behaved most wickedly, and she would tell him so some day. But was he not the dearest fellow living? Did ever man speak with more absolute conviction of love in every tone of his voice? Was it not the finest, noblest heart that ever throbbed be-

neath a waistcoat? Had not his very wickedness come from the overpowering truth of his affection for her? She would never quite forgive him, because it had been so very wrong; but she would be true to him for ever and ever. Of course they could not marry. What! would she go to him and be a clog round his neck, and a weight upon him forever, bringing him down to the gutter by the burden of her own useless and unworthy self? No. She would never so injure him. She would not even hamper him by an engagement. But yet she would be true to him. She had an idea that in spite of all her protestations,—which, as she looked back upon them, appeared to her to have been louder than they had been,—that through the teeth of her denials, something of the truth had escaped from her. Well,—let it be so. It was the truth, and why should he not know it? Then she pictured to herself a long romance, in which the heroine lived happily on the simple knowledge that she had been beloved. And the reader may be sure that in this romance Mr. Glascock, with his splendid prospects, filled one of the characters.

She had been so wretched at Nuncombe Putney when she had felt herself constrained to admit to herself that this man, for whom she had sacrificed herself, did not care for her, that she could not now but enjoy her triumph. After she had sobbed upon the bed, she got up and walked about the room smiling; and she would now press her hands to her forehead, and then shake her tresses, and then clasp her own left hand with her right, as though he were still holding it. Wicked man! Why had he been so wicked and so violent? And why, why, why had she not once felt his lips upon her brow?

And she was pleased with herself. Her sister had rebuked her because she had refused to make her fortune by marrying Mr. Glascock; and, to own the truth, she had rebuked herself on the same score when she found that Hugh Stanbury had not had a word of love to say to her. It was not that she regretted the grandeur which she had lost, but that she should, even within her own thoughts, with the consciousness of her own bosom, have declared her-

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSBORN, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



self unable to receive another man's devotion because of her love for this man who neglected her. Now she was proud of herself. Whether it might be accounted as good or ill fortune that she had ever seen Hugh Stanbury, it must, at any rate, be right that she should be true to him now that she had seen him, and had loved him. To know that she loved and that she was not loved again had nearly killed her. But such was not her lot. She, too, had been successful with her quarry, and had struck her game, and brought down her deer. He had been very violent with her, but his violence had at least made the matter clear. He did love her. She would be satisfied with that, and would endeavor so to live that that alone should make life happy for her. How should she get his photograph, — and a lock of his hair? — and when again might she have the pleasure of placing her own hand within his great, rough, violent grasp? Then she kissed the hand which he had held, and opened the door of her room, at which her sister was now knocking.

"Nora, dear, will you not come down?"

"Not yet, Emily. Very soon I will."

"And what has happened, dearest?"

"There is nothing to tell, Emily."

"There must be something to tell. What did he say to you?"

"Of course you know what he said."

"And what answer did you make?"

"I told him that it could not be."

"And did he take that — as final, Nora?"

"Of course not. What man ever takes a No as final?"

"When you said No to Mr. Glascock, he took it."

"That was different, Emily."

"But how different? I don't see the difference, except that if you could have brought yourself to like Mr. Glascock, it would have been the greatest thing in the world for you, and for all of them."

"Would you have me take a man, Emily, that I did not care one straw for, merely because he was a lord? You can't mean that?"

"I'm not talking about Mr. Glascock now, Nora."

"Yes, you are. And what's the use? He is gone, and there's an end of it."

"And is Mr. Stanbury gone?"

"Of course."

"In the same way?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan.

"How can I tell about his ways? No; it is not in the same way. There! He went in a very different way."

"How was it different, Nora?"

"O, so different! I can't tell you how. Mr. Glascock will never come back again."

"And Mr. Stanbury will?" said the elder sister. Nora made no reply, but after a while nodded her head. "And you want him to come back?" She paused again, and again nodded her head. "Then you have accepted him?"

"I have not accepted him. I have refused him. I have told him that it was impossible."

"And yet you wish him back again!" Nora again nodded her head. "That is a state of things I cannot at all understand," said Mrs. Trevelyan, "and would not believe unless you told me so yourself."

"And you think me very wrong, of course. I will endeavor to do nothing wrong, but it is so. I have not said a word of encouragement to Mr. Stanbury; but I love him with all my heart. Ought I to tell you a lie when you question me? Or is it natural that I should never wish to see again a per-

son whom I love better than all the world? It seems to me that a girl can hardly be right if she have any choice of her own. Here are two men, one rich and the other poor. I shall fall to the ground between them. I know that. I have fallen to the ground already. I like the one I can't marry. I don't care a straw for the one who could give me a grand house. That is falling to the ground. But I don't see that it is hard to understand, or that I have disgraced myself."

"I said nothing of disgrace, Nora."

"But you looked it."

"I did not intend to look it, dearest."

"And remember this, Emily, I have told you everything because you asked me. I do not mean to tell anybody else, at all. Mamma would not understand me. I have not told him, and I shall not."

"You mean Mr. Stanbury?"

"Yes; I mean Mr. Stanbury. As to Mr. Glascock, of course I shall tell mamma that. I have no secret there. That is his secret, and I suppose mamma should know it. But I will have nothing told about the other. Had I accepted him, or even hinted to him that I cared for him, I would tell mamma at once."

After that there came something of a lecture, or something, rather, of admonition, from Mrs. Outhouse. That lady did not attempt to upbraid, or to find any fault, but observed that as she understood that Mr. Stanbury had no means whatever, and as Nora herself had none, there had better be no further intercourse between them, till, at any rate, Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley should be in London. "So I told him that he must not come here any more, my dear," said Mrs. Outhouse.

"You are quite right, aunt. He ought not to come here."

"I am so glad that you agree with me."

"I agree with you altogether. I think I was bound to see him when he asked to see me; but the thing is altogether out of the question. I don't think he'll come any more, aunt." Then Mrs. Outhouse was quite satisfied that no harm had been done.

A month had now passed since anything had been heard at St. Diddulph's from Mr. Trevelyan, and it seemed that many months might go on in the same dull way. When Mrs. Trevelyan first found herself in her uncle's house, a sum of two hundred pounds had been sent to her; and since that she had received a letter from her husband's lawyer saying that a similar amount would be sent to her every three months, as long as she was separated from her husband. A portion of this she had given over to Mr. Outhouse; but this pecuniary assistance by no means comforted that unfortunate gentleman in his trouble. "I don't want to get into debt," he said, "by keeping a lot of people whom I have not the means to feed. And I don't want to board and lodge my nieces and their family at so much a head. It's very hard upon me either way." And so it was. All the comfort of his home was destroyed, and he was driven to sacrifice his independence by paying his tradesmen with a portion of Mrs. Trevelyan's money. The more he thought of it all, and the more he discussed the matter with his wife, the more indignant they became with the truant husband. "I can't believe," he said, "but what Mr. Bideawhile could make him come back, if he chose to do his duty."

"But they say that Mr. Trevelyan is in Italy, my dear."



"And if I went to Italy, might I leave you to starve, and take my income with me?"

"He does n't leave her quite to starve, my dear."

"But isn't a man bound to stay with his wife? I never heard of such a thing,—never. And I'm sure that there must be something wrong. A man can't go away and leave his wife to live with her uncle and aunt. It is n't right."

"But what can we do?"

Mr. Outhouse was forced to acknowledge that nothing could be done. He was a man to whom the quiescence of his own childless house was the one pleasure of his existence. And of that he was robbed because this wicked madman chose to neglect all his duties, and leave his wife without a house to shelter her. "Supposing that she could n't have come here, what then?" said Mr. Outhouse. "I did tell him, as plain as words could speak, that we could n't receive them." "But here they are," said Mrs. Outhouse, "and here they must remain till my brother comes to England." "It's the most monstrous thing that I ever heard of in all my life," said Mr. Outhouse. "He ought to be locked up,—that's what he ought."

It was hard, and it became harder, when a gentleman, whom Mr. Outhouse certainly did not wish to see, called upon him about the latter end of September. Mr. Outhouse was sitting alone in the gloomy parlor of his parsonage,—for his own study had been given up to other things since this great inroad had been made upon his family,—he was sitting alone on one Saturday morning, preparing for the duties of the next day, with various manuscript sermons lying on the table around him, when he was told that a gentleman had called to see him. Had Mr. Outhouse been an incumbent at the West-end of London, or had his maid been a West-end servant, in all probability the gentleman's name would have been demanded; but Mr. Outhouse was a man who was not very ready in foreseeing and preventing misfortunes, and the girl who opened the door was not trained to discreet usages in such matters. As she announced the fact that there was a gentleman, she pointed to the door, to show that the gentleman was there; and before Mr. Outhouse had been able to think whether it would be prudent for him to make some preliminary inquiry, Colonel Osborne was in the room. Now, as it happened, these two men had never hitherto met each other, though one was the brother-in-law of Sir Marmaduke Rowley, and the other had been his very old friend. "My name, Mr. Outhouse, is Colonel Osborne," said the visitor, coming forward with his hand out. The clergyman, of course, took his hand, and asked him to be seated. "We have known each other's names very long," continued the Colonel, "though I do not think we have ever yet had an opportunity of becoming acquainted."

"No," said Mr. Outhouse; "we have never been acquainted, I believe." He might have added that he had no desire whatever to make such acquaintance; and his manner, over which he himself had no control, did almost say as much. Indeed, this coming to his house of the suspected lover of his niece appeared to him to be a heavy addition to his troubles; for, although he was disposed to take his niece's part against her husband to any possible length,—even to the locking up of the husband as a madman, if it were possible,—nevertheless, he had almost as great a horror of the Colonel, as though the husband's allegation as to the lover

had been true as gospel. Because Trevelyan had been wrong altogether, Colonel Osborne was not the less wrong. Because Trevelyan's suspicions were to Mr. Outhouse wicked and groundless, he did not the less regard the presumed lover to be an iniquitous roaring lion, going about seeking whom he might devour. Elderly unmarried men of fashion generally, and especially colonels, and majors, and members of parliament, and such like, were to him as black sheep or roaring lions. They were "*fruges consumere nati*"; men who stood on club doorsteps talking naughtily and doing nothing, wearing sleek clothing, for which they very often did not pay, and never going to church. It seemed to him—in his ignorance—that such men had none of the burdens of this world upon their shoulders, and that, therefore, they stood in great peril of the burdens of the next. It was, doubtless, his special duty to deal with men in such peril;—but those wicked ones with whom he was concerned were those whom he could reach. Now, the Colonel Osbornes of the earth were not to be got at by any clergymen, or, as far as Mr. Outhouse could see, by any means of grace. That story of the rich man and the camel seemed to him to be specially applicable to such people. How was such a one as Colonel Osborne to be shown the way through the eye of a needle? To Mr. Outhouse, his own brother-in-law, Sir Marmaduke, was almost of the same class,—for he frequented clubs when in London, and played whist, and talked of the things of the world,—such as the Derby, and the levées, and West-end dinner parties,—as though they were all in all to him. He, to be sure, was weighted with so large a family that there might be hope for him. The eye of the needle could not be closed against him as a rich man; but he savored of the West-end, and was worldly, and consorted with such men as this Colonel Osborne. When Colonel Osborne introduced himself to Mr. Outhouse, it was almost as though Apollyon had made his way into the parsonage of St. Diddulph's.

"Mr. Outhouse," said the Colonel, "I have thought it best to come to you the very moment that I got back to town from Scotland." Mr. Outhouse bowed, and was bethinking himself slowly what manner of speech he would adopt. "I leave town again to-morrow for Dorsetshire. I am going down to my friends, the Brambers, for partridge shooting." Mr. Outhouse knitted his thick brows, in further inward condemnation. Partridge shooting! yes;—this was September, and partridge shooting would be the probable care and occupation of such a man at such a time. A man without a duty in the world! Perhaps, added to this, there was a feeling that, whereas Colonel Osborne could shoot Scotch grouse in August, and Dorsetshire partridges in September, and go about throughout the whole year like a roaring lion, he, Mr. Outhouse, was forced to remain at St. Diddulph's-in-the-East, from January to December, with the exception of one small parson's week spent at Margate, for the benefit of his wife's health. If there was such a thought or, rather, such a feeling, who will say that it was not natural? "But I could not go through London without seeing you," continued the Colonel. "This is a most frightful infatuation of Trevelyan!"

"Very frightful, indeed," said Mr. Outhouse.

"And, on my honor as a gentleman, not the slightest cause in the world."

"You are old enough to be the lady's father,"



said Mr. Outhouse, managing in that to get one blow at the gallant Colonel.

"Just so. God bless my soul!" Mr. Outhouse shrunk visibly at this profane allusion to the Colonel's soul. "Why, I've known her father ever so many years. As you say, I might almost be her father myself." As far as age went, such certainly might have been the case, for the Colonel was older than Sir Marmaduke. "Look here, Mr. Outhouse, here is a letter I got from Emily —"

"From Mrs. Trevelyan?"

"Yes, from Mrs. Trevelyan; and as well as I can understand, it must have been sent to me by Trevelyan himself. Did you ever hear of such a thing? And now I'm told he has gone away, nobody knows where, and has left her here."

"He has gone away, — nobody knows where."

"Of course, I don't ask to see her."

"It would be imprudent, Colonel Osborne, and could not be permitted in this house."

"I don't ask it. I have known Emily Trevelyan since she was an infant, and have always loved her. I'm her godfather, for aught I know, — though one forgets things of that sort." Mr. Outhouse again knit his eyebrows and shuddered visibly. "She and I have been fast friends, — and why not? But, of course, I can't interfere."

"If you ask me, Colonel Osborne, I should say that you can do nothing in the matter, — except to remain away from her. When Sir Marmaduke is in England, you can see him, if you please."

"See him; — of course, I shall see him. And, by George, Louis Trevelyan will have to see him too! I should n't like to have to stand up before Rowley if I had treated a daughter of his in such a fashion. You know Rowley, of course?"

"O yes, I know him."

"He's not the sort of man to bear this sort of thing. He'll about tear Trevelyan in pieces if he gets hold of him. God bless my soul," — the eyebrows went to work again, — "I never heard of such a thing in all my life! Does he pay anything for them, Mr. Outhouse?"

This was dreadful to the poor clergyman. "That is a subject which we surely need not discuss," said he. Then he remembered that such speech on his part was like to a subterfuge, and he found it necessary to put himself right. "I am repaid for the maintenance here of my nieces and the little boy, and their attendants. I do not know why the question should be asked, but such is the fact."

"Then they are here by agreement between you and him?"

"No, sir, they are not. There is no such agreement. But I do not like these interrogatives from a stranger as to matters which should be private."

"You cannot wonder at my interest, Mr. Outhouse."

"You had better restrain it, sir, till Sir Marmaduke arrives. I shall then wash my hands of the affair."

"And she is pretty well, — Emily, I mean?"

"Mrs. Trevelyan's health is good."

"Pray tell her, though I could not — might not ask to see her, I came to inquire after her the first moment that I was in London. Pray tell her how much I feel for her; but she will know that. When Sir Marmaduke is here, of course we shall meet. When she is once more under her father's wing, she need not be restrained by any absurd commands from a husband who has deserted her. At present, of course, I do not ask to see her."

"Of course you do not, Colonel Osborne."

"And give my love to Nora, — dear little Nora! There can be no reason why she and I should not shake hands."

"I should prefer that it should not be so in this house," said the clergyman, who was now standing, — in expectation that his unwelcome guest would go.

"Very well; so be it. But you will understand I could not be in London without coming and asking after them." Then the Colonel at last took his leave, and Mr. Outhouse was left to his solitude and his sermons.

Mrs. Outhouse was very angry when she heard of the visit. "Men of that sort," she said, "think it a fine thing, and talk about it. I believe the poor girl is as innocent as I am; but he is n't innocent. He likes it."

"It is easier," said Mr. Outhouse, solemnly, "for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

"I don't know that he is a rich man," said Mrs. Outhouse; "but he would n't have come here if he had been honest."

Mrs. Trevelyan was told of the visit, and simply said that of course it was out of the question that she should have seen Colonel Osborne. Nevertheless, she seemed to think it quite natural that he should have called, and defended him with some energy when her aunt declared that he had been much to blame. "He is not bound to obey Mr. Trevelyan because I am," said Emily.

"He is bound to abstain from evil-doing," said Mrs. Outhouse, "and he ought n't to have come. There, let that be enough, my dear. Your uncle doesn't wish to have it talked about." Nevertheless, it was talked about between the two sisters. Nora was of opinion that Colonel Osborne had been wrong, whereas Emily defended him. "It seems to me to have been the most natural thing in life," said she.

Had Colonel Osborne made the visit as Sir Marmaduke's friend, feeling himself to be an old man, it might have been natural. When a man has come to regard himself as being, on the score of age, about as fit to be a young lady's lover as though he were an old woman instead of an old man, — which some men will do when they are younger even than was Colonel Osborne, — he is justified in throwing behind him, as utterly absurd, the suspicions of other people. But Colonel Osborne cannot be defended altogether on that plea.

## CHAPTER XLII.

MISS STANBURY AND MR. GIBSON BECOME TWO.

THERE came to be a very gloomy fortnight at Miss Stanbury's house in the Close. For two or three days after Mr. Gibson's dismissal at the hands of Miss Stanbury herself, Brooke Burgess was still in the house, and his presence saved Dorothy from the full weight of her aunt's displeasure. There was the necessity of looking after Brooke, and scolding him, and of praising him to Martha, and of dispraising him, and of seeing that he had enough to eat, and of watching whether he smoked in the house, and of quarrelling with him about everything under the sun, which together so employed Miss Stanbury that she satisfied herself with glances at Dorothy, which were felt to be full of charges of in-



gratitude. Dorothy was thankful that it should be so, and bore the glances with abject submission. And then there was a great comfort to her in Brooke's friendship. On the second day after Mr. Gibson had gone she found herself talking to Brooke quite openly upon the subject. "The fact was, Mr. Burgess, that I did n't really care for him. I know he's very good and all that, and of course Aunt Stanbury meant it all for the best. And I would have done it if I could, but I could n't." Brooke patted her on the back,—not in the flesh, but in the spirit,—and told her that she was quite right. And he expressed an opinion, too, that it was not expedient to yield too much to Aunt Stanbury. "I would yield to her in anything that was possible to me," said Dorothy. "I won't," said he; "and I don't think I should do any good if I did. I like her, and I like her money. But I don't like either well enough to sell myself for a price."

A great part, too, of the quarrelling which went on from day to day between Brooke and Miss Stanbury was due to the difference of their opinions respecting Dorothy and her suitor. "I believe you put her up to it," said Aunt Stanbury.

"I neither put her up nor down, but I think that she was quite right."

"You've robbed her of a husband, and she'll never have another chance. After what you've done, you ought to take her yourself."

"I shall be ready to-morrow," said Brooke.

"How can you tell such a lie?" said Aunt Stanbury.

But after two or three days Brooke was gone to make a journey through the distant parts of the country, and see the beauties of Devonshire. He was to be away for a fortnight, and then come back for a day or two before he returned to London. During that fortnight things did not go well with poor Dorothy at Exeter.

"I suppose you know your own business best," her aunt said to her one morning. Dorothy uttered no word of reply. She felt it to be equally impossible to suggest either that she did or that she did not know her own business best. "There may be reasons which I don't understand," exclaimed Aunt Stanbury; "but I should like to know what it is you expect."

"Why should I expect anything, Aunt Stanbury?"

"That's nonsense. Everybody expects something. You expect to have your dinner by and by, —don't you?"

"I suppose I shall," said Dorothy, to whom it occurred at the moment that such expectation was justified by the fact that on every day of her life hitherto some sort of a dinner had come in her way.

"Yes,—and you think it comes from heaven, I suppose."

"It comes by God's goodness, and your bounty, Aunt Stanbury."

"And how will it come when I'm dead? Or how will it come if things should go in such a way that I can't stay here any longer? You don't ever think of that."

"I should go back to mamma and Priscilla."

"Pha! As if two mouths were not enough to eat all the meal there is in that tub. If there was a word to say against the man, I would n't ask you to have him; if he drank or smoked, or was n't a gentleman, or was too poor, or anything you like. But there's nothing. It's all very well to tell me

you don't love him, but why don't you love him? I don't like a girl to go and throw herself at a man's head, as those Frenches have done; but when everything has been prepared for you and made proper, it seems to me to be like turning away from good victuals." Dorothy could only offer to go home if she had offended her aunt, and then Miss Stanbury scolded her for making the offer. As this kind of thing went on at the house in the Close for a fortnight, during which there was no going out, and no society at home, Dorothy began to be rather tired of it.

At the end of the fortnight, on the morning of the day on which Brooke Burgess was expected back, Dorothy, slowly moving into the sitting-room with her usual melancholy air, found Mr. Gibson talking to her aunt. "There she is herself," said Miss Stanbury, jumping up briskly; "and now you can speak to her. Of course I have no authority,—none in the least. But she knows what my wishes are." And, having so spoken, Miss Stanbury left the room.

It will be remembered that hitherto no word of affection had been whispered by Mr. Gibson into Dorothy's ears. When he came before to press his suit, she had been made aware of his coming, and had fled, leaving her answer with her aunt. Mr. Gibson had then expressed himself as somewhat injured in that no opportunity of pouring forth his own eloquence had been permitted to him. On that occasion Miss Stanbury, being in a snubbing humor, had snubbed him. She had in truth scolded him almost as much as she had scolded Dorothy, telling him that he went about the business in hand as though butter would n't melt in his mouth. "You're stiff as a chair-back," she had said to him, with a few other compliments, and these amenities had for a while made him regard the establishment at Heavitree as being, at any rate, pleasanter than that in the Close. But since that cool reflection had come. The proposal was not that he should marry Miss Stanbury, senior, who certainly could be severe on occasions, but Miss Stanbury, junior, whose temper was as sweet as primroses in March. That which he would have to take from Miss Stanbury, senior, was a certain sum of money, as to which her promise was as good as any bond in the world. Things had come to such a pass with him in Exeter,—from the hints of his friend the Prebend, from a word or two which had come to him from the Dean, from certain family arrangements proposed to him by his mother and sisters,—things had come to such a pass that he was of a mind that he had better marry some one. He had, as it were, three strings to his bow. There were the two French strings, and there was Dorothy. He had not breadth of genius enough to suggest to himself that yet another woman might be found. There was a difficulty on the French score, even about Miss Stanbury; but it was clear to him that, failing her, he was due to one of the two Miss Frenches. Now it was not only that the Miss Frenches were empty-handed, but he was beginning to think himself that they were not as nice as they might have been in reference to the arrangement of their head-gear. Therefore, having given much thought to the matter, and remembering that he had never yet had play for his own eloquence with Dorothy, he had come to Miss Stanbury asking that he might have another chance. It had been borne in upon him that he had perhaps hitherto regarded Dorothy as too certainly his own, since she had been offered to him by her aunt,—



as being a prize that required no eloquence in the winning; and he thought that if he could have an opportunity of amending that fault, it might even yet be well with his suit. So he prepared himself, and asked permission, and now found himself alone with the young lady.

"When last I was in this house, Miss Stanbury," he began, "I was not fortunate enough to be allowed an opportunity of pleading my cause to yourself." Then he paused, and Dorothy was left to consider how best she might answer him. All that her aunt had said to her had not been thrown away upon her. The calls upon that slender meal-tub at home she knew were quite sufficient. And Mr. Gibson was, she believed, a good man. And how better could she dispose of herself in life? And what was she, that she should scorn the love of an honest gentleman? She would take him, she thought, if she could. But then there came upon her, unconsciously, without work of thought, by instinct rather than by intelligence, a feeling of the closeness of a wife to her husband. Looking at it in general, she could not deny that it would be very proper that she should become Mrs. Gibson. But when there came upon her a remembrance that she would be called upon for demonstration of her love,—that he would embrace her, and hold her to his heart, and kiss her,—she revolted and shuddered. She believed that she did not want to marry any man, and that such a state of things would not be good for her. "Dear young lady," continued Mr. Gibson, "you will let me now make up for the loss which I then experienced?"

"I thought it was better not to give you trouble," said Dorothy.

"Trouble, Miss Stanbury! How could it be trouble? The labor we delight in physics pain. But to go back to the subject-matter. I hope you do not doubt that my affection for you is true and honest and genuine."

"I don't want to doubt anything, Mr. Gibson; but—"

"You need n't, dearest Miss Stanbury; indeed, you need n't. If you could read my heart, you would see written there true love very plainly,—very plainly. And do you not think it a duty that people should marry?" It may be surmised that he had here forgotten some connecting link which should have joined without abruptness the declaration of his own love and his social view as to the general expediency of matrimony. But Dorothy did not discover the hiatus.

"Certainly,—when they like each other, and if their friends think it proper."

"Our friends think it proper, Miss Stanbury,—may I say Dorothy?—all of them. I can assure you that on my side you will be welcomed by a mother and sisters only too anxious to receive you with open arms. And as regards your own relations, I need hardly allude to your revered aunt. As to your own mother and sister,—and your brother, who, I believe, gives his mind chiefly to other things,—I am assured by Miss Stanbury that no opposition need be feared from them. Is that true, dearest Dorothy?"

"It is true."

"Does not all that plead in my behalf? Tell me, Dorothy."

"Of course it does."

"And you will be mine?" As far as eloquence could be of service, Mr. Gibson was sufficiently eloquent. To Dorothy his words appeared good, and

true, and affecting. All their friends did wish it. There were many reasons why it should be done. If talking could have done it, his talking was good enough. Though his words were in truth cold and affected and learned by rote, they did not offend her; but his face offended her; and the feeling was strong within her that if she yielded, it would soon be close to her own. She could n't do it. She did n't love him, and she would n't do it. Priscilla would not grudge her her share out of that meagre meal-tub. Had not Priscilla told her not to marry the man if she did not love him? She found that she was further than ever from loving him. She would not do it. "Say that you will be mine," pleaded Mr. Gibson, coming to her with both his hands outstretched.

"Mr. Gibson, I can't," she said. She was sobbing now, and was half choked by tears.

"And why not, Dorothy?"

"I don't know, but I can't. I don't feel that I want to be married at all."

"But it is honorable."

"It's no use, Mr. Gibson; I can't, and you ought n't to ask me any more."

"Must this be your very last answer?"

"What's the good of going over it all again and again. I can't do it."

"Never, Miss Stanbury?"

"No, never."

"That is cruel, very cruel. I fear that you doubt my love."

"It is n't cruel, Mr. Gibson. I have a right to have my own feelings, and I can't. If you please, I'll go away now." Then she went, and he was left standing alone in the room. His first feeling was one of anger. Then there came to be mixed with that a good deal of wonder,—and then a certain amount of doubt. He had during the last fortnight discussed the matter at great length with a friend, a gentleman who knew the world, and who took upon himself to say that he specially understood female nature. It was by advice from this friend that he had been instigated to plead his own cause. "Of course she means to accept you," the friend had said. "Why the mischief should n't she? But she has some flimsy, old-fashioned country idea that it is n't maidenly to give in at first. You tell her roundly that she must marry you." Mr. Gibson was just reaching that roundness which his friend had recommended when the lady left him, and he was alone.

Mr. Gibson was no doubt very much in love with Dorothy Stanbury. So much, we may take for granted. He, at least, believed that he was in love with her. He would have thought it wicked to propose to her, had he not been in love with her. But with his love was mingled a certain amount of contempt which had induced him to look upon her as an easy conquest. He had been perhaps a little ashamed of himself for being in love with Dorothy, and had almost believed the Frenches when they had spoken of her as a poor creature, a dependant, one born to be snubbed,—as a young woman almost without an identity of her own. When, therefore, she so pertinaciously refused him, he could not but be angry. And it was natural that he should be surprised. Though he was to have received a fortune with Dorothy, the money was not hers. It was to be hers,—or rather theirs,—only if she would accept him. Mr. Gibson thoroughly understood this point. He knew that Dorothy had nothing of her own. The proposal made to her was as



rich as though he had sought her down at Nuncombe Putney, with his preferment, plus the £ 2,000, in his own pocket. And his other advantages were not hidden from his own eyes. He was a clergyman, well thought of, not bad-looking certainly, considerably under forty,—a man, indeed, who ought to have been, in the eyes of Dorothy, such an Orlando as she would have most desired. He could not therefore but wonder. And then came the doubt. Could it be possible that all those refusals were simply the early pulses of hesitating compliance produced by maidenly reserve? Mr. Gibson's friend had expressed a strong opinion that almost any young woman would accept any young man if he put his "com'ether" upon her strong enough. For Mr. Gibson's friend was an Irishman. As to Dorothy, the friend had not a doubt in the world. Mr. Gibson, as he stood alone in the room after Dorothy's departure, could not share his friend's certainty; but he thought it just possible that the pulsations of maidenly reserve were yet at work. As he was revolving these points in his mind, Miss Stanbury entered the room.

"It's all over now," she said.

"As how, Miss Stanbury?"

"As how! She's given you an answer; has n't she?"

"Yes, Miss Stanbury, she has given me an answer. But it has occurred to me that young ladies are sometimes,—perhaps a little—"

"She means it, Mr. Gibson; you may take my word for that. She is quite in earnest. She can take the bit between her teeth as well as another, though she does look so mild and gentle. She's a Stanbury all over."

"And must this be the last of it, Miss Stanbury?"

"Upon my word, I don't know what else you can do,—unless you send the Dean and Chapter to talk her over. She's a pig-headed, foolish young woman; but I can't help that. The truth is, you did n't make enough of her at first, Mr. Gibson. You thought the plum would tumble into your mouth."

This did seem cruel to the poor man. From the first day in which the project had been opened to him by Miss Stanbury, he had yielded a ready acquiescence,—in spite of those ties which he had at Heavitree,—and had done his very best to fall into her views. "I don't think that is at all fair, Miss Stanbury," he said, with some tone of wrath in his voice.

"It's true,—quite true. You always treated her as though she were something beneath you." Mr. Gibson stood speechless, with his mouth open. "So you did. I saw it all. And now she's had spirit enough to resent it. I don't wonder at it; I don't, indeed. It's no good your standing there any longer. The thing is done."

Such intolerable ill-usage Mr. Gibson had never suffered in his life. Had he been untrue, or very nearly untrue, to those dear girls at Heavitree for this? "I never treated her as anything beneath me," he said at last.

"Yes, you did. Do you think that I don't understand? Have n't I eyes in my head, and ears? I'm not deaf yet, nor blind. But there's an end of it. If any young woman ever meant anything, she means it. The truth is, she don't like you."

Was ever a lover despatched in so uncourteous a way! Then, too, he had been summoned thither as a lover, had been specially encouraged to come there as a lover, had been assured of success in a

peculiar way, had had the plum actually offered to him! He had done all that this old woman had bidden him,—something, indeed, to the prejudice of his own heart; he had been told that the wife was ready for him; and now, because this foolish young woman didn't know her own mind,—this was Mr. Gibson's view of the matter,—he was reviled and abused, and told that he had behaved badly to the lady. "Miss Stanbury," he said, "I think that you are forgetting yourself."

"Highty, tighy!" said Miss Stanbury. "Forgetting myself! I sha'n't forget you in a hurry, Mr. Gibson."

"Nor I you, Miss Stanbury. Good morning, Miss Stanbury." Mr. Gibson, as he went from the hall-door into the street, shook the dust off his feet, and resolved that for the future he and Miss Stanbury should be two. There would arise great trouble in Exeter; but, nevertheless, he and Miss Stanbury must be two. He could justify himself in no other purpose after such conduct as he had received.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### LABURNUM COTTAGE.

THERE had been various letters passing, during the last six weeks, between Priscilla Stanbury and her brother, respecting the Clock House at Nuncombe Putney. The ladies at Nuncombe had, certainly, gone into the Clock House on the clear understanding that the expenses of the establishment were to be incurred on behalf of Mrs. Trevelyan. Priscilla had assented to the movement most doubtfully. She had disliked the idea of taking the charge of a young married woman who was separated from her husband, and she had felt that a going down after such an uprising—a fall from the Clock House back to a cottage—would be very disagreeable. She had, however, allowed her brother's arguments to prevail, and there they were. The annoyance which she had anticipated from the position of their late guest had fallen upon them; it had been felt grievously, from the moment in which Colonel Osborne called at the house; and now that going back to the cottage must be endured. Priscilla understood that there had been a settlement between Trevelyan and Stanbury as to the cost of the establishment so far; but that must now be at an end. In their present circumstances she would not continue to live there, and had already made inquiries as to some humble roof for their shelter. For herself she would not have cared had it been necessary for her to hide herself in a hut,—for herself, as regarded any feeling as to her own standing in the village. For herself, she was ashamed of nothing. But her mother would suffer, and she knew what Aunt Stanbury would say to Dorothy. To Dorothy at the present moment, if Dorothy should think of accepting her suitor, the change might be very deleterious; but still it should be made. She could not endure to live there on the very hard-earned proceeds of her brother's pen,—proceeds which were not only hard-earned, but precarious. She gave warning to the two servants who had been hired, and consulted with Mrs. Crocket as to a cottage, and was careful to let it be known throughout Nuncombe Putney that the Clock House was to be abandoned. The Clock House had been taken furnished for six months, of which half were not yet over; but there were other expenses of living there much greater than the rent, and go she would. Her



mother sighed and assented; and Mrs. Crocket, having strongly but fruitlessly advised that the Clock House should be inhabited at any rate for the six months, promised her assistance. "It has been a bad business, Mrs. Crocket," said Priscilla; "and all we can do now is to get out of it as well as we can. Every mouthful I eat chokes me while I stay there." "It ain't good, certainly, miss, not to know as you're all straight the first thing as you wakes in the morning," said Mrs. Crocket, — who was always able to feel when she woke that everything was straight with her.

Then there came the correspondence between Priscilla and Hugh. Priscilla was at first decided, indeed, but mild in the expression of her decision. To this, and to one or two other missives couched in terms of increasing decision, Hugh answered with manly, self-asserting, overbearing arguments. The house was theirs till Christmas; between this and 'then he would think about it. He could very well afford to keep the house on till next Midsummer, and then they might see what had best be done. There was plenty of money, and Priscilla need not put herself into a flutter. In answer to that word "flutter," Priscilla wrote as follows: —

"CLOCK HOUSE, September 16, 186—.

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"Your most affectionate sister,

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"And so that little affair could n't come off?" said Hugh at their first family meeting.

"It was a pity," said Mrs. Stanbury, plaintively. She had been very plaintive on the subject. What a thing it would have been for her, could she have seen Dorothy so well established!

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"Dorothy was quite right," said Priscilla.

"Of course she was right," said Hugh. "Who doubts her being right? Bless my soul! What's any girl to do if she don't like a man except to tell him so? I honor you, Dolly, — not that I ever should have doubted you. You're too much of a chip of the old block to say you liked a man when you did n't."

"He is a very excellent young man," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"An excellent fiddlestick, mother. Loving and liking don't go by excellence. Besides, I don't know about his being any better than anybody else, just because he is a clergyman."

"A clergyman is more likely to be steady than other men," said the mother.

"Steady, yes; and as selfish as you please."

"Your father was a clergyman, Hugh."

"I don't mean to say that they are not as good as others; but I won't have it that they are better. They are always dealing with the Bible, till they think themselves apostles. But when money comes up, or comfort, or, for the matter of that either, a pretty woman with a little money, then they are as human as the rest of us."

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"We can't afford it, my dear, — indeed, we can't," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"That's not the question, mother. The rent must be paid up to Christmas, and you can live here as cheap as you can anywhere."

"But Priscilla —"

"O, Priscilla! Of course we know what Priscilla says. Priscilla has been writing to me about it in the most sensible manner in the world; but what does it all come to? If you are ashamed of taking assistance from me, I don't know who is to do anything for anybody. You are comfortable here?"

"Very comfortable; only Priscilla feels —"

"Priscilla is a tyrant, mother, and a very stern one. Just make up your mind to stay here till Christmas. If I tell you that I can afford it, surely that ought to be enough." Then Dorothy entered the room, and Hugh appealed to her. Dorothy had come to Nuncombe only on the day before, and had not been consulted on the subject. She had been told that the Clock House was to be abandoned, and had been taken down to inspect the cottage in which old Soames had lived; but her opinion had not been asked. Priscilla had quite made up her mind, and why should she ask an opinion of any one? But now Dorothy's opinion was demanded. "It's what I call the rhodomontade of independence," said Hugh.

"I suppose it is very expensive," suggested Dorothy.

"The house must be paid for," said Hugh; "and if I say that I've got the money, is not that enough? A miserable, dirty little place, where you'll catch your death of lumbago, mother."

"Of course it's not a comfortable house," said Mrs. Stanbury, — who, of herself, was not at all indifferent to the comforts of her present residence.

"And it is very dirty," said Dorothy.

"The nastiest place I ever saw in my life. Come, mother; if I say that I can afford it, ought not that to be enough for you? If you think you can't trust me, there's an end of everything, you know." And Hugh, as he thus expressed himself, assumed an air of injured virtue.

Mrs. Stanbury had very nearly yielded, when Priscilla came in among them. It was impossible not to continue the conversation, though Hugh would much have preferred to have forced an assent from his mother before he opened his mouth on the subject to his sister. "My mother agrees with me," said he, abruptly, "and so does Dolly, that it will be absurd to move away from this house at present."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Priscilla.

"I don't think I said that, Hugh," murmured Dorothy, softly.

"I am sure I don't want anything for myself," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"It's I that want it," said Hugh. "And I think that I've a right to have my wishes respected, so far as that goes."

"My dear Hugh," said Priscilla, "the cottage is already taken, and we shall certainly go into it. I spoke to Mrs. Crocket yesterday about a cart for moving the things. I'm sure mamma agrees with me. What possible business can people have to live in such a house as this with about twenty-four shillings a week for everything? I won't do it. And as the thing is settled, it is only making trouble to disturb it."

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"Mamma chooses to go. She has told me so already."

"You have talked her into it."

"We had better go, Hugh," said Mrs. Stanbury.

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"Of course we shall go," said Priscilla. "Hugh is very kind and very generous, but he is only giving trouble for nothing about this. Had we not better go down to breakfast?"

And so Priscilla carried the day. They went down to breakfast, and during the meal Hugh would speak to nobody. When the gloomy meal was over, he took his pipe and walked out to the cottage. It was an untidy-looking, rickety place, small and desolate, with a pretension about it of the lowest order, — a pretension that was evidently ashamed of itself. There was a porch. And the one sitting-room had what the late Mr. Soames had always called his bow-window. But the porch looked as though it were tumbling down, and the bow-window looked as though it were tumbling out. The parlor and the bedroom over it had been papered; but the paper was torn and soiled, and in sundry places was hanging loose. There was a miserable little room called a kitchen to the right as you entered the door, in which the grate was worn out, and behind this was a shed with a copper. In the garden there remained the stumps and stalks of Mr. Soames's cabbages, and there were weeds in plenty, and a damp hole among some elder bushes called an arbor. It was named Laburnum Cottage, from a shrub that grew at the end of the house. Hugh Stanbury shuddered as he stood smoking among the cabbage-stalks. How could a man ask such a girl as Nora Rowley to be his wife, whose mother lived in a place like this? While he was still standing in the garden, and thinking of Priscilla's obstinacy and his own ten guineas a week, and the sort of life which he lived in London, — where he dined usually at his club, and denied himself nothing in the way of pipes, beer, and beefsteaks, he heard a step behind him, and turning round, saw his elder sister. "Hugh," she said, "you must not be angry with me."

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mother sighed and assented; and Mrs. Crocket, having strongly but fruitlessly advised that the Clock House should be inhabited at any rate for the six months, promised her assistance. "It has been a bad business, Mrs. Crocket," said Priscilla; "and all we can do now is to get out of it as well as we can. Every mouthful I eat chokes me while I stay there." "It ain't good, certainly, miss, not to know as you're all straight the first thing as you wakes in the morning," said Mrs. Crocket, — who was always able to feel when she woke that everything was straight with her.

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"I don't think it beastly at all. You'll find that I'll make it nice. Whatever we want here, you shall give us. You are not to think that I am too proud to take anything at your hands. It is not that."



"It's very like it."

"I have never refused anything that is reasonable, but it is quite unreasonable that we should go on living in such a place as that, as though we had three or four hundred a year of our own. If mamma got used to the comfort of it, it would be hard then upon her to move. You shall give her what you can afford, and what is reasonable; but it is madness to think of living there. I could n't do it."

"You're to have your way at any rate, it seems."

"But you must not quarrel with me, Hugh. Give me a kiss. I don't have you often with me; and yet you are the only man in the world that I ever speak to, or even know. I sometimes half think that the bread is so hard and the water so bitter, that life will become impossible. I try to get over it; but if you were to go away from me in anger, I should be so beaten for a week or two that I could do nothing."

"Why won't you let me do anything?"

"I will; whatever you please. But kiss me." Then he kissed her, as he stood among Mr. Soames's cabbage-stalks. "Dear Hugh; you are such a god to me!"

"You don't treat me like a divinity."

"But I think of you as one when you are absent. The gods were never obeyed when they showed themselves. Let us go and have a walk. Come; shall we get as far as Ridleigh Mill?" Then they started together, and all unpleasantness was over between them when they returned to the Clock House.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

##### BROOKE BURGESS TAKES LEAVE OF EXETER.

THE time had arrived at which Brooke Burgess was to leave Exeter. He had made his tour through the county, and returned to spend his two last nights at Miss Stanbury's house. When he came back, Dorothy was still at Nuncombe, but she arrived in the close day before his departure. Her mother and sister had wished her to stay at Nuncombe. "There is a bed for you now, and a place to be comfortable in," Priscilla had said, laughing, "and you may as well see the last of us." But Dorothy declared that she had named a day to her aunt, and that she would not break her engagement. "I suppose you can stay if you like," Priscilla had urged. But Dorothy was of opinion that she ought not to stay. She said not a word about Brooke Burgess; but it may be that it would have been matter of regret to her not to shake hands with him once more. Brooke declared to her that, had she not come back, he would have gone over to Nuncombe to see her; but Dorothy did not consider herself entitled to believe that.

On the morning of the last day Brooke went over to his uncle's office. "I've come to say good by, Uncle Barty," he said.

"Good by, my boy. Take care of yourself."

"I mean to try."

"You have n't quarrelled with the old woman; have you?" said Uncle Barty.

"Not yet;—that is to say, not to the knife."

"And you still believe that you are to have her money?"

"I believe nothing one way or the other. You may be sure of this,—I shall never count it mine till I've got it; and I shall never make myself so

sure of it as to break my heart because I don't get it. I suppose I've got as good a right to it as anybody else, and I don't see why I should n't take it if it come in my way."

"I don't think it ever will," said the old man, after a pause.

"I shall be none the worse," said Brooke.

"Yes, you will. You'll be a broken-hearted man. And she means to break your heart. She does it on purpose. She has no more idea of leaving you her money than I have. Why should she?"

"Simply because she takes the fancy."

"Fancy! Believe me, there is very little fancy about it. There is n't one of the name she would n't ruin if she could. She'd break all our hearts if she could get at them. Look at me and my position. I'm little more than a clerk in the concern. By God!—I'm not so well off as a senior clerk in many a bank. If there came a bad time, I must lose as the others would lose;—but a clerk never loses. And my share in the business is almost a nothing. It's just nothing, compared to what it would have been, only for her."

Brooke had known that his uncle was a disappointed, or at least a discontented man; but he had never known much of the old man's circumstances, and certainly had not expected to hear him speak in the strain that he had now used. He had heard often that his Uncle Barty disliked Miss Stanbury, and had not been surprised at former sharp, biting little words spoken in reference to that lady's character. But he had not expected such a tirade of abuse as the banker had now poured out. "Of course I know nothing about the bank," said he; "but I did not think that she had had anything to do with it."

"Where do you think the money came from that she has got? Did you ever hear that she had anything of her own? She never had a penny,—never a penny. It came out of this house. It is the capital on which this business was founded, and on which it ought to be carried on to this day. My brother had thrown her off; by heavens, yes!—had thrown her off. He had found out what she was, and had got rid of her."

"But he left her his money."

"Yes;—she got near him when he was dying, and he did leave her his money,—his money, and my money, and your father's money."

"He could have given her nothing, Uncle Barty, that was n't his own."

"Of course that's true; it's true in one way. You might say the same of a man who was cozened into leaving every shilling away from his own children. I was n't in Exeter when the will was made. We none of us were here. But she was here; and when we came to see him die, there we found her. She had had her revenge upon him, and she means to have it on all of us. I don't believe she'll ever leave you a shilling, Brooke. You'll find her out yet, and you'll talk of her to your nephews as I do to you."

Brooke made some ordinary answer to this, and bade his uncle adieu. He had allowed himself to entertain a half chivalrous idea that he could produce a reconciliation between Miss Stanbury and his Uncle Barty; and since he had been at Exeter he had said a word, first to the one and then to the other, hinting at the subject; but his hints had certainly not been successful. As he walked from the bank up the High Street, he could not fail to ask



himself whether there were any grounds for the terrible accusations which he had just heard from his uncle's lips. Something of the same kind, though in form much less violent, had been repeated to him very often by others of the family. Though he had as a boy known Miss Stanbury well, he had been taught to regard her as an ogress. All the Burgesses had regarded Miss Stanbury as an ogress since that unfortunate will had come to light. But she was an ogress from whom something might be gained, — and the ogress had still persisted in saying that a Burgess should be her heir. It had therefore come to pass that Brooke had been brought up half to revere her and half to abhor her. "She is a dreadful woman," said his branch of the family, "who will not scruple at anything evil. But as it seems that you may probably reap the advantage of the evil that she does, it will become you to put up with her iniquity." As he had become old enough to understand the nature of her position, he had determined to judge for himself; but his judgment hitherto simply amounted to this, that Miss Stanbury was a very singular old woman, with a kind heart and good instincts, but so capricious withal that no sensible man would risk his happiness on expectations formed on her promises. Guided by this opinion, he had resolved to be attentive to her and, after a certain fashion, submissive; but certainly not to become her slave. She had thrown over her nephew. She was constantly complaining to him of her niece. Now and again she would say a very bitter word to him about himself. When he had left Exeter on his little excursion, no one was so much in favor with her as Mr. Gibson. On his return, he found that Mr. Gibson had been altogether discarded, and was spoken of in terms of almost insolent abuse. "If I were ever so humble to her," he had said to himself, "it would do no good; and there is nothing I hate so much as humility." He had thus determined to take the goods the gods provided, should it ever come to pass that such godlike provision was laid before him out of Miss Stanbury's coffers, but not to alter his mode of life or put himself out of his way in obedience to her behests, as a man might be expected to do who was destined to receive so rich a legacy. Upon this idea he had acted, still believing the old woman to be good, but believing at the same time that she was very capricious. Now he had heard what his Uncle Bartholomew Burgess had had to say upon the matter, and he could not refrain from asking himself whether his uncle's accusations were true.

In a narrow passage between the High Street and the Close he met Mr. Gibson. There had come to be that sort of intimacy between the two men that grows from closeness of position rather than from any social desire on either side, and it was natural that Burgess should say a word of farewell. On the previous evening Miss Stanbury had relieved her mind by turning Mr. Gibson into ridicule in her description to Brooke of the manner in which the clergyman had carried on his love affair; and she had at the same time declared that Mr. Gibson had been most violently impertinent to herself. He knew, therefore, that Miss Stanbury and Mr. Gibson had become two, and would on this occasion have passed on without a word relative to the old lady, had Mr. Gibson allowed him to do so. But Mr. Gibson spoke his mind freely.

"Off to-morrow, are you?" he said. "Good by. I hope we may meet again, but not in the same house, Mr. Burgess."

"There or anywhere, I shall be very happy," said Brooke.

"Not there, certainly. While you were absent, Miss Stanbury treated me in such a way that I shall certainly never put my foot in her house again."

"Dear me! I thought that you and she were such great friends."

"I knew her very well, of course, and respected her. She is a good churchwoman, and is charitable in the city; but she has got such a tongue in her head that there is no bearing it when she does what she calls giving you a bit of her mind."

"She has been indulgent to me, and has not given me much of it."

"Your time will come, I've no doubt," continued Mr. Gibson. "Everybody has always told me that it would be so. Even her oldest friends knew it. You ask Mrs. MacHugh, or Mrs. French at Heavitree."

"Mrs. French!" said Brooke, laughing. "That would hardly be fair evidence."

"Why not? I don't know a better judge of character in all Exeter than Mrs. French. And she and Miss Stanbury have been intimate all their lives. Ask your uncle at the bank."

"My uncle and Miss Stanbury never were friends," said Brooke.

"Ask Hugh Stanbury what he thinks of her. But don't suppose I want to say a word against her. I would n't for the world do such a thing. Only, as we've met there and all that, I thought it best to let you know that she had treated me in such a way, and has been altogether so violent, that I never will go there again!" So saying, Mr. Gibson passed on, and was of opinion that he had spoken with great generosity of the old woman who had treated him so badly.

In the afternoon Brooke Burgess went over to the further end of the Close, and called on Mrs. MacHugh; and from thence he walked across to Heavitree and called on the Frenches. It may be doubted whether he would have been so well behaved to these ladies, had they not been appealed to by Mr. Gibson as witnesses to the character of Miss Stanbury. He got very little from Mrs. MacHugh. That lady was kind and cordial, and expressed many wishes that she might see him again in Exeter. When he said a few words about Mr. Gibson, Mrs. MacHugh only laughed, and declared that the gentleman would soon find a plaster for that sore. "There are more fishes than one in the sea," she said.

"But I'm afraid they've quarrelled, Mrs. MacHugh."

"So they tell me. What should we have to talk about here if somebody did n't quarrel sometimes? She and I ought to get up a quarrel for the good of the public; only they know that I never can quarrel with anybody. I never see anybody interesting enough to quarrel with." But Mrs. MacHugh said nothing about Miss Stanbury, except that she sent over a message with reference to a rubber of whist for the next night but one.

He found the two French girls sitting with their mother, and they all expressed their great gratitude to him for coming to say good by before he went. "It is so very nice of you, Mr. Burgess," said Camilla, "and particularly just at present."

"Yes, indeed," said Arabella, "because you know things have been so unpleasant."

"My dears, never mind about that," said Mrs. French. "Miss Stanbury has meant everything for the best, and it is all over now."



"I don't know what you mean by it's being all over, mamma," said Camilla. "As far as I can understand, it has never been begun."

"My dear, the least said is the soonest mended," said Mrs. French.

"That's of course, mamma," said Camilla; "but yet one can't hold one's tongue altogether. All the city is talking about it, and I dare say Mr. Burgess has heard as much as anybody else."

"I've heard nothing at all," said Brooke.

"O yes, you have," continued Camilla. Arabella conceived herself at this moment to be situated in so delicate a position, that it was best that her sister should talk about it, and that she herself should hold her tongue, — with the exception, perhaps, of a hint here and there which might be of assistance, for Arabella completely understood that the prize was now to be hers, if the prize could be rescued out of the Stanbury clutches. She was aware — no one better aware — how her sister had interfered with her early hopes, and was sure, in her own mind, that all her disappointment had come from fratricidal rivalry on the part of Camilla. It had never, however, been open to her to quarrel with Camilla; there they were, linked together, and together they must fight their battles. As two pigs may be seen at the same trough, each striving to take the delicacies of the banquet from the other, and yet enjoying always the warmth of the same dunghill in amiable contiguity, so had these young ladies lived in sisterly friendship, while each was striving to take a husband from the other. They had understood the position, and though for years back they had talked about Mr. Gibson, they had never quarrelled; but now, in these latter days of the Stanbury interference, there had come tacitly to be something of an understanding between them that, if any fighting were still possible on the subject, one must be put forward and the other must yield. There had been no spoken agreement, but Arabella quite understood that she was to be put forward. It was for her to take up the running, and to win, if possible, against the Stanbury filly. That was her view, and she was inclined to give Camilla credit for acting in accordance with it with honesty and zeal. She felt, therefore, that her words on the present occasion ought to be few. She sat back in her corner of the sofa, and was intent on her work, and showed by the pensiveness of her brow that there were thoughts within her bosom of which she was not disposed to speak. "You must have heard a great deal," said Camilla, laughing. "You must know how poor Mr. Gibson has been abused, because he would n't —"

"Camilla, don't be foolish," said Mrs. French.

"Because he would n't what?" asked Brooke.

"What ought he to have done that he did n't do?"

"I don't know anything about ought," said Camilla. "That's a matter of taste altogether."

"I'm the worst hand in the world at a riddle," said Brooke.

"How sly you are!" continued Camilla, laughing; "as if dear Aunt Stanbury had n't confided all her hopes to you."

"Camilla, dear, — don't," said Arabella.

"But when a gentleman is hunted, and can't be caught, I don't think he ought to be abused to his face."

"But who hunted him, and who abused him?" asked Brooke.

"Mind, I don't mean to say a word against Miss

Stanbury, Mr. Burgess. We've known her and loved her all our lives; — have n't we, mamma?"

"And respected her," said Arabella.

"Quite so," continued Camilla. "But you know, Mr. Burgess, that she likes her own way."

"I don't know anybody that does not," said Brooke.

"And when she's disappointed, she shows it. There's no doubt she is disappointed now, Mr. Burgess."

"What's the good of going on, Camilla?" said Mrs. French. Arabella sat silent in her corner, with a conscious glow of satisfaction, as she reflected that the joint disappointment of the elder and the younger Miss Stanbury had been caused by a tender remembrance of her own charms. Had not dear Mr. Gibson told her, in the glowing language of truth, that there was nothing further from his thoughts than the idea of taking Dorothy Stanbury for his wife?

"Well, you know," continued Camilla, "I think that when a person makes an attempt, and comes by the worst of it, that person should put up with the defeat, and not say all manner of ill-natured things. Everybody knows that a certain gentleman is very intimate in this house."

"Don't, dear," said Arabella, in a whisper.

"Yes, I shall," said Camilla. "I don't know why people should hold their tongues, when other people talk so loudly. I don't care a bit what anybody says about the gentleman and us. We have known him for ever so many years, and mamma is very fond of him."

"Indeed, I am, Camilla," said Mrs. French.

"And for the matter of that, so am I, — very," said Camilla, laughing bravely. "I don't care who knows it."

"Don't be so silly, child," said Arabella. Camilla was certainly doing her best, and Arabella was grateful.

"We don't care what people may say," continued Camilla again. "Of course we heard, as everybody else heard too, that a certain gentleman was to be married to a certain lady. It was nothing to us whether he was married or not."

"Nothing at all," said Arabella.

"We never spoke ill of the young lady. We did not interfere. If the gentleman liked the young lady, he was quite at liberty to marry her, as far as we were concerned. We had been in the habit of seeing him here, almost as a brother, and perhaps we might feel that a connection with that particular young lady would take him from us; but we never hinted so much even as that, — to him or to any one else. Why should we? It was nothing to us. Now it turns out that the gentleman never meant anything of the kind, whereupon he is pretty nearly kicked out of the house, and all manner of ill-natured things are said about us everywhere." By this time Camilla had become quite excited, and was speaking with much animation.

"How can you be so foolish, Camilla?" said Arabella.

"Perhaps I am foolish," said Camilla, "to care what anybody says."

"What can it all be to Mr. Burgess?" said Mrs. French.

"Only this, that as we all like Mr. Burgess, and as he is almost one of the family in the Close, I think he ought to know why we are not quite so cordial as we used to be. Now that the matter is over, I have no doubt things will get right again."



And as for the young lady, I'm sure we feel for her. We think it was the aunt who was indiscreet."

"And then she has such a tongue!" said Arabella. Our friend Brooke, of course, knew the whole truth,—knew the nature of Mr. Gibson's failure, and knew also how Dorothy had acted in the affair. He was inclined, moreover, to believe that the ladies who were now talking to him were as well instructed on the subject as was he himself. He had heard, too, of the ambition of the two young ladies now before him, and believed that that ambition was not yet dead. But he did not think it incumbent on him to fight a battle even on behalf of Dorothy. He might have declared that Dorothy, at least, had not been disappointed, but he thought it better to be silent about Dorothy. "Yes," he said, "Miss Stanbury has a tongue; but I think it speaks as much good as it does evil, and perhaps that is a great deal to say for a lady's tongue."

"We never speak evil of anybody," said Camilla,—"never. It is a rule with us." Then Brooke took his leave, and the three ladies were cordial and almost affectionate in their farewell greetings.

Brooke was to start on the following morning before anybody would be up except Martha, and Miss Stanbury was very melancholy during the evening. "We shall miss him very much, shall we not?" she said, appealing to Dorothy.

"I am sure you will miss him very much," said Dorothy.

"We are so stupid here alone," said Miss Stanbury.

When they had drank their tea, she sat nearly silent for half an hour, and then summoned him up into her own room. "So you are going, Brooke?" she said.

"Yes; I must go now. They would dismiss me if I stayed an hour longer."

"It was good of you to come to the old woman; and you must let me hear of you from time to time."

"Of course I'll write."

"And, Brooke—"

"What is it, Aunt Stanbury?"

"Do you want any money, Brooke?"

"No, none, thank you. I've plenty for a bachelor."

"When you think of marrying, Brooke, mind you tell me."

"I'll be sure to tell you; but I can't promise yet when that will be." She said nothing more to him, though she paused once more, as though she were going to speak. She kissed him and bade him good by, saying that she would not go down-stairs again that evening. He was to tell Dorothy to go to bed. And so they parted.

But Dorothy did not go to bed for an hour after that. When Brooke came down into the parlor with his message, she intended to go at once, and put up her work, and lit her candle, and put out her hand to him, and said good by to him. But, for all that, she remained there for an hour with him. At first she said very little, but by degrees her tongue was loosened, and she found herself talking with a freedom which she could hardly herself understand. She told him how thoroughly she believed her aunt to be a good woman,—how sure she was that her aunt was at any rate honest. "As for me," said Dorothy, "I know that I have displeased her about Mr. Gibson; and I would go away, only that I think she would be so desolate." Then Brooke begged her never to allow the idea of leaving Miss Stanbury to enter her

head. Because Miss Stanbury was capricious, he said, not on that account should her caprices either be indulged or permitted. That was his doctrine respecting Miss Stanbury, and he declared that, as regarded himself, he would never be either disrespectful to her or submissive. "It is a great mistake," he said, "to think that anybody is either an angel or a devil." When Dorothy expressed an opinion that with some people angelic tendencies were predominant, and with others diabolic tendencies, he assented, but declared that it was not always easy to tell the one tendency from the other. At last, when Dorothy had made about five attempts to go, Mr. Gibson's name was mentioned. "I am very glad that you are not going to be Mrs. Gibson," said he.

"I don't know why you should be glad."

"Because I should not have liked your husband,—not as your husband."

"He is an excellent man, I am sure," said Dorothy.

"Nevertheless, I am very glad. But I did not think you would accept him, and I congratulate you on your escape. You would have been nothing to me as Mrs. Gibson."

"Should n't I?" said Dorothy, not knowing what else to say.

"But now I think we shall always be friends."

"I'm sure I hope so, Mr. Burgess. But, indeed, I must go now. It is ever so late, and you will hardly get any sleep. Good night." Then he took her hand, and pressed it very warmly, and, referring to a promise before made to her, he assured her that he would certainly make acquaintance with her brother as soon as he was back in London. Dorothy, as she went up to bed, was more than ever satisfied with herself, in that she had not yielded in reference to Mr. Gibson.

## CHAPTER XLV.

TREVELYAN AT VENICE.

TREVELYAN passed on moodily and alone from Turin to Venice, always expecting letters from Bozzle, and receiving from time to time the despatches which that functionary forwarded to him, as must be acknowledged, with great punctuality. For Mr. Bozzle did his work, not only with a conscience, but with a will. He was now, as he had declared more than once, altogether devoted to Mr. Trevelyan's interest; and as he was an active, enterprising man, always on the alert to be doing something, and as he loved the work of writing despatches, Trevelyan received a great many letters from Bozzle. It is not exaggeration to say that every letter made him for the time a very wretched man. This ex-policeman wrote of the wife of his bosom, of her who had been the wife of his bosom, and who was the mother of his child,—who was at this very time the only woman whom he loved,—with an entire absence of any delicacy. Bozzle would have thought reticence on his part to be dishonest. We remember Othello's demand of Iago. That was the demand which Bozzle understood that Trevelyan had made of him, and he was minded to obey that order.

But Trevelyan, though he had in truth given the order, was like Othello also in this,—that he would have preferred before all the prizes of the world to have had proof brought home to him exactly oppo-



site to that which he demanded. But there was nothing so terrible to him as the grinding suspicion that he was to be kept in the dark. Bozzle could find out facts. Therefore he gave, in effect, the same order that Othello gave; and Bozzle went to work determined to obey it. There came many despatches to Venice, and at last there came one, which created a correspondence which shall be given here at length. The first is a letter from Mr. Bozzle to his employer:—

"55 STONY WALK, UNION STREET, BOROUGH.  
"September 29, 186-, 4.30 P. M.

"HOND. SIR,— Since I wrote yesterday morning, something has occurred which, it may be, and I think it will, will help to bring this melancholy affair to a satisfactory termination and conclusion. I had better explain, Mr. Trevelyan, how I have been at work from the beginning about watching the Colonel. I could n't do nothing with the porter at the Albany, which he is always mostly muzzled with beer, and he would n't have taken my money, not on the square. So, when it was telegraphed to me as the Colonel was on the move in the North, I put on two boys as knows the Colonel, at eightpence a day, at each end, one Piccadilly end, and the other Saville Row end, and yesterday morning, as quick as ever could be, after the Limited Express Edinburgh Male Up was in, there comes the Saville Row End Boy here to say as the Colonel was lodged safe in his Downey. Then I was off immediate myself to St. Diddulphs, because I knows what it is to trust to Inferiors when matters gets delicate. Now, there had n't been no letters from the Colonel, nor none to him, as I could make out, though that might n't be so sure. She might have had 'em to A. Z., or the like of that, at any of the post-offices as was distant, as nobody could give the notice to 'em all. Barring the money, which I know ain't an object when the end is so desirable, it don't do to be too ubikétous, because things will go astray. But I've kept my eye uncommon open, and I don't think there have been no letters since that last which was sent, Mr. Trevelyan, let any of 'em, parsons or what not, say what they will. And I don't see as parsons are better than other folk when they has to do with a lady as likes her fancy-man." Trevelyan, when he had read as far as this, threw down the letter and tore his hair in despair. "My wife!" he exclaimed, "O my wife!" But it was essential that he should read Bozzle's letter, and he persevered. "Well, I took to the ground myself as soon as ever I heard that the Colonel was among us, and I hung out at the Full Moon. They had been quite on the square with me at the Full Moon, which I mention, because, of course, it has to be remembered, and it do come up as a hitem. And I'm proud, Mr. Trevelyan, as I did take to the ground myself; for what should happen but I see the Colonel as large as life ringing at the parson's bell at 1.47 P. M. He was let in at 1.49, and he was let out at 2.17. He went away in a cab which it was kept, and I followed him till he was put down at the Arcade, and I left him having his 'ed washed and greased at Truitt's rooms half-way up. It was a wonder to me when I see this, Mr. Trevelyan, as he did n't have his 'ed done first, as they most of 'em does when they're going to see their ladies; but I could n't make nothing of that, though I did try to put too and too together, as I always does.

"What he did at the parson's, Mr. Trevelyan, I won't say I saw, and I won't say I know. It's my opinion the young woman there is n't on the square,

though she's been remembered too, and is a hitem of course. And, Mr. Trevelyan, it do go against the grain with me when they're remembered and ain't on the square. I does n't expect too much of Human Nature, which is poor, as the saying goes; but when they're remembered, and ain't on the square after that, it's too bad for Human Nature. It's more than poor. It's what I calls beggarly.

"He ain't been there since, Mr. Trevelyan, and he goes out of town to-morrow by the 1.15 P. M. express to Bridport. So he lets on; but of course I shall see to that. That he's been at St. Diddulph's, in the house from 1.47 to 2.17, you may take as a fact. There won't be no shaking of that, because I have it in my mem. book, and no Counsel can get the better of it. Of course he went there to see her, and it's my belief he did. The young woman as was remembered says he did n't, but she is n't on the square. They never is when a lady wants to see her gentleman, though they comes round afterwards, and tells up everything when it comes before his ordinary lordship.

"If you ask me, Mr. Trevelyan, I don't think it's ripe yet for the court, but we'll have it ripe before long. I'll keep a look-out, because it's just possible she may leave town. If she do, I'll be down upon them together, and no mistake.

"Yours most respectful,  
"S. BOZZLE."

Every word in the letter had been a dagger to Trevelyan, and yet he felt himself to be under an obligation to the man who had written it. No one else would or could make facts known to him. If she were innocent, let him know that she were innocent, and he would proclaim her innocence, and believe in her innocence, — and sacrifice himself to her innocence, if such sacrifice were necessary. But if she were guilty, let him also know that. He knew how bad it was, all that bribing of postmen and maid-servants, who took his money, and her money also, very likely. It was dirt, all of it. But who had put him into the dirt? His wife had, at least, deceived him, — had deceived him and disobeyed him, and it was necessary that he should know the facts. Life without a Bozzle would now have been to him a perfect blank.

The Colonel had been to the parsonage at St. Diddulph's, and had been admitted! As to that, he had no doubt. Nor did he really doubt that his wife had seen the visitor. He had sent his wife first into a remote village on Dartmoor, and there she had been visited by her — lover! How was he to use any other word? Iago, — O, Iago! The pity of it, Iago! Then, when she had learned that this was discovered, she had left the retreat in which he had placed her, — without permission from him, — and had taken herself to the house of a relative of hers. Here she was visited again by her — lover! O Iago! The pity of it, Iago! And then there had been between them an almost constant correspondence. So much he had ascertained as fact; but he did not for a moment believe that Bozzle had learned all the facts. There might be correspondence, or even visits, of which Bozzle could learn nothing. How could Bozzle know where his wife was during all those hours which Colonel Osborne passed in London? That which he knew, he knew absolutely, and on that he could act; but there was, of course, much of which he knew nothing. Gradually the truth would unveil itself, and then he would act. He would tear that Colonel into frag-



ments, and throw his wife from him with all the ignominy which the law made possible to him.

But in the mean time he wrote a letter to Mr. Outhouse. Colonel Osborne, after all that had been said, had been admitted at the parsonage, and Trevelyan was determined to let the clergyman know what he thought about it. The offender he turned the matter in his mind, as he walked slowly up and down the piazza of Saint Mark, the more absurd it appeared to him to doubt that his wife had seen the man. Of course she had seen him. He walked there nearly the whole night, thinking of it, and as he dragged himself off at last to his inn, had almost come to have but one desire, — namely, that he should find her out, that the evidence should be conclusive, that it should be proved, and so brought to an end. Then he would destroy her, and destroy that man, — and afterwards destroy himself, so bitter to him would be his ignominy. He almost revelled in the idea of the tragedy he would make. It was three o'clock before he was in his bedroom, and then he wrote his letter to Mr. Outhouse before he took himself to his bed. It was as follows: —

"VENICE, October 4, 186-.

"SIR, — Information of a certain kind, on which I can place a firm reliance, has reached me, to the effect that Colonel Osborne has been allowed to visit at your house during the sojourn of my wife under your roof. I will thank you to inform me whether this be true; as, although I am confident of my facts, it is necessary, in reference to my ulterior conduct, that I should have from you either an admission or a denial of my assertion. It is of course open to you to leave my letter unanswered. Should you think proper to do so, I shall know also how to deal with that fact.

"As to your conduct in admitting Colonel Osborne into your house while my wife is there, — after all that has passed, and all that you know that has passed, — I am quite unable to speak with anything like moderation of feeling. Had the man succeeded in forcing himself into your residence, you should have been the first to give me notice of it. As it is, I have been driven to ascertain the fact from other sources. I think that you have betrayed the trust that a husband has placed in you, and that you will find from the public voice that you will be regarded as having disgraced yourself as a clergyman.

"In reference to my wife herself, I would wish her to know, that after what has now taken place, I shall not feel myself justified in leaving our child longer in her hands, even tender as are his years. I shall take steps for having him removed. What further I shall do to vindicate myself, and extricate myself as far as may be possible from the slough of despond in which I have been submerged, she and you will learn in due time.

"Your obedient servant,

"L. TREVELYAN.

"A letter addressed 'poste restante, Venice,' will reach me here."

If Trevelyan was mad when he wrote this letter, Mr. Outhouse was very nearly as mad when he read it. He had most strongly desired to have nothing to do with his wife's niece when she was separated from her husband. He was a man honest, charitable, and sufficiently affectionate; but he was timid, and disposed to think ill of those whose modes of life were strange to him. Actuated by these feel-

ings, he would have declined to offer the hospitality of his roof to Mrs. Trevelyan, had any choice been left to him. But there had been no choice. She had come thither unasked, with her boy and baggage, and he could not send her away. His wife had told him that it was his duty to protect these women till their father came, and he recognized the truth of what his wife said. There they were, and there they must remain throughout the winter. It was hard upon him, — especially as the difficulties and embarrassments as to money were so disagreeable to him; but there was no help for it. His duty must be done, though it was never so painful. Then that horrid Colonel had come. And now had come this letter, in which he was not only accused of being an accomplice between his married niece and her lover, but was also assured that he should be held up to public ignominy and disgrace. Though he had often declared that Trevelyan was mad, he would not remember that now. Such a letter as he had received should have been treated by him as the production of a madman. But he was not sane enough himself to see the matter in that light. He gnashed his teeth, and clinched his fist, and was almost beside himself as he read the letter a second time.

There had been a method in Trevelyan's madness; for, though he had declared to himself that without doubt Bozzle had been right in saying that, as the Colonel had been at the parsonage, therefore, as a certainty, Mrs. Trevelyan had met the Colonel there, yet he had not so stated in his letter. He had merely asserted that Colonel Osborne had been at the house, and had founded his accusation upon that alleged fact. The alleged fact had been in truth a fact. So far Bozzle had been right. The Colonel had been at the parsonage; and the reader knows how far Mr. Outhouse had been to blame for his share in the matter. He rushed off to his wife with the letter, declaring at first that Mrs. Trevelyan, Nora, and the child, and the servant, should be sent out of the house at once. But at last she succeeded in showing him that he would not be justified in ill-using them because Trevelyan had ill-used him. "But I will write to him," said Mr. Outhouse. "He shall know what I think about it." And he did write his letter that day, in spite of his wife's entreaties that he would allow the sun to set upon his wrath. And his letter was as follows: —

"ST. DIDDULPH'S, 8th October, 186-.

"SIR, — I have received your letter of the 4th, which is more iniquitous, unjust, and ungrateful than anything I ever before saw written. I have been surprised from the first at your gross cruelty to your unoffending wife; but even that seems to me more intelligible than your conduct in writing such words as those which you have dared to send to me.

"For your wife's sake, knowing that she is in a great degree still in your power, I will condescend to tell you what has happened. When Mrs. Trevelyan found herself constrained to leave Nuncombe Putney by your aspersions on her character, she came here, to the protection of her nearest relatives within reach, till her father and mother should be in England. Sorely against my will I received them into my home, because they had been deprived of other shelter by the cruelty or madness of him who should have been their guardian. Here they are, and here they shall remain till Sir Marmaduke Rowley arrives. The other day, on the 29th of



September, Colonel Osborne, who is their father's old friend, called, not on them, but on me. I may truly say that I did not wish to see Colonel Osborne. They did not see him, nor did he ask to see them. If his coming was a fault,—and I think it was a fault,—they were not implicated in it. He came, remained a few minutes, and went without seeing any one but myself. That is the history of Colonel Osborne's visit to my house.

"I have not thought fit to show your letter to your wife, or to make her acquainted with this further proof of your want of reason. As to the threats which you hold out of removing her child from her, you can of course do nothing except by law. I do not think that even you will be sufficiently audacious to take any steps of that description. Whatever protection the law may give her and her child from your tyranny and misconduct cannot be obtained till her father shall be here.

"I have only further to request that you will not address any further communication to me. Should you do so, it will be refused.

"Yours, in deep indignation,  
"OLIPHANT OUTHOUSE."

Trevelyan had also written two other letters to England,—one to Mr. Bideawhile, and the other to Bozzle. In the former he acquainted the lawyer that he had discovered that his wife still maintained her intercourse with Colonel Osborne, and that he must therefore remove his child from her custody. He then inquired what steps would be necessary to enable him to obtain possession of his little boy. In the letter to Bozzle he sent a check, and his thanks for the ex-policeman's watchful care. He desired Bozzle to continue his precautions, and explained his intentions about his son. Being somewhat afraid that Bideawhile might not be zealous on his behalf, and not himself understanding accurately the extent of his power with regard to his own child, or the means whereby he might exercise it, he was anxious to obtain assistance from Bozzle also on this point. He had no doubt that Bozzle knew all about it. He had great confidence in Bozzle. But still he did not like to consult the ex-policeman. He knew that it became him to have some regard for his own dignity. He therefore put the matter very astutely to Bozzle, asking no questions, but alluding to his difficulty in a way that would enable Bozzle to offer advice.

And where was he to get a woman to take charge of his child? If Lady Milborough would do it, how great would be the comfort! But he was almost sure that Lady Milborough would not do it. All his friends had turned against him, and Lady Milborough among the number. There was nobody left to him but Bozzle. Could he intrust Bozzle to find some woman for him who would take adequate charge of the little fellow, till he himself could see to the child's education? He did not put this question to Bozzle in plain terms; but he was very astute, and wrote in such a fashion that Bozzle could make a proposal, if any proposal were within his power.

The answer from Mr. Outhouse came first. To this Mr. Trevelyan paid very little attention. It was just what he expected. Of course, Mr. Outhouse's assurance about Colonel Osborne went for nothing. A man who would permit intercourse in his house between a married lady and her lover would not scruple to deny that he had permitted it.

Then came Mr. Bideawhile's answer, which was very short. Mr. Bideawhile said that nothing could be done about the child till Mr. Trevelyan should return to England; and that he could give no opinion as to what should be done then till he knew more of the circumstances. It was quite clear to Trevelyan that he must employ some other lawyer. Mr. Bideawhile had probably been corrupted by Colonel Osborne. Could Bozzle recommend a lawyer?

From Bozzle himself there came no other immediate reply than, "his duty, and that he would make further inquiries."

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE AMERICAN MINISTER.

In the second week in October Mr. Glascock returned to Florence, intending to remain there till the weather should have become bearable at Naples. His father was said to be better, but was in such a condition as hardly to receive much comfort from his son's presence. His mind was gone, and he knew no one but his nurse; and though Mr. Glascock was unwilling to put himself altogether out of the reach of returning at a day's notice, he did not find himself obliged to remain in Naples during the heat of the autumn. So Mr. Glascock returned to the hotel at Florence, accompanied by the tall man who wore the buttons. The hotel-keeper did not allow such a light to remain long hidden under a bushel, and it was soon spread far and wide that the Honorable Charles Glascock and his suite were again in the beautiful city.

And the fact was soon known to the American Minister and his family. Mr. Spalding was a man who, at home, had been very hostile to English interests. Many American gentlemen are known for such hostility; they make anti-English speeches about the country, as though they thought that war with England would produce certain triumph to the States, certain increase to American trade, and certain downfall to a tyranny which no Anglo-Saxon nation ought to endure. But such is hardly their real opinion. There, in the States, as also here in England, you shall from day to day hear men propounding, in very loud language, advanced theories of political action, the assertion of which is supposed to be necessary to the end which they have in view. Men whom we know to have been as mild as sucking doves in the political aspiration of their whole lives, suddenly jump up, and, with infuriated gestures, declare themselves the enemies of everything existing.

When they have obtained their little purpose,—or have failed to do so,—they revert naturally into their sucking-dove elements. It is so with Americans as frequently as with ourselves, and there is no political subject on which it is considered more expedient to express pseudo-enthusiasm than on that of the sins of England. It is understood that we do not resent it. It is presumed that we regard it as the Irishman regarded his wife's cuffs. In the States a large party, which consists chiefly of those who have lately left English rule, and who are keen to prove to themselves how wise they have been in doing so, is pleased by this strong language against England; and, therefore, the strong language is spoken. But the speakers, who are, probably, men knowing something of the world, mean it not at all; they have no more idea of war with England than



they have of wars with all Europe; and their respect for England and for English opinion is unbounded. In their political tones of speech and modes of action they strive to be as English as possible. It has been the struggle of Mr. Seward's life to make himself as like an English Cabinet Minister as possible; and Mr. Adams is regarded with a mingled respect and envy which no one else has quite achieved, because it is supposed that he has succeeded in learning the quiet, unobtrusive, sagacious, but somewhat apathetic bearing of an English statesman.

Mr. Spalding's aspirations were of the same nature. He had uttered speeches against England which would make the hair stand on end on the head of an uninitiated English reader. He had told his countrymen that Englishmen hugged their chains, and would do so until American hammers had knocked those chains from off their wounded wrists and bleeding ankles. He had declared that, if certain American claims were not satisfied, there was nothing left for Americans to do but to cross the ferry with such a sheriff's officer as would be able to make distraint on the great English household. He had declared that the sheriff's officer would have very little trouble. He had spoken of Canada as an outlying American territory, not yet quite sufficiently redeemed from savage life to be received into the Union as a State. There is a multiplicity of subjects of this kind ready to the hand of the American orator. Mr. Spalding had been quite successful, and was now Minister at Florence; but, perhaps, one of the greatest pleasures coming to him from his prosperity was the enjoyment of the society of well-bred Englishmen, in the capital to which he had been sent. For Mr. Spalding was a social, hospitable man, who enjoyed society, who liked to talk, — but who could talk no language but his own. When, therefore, his wife and nieces pointed out to him the fact that it was manifestly his duty to call upon Mr. Glascock, after what had passed between them on that night under the Campanile, he did not rebel for an instant against the order given to him; his mind never reverted for a moment to that opinion which had gained for him such a round of applause, when expressed on the platform of the Temperance Hall at Nubbly Creek, State of Illinois, to the effect that the English aristocrat, thorough-born and thorough-bred, who inherited acres and title from his father, could never be fitting company for a thoughtful Christian American citizen. He at once had his hat brushed, and took up his best gloves and umbrella, and went off to Mr. Glascock's hotel. He was strictly enjoined by the ladies to fix a day on which Mr. Glascock would come and dine at the American embassy.

"C. G. has come back to see you," said Olivia to her elder sister. They had always called him "C. G." since the initials had been seen on the travelling-bag.

"Probably," said Carry. "There is so very little else to bring people to Florence, that there can be no other reason for his coming. They do say it is terribly hot at Naples just now; but that can have had nothing to do with it."

"We shall see," said Livy. "I'm sure he's in love with you. He looked to me just like a proper sort of lover for you, when I saw his long legs creeping up over our heads into the banquettes."

"You ought to have been very much obliged to his long legs, — so sick as you were at the time."

"I like him amazingly," said Livy, "legs and all.

I only hope Uncle Jonas won't bore him, so as to prevent his coming."

"His father is very ill," said Carry, "and I don't suppose we shall see him at all."

But the American Minister was successful. He found Mr. Glascock sitting in his dressing-gown, smoking a cigar, and reading a newspaper. The English aristocrat seemed very glad to see his visitor, and assumed no airs at all. The American altogether forgot his speech at Nubbly Creek, and found the aristocrat's society to be very pleasant. He lit a cigar, and they talked about Naples, Rome, and Florence. Mr. Spalding, when the marbles of old Rome were mentioned, was a little too keen in insisting on the merits of Story, Miss Hosmer, and Hiram Power, and hardly carried his listener with him in the parallel which he drew between Greenough and Phidias; and he was somewhat repressed by the apathetic curtness of Mr. Glascock's reply, when he suggested that the victory gained by the gunboats at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, was vividly brought to his mind by an account which he had just been reading of the battle of Actium; but he succeeded in inducing Mr. Glascock to accept an invitation to dinner for the next day but one, and the two gentlemen parted on the most amicable terms.

Everybody meets everybody in Florence every day. Carry and Livy Spalding had met Mr. Glascock twice before the dinner at their uncle's house, and had passed a long morning with him in the gallery of the Pitti palace. So that they met at dinner quite as intimate friends. Mrs. Spalding had very large rooms, up three flights of stairs, on the Lungarno. The height of her abode was attributed by Mrs. Spalding to her dread of mosquitoes. She had not yet learned that people in Florence require no excuse for being asked to walk up three flights of stairs. The rooms, when they were reached, were very lofty, floored with what seemed to be marble, and were of a nature almost to warrant Mrs. Spalding in feeling that nature had made her more akin to an Italian countess than to a matron of Nubbly Creek, State of Illinois, where Mr. Spalding had found her, and made her his own.

There was another Englishman present, Mr. Harris Hyde Granville Gore, from the Foreign Office, now serving temporarily at the English Legation in Florence; and an American, Mr. Jackson Unthank, a man of wealth and taste, who was resolved on having such a collection of pictures at his house in Baltimore that no English private collection should in any way come near to it; and a Tuscan, from the Italian Foreign Office, to whom nobody could speak except Mr. Harris Hyde Granville Gore, who did not indeed seem to enjoy the efforts of conversation which were expected of him. The Italian, who had a handle to his name, — he was a Count Buonarosci, — took Mrs. Spalding into dinner. Mrs. Spalding had been at great trouble to ascertain whether this was proper, or whether she should not intrust herself to Mr. Glascock. There were different points to be considered in the matter. She did not quite know whether she was in Italy or in America. She had glimmerings on the subject of her privilege to carry her own nationality into her own drawing-room. And then she was called upon to deal between an Italian Count with an elder brother, and an English Honorable who had no such encumbrance. Which of the two was possessed of the higher rank? "I've found it all out, Aunt Mary," said Livy. "You must take the Count." For Livy



wanted to give her sister every chance. "How have you found it out?" said the aunt. "You may be sure it is so," said Livy. And the lady in her doubt yielded the point. Mrs. Spalding, as she walked along the passage on the Count's arm, determined that she would have station. She would have given all Nubby Creek to have been able to speak a word to Count Buonarosci. To do her justice, it must be admitted that she had studied a few words. But her courage failed her, and she could not speak them. She was very careful that Mr. H. G. Gore was placed in his chair next to the Count. But Livy was on the other side of him, and the Count got very little benefit from such knowledge of Italian as Mr. Gore had in his possession.

"We are very glad to see you here," said Mr. Spalding, addressing himself especially to Mr. Glascock, as he stood up at his own seat at the round table. "In leaving my own country, sir, there is nothing that I value more than the privilege of becoming acquainted with those whose historic names and existing positions are of such inestimable value to the world at large." In saying this, Mr. Spalding was not in the least insincere, nor did his conscience at all prick him in reference to that speech at Nubby Creek. On both occasions he half thought as he spoke, — or thought that he thought so. Unless it be on subjects especially endeared to us, the thoughts of but few of us go much beyond this. Mr. Glascock made a little bow, and then they all sat down to dinner.

Mr. Glascock, who sat between Mrs. Spalding and her niece, was soon asked by the elder lady whether he had been in the States. "No; he had not been in the States. "Then you must come, Mr. Glascock," said Mrs. Spalding, "though I will not say, dwelling as we now are in the metropolis of the world of art, that we in our own homes have as much of the outer beauty of form to charm the stranger as is to be found in other lands. Yet I think that the busy lives of men and the varied institutions of a free country must always have an interest peculiarly their own." Mr. Glascock declared that he quite agreed with her, and expressed a hope that he might some day find himself in New York.

"You would not like it at all," said Carry.

"And why not?"

"Because you are an aristocrat. I don't mean that it would be your fault."

"Why should that prevent my liking it, — even if I were an aristocrat?"

"One half of the people would run after you, and the other half would run away from you," said Carry.

"Then I'd take to the people who ran after me, and would not regard the others."

"That's all very well, — but you would n't like it. And then you would become unfair to what you saw. When some of our speechifying people talked to you about our institutions through their noses, you would think that the institutions themselves must be bad. And we have nothing to show except our institutions."

"What are American institutions?" asked Mr. Glascock.

"Everything is an institution. Having iced water to drink in every room of the house is an institution. Having hospitals in every town is an institution. Travelling altogether in one class of railway car is an institution. Surgery, sir, is an institution. Teaching all the children mathematics is an institution. Plenty of food is an institution. Getting

drunk is an institution in a great many towns. Lecturing is an institution. There are plenty of them, and some are very good; but you would n't like it."

"At any rate, I'll go and see," said Mr. Glascock.

"If you do, I hope we may be at home at Boston," said Miss Spalding.

Mr. Spalding in the mean time, with the assistance of his countryman, the man of taste, was endeavoring to explain a certain point in American politics to the Count. As, in doing this, they called upon Mr. Gore to translate every speech they made into Italian, and as Mr. Gore had never offered his services as an interpreter, and as the Italian did not quite catch the subtle meanings of the Americans in Mr. Gore's Tuscan version, and did not in the least wish to understand the things that were explained to him, Mr. Gore and the Italian began to think that the two Americans were bores. "The truth is, Mr. Spalding," said Mr. Gore, "I've got such a cold in my head, that I don't think I can explain it any more." Then Livy Spalding laughed aloud, and the two American gentlemen began to eat their dinner. "It sounds ridiculous; don't it?" said Mr. Gore, in a whisper.

"I ought not to have laughed, I know," said Livy.

"The very best thing you could have done. I sha'n't be troubled any more now. The fact is, I know just nine words of Italian. Now there is a difficulty in having to explain the whole theory of American politics to an Italian, who does n't want to know anything about it, with so very small a repertory of words at one's command."

"How well you did it!"

"Too well. I felt that. So well that, unless I had stopped it, I should n't have been able to say a word to you all through dinner. Your laughter clinched it, and Buonarosci and I will be grateful to you forever."

After the ladies went, there was rather a bad half-hour for Mr. Glascock. The American Minister took his wife's place, and Mr. Gore, falling into the vicinity of the other American gentleman, was enabled to give him a great many hints as to the buying of pictures. It cannot, however, be asserted that the formation of the great embryo gallery at Baltimore was much advanced by Mr. Gore's experience. The Italian Count sat alone, quite contented now that no further effort was expected from him. But Mr. Glascock was button-holed by the Minister, and found it oppressive before he was enabled to escape into the drawing-room. "Mr. Glascock," said the Minister, "an English gentleman, sir, like you, who has the privilege of an hereditary seat in your parliament," — Mr. Glascock was not quite sure whether he were being accused of having an hereditary seat in the House of Commons, but he would not stop to correct any possible error on that point, — "and who has been born to all the gifts of fortune, rank, and social eminence, should never think that his education is complete till he has visited our great cities in the West."

Mr. Glascock hinted that he by no means conceived his education to be complete; but the Minister went on without attending to this. "Till you have seen, sir, what men can do who are placed upon the earth with all God's gifts of free intelligence, free air, free soil, but without any of those other good things which we are accustomed to call the gifts of fortune, you can never become aware of the infinite ingenuity of man." There had been



much said before, but just at this moment Mr. Gore and the American left the room, and the Italian followed them briskly. Mr. Glascock at once made a decided attempt to bolt; but the Minister was on the alert, and was too quick for him. And he was by no means ashamed of what he was doing. He had got his guest by the coat, and openly declared his intention of holding him. "Let me keep you for a few minutes, sir," said he, "while I dilate on this point in one direction. In the drawing-room female spells are too potent for us male orators. In going among us, Mr. Glascock, you must not look for luxury or refinement, for you will find them not. Nor must you hope to encounter the highest order of erudition. The lofty summits of acquired knowledge tower in your country with an altitude we have not reached yet."

"It's very good of you to say so," said Mr. Glascock.

"No, sir. In our new country and in our new cities we still lack the luxurious perfection of fastidious civilization. But, sir, regard our level. That is what I say to every unprejudiced Britisher that comes among us,—look at our level. And when you have looked at our level, I think that you will confess that we live on the highest table-land that the world has yet afforded to mankind. You follow my meaning, Mr. Glascock?" Mr. Glascock was not sure that he did, but the Minister went on to make that meaning clear. "It is the multitude that with us is educated. Go into their houses, sir, and see how they thumb their books. Look at the domestic correspondence of our helps and servants, and see how they write and spell. We haven't got the mountains, sir, but our table-lands are the highest on which the bright sun of our Almighty God has as yet shone with its illuminating splendor in this improving world of ours! It is because we are a young people, sir,—with nothing as yet near to us of the decrepitude of age. The weakness of age, sir, is the penalty paid by the folly of youth. We are not so wise, sir, but what we, too, shall suffer from its effects as years roll over our heads." There was a great deal more, but at last Mr. Glascock did escape into the drawing-room.

"My uncle has been saying a few words to you, perhaps," said Carry Spalding.

"Yes, he has," said Mr. Glascock.

"He usually does," said Carry Spalding.

## ON THE MODERN ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[What follows was delivered as an inaugural lecture in the Poetry Chair at Oxford. It was never printed, but there appeared at the time several comments on it from critics who had either heard it, or heard reports about it. It was meant to be followed and completed by a course of lectures developing the subject entirely, and some of these were given. But the course was broken off because I found my knowledge insufficient for treating in a solid way many portions of the subject chosen. The inaugural lecture, however, treating a portion of the subject where my knowledge was perhaps less insufficient, and where beside my hearers were better able to help themselves out from their own knowledge, is here printed. No one feels the imperfection of this sketchy and generalizing mode of treatment more than I do; and not only is this mode of treatment less to my taste now than it was eleven years ago; but the style too, which is that of the doctor rather than the explorer, is a style which I have long since learnt to abandon. Nevertheless, having written much of late about Hellenism and Hebraism, and Hellenism being to many people almost an empty name compared with Hebraism, I print this lecture with the hope that it may serve, in the absence of other and fuller illustrations, to give some notion of the Hellenic spirit and its works, and of their significance in the history of the evolution of the human spirit in general. — M. A.]

It is related in one of those legends which illustrate the history of Buddhism, that a certain disciple

once presented himself before his master, Buddha, with the desire to be permitted to undertake a mission of peculiar difficulty. The compassionate teacher represented to him the obstacles to be surmounted and the risks to be run. Purna — so the disciple was called — insisted, and replied, with equal humility and adroitness, to the successive objections of his adviser. Satisfied at last by his answers of the fitness of his disciple, Buddha accorded to him the desired permission, and dismissed him to his task with these remarkable words, nearly identical with those in which he himself is said to have been admonished by a divinity at the outset of his own career: "Go then, O Purna," are his words; "having been delivered, deliver; having been consoled, console; being arrived thyself at the farther bank, enable others to arrive there also."

It was a moral deliverance, eminently, of which the great oriental reformer spoke; it was a deliverance from the pride, the sloth, the anger, the selfishness, which impair the moral activity of man, — a deliverance which is demanded of all individuals and in all ages. But there is another deliverance for the human race, hardly less important, indeed, than the first, — for in the enjoyment of both united consists man's true freedom, — but demanded far less universally, and even more rarely and imperfectly obtained; a deliverance neglected, apparently hardly conceived, in some ages, while it has been pursued with earnestness in others, which derive from that very pursuit their peculiar character. This deliverance is an intellectual deliverance.

An intellectual deliverance is the peculiar demand of those ages which are called modern; and those nations are said to be imbued with the modern spirit most eminently in which the demand for such a deliverance has been made with most zeal, and satisfied with most completeness. Such a deliverance is emphatically, whether we will or no, the demand of the age in which we ourselves live. All intellectual pursuits our age judges according to their power of helping to satisfy this demand; of all studies it asks, above all, the question, how far they can contribute to this deliverance.

I propose, on this my first occasion of speaking here, to attempt such a general survey of ancient classical literature and history as may afford us the conviction — in presence of the doubts so often expressed of the profitableness, in the present day, of our study of this literature — that, even admitting to their fullest extent the legitimate demands of our age, the literature of ancient Greece is, even for modern times, a mighty agent of intellectual deliverance; even for modern times, therefore, an object of indestructible interest.

But first let us ask ourselves why the demand for an intellectual deliverance arises in such an age as the present, and in what the deliverance itself consists? The demand arises, because our present age has around it a copious and complex present, and behind it a copious and complex past; it arises, because the present age exhibits to the individual man who contemplates it the spectacle of a vast multitude of facts awaiting and inviting his comprehension. The deliverance consists in man's comprehension of this present and past. It begins when our mind begins to enter into possession of the general ideas which are the law of this vast multitude of facts. It is perfect when we have acquired that harmonious acquiescence of mind which we feel in contemplating a grand spectacle that is intelligible to us; when we have lost that impatient irritation



of mind which we feel in presence of an immense, moving, confused spectacle which, while it perpetually excites our curiosity, perpetually baffles our comprehension.

This, then, is what distinguishes certain epochs in the history of the human race, and our own amongst the number,—on the one hand, the presence of a significant spectacle to contemplate; on the other hand, the desire to find the true point of view from which to contemplate this spectacle. He who has found that point of view, he who adequately comprehends this spectacle, has risen to the comprehension of his age; he who communicates that point of view to his age, he who interprets to it that spectacle, is one of his age's intellectual deliverers.

The spectacle, the facts, presented for the comprehension of the present age, are indeed immense. The facts consist of the events, the institutions, the sciences, the arts, the literatures, in which human life has manifested itself up to the present time; the spectacle is the collective life of humanity. And everywhere there is connection, everywhere there is illustration; no single event, no single literature, is adequately comprehended except in its relation to other events, to other literatures. The literature of ancient Greece, the literature of the Christian Middle Age, so long as they are regarded as two isolated literatures, two isolated growths of the human spirit, are not adequately comprehended; and it is adequate comprehension which is the demand of the present age. "We must compare,"—the illustrious Chancellor of Cambridge\* said the other day to his hearers at Manchester,—“we must compare the works of other ages with those of our own age and country; that, while we feel proud of the immense development of knowledge and power of production which we possess, we may learn humility in contemplating the refinement of feeling and intensity of thought manifested in the works of the older schools.” To know how others stand, that we may know how we ourselves stand; and to know how we ourselves stand, that we may correct our mistakes and achieve our deliverance,—that is our problem.

But all facts, all the elements of the spectacle before us, have not an equal value,—do not merit a like attention; and it is well that they do not, for no man would be adequate to the task of thoroughly mastering them all. Some have more significance for us, others have less; some merit our utmost attention in all their details, others it is sufficient to comprehend in their general character, and then they may be dismissed.

What facts, then, let us ask ourselves, what elements of the spectacle before us, will naturally be most interesting to a highly developed age like our own, to an age making the demand which we have described for an intellectual deliverance by means of the complete intelligence of its own situation? Evidently, the other ages similarly developed, and making the same demand. And what past literature will naturally be most interesting to such an age as our own? Evidently, the literatures which have most successfully solved for their ages the problem which occupies ours; the literatures which in their day and for their own nation have adequately comprehended, have adequately represented, the spectacle before them. A significant, a highly developed, a culminating epoch, on the one hand,—a comprehensive, a commensurate, an adequate literature, on the other,—these will naturally be the

objects of deepest interest to our modern age. Such an epoch and such a literature are, in fact, *modern*, in the same sense in which our own age and literature are modern; they are founded upon a rich past and upon an instructive fulness of experience.

It may, however, happen that a great epoch is without a perfectly adequate literature; it may happen that a great age, a great nation, has attained a remarkable fulness of political and social development, without intellectually taking the complete measure of itself, without adequately representing that development in its literature. In this case, the *epoch*, the *nation* itself, will still be an object of the greatest interest to us; but the *literature* will be an object of less interest to us; the facts, the material spectacle, are there; but the contemporary view of the facts, the intellectual interpretation, are inferior and inadequate.

It may happen, on the other hand, that great authors, that a powerful literature, are found in an age and nation less great and powerful than themselves; it may happen that a literature, that a man of genius, may arise adequate to the representation of a greater, a more highly developed age than that in which they appear; it may happen that a literature completely interprets its epoch, and yet has something over; that it has a force, a richness, a geniality, a power of view which the materials at its disposition are insufficient adequately to employ. In such a case, the literature will be more interesting to us than the epoch. The interpreting power, the illuminating and revealing intellect, are there; but the spectacle on which they throw their light is not fully worthy of them.

And I shall not, I hope, be thought to magnify too much my office if I add, that it is to the poetical literature of an age that we must, in general, look for the most perfect, the most adequate interpretation of that age,—for the performance of a work which demands the most energetic and harmonious activity of all the powers of the human mind. Because that activity of the whole mind, that genius, as Johnson nobly describes it, “without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates,” is in poetry at its highest stretch and in its most energetic exertion.

What we seek, therefore, what will most enlighten us, most contribute to our intellectual deliverance, is the union of two things; it is the coexistence, the simultaneous appearance, of a great epoch and a great literature.

Now the culminating age in the life of ancient Greece I call, beyond question, a great epoch; the life of Athens in the fifth century before our era I call one of the highly developed, one of the marking, one of the modern periods in the life of the whole human race. It has been said that the “Athens of Pericles was a vigorous man, at the summit of his bodily strength and mental energy.” There was the utmost energy of life there, public and private; the most entire freedom, the most unprejudiced and intelligent observation of human affairs. Let us rapidly examine some of the characteristics which distinguish modern epochs; let us see how far the culminating century of ancient Greece exhibits them; let us compare it, in respect of them, with a much later, a celebrated century; let us compare it with the age of Elizabeth in our own country.

To begin with what is exterior. One of the most

\* The late Prince Consort.



characteristic outward features of a *modern* age, — of an age of advanced civilization, is the banishment of the ensigns of war and bloodshed from the intercourse of civil life. Crime still exists, and wars are still carried on; but within the limits of civil life a circle has been formed within which man can move securely, and develop the arts of peace uninterruptedly. The private man does not go forth to his daily occupation prepared to assail the life of his neighbor, or to have to defend his own. With the disappearance of the constant means of offence, the occasions of offence diminish; society at last acquires repose, confidence, and free activity. An important inward characteristic, again, is the growth of a tolerant spirit, — that spirit which is the offspring of an enlarged knowledge, — a spirit patient of the diversities of habits and opinions. Other characteristics are the multiplication of the conveniences of life, the formation of taste, the capacity for refined pursuits. And this leads us to the supreme characteristic of all, the intellectual maturity of man himself, — the tendency to observe facts with a critical spirit, — to search for their law, not to wander among them at random, — to judge by the rule of reason, not by the impulse of prejudice or caprice.

Well, now, with respect to the presence of all these characteristics in the age of Pericles, we possess the explicit testimony of an immortal work, — of the history of Thucydides. "The Athenians first," he says, speaking of the gradual development of Grecian society up to the period when the Peloponnesian War commenced, — "the Athenians first left off the habit of wearing arms"; that is, this mark of superior civilization had, in the age of Pericles, become general in Greece, had long been visible at Athens. In the time of Elizabeth, on the other hand, the wearing of arms was universal in England and throughout Europe. Again, the conveniences, the ornaments, the luxuries of life, had become common at Athens at the time of which we are speaking.

But there had been an advance even beyond this; there had been an advance to that perfection, that propriety of taste which prescribes the excess of ornament, the extravagance of luxury. The Athenians had given up, Thucydides says, had given up, although not very long before, an extravagance of dress and an excess of personal ornament which, in the first flush of newly discovered luxury, had been adopted by some of the richer classes. The height of civilization in this respect seems to have been attained; there was general elegance and refinement of life, and there was simplicity. What was the case in this respect in the Elizabethan age? The scholar Casaubon, who settled in England in the reign of James I., bears evidence to the want here, even at that time, of conveniences of life which were already to be met with on the Continent of Europe. On the other hand, the taste for fantastic, for excessive personal adornment, to which the portraits of the time bear testimony, is admirably set forth in the work of a great novelist, who was also a very truthful antiquarian, — in the "Kenilworth" of Sir Walter Scott. We all remember the description, in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of the second volume of "Kenilworth," of the barbarous magnificence, the "fierce vanities," of the dress of the period.

Pericles praises the Athenians that they had discovered sources of recreation for the spirit to counterbalance the labors of the body; compare these,

compare the pleasures which charmed the whole body of the Athenian people through the yearly round of their festivals with the popular shows and pastimes in "Kenilworth." "We have freedom," says Pericles, "for individual diversities of opinion and character; we do not take offence at the tastes and habits of our neighbor if they differ from our own." Yes, in Greece, in the Athens of Pericles, there is toleration; but in England, in the England of the sixteenth century? — the Puritans are then in full growth. So that with regard to these characteristics of civilization of a modern spirit which we have hitherto enumerated, the superiority, it will be admitted, rests with the age of Pericles.

Let us pass to what we said was the supreme characteristic of a highly developed, a modern age, — the manifestation of a critical spirit, the endeavor after a rational arrangement and appreciation of facts. Let us consider one or two of the passages in the masterly introduction which Thucydides, the contemporary of Pericles, has prefixed to his history. What was his motive in choosing the Peloponnesian War for his subject? Because it was, in his opinion, the most important, the most instructive event which had, up to that time, happened in the history of mankind. What is his effort in the first twenty-three chapters of his history? To place in their correct point of view all the facts which had brought Grecian society to the point at which that dominant event found it; to strip these facts of their exaggeration, to examine them critically. The enterprises undertaken in the early times of Greece were on a much smaller scale than had been commonly supposed. The Greek chiefs were induced to combine in the expedition against Troy, not by their respect for an oath taken by them all when suitors to Helen, but by their respect for the preponderating influence of Agamemnon; the siege of Troy had been protracted not so much by the valor of the besieged as by the inadequate mode of warfare necessitated by the want of funds of the besiegers. No doubt Thucydides' criticism of the Trojan War is not perfect; but observe how in these and many other points he labors to correct popular errors, to assign their true character to facts, complaining, as he does so, of men's habit of *uncritical* reception of current stories. "So little a matter of care to most men," he says, "is the search after truth, and so inclined are they to take up any story which is ready to their hand." "He himself," he continues, "has endeavored to give a true picture, and believes that in the main he has done so."

"For some readers his history may want the charm of the uncritical, half-fabulous narratives of earlier writers; but for such as desire to gain a clear knowledge of the past, and thereby of the future also, which will surely, after the course of human things, represent again hereafter, if not the very image, yet the near resemblance of the past, — if such shall judge my work to be profitable, I shall be well content."

What language shall we properly call this? It is *modern* language; it is the language of a thoughtful, philosophic man of our own days; it is the language of Burke or Niebuhr assigning the true aim of history. And yet Thucydides is no mere literary man, — no isolated thinker, speaking far over the heads of his hearers to a future age, — no, he was a man of action, a man of the world, a man of his time. He represents, at its best indeed, but he represents, the general intelligence of his age and nation, — of a nation the meanest citizens of which



could follow with comprehension the profoundly thoughtful speeches of Pericles.

Let us now turn for a contrast to a historian of the Elizabethan age, also a man of great mark and ability, also a man of action, also a man of the world, Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter Raleigh writes the "History of the World," as Thucydides has written the "History of the Peloponnesian War." Let us hear his language; let us mark his point of view; let us see what problems occur to him for solution. "Seeing," he says, "that we digress in all the ways of our lives, — yea, seeing the life of man is nothing else but digression, — I may be the better excused in writing their lives and actions." What are the preliminary facts which he discusses, as Thucydides discusses the Trojan War and the early naval power of Crete, and which are to lead up to his main inquiry? Open the table of contents of his first volume. You will find: "Of the firmament, and of the waters above the firmament, and whether there be any crystalline heaven, or any primum mobile." You will then find: "Of Fate, and that the stars have great influence, and that their operations may diversely be prevented or furthered." Then you come to two entire chapters on the place of Paradise, and on the two chief trees in the garden of Paradise.

And in what style, with what power of criticism, does Raleigh treat the subjects so selected? I turn to the 7th section of the third chapter of his first book, which treats "Of their opinion which make Paradise as high as the moon, and of others which make it higher than the middle region of the air." Thus he begins the discussion of this opinion: "Whereas Beda saith, and as the schoolmen affirm Paradise to be a place altogether removed from the knowledge of men ('locus a cognitione hominum remotissimus'), and Barcephas conceived that Paradise was far in the east, but mounted above the ocean and all the earth, and near the orb of the moon (which opinion, though the schoolmen charge Beda withal, yet Pererius lays it off from Beda and his master Rabanus); and whereas Rupertus in his geography of Paradise doth not much differ from the rest, but finds it seated next or nearest Heaven, —" So he states the error, and now for his own criticism of it: "First, such a place cannot be commodious to live in, for being so near the moon it had been too near the sun and other heavenly bodies. Secondly, it must have been too joint a neighbor to the element of fire. Thirdly, the air in that region is so violently moved and carried about with such swiftness as nothing in that place can consist or have abiding. Fourthly, — but what has been quoted is surely enough, and there is no use in continuing.

Which is the ancient here, and which is the modern? Which uses the language of an intelligent man of our own days? which a language wholly obsolete and unfamiliar to us? Which has the rational appreciation and control of his facts? which wanders among them helplessly and without a clew? Is it our own countryman, or is it the Greek? And the language of Raleigh affords a fair sample of the critical power, of the point of view, possessed by the majority of intelligent men of his day; as the language of Thucydides affords us a fair sample of the critical power of the majority of intelligent men in the age of Pericles.

Well, then, in the age of Pericles we have, in spite of its antiquity, a highly developed, a modern, a deeply interesting epoch. Next comes the ques-

tion: Is this epoch adequately interpreted by its highest literature? Now, the peculiar characteristics of the highest literature — the poetry — of the fifth century in Greece before the Christian era, is its *adequacy*; the peculiar characteristic of the poetry of Sophocles is its consummate, its unrivalled *adequacy*; that it represents the highly developed human nature of that age, — human nature developed in a number of directions, politically, socially, religiously, morally developed, — in its completest and most harmonious development in all these directions; while there is shed over this poetry the charm of that noble serenity which always accompanies true insight. If in the body of Athenians of that time there was, as we have said, the utmost energy of mature manhood, public and private; the most entire freedom, the most unprejudiced and intelligent observation of human affairs, — in Sophocles there is the same energy, the same maturity, the same freedom, the same intelligent observation; but all these idealized and glorified by the grace and light shed over them from the noblest poetical feeling. And therefore I have ventured to say of Sophocles, that he "saw life steadily, and saw it whole." Well may we understand how Pericles, — how the great statesman whose aim was, it has been said, "to realize in Athens the idea which he had conceived of human greatness," and who partly succeeded in his aim, — should have been drawn to the great poet whose works are the noblest reflection of his success.

I assert, therefore, though the detailed proof of the assertion must be reserved for other opportunities, that, if the fifth century in Greece before our era is a significant and modern epoch, the poetry of that epoch — the poetry of Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles — is an adequate representation and interpretation of it.

The poetry of Aristophanes is an adequate representation of it also. True, this poetry regards humanity from the comic side; but there is a comic side from which to regard humanity as well as a tragic one; and the distinction of Aristophanes is to have regarded it from the true point of view on the comic side. He, too, like Sophocles, regards the human nature of his time in its fullest development; the boldest creations of a riotous imagination are in Aristophanes, as has been justly said, based always upon the foundation of a serious thought: politics, education, social life, literature — all the great modes in which the human life of his day manifested itself — are the subjects of his thoughts, and of his penetrating comment. There is shed, therefore, over his poetry the charm, the vital freshness, which is felt when man and his relations are from any side adequately, and therefore genially, regarded. Here is the true difference between Aristophanes and Menander. There has been preserved an epitome of a comparison by Plutarch between Aristophanes and Menander, in which the grossness of the former, the exquisite truth to life and felicity of observation of the latter, are strongly insisted upon; and the preference of the refined, the learned, the intelligent men of a later period for Menander loudly proclaimed. "What should take a man of refinement to the theatre," asks Plutarch, "except to see one of Menander's plays? When do you see the theatre filled with cultivated persons, except when Menander is acted? And he is the favorite refreshment," he continues, "to the overstrained mind of the laborious philosopher." And every one knows the famous line of tribute to this poet by an enthu-



siastic admirer in antiquity: "O Life and Menander, which of you painted the other?"

We remember, too, how a great English statesman is said to have declared that there was no lost work of antiquity which he so ardently desired to recover as a play of Menander. Yet Menander has perished, and Aristophanes has survived. And to what is this to be attributed? To the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The human race has the strongest, the most invincible tendency to *live*, to *develop* itself. It retains, it clings to what fosters its life, what favors its development, to the literature which exhibits it in its vigor; it rejects, it abandons what does not foster its development, the literature which exhibits it arrested and decayed. Now, between the times of Sophocles and Menander a great check had befallen the development of Greece;—the failure of the Athenian expedition to Syracuse, and the consequent termination of the Peloponnesian War in a result unfavorable to Athens. The free expansion of her growth was checked; one of the noblest channels of Athenian life, that of political activity, had begun to narrow and to dry up. That was the true catastrophe of the ancient world; it was then that the oracles of the ancient world should have become silent, and that its gods should have forsaken their temples; for from that date the intellectual and spiritual life of Greece was left without an adequate material basis of political and practical life; and both began inevitably to decay. The opportunity of the ancient world was then lost, never to return; for neither the Macedonian nor the Roman world, which possessed an adequate material basis, possessed, like the Athens of earlier times, an adequate intellect and soul to inform and inspire them; and there was left of the ancient world, when Christianity arrived, of Greece only a head without a body, and of Rome only a body without a soul.

It is Athens after this check, after this diminution of vitality,—it is man with part of his life shorn away, refined and intelligent indeed, but sceptical, frivolous, and dissolute,—which the poetry of Menander represented. The cultivated, the accomplished, might applaud the dexterity, the perfection of the representation,—might prefer it to the free genial delineation of a more living time with which they were no longer in sympathy. But the instinct of humanity taught it, that in the one poetry there was the seed of life, in the other poetry the seed of death; and it has rescued Aristophanes, while it has left Menander to his fate.

In the flowering period of the life of Greece, therefore, we have a culminating age, one of the flowering periods of the life of the human race; in the poetry of that age we have a literature commensurate with its epoch. It is most perfectly commensurate in the poetry of Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes; these, therefore, will be the supremely interesting objects in this literature; but the stages in literature which led up to this point of perfection, the stages in literature which led downward from it, will be deeply interesting also. A distinguished person,\* who has lately been occupying himself with Homer, has remarked that an undue preference is given, in the studies of Oxford, to these poets over Homer. The justification of such a preference, even if we put aside all philological considerations, lies, perhaps, in what I have said. Homer himself is eternally interesting; he is a greater poetical power

than even Sophocles or Æschylus; but his age is less interesting than himself. Æschylus and Sophocles represent an age as interesting as themselves; the names, indeed, in their dramas are the names of the old heroic world, from which they were far separated; but these names are taken, because the use of them permits to the poet that free and ideal treatment of his characters which the highest tragedy demands; and into these figures of the old world is poured all the fulness of life and of thought which the new world had accumulated. This new world in its maturity of reason resembles our own; and the advantage over Homer in their greater significance for us, which Æschylus and Sophocles gain by belonging to this new world, more than compensates for their poetical inferiority to him.

Let us now pass to the Roman world. There is no necessity to accumulate proofs that the culminating period of Roman history is to be classed among the leading, the significant, the modern periods of the world. There is universally current, I think, a pretty correct appreciation of the high development of the Rome of Cicero and Augustus; no one doubts that material civilization and the refinements of life were largely diffused in it; no one doubts that cultivation of mind and intelligence were widely diffused in it. Therefore, I will not occupy time by showing that Cicero corresponded with his friends in the style of the most accomplished, the most easy letter-writers of modern times; that Cæsar did not write history like Sir Walter Raleigh. The great period of Rome is, perhaps, on the whole, the greatest, the fullest, the most significant period on record; it is certainly a greater, a fuller period than the age of Pericles. It is an infinitely larger school for the men reared in it; the relations of life are immeasurably multiplied, the events which happen are on an immeasurably grander scale. The facts, the spectacle of this Roman world, then, are immense: let us see how far the literature, the interpretation of the facts, has been adequate.

Let us begin with a great poet, a great philosopher, Lucretius. In the case of Thucydides I called attention to the fact that his habit of mind, his mode of dealing with questions, were modern; that they were those of an enlightened, reflecting man among ourselves. Let me call attention to the exhibition in Lucretius of a modern *feeling* not less remarkable than the modern *thought* in Thucydides. The predominance of thought, of reflection, in modern epochs is not without its penalties; in the unsound, in the overtasked, in the over-sensitive, it has produced the most painful, the most lamentable results; it has produced a state of feeling unknown to less enlightened but perhaps healthier epochs,—the feeling of depression, the feeling of *ennui*. Depression and *ennui*; these are the characteristics stamped on how many of the representative works of modern times! they are also the characteristics stamped on the poem of Lucretius. One of the most powerful, the most solemn passages of the work of Lucretius, one of the most powerful, the most solemn passages in the literature of the whole world, is the well-known conclusion of the third book. With masterly touches, he exhibits the lassitude, the incurable tedium which pursue men in their amusements; with indignant irony, he upbraids them for the cowardice with which they cling to a life which for most is miserable; to a life which contains, for the most fortunate, nothing but the old dull round of the same unsatisfying objects forever presented. "A man rushes abroad," he says, "because he is sick of being at home; and

\* Mr. Gladstone.



suddenly comes home again because he finds himself no whit easier abroad. He posts as fast as his horses can take him to his country-seat; when he has got there, he hesitates what to do; or he throws himself down moodily to sleep, and seeks forgetfulness in that; or he makes the best of his way back to town again with the same speed as he fled from it. Thus every one flies from himself." What a picture of *ennui*! of the disease of the most modern societies, of the most advanced civilizations! "O man!" he exclaims again, "the lights of the world, Scipio, Homer, Epicurus, are dead; wilt thou hesitate and fret at dying, whose life is wellnigh dead whilst thou art yet alive; who consumest in sleep the greater part of thy span, and when awake, dronest and ceasest not to dream; and carriest about a mind troubled with baseless fear, and canst not find what it is that aileth thee when thou staggerest like a drunken wretch in the press of thy cares, and welterest hither and thither in the unsteady wandering of thy spirit!" And again: "I have nothing more than you have already seen," he makes Nature say to man, "to invent for your amusement; *eadem sunt omnia semper*, — all things continue the same forever."

Yes, Lucretius is modern; but is he adequate? And how can a man adequately interpret the activity of his age when he is not in sympathy with it? Think of the varied, the abundant, the wide spectacle of the Roman life of this day; think of its fullness of occupation, its energy of effort. From these Lucretius withdraws himself, and bids his disciples to withdraw themselves; he bids them to leave the business of the world, and to apply themselves "*naturam cognoscere rerum*, — to learn the nature of things"; but there is no peace, no cheerfulness for him either in the world from which he comes, or in the solitude to which he goes. With stern effort, with gloomy despair, he seems to rivet his eyes on the elementary reality, the naked frame-work of the world, because the world in its fullness and movement is too exciting a spectacle for his discomposed brain. He seems to feel the spectacle of it at once terrifying and alluring; and to deliver himself from it, he has to keep perpetually repeating his formula of disenchantment and annihilation. In reading him, you understand the tradition which represents him as having been driven mad by a poison administered as a love-charm by his mistress, and as having composed his great work in the intervals of his madness. Lucretius is, therefore, overstrained, gloom-weighted, morbid; and he who is morbid is no adequate interpreter of his age.

I pass to Virgil; to the poetical name which of all poetical names has perhaps had the most prodigious fortune; the name which for Dante, for the Middle Age, represented the perfection of classical antiquity. The perfection of classical antiquity Virgil does not represent; but far be it from me to add my voice to those which have decried his genius; nothing that I shall say is, or can ever be, inconsistent with a profound, an almost affectionate veneration for him. But with respect to him, as with respect to Lucretius, I shall freely ask the question, *Is he adequate?* Does he represent the epoch in which he lived, the mighty Roman world of his time, as the great poets of the great epoch of Greek life represented theirs, in all its fullness, in all its significance?

From the very form itself of his great poem, the *Æneid*, one would be led to augur that this was impossible. The epic form, as a form for represent-

ing contemporary or nearly contemporary events, has attained, in the poems of Homer, an unmatched, an immortal success; the epic form, as employed by learned poets for the reproduction of the events of a past age, has attained a very considerable success. But for *this* purpose, for the poetic treatment of the events of a *past* age, the epic form is a less vital form than the dramatic form. The great poets of the modern period of Greece are accordingly, as we have seen, the *dramatic* poets. The chief of these — Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes — have survived; the distinguished epic poets of the same period, — Panyasis, Chærilus, Antimachus, — though praised by the Alexandrian critics, have perished in a common destruction with the undistinguished. And what is the reason of this? It is, that the dramatic form exhibits, above all, the *actions of man as strictly determined by his thoughts and feelings*; it exhibits, therefore, what may be always accessible, always intelligible, always interesting. But the epic form takes a wider range; it represents not only the thought and passion of man, that which is universal and eternal, but also the forms of outward life, the fashion of manners, the aspects of nature, that which is local or transient. To exhibit adequately what is local and transient, only a witness, a contemporary, can suffice. In the *reconstruction*, by learning and antiquarian ingenuity, of the local and transient features of a past age, in their representation by one who is not a witness or contemporary, it is impossible to feel the liveliest kind of interest. What, for instance, is the most interesting portion of the *Æneid*, — the portion where Virgil seems to be moving most freely, and therefore to be most animated, most forcible? Precisely that portion which has most a *dramatic* character; the episode of Dido; that portion where locality and manners are nothing, — where persons and characters are everything. We might presume beforehand, therefore, that if Virgil, at a time when contemporary epic poetry was no longer possible, had been inspired to represent human life in its fullest significance, he would not have selected the epic form. Accordingly, what is, in fact, the character of the poem, the frame of mind of the poet? Has the poem the depth, the completeness of the poems of Æschylus or Sophocles, of those adequate and consummate representations of human life? Has the poet the serious cheerfulness of Sophocles, of a man who has mastered the problem of human life, who knows its gravity, and is therefore serious, but who knows that he comprehends it, and is therefore cheerful? Over the whole of the great poem of Virgil, over the whole *Æneid*, there rests an ineffable melancholy; not a rigid, a moody gloom, like the melancholy of Lucretius; no, a sweet, a touching sadness, but still a sadness; a melancholy which is at once a source of charm in the poem, and a testimony to its incompleteness. Virgil, as Niebuhr has well said, expressed no affected self-disparagement, but the haunting, the irresistible self-dissatisfaction of his heart, when he desired on his death-bed that his poem might be destroyed. A man of the most delicate genius, the most rich learning, but of weak health, of the most sensitive nature, in a great and overwhelming world; conscious, at heart, of his inadequacy for the thorough spiritual mastery of that world and its interpretation in a work of art; conscious of this inadequacy, — the one inadequacy, the one weak place in the mighty Roman nature! This suffering, this graceful-minded, this finely gifted man is the most beautiful, the



most attractive figure in literary history; but he is not the adequate interpreter of the great period of Rome.

We come to Horace; and if Lucretius, if Virgil want cheerfulness, Horace wants seriousness. I go back to what I said of Menander: as with Menander, so it is with Horace: the men of taste, the men of cultivation, the men of the world are enchanted with him; he has not a prejudice, not an illusion, not a blunder. True! yet the best men in the best ages have never been thoroughly satisfied with Horace. If human life were complete without faith, without enthusiasm, without energy, Horace, like Menander, would be the perfect interpreter of human life; but it is not; to the best, to the most living sense of humanity, it is not; and because it is not, Horace is inadequate. Pedants are tiresome, men of reflection and enthusiasm are unhappy and morbid; therefore Horace is a sceptical man of the world. Men of action are without ideas, men of the world are frivolous and sceptical; therefore Lucretius is plunged in gloom and in stern sorrow. So hard, nay, so impossible for most men, is it to develop themselves in their entirety; to rejoice in the variety, the movement of human life with the children of the world; to be serious over the depth, the significance of human life with the wise! Horace warms himself before the transient fire of human animation and human pleasure while he can, and is only serious when he reflects that the fire must soon go out:—

"Damna tamen celeres reparant coelestia lumen;  
Nos, ubi decidimus —"

"For nature there is renovation, but for man there is none!" — it is exquisite, but it is not interpretative and fortifying.

In the Roman world, then, we have found a highly modern, a deeply significant, an interesting period, — a period more significant and more interesting, because fuller, than the great period of Greece; but we have not a commensurate literature. In Greece, we have seen a highly modern, a most significant and interesting period, although on a scale of less magnitude and importance than the great period of Rome; but then, coexisting with the great epoch of Greece, there is what is wanting to that of Rome, — a commensurate, an interesting literature.

The intellectual history of our race cannot be clearly understood without applying to other ages, nations, and literatures the same method of inquiry which we have been here imperfectly applying to what is called classical antiquity. But enough has at least been said, perhaps, to establish the absolute, the enduring interest of Greek literature, and, above all, of Greek poetry.

#### CAST AWAY IN THE COLD.\*

CAPTAIN HAYES has here varied the old delightful conception of a boyish castaway on a desert island with the greatest art, so as both to embody in it his own special knowledge of the Arctic regions, and to increase the charm of it by giving his hero a single companion, of his own age, to share his hopes and fears, his dangers and deliberations, his inventions and his failures. To leave a boy absolutely alone in the Arctic regions, and yet to suppose that

he would have struggled cheerfully and hopefully with the horrors of such a solitude would have been too improbable, but the companionship our author has given him may fairly be considered as at least an equivalent to the advantages of a tropical situation, and it was rather a happy thought of Captain Hayes, when intent on transporting his imaginary young Crusoe to the Arctic regions, to balance its additional difficulties and horrors by a cheerful and bright-witted comrade. The result is delightful, — a story of adventure of the most telling local color and detail, the most exciting danger, and ending with the most natural and effective escape. There is an air of veracity and reality about the tale which Captain Hayes could scarcely help giving to an Arctic adventure of any kind; there is great vivacity and picturesqueness in the style; the illustrations are admirable, and there is a novelty in the *dénouement* which greatly enhances the pleasure with which we lay the book down. It is a great thing for boys when the story-teller is not a mere *littérateur*, but a man like Sir Samuel Baker or Dr. Hayes, who has himself gone through many of the perils it is his duty to relate. And there is this advantage in Captain Hayes's story over that even of Sir Samuel Baker, that the writer has kept much closer to the class of incidents and scenery with which he had himself the closest familiarity. He has, indeed, scarcely given the reins to his imagination at all except in matters calculated to enhance the interest of his story, such as the circumstances in which his heroes were cast away. What their difficulties would be, and how they might be overcome, if they had been so cast away, he knew minutely by his own experience, and has simply registered for us in this fascinating little tale.

Captain Hayes does not venture to rob his heroes absolutely of the appliances of civilization in wrecking them on the desert Arctic island. He leaves them a jack-knife of good steel, and a sailor's needle, and it seems doubtful whether they could have been pictured with any reasonable probability as saving and preserving their lives with less. They have to obtain fire and keep it alive, to obtain light for the long Arctic night, to make warm clothing, to find weapons for hunting and capturing the creatures on which they feed; and whether they could have accomplished these things, in spite of their knowledge of the methods of civilization, without those two powerful implements of civilization, the jack-knife and the needle, seems very questionable. After all, the ingenuity of the stone age must in some sense have been superior to the ingenuity of the age of civilization. Annihilate the metals in a world that has been educated to assume the use of the metals as one of the first data of life, and it seems more than doubtful if we should not be far more helpless than our ancestors of the age when metals had never been worked or heard of. At any rate, if our two heroes had not had their jack-knife to strike sparks with, to defend themselves with, to cut up the flesh of the seals and the bears with, and also their needle to sew with directly they had discovered that the sinews of the narwhal's tail would make a decent kind of thread, Captain Hayes would scarcely have been able to keep his heroes alive with any decent show of probability. As it is, on the basis of the jack-knife and the needle, he rears up their rude and temporary civilization without any extreme improbability. Perhaps something of a makeshift needle might have been made out of a splinter of bone with a hole

\* Cast away in the Cold: an Old Man's Story of a Young Man's Adventures, as related by Captain John Hardy, Mariner. By DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.



pierced in it by the jack-knife, but without the jack-knife we fear the readers could scarcely have been invited to suppose that our heroes successfully provided for their necessities at all. Indeed, Captain Hayes actually assumes metals in *three* forms as the basis of his heroes' success, — for the harpoon by which they capture the seals, when they put their heads up to breathe through the holes in the ice-sea in the winter-time, is weighted and sharpened by letting into the bone, its basis, the brass buttons on the pilot-coat in which one of them had saved himself; so that in reality steel in two forms, and brass in one, are the metallic basis, as we may say, of the currency of invention by which they hew a living out of the inhospitable frozen regions. But, after all, these data are but poor, and probably not many sailor-boys thus abandoned would in practice have succeeded like our fictitious heroes.

Still, there is nothing either of the impossible or of the extravagantly improbable about the story; and the account of the gradual building-up of their inventions out of their necessities is as natural and much more intensely interesting than the growth of the moral situation of an ordinary novel out of the characters and passions of its *dramatis personæ*. The mere fact that in the latter case the wants and wishes of the characters so often engender the situations they desire, renders the interest less than it must be in circumstances where we regard it as depending not so much on the desire of the adventurer as on the actual resources of external nature, whether he can obtain what he needs or not. Of course, the experienced critic knows that the tale could not have been written if the heroes were not intended to surmount their chief difficulties; but this is looking at the matter from an artificial point of view, and not from that which most of the readers for whom this book is intended will probably assume.

The *dénouement* is really finely conceived and described, — when near the end of the third winter, as the two lads have just been finally resigning hope of any rescue, they see a great Arctic bear running at full speed over the sea of snow and ice, and while endeavoring to escape from it to their huts, catch the bark of dogs in pursuit, and at length distinguish a sledge driven by a wild-looking man clad in furs rushing on in pursuit of the bear. The account of his passing them by without any apparent notice, of their passionate and at last hopeless pursuit of him, of their return to the hut in despair such as they had never yet suffered, and of their abandoning themselves to sleep as the only remedy for their misery, of being awakened out of it by a wild voice in an unknown tongue, of their acquaintance with the Esquimaux hunter and the result of it, is described with an artistic power that is far beyond the ordinary mark of a tale of adventure. The scene is one that will live in boys' imaginations, — the twilight sky with a sun not very far below the horizon, the yellow bear rushing over the snow and winding his way among the icebergs, the dark object apparently in pursuit, the breaking of the first bark upon the ear, the sledge with its six dogs passing at full speed without a sign of notice and recognition from the only human being the lads have beheld for three years, the vanishing of the pursued and the pursuer into the night as if they had been an illusion and not a reality, the falling of the curtain on their hopes, — these are elements of a picture to live long in the imagination, and not merely to excite it for a moment and pass away. Dr.

Hayes's story of the two Arctic Crusoes will long remain one of the most powerful of children's stories, as it assuredly deserves to be one of the most popular.

## MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW READING.

BY EDMUND YATES.

NEARLY eleven years have passed since Mr. Charles Dickens commenced his career as a professional "reader." He had read the Christmas Carol and the Chimes before public audiences on several occasions, but always in aid of the funds of some charitable institution. It was not until the evening of Thursday, the 29th of April, 1858, that he appeared in St. Martin's Hall (now converted into the New Queen's Theatre) to give a reading for his own benefit. This reading Mr. Dickens prefaced with a little speech, explanatory of his reasons for appearing in public, which, now that he is about to bring those public appearances to a close, will possess peculiar interest. He said: —

"Ladies and Gentlemen, — It may perhaps be known to you that, for a few years past, I have been accustomed occasionally to read some of my shorter books, to various audiences, in aid of a variety of good objects, and at some charge to myself both in time and money. It having at length become impossible in any reason to comply with these always accumulating demands, I have had definitively to choose between now and then reading on my own account, as one of my recognized occupations, or not reading at all. I have had little or no difficulty in deciding on the former course.

The reasons that have led me to it, — besides the consideration that it necessitates no departure whatever from the chosen pursuits of my life, — are threefold: firstly, I have satisfied myself that it can involve no possible compromise of the credit and independence of literature; secondly, I have long held the opinion, and have long acted on the opinion, that in these times whatever brings a public man and his public face to face, on terms of mutual confidence and respect, is a good thing; thirdly, I have had a pretty large experience of the interest my hearers are so generous as to take in these occasions, and of the delight they give to me, as a tried means of strengthening those relations — I may almost say of personal friendship — which it is my great privilege and pride, as it is my great responsibility, to hold with a multitude of persons who will never hear my voice nor see my face. Thus it is that I come, quite naturally, to be here among you at this time; and thus it is that I proceed to read this little book, quite as composedly as I might proceed to write it, or to publish it in any other way."

Since then, as is well known, Mr. Dickens has frequently given readings from several of his works, in London, in the principal towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and in the United States. At many of these readings, given before all sorts and conditions of men, I have been present, chiefly for the purpose of watching the effect produced by the reader upon his audience. The result has been to confirm me in a long-entertained and henceforth never-to-be-shaken belief that, let him treat what subject he chooses, show people what they actually are or what they really ought to be, appeal to their human sympathies or their higher aspirations, this great and God-gifted genius holds the hearts of his audience in his hands, now moving them to laughter, now melting them into tears, but invariably con-



centrating their attention, even upon an inflection of his voice, and creating in all, even the most hardened and battered in the hourly skirmishes of this workaday world, a proud, honest, hearty, human sympathy.

But, although amongst his friends and such of the outside world as had been admitted to the private performances of the Tavistock-House theatricals Mr. Dickens was known to possess much dramatic power, it was not until within the last few weeks that he found scope for its exhibition on the platform. Although the characters in his previous readings had each a distinct and defined individuality, — and in true artistic spirit the comparatively insignificant characters have as much finish bestowed upon their representation as the heroes and heroines, e. g. the fat man on "Change who replies "God knows," to the query as to whom Scrooge had left his money, — a bit of perfect Dutch painting, — one could not help feeling that the personation was but a half-personation given under restraint; that the reader was "under-acting," as it is professionally termed, and one longed to see him give his dramatic genius full vent. That wish has now been realized. When Mr. Dickens called round him some half-hundred of his friends and acquaintances on whose discrimination and knowledge of public audiences he had reliance, and when, after requesting their frank verdict on the experiment, he commenced the new reading, "Sikes and Nancy," until, gradually warming with excitement, he flung aside his book and acted the scene of the murder, shrieked the terrified pleadings of the girl, growled the brutal savagery of the murderer, brought looks, tones, gestures simultaneously into play to illustrate his meaning, there was no one, not even of those who had known him best or who believed in him most, but was astonished at the power and the versatility of his genius.

Grandest of all the characters stands out Fagin, the Jew. Of late years a plague of Jews has fallen upon the London stage. Comic Jews, — the bane of the appreciative, the delight of the chuckle-headed, amongst the audience. First in date and in excellence was Melter Moss, in the drama of the "Ticket of Leave," originally played by Mr. George Vincent, with great humor and appreciation of character; and subsequently degraded by the same actor, under the patronage of gallery guffaws, into a senile buffoon. Melter Moss was too popular a person to escape piracy. So we soon had a diluted version of him in a play called "The Great City." This misrepresentative of the Hebrew race was remarkable for nothing save his dissimilarity to any previously seen specimen of the Jewish nation. His study of character had apparently induced him to believe that the assumption of a palpably false paste-board nose, and the occasional utterance of the asseveration, "Shelp me!" would carry him through. His imbecility was his safeguard; had he been more forcible, he would have been intolerable. There is still a Jew "to the fore" on the London stage; Mr. Dominick Murray, an actor of great original talent, sometimes, as in his performance of Michael Feeny, rising into genius, is playing a Jew money-lender and hell-keeper in "After Dark," and playing it well, as he could not fail to do, though the part is scarcely suited to him. Fagin, as shown by Mr. Dickens, is very different from any of these. There is nothing comic about him, there is nothing grand or tragic, as in Shylock; he is sordid, mean, avaricious, and revengeful; and Mr. Dickens shows him to you in every phase. You read it in his rounded

shoulders, in his sunken chin, in his puckered cheeks and hanging brow, in his gleaming eyes, and quivering, clutching hands, in the lithe shiftiness of his movements, and the intense earnestness of his attitudes. The voice is husky and with a slight lisp, but there is no nasal intonation; a bent back, but no shoulder-shrug; the conventional attributes are omitted, the conventional words are never spoken; and the Jew fence, crafty and cunning even in his bitter vengeance, is there before us to the life.

Next comes Nancy. Readers of the old editions of "Oliver Twist" will doubtless recollect how desperately difficult it was to fight against the dreadful impression which Mr. George Cruikshank's picture of Nancy left upon the mind, and how it required all the assistance of the author's genius to preserve interest in the stunted, squab, round-faced trull whom the artist had depicted.

Accurately delineating every other character in the book, and excelling all his previous and subsequent productions in his etching of "Fagin in the Condemned Cell," Mr. Cruikshank not merely did not convey the right idea of Nancy, which would have been bad enough, but conveyed the wrong one, which was worse. No such ill-favored girl would have found a protector in Sikes, who amongst his set and in his profession was a man of mark. We all know Nancy's position; but just because we know it, we are certain she must have had some amount of personal comeliness, which Mr. Cruikshank has entirely denied her. In the reading we get none of the common side of her character, which peeps forth occasionally in the earlier volumes. She is the heroine, doing evil that good may come of it, breaking the trust reposed in her that the man she loves and they amongst whom she has lived may be brought to better lives. With the dread shadow of impending death upon her, she is thrillingly earnest, almost prophetic. Thus, in accordance with a favorite custom of the author, during the interview on the steps at London-bridge, not only does the girl's language rise from the tone of every-day life and become imbued with dramatic imagery and fervor, but that eminently prosaic old person, Mr. Brownlow, becomes affected in the same manner, saying, "before this river wakes to life," and indulging in other romantic types and metaphors. This may be scarcely life-like, but it is very effective in the reading, enchainning the attention of the audience and forming a fine contrast to the simple pathos of the dialogue in the murder-scene, every word of which is in the highest degree natural and well-placed. It is here, of course, that the excitement of the audience is wrought to its highest pitch, and that the acme of the actor's art is reached. The raised hands, the bent-back head, are good; but shut your eyes, and the illusion is more complete. Then the cries for mercy, the "Bill! dear Bill! for dear God's sake!" uttered in tones in which the agony of fear prevails even over the earnestness of the prayer, the dead, dull voice as hope departs, are intensely real. When the pleading ceases, you open your eyes in relief, in time to see the impersonation of the murderer seizing a heavy club, and striking his victim to the ground.

I would have the reading end here. I would have the curtain descend, as it were, upon that deed of blood. I would have no more of Sikes, nothing of the pleasant humor of Mrs. Gamp. I know that the British public likes to see justice overtaking the wicked. I have been warned scores of times by kind friends, known and unknown, that people de-



light in "a happy ending" to books and plays; but I am yet of the old-fashioned opinion that the artist should consult his art rather than his public, and I feel certain that, artistically speaking, the story of Sikes and Nancy ends at the point I have indicated. At the private reading opinions differed as to this. On the first public reading I heard no discussion; but I am convinced that I am rightly interpreting the feelings of the majority of the audience. There is always less shuffling of feet, coughing, etc., at Mr. Dickens's readings than at any other public entertainment. Throughout the entire scene of the murder, from the entrance of Sikes into the house until the catastrophe, the silence was intense; the old phrase "a pin might have been heard to drop," might have been legitimately employed. It was a great study to watch the faces of the people, — eager, excited, intent, — permitted for once in a lifetime to be natural, forgetting to be British, and cynical and unimpassioned. The great strength of this feeling did not last into the concluding five minutes. The people were earnest and attentive; but the wild excitement so seldom seen amongst us died as Nancy died, and the rest was somewhat of an anti-climax.

No one who appreciates great acting should miss this scene. It will be a treat such as they have not had for a long time, such as, from all appearances, they are not likely to have soon again. To them the earnestness and force, the subtlety, the *nuances*, the delicate lights and shades of the great dramatic art, will be exhibited by one of the first, if not the first, of its living masters; while those of far less intellectual calibre will understand the vigor of the entire performance, and be specially amused at the facial and vocal dexterity by which the crafty Fagin is instantaneously changed into the chuckle-headed Noah Claypole.

### SHORT ESSAYS AND APHORISMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

NO TIME FOR IT. — That seems to be the thing that we all fail to consider sufficiently in this brief life of ours. Now, if we had the length of life that the patriarchs enjoyed, — after we had learnt everything that was to be learnt, and had made a few discoveries of our own, and had arranged all our affairs most comfortably, there would then be time to spare for carrying on a good, wholesome feud with any of our neighbors, and for annoying the world generally by vexatious diplomacy and long wars. One could then afford to spend a trifle of time, say twenty or thirty years of our lives, in pleasures of this kind. But with our present short period of existence, there is no time for indulging in these luxuries of mischief.

THERE is no greater nonsense talked about anything than about inconsistency. The truth is, no man ever is inconsistent. His utterances are inconsistent; but, did we know all about him, and about the circumstances which he has to encounter, we should not speak of the man as inconsistent.

A curious illustration of what I mean may be given in this way: —

There shall be a father and a son advocating opposite views. The world says, How unlike are these two men! Whereas the opposition of their views shows, perhaps, the similarity of their characters. If they agreed now, their ages and their ex-

perience of life being so different, it would be a proof of great dissimilarity of character.

WHEN the tourist goes over some old castle or palace, and his attention is arrested by horrible dungeons, torture-chambers, and oubliettes, he wonders how, in former days, the inhabitants of that castle or palace could have slept comfortably, or revelled, or made love, having cognizance all the time of the horrors that were beneath them. But there is a similar thing everywhere; to wit, Belgravia and Bethnal Green. It is wonderful how completely people can ignore the existence of painful things that are very close to them.

PEOPLE sometimes contend that the sense of property is a thing that should be dulled rather than encouraged. But this is, in some respects, a mistake. If "Rich London" had a keen sense of property in "Poor London," there would be nothing which would have more effect in removing squalidity throughout the metropolis. Whereas, not only the sense of property, but even of neighborhood, is greatly lost in this huge city.

The squire has a painful sense of property in some poor hovel that is on the outskirts of his estate, but which is his, and unpleasantly reminds him, as he rides by, of Mr. Drummond's saying, "that property has its duties as well as its rights."

ON sunny mornings in early summer, when the mind is most hopeful, and one is prone to take a favorable view of everything and of everybody, one may be disposed to enumerate eleven persons amongst one's friends, relations, and acquaintances, who, we think, might be intrusted with a whip, if we ourselves were to be classed amongst the lower animals.

On the other hand, in November days, one cannot make out a list of more than five people who could be thus trusted. Probably the mean number is the right thing; and a man of large acquaintance may admit that there are eight persons whom he would not much fear if he were one of the lower animals, and whom he would allow to be intrusted with a whip.

Among the astounding things to be seen in this strange world, not the least astonishing is the fact of such immense power over himself, over the lower animals, and, to some extent, over all those who come near him, being intrusted to every man. And the word "man" in this case certainly includes man, woman, and child.

If there are eight persons whom one would trust with a whip to be used upon one's self, is there more than one upon earth whom one could trust to criticise our works or our actions?

PREFACES are generally very little attended to; that is the reason why so many secrets are unintentionally betrayed. The man to whom a secret is told remembers the secret because it is something amusing, or interesting, or scandalous; but he forgets the dull preface which preceded it, wherein he was admonished "to be sure not, for the world, to tell anybody what he was going to be told."

OUR life is a continual decadence of power.

From one till three years old, we are Lord Paramount Baby. From three till about twenty-seven, we are subject to our superiors, — parents, masters, college dons, senior counsel, rectors, and other authorities. From about the age of twenty-seven to the end of our lives, we are ruled over by



those who are facetiously called our inferiors,—wives, sons, daughters, servants, clerks, deputies, and junior partners. And this is the harshest rule of all, and often the most galling; for the cruelty of the weak to the strong, of the inferior to the superior, is often very great; and there is an irony about it which is very painful, though somewhat ludicrous.

WHEN a man in power asks for time to consider anything, it is generally in order that he may be able to consult his immediate inferior, without whose sanction he dares not assent to anything.

ANY one who is much talked of must be much maligned. This seems to be a harsh conclusion; but when you consider how much more given men are to depreciate than to appreciate, you will acknowledge that there is some truth in the saying.

THE man at the head of the house can mar the pleasure of the household; but he cannot make it. That must rest with the woman, and is her greatest privilege.

WE often suffer ourselves to be put out of all our bearings by some misfortune, not of the most serious kind, which looks very black at the time, but which from its nature cannot be lasting. We are thus like ignorant hens that insist upon going to roost in mid-day because there is a brief transitory eclipse of the sun.

THE love of poetry seldom commences before the beard begins to make its appearance. Boys, honest fellows! generally pronounce all poetry to be what, in their language, they call "bosh." The love of poetry is apt to fade away from most men much at the same time as the liking for sweets. Again, the love of poetry is inevitably checked and somewhat suppressed by the labors and anxieties of middle life. It thus appears that, from careless boyhood up to careful old age, the poets have but a small portion of human existence for them to work upon. Why, therefore, should they often be so laboriously obscure?

IN the investigation of human character, there is one signal mistake made by nearly all investigators. They have formed a notion of the nature and effect of some particular virtue, or vice, or quality. But they will not perceive that the virtue, vice, or quality in question becomes a very different thing when implanted in different persons; for instance, one man's vanity is so very different from another man's vanity, and probably from every other man's vanity, that it requires a separate investigation for itself. Chemistry, better than anything else, will illustrate the truth of this statement. One elementary substance meets with another elementary substance with which it can combine, and the compound substance thus formed becomes quite different in its properties from either of its component parts. But, to descend from this scientific view of the matter, it will suffice to say that, no one human creature being really very like another, their respective qualities, of which, in the abstract, we know something, will take very different forms and powers, according to the personality on which they act. Now Rochefoucault knew a great deal about the selfishness of man; but he would not have been able to guide or govern individual men by means of their selfishness, any better, perhaps, than a mere clown, unless he had taken pains to study each individual.

We make some general distinctions, which are

not bad as very rough guides in the characteristics of nations. But you shall have an Englishman or a Frenchman whom no one shall be able to accuse of being un-national, yet who has not one single characteristic of his nation which you can rely upon, as a means to influence him.

Perhaps the greatest error of the kind alluded to is when a man makes his own mind the measure of another's mind, and thinks that it is influenced in the same way and to the same degree, by passions or qualities having only the same names.

RAPID generalization is the ruin of scientific research.

WHERE flatterers fail, is from their vulgar habit of applying the same kind of flattery to all people. They would never be found out, if they knew better. It cannot be said of flattery, as was said by an old winebibber of port wine, "Sir, there are different sorts of port; but all port wine is good." Now, the "sort" is everything in flattery; that it should be the right sort, addressed to the right man. The famous line in Horace,—

"Cui male si palpere recalcitret undique tutus,"—

conveys the real truth. It was not that the flattery that was imagined to be addressed to Augustus was bad in itself, but that it was not of a sort which would succeed when applied to him. It is not to be asserted that any man is proof against flattery; only that he is proof against the wrong kind of flattery,—that is, wrong for him. And even then it must be admitted that the great majority of persons are pleased at seeing that anybody cares to flatter them, even though it is clumsily and provokingly done.

It is a melancholy fact that one has to go through so many phases of opinion before one can rely upon the truthfulness of delineation of any character represented in history. Henry VIII. has been "white-washed." Nero is in the process of being "white-washed." And we are decidedly learning, from Mr. Spedding, that Bacon was not the meanest of mankind.

Now, there is an historical personage for whom I want to say something, as I suspect he has been largely calumniated. It is our patron saint, St. George of "merrie England." It will always be a good joke against the English, that they have chosen a contractor for their patron saint; for St. George made his fortune by getting a contract to supply the army with bacon. But this does not imply the extent of vice and wickedness with which poor St. George is universally credited. Gibbon has no words too bad for him. Now, let me take down Gibbon, and show you what may be said on the other side, and how loosely the accusations against St. George are framed.

"George was born in Epiphania in Silesia, in a fuller's shop."

"From this obscure and servile origin, he raised himself by the talents of a parasite."

Now, why "servile," why "parasite"? Surely a free man, as well as a serf, may be born in a fuller's shop! Suppose the poor youth, from his agreeable manners and activity in business, found friends and patrons in a higher class, is that any blame to him? Horace says well,—

"Principibus plausisse viris haud ultima laus est."

Gibbon proceeds thus: "They procured for their worthless dependant a lucrative commission or contract to supply the army with bacon."

Why "worthless"? There is not a particle of



evidence to show that, at that time, he had done anything which justifies the word "worthless."

Then Gibbon tells of his malversations as regards this contract. I am not able to rebut the statement, but I should very much like to hear what St. George would have to say to it.

"He," then, says Gibbon, "embraced, with real or affected zeal, the profession of Arianism."

Why "affected"? why "profession"? Here are two most damaging words introduced in a most sinister and unwarrantable manner. This is the way in which men's characters are ruined by insinuation, and this is the way in which great historians sometimes write. How could Gibbon know whether the zeal was affected or not? Almost every Christian in that day was a vehement Arian or a vehement Athanasian!

Then observe the next sentence: "From the love or the ostentation of learning, he collected a valuable library of history, rhetoric, philosophy, and theology; and the choice of the prevailing faction promoted George of Cappadocia to the throne of Athanasius."

Why "ostentation"? Again, I say, how could Gibbon know whether it was "love," or "ostentation," of learning? It seems to me rather in a man's favor that, after he had made his fortune, as a contractor, he should have devoted a large part of it to the formation of a great library. By the way, it was the grandest library of that age, and the Emperor Julian used to borrow books from it.

Then, of course, he is represented to have behaved infamously as an archbishop; but it must be recollected that these infamies are chiefly narrated by members of the Athanasian party, after he had been torn to pieces by that party. Now, suppose there should ever come to be such a person as a Protestant pope, and he, or one of his successors, were to make saints of the two great leaders of political parties in England, what spiteful things, by no means absolutely true, would the partisans of the opposite factions (a party would be sure to be called a faction in the future "Gibbon's" pages) bring against St. William and St. Benjamin?

ILL-NATURED deeds are very rare when compared with ill-natured words; in short, the proportion of the deeds to the words is as Falstaff's pennyworth of bread to his monstrous quantity of sack. It would be a shrewdly good bargain for the world to agree that ill-natured deeds should be multiplied by ten, if only the ill-natured words were to be diminished by one half; for, though the deed may be a much larger and more potent thing than the word, it often does not give nearly as much pain. Dependants would gain very much by this bargain, for they seldom suffer much from deeds, but a great deal from words. Many a man goes through life scattering ill-natured remarks in all directions, who has never done, to his knowledge, an ill-natured deed, and who probably considers himself a very good-natured fellow, but one, however, who takes a knowing view of all human beings, and of all human affairs, and is not to be imposed upon by anything or anybody.

WHICH, of the seven supports to human nature, under troubles and difficulties, can be most relied upon, and least spared? The seven supports are good spirits, good temper, pride, vanity, power of endurance, hopefulness, and the love of others. To the above question a cynic answered, "Without doubt, vanity."

Why?

Because it is always present. Common parlance proves this fact. You can say of a man, He has lost his good spirits, his good temper, his love for others, his pride, his power of endurance, his hopefulness; but who ever heard any one say of another "He has lost his vanity"?

THAT word "gradually" has come to have a wrong meaning in most men's minds. They do not think of it as applying to something which occurs by steps, according to the Latin derivation, but as something which moves up or down an inclined plane. Now it was the remark of one of the shrewdest men of our time, that almost every mental operation seems to go by steps. In learning anything, this is to be seen. Yesterday there was a great difficulty; to-day it is overcome by some sudden apprehension of the mind, which may be compared to a step. So, in the moral workings of our nature, every movement seems to go by steps. He noted this especially as regards retrograde movement. A good resolve is formed, but, as he said, it is gradually let down like a boat in a canal, by successive locks. This is admirably illustrated by one of Miss Ferrier's or Miss Austen's novels, where a son, left very well off, is enjoined by his father, on his death-bed, to provide for his sisters. The son begins by thinking that he must allow his sisters £1,000 a year; but by successive locks he gradually lowers his generous intention till it comes down to a determination to send them some fruit, flowers, and game occasionally, which, as he, or his wife, says, is all that his good father could have intended.

WHAT an immense respect one has for a man who is just dead, thinking that he may have suddenly come into such a vast estate of knowledge! This feeling goes off after a time, when one thinks that he is only one of the majority; but at first it is a striking, — nay, an almost appalling thought. And the newly dead man may be what we call an ignorant peasant, which adds much to the dread nature of the thought.

LET us see who are the people who make society disagreeable.

First, there are managing people. The managing people are of three kinds. They are either imperious persons, or very good-natured persons, or very conceited persons. And sometimes the three motives which cause a man or woman to be troublesomely managing are combined in one and the same person.

Now, the objection which most people have to being managed is, that they have an unconquerable wish to manage for themselves.

But there is another and a very potent cause why people often reject the most excellent proposals for being managed. It is, that the managing person does not know some secret, but very strong, motive of the person to be managed; and therefore all the manager's wise suggestions are beside the mark.

Let us take a familiar instance which might occur in real life. There is a young man (we will call him Mr. Amans) in the same house with one of the tribe of managers. Mr. Amans is asked by what train he is returning to London, and he says by the 10 o'clock train. This is in the smoking-room, after the ladies have gone to bed. Up jumps the manager, whips out his "Bradshaw," and tells Mr. Amans that it is positive insanity not to go by the 9 o'clock train. "If you go by the 10 o'clock train, a very



slow train, you will not get into town till 4 o'clock in the morning, — a most uncomfortable time; whereas, if you go by the 9, you will be in by 12 at night, and have a good night's rest. Do let me order the carriage for half-past 8 o'clock!" The young man looks very sheepish, stammers out some foolish objection to the 9 o'clock train, but holds his ground, and will not be managed. And why? Mr. Amans thought that there was a faint return on the part of Miss Amata to the warm pressure of his hand when he bade her good-night that evening; and he would lose fifty nights' rest, and rightly too, in order to ascertain whether that faint return of pressure will be repeated, or, perhaps, increased, on the ensuing morning. Now, the family breakfast is not until 9 o'clock.

The above is an instance of a trivial and familiar nature; but the same thing runs through life. When the manager thinks any of us unreasonable, he may reflect that perhaps he does not know all the motives which, however unreasonable, determine us to a course of action contrary to that which he so ably recommends.

Then there is the class of people whom I venture to call the observantines. They must make remarks about everything; and there are a great many things in this life which had better pass without any remark.

Then there are the objective people. Let any one say anything, however wise or foolish, important or unimportant, they must instantly take an objection. They really do not mean to abide by their objection; but they must take it. Nothing should be done without being well argued over; and it is their business to see that objection is made to whatever is proposed.

Then there are the explanative people. Now, even the cleverest man, and the most adroit talker, utters many sentences which are needless. You see at once what he is going to say. But the explanative person will not let you off one single jot of explanation. His talk is like the writing of a stupid book for children.

Then there is the discursive talker. You are discussing the effect of the large importations of gold from Australia. He unfortunately enters into the discussion, and in a short time you find that the original subject has vanished, and that you are discussing the mode of rearing pineapples at Chatsworth. This kind of man seems to be sent into the world to destroy everything like good conversation.

### FOREIGN NOTES.

LADIES are to wear silver dust in their hair this year: so Paris decrees.

MR. WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI is engaged on a new edition of Shelley's Works and a life of the poet.

MDLLE. SCHNEIDER is to return to London next June. The Leader says the announcement ought to be made upon black-edged paper.

THE Skating Club in Paris is in full swing. The Empress leads the fashion on the ice; but his Majesty is too rheumatic to venture on the steels.

LAMARTINE is said to be writing a new poem of about six hundred lines, to be called "Forgetfulness." It is to form his "Literary Testament."

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has two works on the eve of publication: a new poem, entitled "The

Book of Orm: a Prelude to the Epic," and a prose volume of picture and adventure, portions of which have appeared in the Spectator, entitled "Hebrides: the Cruise of the Tern through the Scottish Isles."

THE publication of Mr. Trollope's "He knew He was Right" is resumed in this number of EVERY SATURDAY, and will be continued without interruption until the story is completed.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times intimates rather broadly that Mr. Robertson's new comedy, "School," is neither more nor less than a translation of a German play, entitled *Aschenbrödel*, written by Robert Benedix.

A NEW experiment, to which considerable interest is attached, has commenced at the Gaité, Paris. It consists of a series of mid-day performances of classical French dramas, accompanied by illustrative essays from well-known writers.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask Punch if there is any truth in the old saying, that "pigs see the wind," and if so, what wind is it they see. Punch is not to be done. He has his reply ready. "Why, of course they can, and the particular wind in question is a 'Sow-wester,' — which is a very old joke.

THE 1,000th volume of Baron Tauchnitz's celebrated Library is to be a memorial one, and the fittest book in the world is chosen for such a place, — no less than the New Testament according to the English version, with the different readings of various Greek versions, and accepted translations, as foot-notes. This edition, which promises to be a very excellent one, will be under the competent editorship of Dr. Tischendorf.

ACCORDING to the Spectator, a treasure of priceless value has been found among the stores of the India House. Oriental scholars all over the world will feel their blood quicken at the news that the library of Timour, collected in the course of his conquests, has been discovered. "Among other treasures are documents of extraordinary value connected with the biography of Mohammed." The discovery of this chest may probably cause a large part of Eastern history to be rewritten.

THE English dramatists are busy. Mr. Boucicault has for some time been engaged upon a philosophical treatise on the theatrical art, entitled "The Master of the Revels." He is likewise at work upon a play for Drury Lane, in which Mr. Phelps will appear, to be a mixture of the melodramatic, the spectacular, and the domestic order. Mr. Wilkie Collins and Mr. Fechter are working on a romantic drama for the Adelphi. Mr. Robertson, it seems, is preparing a new play for America. Dr. Westland Marston is engaged upon a tragedy for Miss Neilson, who will play the chief female part.

MR. PHILIP HALE prints in Good Words the following clever epigram on Ecce Homo: —

"Whilst differing critics strive to find  
The object in the author's mind,  
The book inversely works.  
Charmed by the beauty of the face,  
The sceptic feels the heavenly grace  
Behind the veil that lurks.  
But adoration cannot brook  
One least eclipse of that sweet look:  
Devotion takes alarm:  
And thus, however understood,  
No bad book ever did such good,  
No good one e'er such harm."

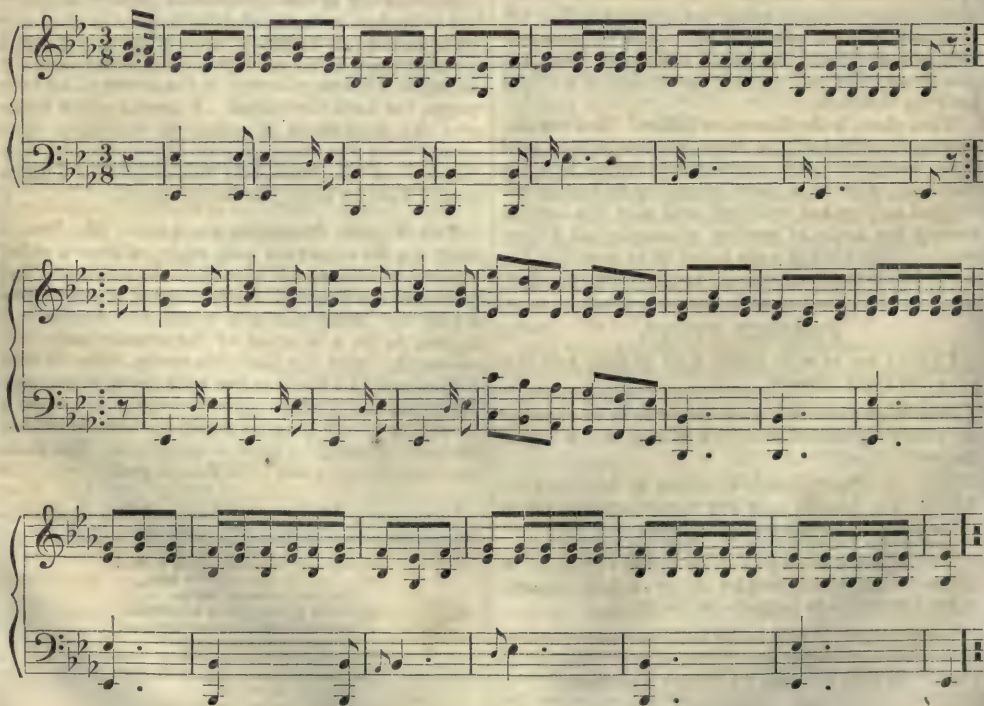


WE find the following musical curiosity in the Table Talk of a late number of *Once a Week*:—

"One of the daily newspapers," says the writer, "has objected to Champagne Charlie and Tommy Dodd being 'improved' by certain people at Peckham, who have paraded the streets, shouting out those music-hall tunes adapted to words of a so-called sacred character. I do not desire to be the apologist of these Peckham ranters. I only wish to point out the fact, that the tune of the Ratcatcher's Daughter is sung in half the churches and chapels in England, although the singers may not know it. At least, this is one way of stating the case; but, to state it more truly, I ought to say, that the melody (and a very pretty one, too,) of that popular song relative to the young lady who lived 'on the t'other side of the water,' was adapted from the psalm-tune, which, in its turn, was adapted from an air by Mozart. The psalm-tune is known as Belmont; and, although it may not be to the taste of the Gregorian-loving Ritualists, yet it is deservedly popular in thousands of Protestant congregations. I suppose that the author of the *Recreations of a Country Parson* was not aware of this, or he would not have written (in his Second Series) that 'the contemptible Ratcatcher's Daughter was without a thing to recommend it, and had no music,' and was merely a song of 'the vivacious Cowell's.' So that he also was unaware of that other fact, that it was an old song revived; and I have now before me an edition of the song, printed in lithography in 1842, and cleverly illustrated with seven drawings by an amateur artist, Miss Brigstocke. The alteration of time and rhythm will totally alter the character of a

melody. Rodwell's 'Nix my dolly pals, fake away,' from Jack Sheppard, became a popular drawing-room song when disguised as 'Haste to the woodlands, haste away'; and I know that it was once played (slowly) in a church as a voluntary. When Miss Agnes Strickland was publishing the volumes of her *Mary Stuart*, I had the pleasure of communicating to her some local traditions, one of which illustrates the subject of this note. I cannot do better than give it in her own words: 'An adagio piece of old music, of a similar character to the death-march in Saul, has been lately discovered in MS. at Oxford, with a statement that it was performed on Queen Mary's entrance into the hall at Fotheringhay; but, as there is no mention of music in any of the minute contemporary accounts of her execution, it is more probable that it was played to amuse the people who thronged the courts of the castle without; and it is a remarkable fact, that this air, which, according to the slow time arranged, produces the most solemn and pathetic effect conceivable, is discovered, when played fast, to be the old popular tune called *Jumping Joan*, invariably played in those days, and sung with appropriate words, to brutalize the rabble at the burning of a witch. The adagio arrangement, however, proves that if this detestable exercise of malice were decreed by Mary Stuart's foes to embitter her last moments, it was defeated by the band performing it in the solemn style of church music, as a funeral march.' (*Queens of Scotland*, vii. 487, foot-note.) I have good reason to believe that this piece of music has never yet been published. Here is a copy of it:—

#### MARCH PLAYED AT THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.





# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1869.

[No. 166.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

ABOUT FISHING, AND NAVIGATION, AND HEAD-DRESSES.

THE feud between Miss Stanbury and Mr. Gibson raged violently in Exeter, and produced many complications which were very difficult indeed of management. Each belligerent party felt that a special injury had been inflicted upon it. Mr. Gibson was quite sure that he had been grossly misused by Miss Stanbury the elder, and strongly suspected that Miss Stanbury the younger had had a hand in this misconduct. It had been positively asserted to him — at least so he thought, but in this was probably in error — that the lady would accept him if he proposed to her. All Exeter had been made aware of the intended compact. He, indeed, had denied its existence to Miss French, comforting himself as best he might with the reflection that all is fair in love and war; but when he counted over his injuries, he did not think of this denial. All Exeter, so to say, had known of it. And yet, when he had come with his proposal, he had been refused without a moment's consideration, first by the aunt, and then by the niece; — and, after that, had been violently abused, and at last turned out of the house! Surely, no gentleman had ever before been subjected to ill-usage so violent! But Miss Stanbury the elder was quite as assured that the injury had been done to her. As to the matter of the compact itself, she knew very well that she had been as true as steel. She had done everything in her power to bring about the marriage. She had been generous in her offers of money. She had used all her powers of persuasion on Dorothy, and she had given every opportunity to Mr. Gibson. It was not her fault if he had not been able to avail himself of the good things which she had put in his way. He had first been, as she thought, ignorant and arrogant, fancying that the good things ought to be made his own without any trouble on his part, and then awkward, not knowing how to take the trouble when trouble was necessary. And as to that matter of abusive language and turning out of the house, Miss

Stanbury was quite convinced that she was sinned against, and not herself the sinner. She declared to Martha, more than once, that Mr. Gibson had used such language to her that, coming out of a clergyman's mouth, it had quite dismayed her. Martha, who knew her mistress, probably felt that Mr. Gibson had at least received as good as he gave; but she had made no attempt to set her mistress right on that point.

But the cause of Miss Stanbury's sharpest anger was not to be found in Mr. Gibson's conduct either before Dorothy's refusal of his offer, or on the occasion of his being turned out of the house. A base rumor was spread about the city that Dorothy Stanbury had been offered to Mr. Gibson, that Mr. Gibson had civilly declined the offer, and that hence had arisen the wrath of the Juno of the Close. Now this was not to be endured by Miss Stanbury. She had felt, even in the moment of her original anger against Mr. Gibson, that she was bound in honor not to tell the story against him. She had brought him into the little difficulty, and she at least would hold her tongue. She was quite sure that Dorothy would never boast of her triumph. And Martha had been strictly cautioned, — as indeed, also, had Brooke Burgess. The man had behaved like an idiot, Miss Stanbury said; but he had been brought into a little dilemma, and nothing should be said about it from the house in the Close. But when the other rumor reached Miss Stanbury's ears, when Mrs. Crumbie condoled with her on her niece's misfortune, when Mrs. MacHugh asked whether Mr. Gibson had not behaved rather badly to the young lady, then our Juno's celestial mind was filled with a divine anger. But even then she did not declare the truth. She asked a question of Mrs. Crumbie, and was enabled, as she thought, to trace the falsehood to the Frenches. She did not think that Mr. Gibson could on a sudden have become so base a liar. "Mr. Gibson fast and loose with my niece!" she said to Mrs. MacHugh. "You have not got the story quite right, my dear friend. Pray, believe me; there has been nothing of that sort." "I dare say not," said Mrs. MacHugh, "and I'm sure

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, Osgood, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



I don't care. Mr. Gibson has been going to marry one of the French girls for the last ten years, and I think he ought to make up his mind and do it at last."

"I can assure you he is quite welcome as far as Dorothy is concerned," said Miss Stanbury.

Without a doubt the opinion did prevail throughout Exeter that Mr. Gibson, who had been regarded time out of mind as the property of the Miss Frenches, had been angled for by the ladies in the Close, that he had nearly been caught, but that he had slipped the hook out of his mouth, and was now about to subside quietly into the net which had been originally prepared for him. Arabella French had not spoken loudly on the subject, but Camilla had declared in more than one house that she had most direct authority for stating that the gentleman had never dreamed of offering to the young lady. "Why he should not do so if he pleases, I don't know," said Camilla. "Only the fact is that he has not pleased. The rumor of course has reached him, and, as we happen to be very old friends, we have authority for denying it altogether." All this came round to Miss Stanbury, and she was divine in her wrath.

"If they drive me to it," she said to Dorothy, "I'll have the whole truth told by the bellman through the city, or I'll publish it in the County Gazette."

"Pray don't say a word about it, Aunt Stanbury."

"It is those odious girls. He's there now every day."

"Why should n't he go there, Aunt Stanbury?"

"If he's fool enough, let him go. I don't care where he goes. But I do care about these lies. They would n't dare to say it, only they think my mouth is closed. They've no honor themselves, but they screen themselves behind mine."

"I'm sure they won't find themselves mistaken in what they trust to," said Dorothy, with a spirit that her aunt had not expected from her. Miss Stanbury at this time had told nobody that the offer to her niece had been made and repeated and finally rejected; but she found it very difficult to hold her tongue.

In the mean time Mr. Gibson spent a good deal of his time at Heavitree. It should not, perhaps, be asserted broadly that he had made up his mind that marriage would be good for him; but he had made up his mind, at least, to this, that it was no longer to be postponed without a balance of disadvantage. The Charybdis in the Close drove him helpless into the whirlpool of the Heavitree Scylla. He had no longer an escape from the perils of the latter shore. He had been so mauled by the opposite waves, that he had neither spirit nor skill left to him to keep in the middle track. He was almost daily at Heavitree, and did not attempt to conceal from himself the approach of his doom.

But still there were two of them. He knew that he must become a prey, but was there any choice left to him as to which siren should have him? He had been quite aware in his more gallant days, before he had been knocked about on that Charybdis rock, that he might sip and taste and choose between the sweets. He had come to think lately that the younger young lady was the sweeter. Eight years ago indeed the passages between him and the elder had been tender; but Camilla had then been simply a romping girl, hardly more than a year or two beyond her teens. Now, with her matured

charms, Camilla was certainly the more engaging, as far as outward form went. Arabella's cheeks were thin and long, and her front teeth had come to show themselves. Her eyes were no doubt still bright, and what she had of hair was soft and dark. But it was very thin in front, and what there was of supplemental mass behind—the bandbox by which Miss Stanbury was so much aggrieved—was worn with an indifference to the lines of beauty, which Mr. Gibson himself found to be very depressing. A man with a fair burden on his back is not a grievous sight; but when we see a small human being attached to a bale of goods which he can hardly manage to move, we feel that the poor fellow has been cruelly overweighted. Mr. Gibson certainly had that sensation about Arabella's *chignon*. And as he regarded it in a nearer and a dearer light,—as a *chignon* that might possibly become his own, as a burden which in one sense he might himself be called upon to bear, as a domestic utensil of which he himself might be called upon to inspect, and, perhaps, to aid the shifting on and the shifting off, he did begin to think that that side of the Scylla gulf ought to be avoided if possible. And probably this propensity on his part, this feeling that he would like to reconsider the matter dispassionately before he gave himself up for good to his old love, may have been increased by Camilla's apparent withdrawal of her claims. He felt mildly grateful to the Heavitree household in general for accepting him in this time of his affliction, but he could not admit to himself that they had a right to decide upon him in private conclave, and allot him either to the one or to the other nuptials without consultation with himself. To be swallowed up by Scylla he now recognized as his doom; but he thought he ought to be asked on which side of the gulf he would prefer to go down. The way in which Camilla spoke of him as a thing that wasn't hers but another's, and the way in which Arabella looked at him, as though he were hers and could never be another's, wounded his manly pride. He had always understood that he might have his choice, and he could not understand that the little mishap which had befallen him in the Close was to rob him of that privilege.

He used to drink tea at Heavitree in those days. On one evening on going in, he found himself alone with Arabella. "O Mr. Gibson," she said, "we weren't sure whether you'd come. And mamma and Camilla have gone out to Mrs. Camadge's." Mr. Gibson muttered some word to the effect that he hoped he had kept nobody at home; and, as he did so, he remembered that he had distinctly said that he would come on this evening. "I don't know that I should have gone," said Arabella, "because I am not quite,—not quite myself at present. No, not ill,—not at all. Don't you know what it is, Mr. Gibson, to be—to be—to be—not quite yourself?" Mr. Gibson said that he had very often felt like that. "And one can't get over it; can one?" continued Arabella. "There comes a presentiment that something is going to happen, and a kind of belief that something has happened, though you don't know what; and the heart refuses to be light, and the spirit becomes abashed, and the mind, though it creates new thoughts, will not settle itself to its accustomed work. I suppose it's what the novels have called Melancholy."

"I suppose it is," said Mr. Gibson. "But there's generally some cause for it. Debt for instance—"



"It's nothing of that kind with me. It's no debt at least that can be written down in the figures of ordinary arithmetic. Sit down, Mr. Gibson, and we will have some tea." Then, as she stretched forward to ring the bell, he thought that he never in his life had seen anything so unshapely as that huge wen at the back of her head. "Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens!" He could not help quoting the words to himself. She was dressed with some attempt at being smart, but her ribbons were soiled, and her lace was tawdry, and the fabric of her dress was old and dowdy. He was quite sure that he would feel no pride in calling her Mrs. Gibson, no pleasure in having her all to himself at his own hearth. "I hope we shall escape the bitterness of Miss Stanbury's tongue if we drink tea *tête-à-tête*," she said, with her sweetest smile.

"I don't suppose she'll know anything about it."

"She knows about everything, Mr. Gibson. It's astonishing what she knows. She has eyes and ears everywhere. I should n't care, if she did n't see and hear so very incorrectly. I'm told now that she declares — but it does n't signify."

"Declares what?" asked Mr. Gibson.

"Never mind. But was n't it odd how all Exeter believed that you were going to be married in that house, and to live there all the rest of your life, and be one of Miss Stanbury's slaves? I never believed it, Mr. Gibson." This she said with a sad smile, that ought to have brought him on his knees, in spite of the *chignon*.

"One can't help these things," said Mr. Gibson.

"I never could have believed it, — not even if you had not given me an assurance so solemn, and so sweet, that there was nothing in it." The poor man had given the assurance, and could not deny the solemnity and sweetness. "That was a happy moment for us, Mr. Gibson; because, though we never believed it, when it was dinned into our ears so frequently, when it was made such a triumph in the Close, it was impossible not to fear that there might be something in it." He felt that he ought to make some reply, but he did not know what to say. He was thoroughly ashamed of the lie he had told, but he could not untell it. "Camilla reproached me afterwards for asking you," whispered Arabella, in her softest, tenderest voice. "She said that it was unmaidenly. I hope you did not think it unmaidenly, Mr. Gibson."

"O dear, no, — not at all," said he.

Arabella French was painfully alive to the fact that she must do something. She had her fish on the hook; but of what use is a fish on your hook, if you cannot land him? When could she have a better opportunity than this of landing the scaly darling out of the fresh and free waters of his bachelor stream, and sousing him into the pool of domestic life, to be ready there for her own household purposes? "I had known you so long, Mr. Gibson," she said, "and had valued your friendship so — so deeply." As he looked at her, he could see nothing but the shapeless excrescence to which his eyes had been so painfully called by Miss Stanbury's satire. It is true that he had formerly been very tender with her, but she had not then carried about with her that distorted monster. He did not believe himself to be at all bound by anything which had passed between them in circumstances so very different. But yet he ought to say something. He ought to have said something; but he said nothing. She was patient, however, very patient; and she went on playing him with her hook. "I am so glad that

I did not go out to-night with mamma. It has been such a pleasure to me to have this conversation with you. Camilla, perhaps, would say that I am — unmaidenly."

"I don't think so."

"That is all that I care for, Mr. Gibson. If you acquit me, I do not mind who accuses. I should not like to suppose that you thought me unmaidenly. Anything would be better than that; but I can throw all such considerations to the wind when true — true — friendship is concerned. Don't you think that one ought, Mr. Gibson?"

If it had not been for the thing at the back of her head, he would have done it now. Nothing but that gave him courage to abstain. It grew bigger and bigger, more shapeless, monstrous, absurd, and abominable, as he looked at it. Nothing should force upon him the necessity of assisting to carry such an abortion through the world. "One ought to sacrifice everything to friendship," said Mr. Gibson, "except self-respect."

He meant nothing personal. Something special, in the way of an opinion, was expected of him; and, therefore, he had striven to say something special. But she was in tears in a moment. "O Mr. Gibson," she exclaimed, "O Mr. Gibson!"

"What is the matter, Miss French?"

"Have I lost your respect? Is it that that you mean?"

"Certainly not, Miss French."

"Do not call me Miss French, or I shall be sure that you condemn me. Miss French sounds so very cold. You used to call me — Bella." That was quite true; but it was long ago, thought Mr. Gibson, before the monster had been attached. "Will you not call me Bella now?"

He thought that he had rather not; and yet how was he to avoid it? On a sudden he became very crafty. Had it not been for the sharpness of his mother wit, he would certainly have been landed at that moment. "As you truly observed just now," he said, "the tongues of people are so malignant. There are little birds that hear everything."

"I don't care what the little birds hear," said Miss French, through her tears. "I am a very unhappy girl; — I know that; and I don't care what anybody says. It is nothing to me what anybody says. I know what I feel." At this moment there was some dash of truth about her. The fish was so very heavy on hand that, do what she would, she could not land him. Her hopes before this had been very low, — hopes that had once been high; but they had been depressed gradually; and, in the slow, dull routine of her daily life, she had learned to bear disappointment by degrees, without sign of outward suffering, without consciousness of acute pain. The task of her life had been weary, and the wished-for goal was ever becoming more and more distant; but there had been still a chance, and she had fallen away into a lethargy of lessening expectation, from which joy, indeed, had been banished, but in which there had been nothing of agony. Then had come upon the whole house at Heavtree the great Stanbury peril, and, arising out of that, had sprung new hopes to Arabella, which made her again capable of all the miseries of a foiled ambition. She could again be patient, if patience might be of any service; but in such a condition an eternity of patience is simply suicidal. She was willing to work hard, but how could she work harder than she had worked? Poor young woman, — perishing beneath an incubus which a false idea of fashion had imposed on her!



"I hope I have said nothing that makes you unhappy," pleaded Mr. Gibson. "I'm sure I have n't meant it."

"But you have," she said. "You make me very unhappy. You condemn me; I see you do. And if I have done wrong, it has been all because—O dear, O dear, O dear!"

"But who says you have done wrong?"

"You won't call me Bella, — because you say the little birds will hear it. If I don't care for the little birds, why should you?"

There is no question more difficult than this for a gentleman to answer. Circumstances do not often admit of its being asked by a lady with that courageous simplicity which had come upon Miss French in this moment of her agonizing struggle; but nevertheless it is one which, in a more complicated form, is often put, and to which some reply, more or less complicated, is expected. "If I, a woman, can dare, for your sake, to encounter the public tongue, will you, a man, be afraid?" The true answer, if it could be given, would probably be this: "I am afraid, though a man, because I have much to lose and little to get. You are not afraid, though a woman, because you have much to get and little to lose." But such an answer would be uncivil, and is not often given. Therefore men shuffle and lie, and tell themselves that in love—love here being taken to mean all ante-nuptial contests between man and woman—everything is fair. Mr. Gibson had the above answer in his mind, though he did not frame it into words. He was neither sufficiently brave nor sufficiently cruel to speak to her in such language. There was nothing for him, therefore, but that he must shuffle and lie.

"I only meant," said he, "that I would not for worlds do anything to make you uneasy."

She did not see how she could again revert to the subject of her own Christian name. She had made her little tender, loving request, and it had been refused. Of course she knew that it had been refused as a matter of caution. She was not angry with him because of his caution, as she had expected him to be cautious. The barriers over which she had to climb were no more than she had expected to find in her way; but they were so very high and so very difficult! Of course she was aware that he would escape if he could. She was not angry with him on that account. Anger could not have helped her. Indeed, she did not prize herself highly enough to make her feel that she would be justified in being angry. It was natural enough that he should n't want her. She knew herself to be a poor, thin, rapid, tawdry creature, with nothing to recommend her to any man except a sort of second-rate, provincial-town fashion which, infatuated as she was, she attributed in a great degree to the thing she carried on her head. She knew nothing. She could do nothing. She possessed nothing. She was not angry with him because he so evidently wished to avoid her. But she thought that if she could only be successful, she would be good and loving and obedient,—and that it was fair for her, at any rate, to try. Each created animal must live and get its food by the gifts which the Creator has given to it, let those gifts be as poor as they may,—let them be even as distasteful as they may to other members of the great created family. The rat, the toad, the slug, the flea, must each live according to its appointed mode of existence. Animals which are parasites by nature can only live by attaching themselves to life that is strong. To Arabella Mr.

Gibson would be strong enough, and it seemed to her that if she could fix herself permanently upon his strength, that would be her proper mode of living. She was not angry with him because he resisted the attempt, but she had nothing of conscience to tell her that she should spare him as long as there remained to her a chance of success. And should not her plea of excuse, her justification, be admitted? There are tormentors as to which no man argues that they are iniquitous, though they be very troublesome. He either rids himself of them, or suffers as quiescently as he may.

"We used to be such—great—friends," she said, still crying, "and I am afraid you don't like me a bit now."

"Indeed I do;—I have always liked you. But—"

"But what? Do tell me what the but means. I will do anything that you bid me."

Then it occurred to him that if, after such a promise, he were to confide to her his feeling that the *chignon* which she wore was ugly and unbecoming, she would probably be induced to change her mode of headdress. It was a foolish idea, because, had he followed it out, he would have seen that compliance on her part in such a matter could only be given with the distinct understanding that a certain reward should be the consequence. When an unmarried gentleman calls upon an unmarried lady to change the fashion of her personal adornments, the unmarried lady has a right to expect that the unmarried gentleman means to make her his wife. But Mr. Gibson had no such meaning, and was led into error by the necessity for sudden action. When she offered to do anything that he might bid her do, he could not take up his hat and go away. She looked up into his face, expecting that he would give her some order;—and he fell into the temptation that was spread for him.

"If I might say a word," he began.

"You may say anything!" she exclaimed.

"If I were you, I don't think—"

"You don't think what, Mr. Gibson?"

He found it to be a matter very difficult of approach. "Do you know I don't think the fashion that has come up about wearing your hair quite suits you,—not so well as the way you used to do it." She became on a sudden very red in the face, and he thought that she was angry. Vexed she was, but still, accompanying her vexation, there was a remembrance that she was achieving victory even by her own humiliation. She loved her *chignon*; but she was ready to abandon even that for him. Nevertheless, she could not speak for a moment or two, and he was forced to continue his criticism. "I have no doubt those things are very becoming and all that, and I dare say they are comfortable."

"O very," she said.

"But there was a simplicity that I liked about the other."

Could it be then that for the last five years he had stood aloof from her because she had arrayed herself in fashionable attire? She was still very red in the face, still suffering from wounded vanity, still conscious of that soreness which affects us all when we are made to understand that we are considered to have failed there, where we have most thought that we excelled. But her woman art enabled her quickly to conceal the pain. "I have made a promise," she said, "and you will find that I will keep it."

"What promise?" asked Mr. Gibson.

"I said that I would do as you bade me, and so I



will. I would have done it sooner if I had known that you wished it. I would never have worn it at all if I had thought that you disliked it."

"I think that a little of them is very nice," said Mr. Gibson. Mr. Gibson was certainly an awkward man. But there are men so awkward that it seems to be their especial province to say always the very worst thing at the very worst moment.

She became redder than ever as she was thus told of the hugeness of her favorite ornament. She was almost angry now. But she restrained herself, thinking perhaps of how she might teach him taste in days to come as he was teaching her now. "I will change it to-morrow," she said, with a smile. "You come and see to-morrow."

Upon this he got up and took his hat and made his escape, assuring her that he would come and see her on the morrow. She let him go now without any attempt at further tenderness. Certainly she had gained much during the interview. He had as good as told her in what had been her offence, and of course, when she had remedied that offence, he could hardly refuse to return to her. She got up as soon as she was alone, and looked at her head in the glass, and told herself that the pity would be great. It was not that the *chignon* was in itself a thing of beauty, but that it imparted so unmistakable an air of fashion! It divested her of that dowdiness which she feared above all things, and enabled her to hold her own among other young women, without feeling that she was absolutely destitute of attraction. There had been a certain homage paid to it, which she had recognized and enjoyed. But it was her ambition to hold her own, not among young women, but among clergymen's wives, and she would certainly obey his orders. She could not make the attempt now because of the complications; but she certainly would make it before she laid her head on the pillow, and would explain to Camilla that it was a little joke between herself and Mr. Gibson.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### MR. GIBSON IS PUNISHED.

Miss Stanbury was divine in her wrath, and became more and more so daily as new testimony reached her of dishonesty on the part of the Frenches and of treachery on the part of Mr. Gibson. And these people, so empty, so vain, so weak, were getting the better of her, were conquering her, were robbing her of her prestige and her ancient glory, simply because she herself was too generous to speak out and tell the truth! There was a martyrdom to her in this which was almost unendurable.

Now there came to her one day at luncheon-time, — on the day succeeding that on which Miss French had promised to sacrifice her *chignon* — a certain Mrs. Clifford from Budleigh Salterton, to whom she was much attached. Perhaps the distance at Budleigh Salterton from Exeter added somewhat to this affection, so that Mrs. Clifford was almost closer to our friend's heart even than Mrs. MacHugh, who lived just at the other end of the cathedral. And in truth Mrs. Clifford was a woman more serious in her mode of thought than Mrs. MacHugh, and one who had more in common with Miss Stanbury than that other lady. Mrs. Clifford had been a Miss Noel of Doddiscombe Leigh, and she and Miss Stanbury had been engaged to be married at the same

time, — each to a man of fortune. One match had been completed in the ordinary course of matches. What had been the course of the other we already know. But the friendship had been maintained on very close terms. Mrs. MacHugh was a Gallio at heart, anxious chiefly to remove from herself — and from her friends also — all the troubles of life, and make things smooth and easy. She was one who disregarded great questions, who cared little or nothing what people said of her, who considered nothing worth the trouble of a fight; — *Epicurus de grege porca*. But there was nothing swinish about Mrs. Clifford of Budleigh Salterton. She took life thoroughly in earnest. She was a Tory who sorrowed heartily for her country, believing that it was being brought to ruin by the counsels of evil men. She prayed daily to be delivered from dissenters, radicals, and wolves in sheep's clothing, — by which latter bad name she meant especially a certain leading politician of the day who had, with the cunning of the Devil, tempted and perverted the virtue of her own political friends. And she was one who thought that the slightest breath of scandal on a young woman's name should be stopped at once. An antique, pure-minded, anxious, self-sacrificing matron was Mrs. Clifford, and very dear to the heart of Miss Stanbury.

After lunch was over on the day in question Mrs. Clifford got Miss Stanbury into some closet retirement, and there spoke her mind as to the things which were being said. It had been asserted in her presence by Camilla French that she, Camilla, was authorized by Mr. Gibson to declare that he had never thought of proposing to Dorothy Stanbury, and that Miss Stanbury had been "laboring under some strange misapprehension in the matter." "Now, my dear, I don't care very much for the young lady in question," said Mrs. Clifford, alluding to Camilla French.

"Very little indeed, I should think," said Miss Stanbury, with a shake of her head.

"Quite true, my dear, — but that does not make the words out of her mouth the less efficacious for evil. She clearly insinuated that you had endeavored to make up a match between this gentleman and your niece, and that you had failed." "So much was at least true. Miss Stanbury felt this, and felt also that she could not explain the truth, even to her dear old friend. In the midst of her divine wrath she had acknowledged to herself that she had brought Mr. Gibson into his difficulty, and that it would not become her to tell any one of his failure. And in this matter she did not herself accuse Mr. Gibson. She believed that the lie originated with Camilla French, and it was against Camilla that her wrath raged the fiercest.

"She is a poor, mean, disappointed thing," said Miss Stanbury.

"Very probably; but I think I should ask her to hold her tongue about Miss Dorothy!" said Mrs. Clifford.

The consultation in the closet was carried on for about half an hour, and then Miss Stanbury put on her bonnet and shawl and descended into Mrs. Clifford's carriage. The carriage took the Heavitree road, and deposited Miss Stanbury at the door of Mrs. French's house. The walk home from Heavitree would be nothing, and Mrs. Clifford proceeded on her way, having given this little help in counsel and conveyance to her friend. Mrs. French was at home, and Miss Stanbury was shown up into the room in which the three ladies were sitting.



The reader will doubtless remember the promise which Arabella had made to Mr. Gibson. That promise she had already fulfilled, — to the amazement of her mother and sister; and when Miss Stanbury entered the room, the elder daughter of the family was seen without her accustomed head-gear. If the truth is to be owned, Miss Stanbury gave the poor young woman no credit for her new simplicity, but put down the deficiency to the charge of domestic slatternliness. She was unjust enough to declare afterwards that she had found Arabella French only half dressed at between three and four o'clock in the afternoon! From which this lesson may surely be learned, — that though the way down Avernus may be, and customarily is, made with great celerity, the return journey, if made at all, must be made slowly. A young woman may commence in *chignons* by attaching any amount of an edifice to her head; but the reduction should be made by degrees. Arabella's edifice had, in Miss Stanbury's eyes been the ugliest thing in art that she had known; but now, its absence offended her, and she most untruly declared that she had come upon the young woman in the middle of the day just out of her bedroom and almost in her dressing-gown.

And the whole French family suffered a diminution of power from the strange fantasy which had come upon Arabella. They all felt, in sight of the enemy, that they had to a certain degree lowered their flag. One of the ships, at least, had shown signs of striking, and this element of weakness made itself felt through the whole fleet. Arabella herself, when she saw Miss Stanbury, was painfully conscious of her head, and wished that she had postponed the operation till the evening. She smiled with a faint, watery smile, and was aware that something ailed her.

The greetings at first were civil but very formal, as are those between nations which are nominally at peace, but which are waiting for a sign at which each may spring at the other's throat. In this instance the Juno from the Close had come quite prepared to declare her *casus belli* as complete, and to fling down her gauntlet, unless the enemy should at once yield to her everything demanded with an abject submission. "Mrs. French," she said, "I have called to-day for a particular purpose, and I must address myself chiefly to Miss Camilla."

"O certainly!" said Mrs. French.

"I shall be delighted to hear anything from you, Miss Stanbury," said Camilla, not without an air of bravado. Arabella said nothing, but she put her hand up almost convulsively to the back of her head.

"I have been told to-day, by a friend of mine, Miss Camilla," began Miss Stanbury, "that you declared yourself, in her presence, authorized by Mr. Gibson to make a statement about my niece Dorothy."

"May I ask who was your friend?" demanded Mrs. French.

"It was Mrs. Clifford, of course," said Camilla. "There is nobody else would try to make difficulties."

"There need be no difficulty at all, Miss Camilla," said Miss Stanbury, "if you will promise me that you will not repeat the statement. It can't be true."

"But it is true," said Camilla.

"What is true?" asked Miss Stanbury, surprised by the audacity of the girl.

"It is true that Mr. Gibson authorized us to state what I did state when Mrs. Clifford heard me."

"And what was that?"

"Only this, — that people had been saying all about Exeter that he was going to be married to a young lady, and that, as the report was incorrect, and as he had never had the remotest idea in his mind of making the young lady his wife," — Camilla, as she said this, spoke with a great deal of emphasis, putting forward her chin and shaking her head, — "and as he thought it was uncomfortable, both for the young lady and himself, and as there was nothing in it the least in the world, — nothing at all, no glimmer of a foundation for the report, it would be better to have it denied everywhere. That is what I said; and we had authority from the gentleman himself. Arabella can say the same, and so can mamma, — only mamma did not hear him." Nor had Camilla heard him, but that incident she did not mention.

The circumstances were, in Miss Stanbury's judgment, becoming very remarkable. She did not for a moment believe Camilla. She did not believe that Mr. Gibson had given to either of the Frenches any justification for the statement just made. But Camilla had been so much more audacious than Miss Stanbury had expected, that that lady was for a moment struck dumb. "I'm sure, Miss Stanbury," said Mrs. French, "we don't want to give any offence to your niece, — very far from it."

"My niece does n't care about it two straws," said Miss Stanbury. "It is I that care. And I care very much. The things that have been said have been altogether false."

"How false, Miss Stanbury?" asked Camilla.

"Altogether false, — as false as they can be!"

"Mr. Gibson must know his own mind," said Camilla.

"My dear, there's a little disappointment," said Miss French, "and it don't signify."

"There's no disappointment at all," said Miss Stanbury, "and it does signify very much. Now that I've begun, I'll go to the bottom of it. If you say that Mr. Gibson told you to make these statements, I'll go to Mr. Gibson. I'll have it out somehow."

"You may have what you like out for us, Miss Stanbury," said Camilla.

"I don't believe Mr. Gibson said anything of the kind."

"That's civil," said Camilla.

"But why should n't he?" asked Arabella.

"There were the reports, you know," said Mrs. French.

"And why should n't he deny them when there wasn't a word of truth in them?" continued Camilla. "For my part, I think the gentleman is bound for the lady's sake to declare that there's nothing in it when there is nothing in it." This was more than Miss Stanbury could bear. Hitherto the enemy had seemed to have the best of it. Camilla was firing broadside after broadside, as though she was assured of victory. Even Mrs. French was becoming courageous; and Arabella was forgetting the place where her *chignon* ought to have been. "I really do not know what else there is for me to say," remarked Camilla, with a toss of her head, and an air of impudence that almost drove poor Miss Stanbury frantic.

It was on her tongue to declare the whole truth, but she refrained. She had schooled herself on this subject vigorously. She would not betray Mr. Gibson. Had she known all the truth, or had she believed Camilla French's version of the story, there would have been no betrayal. But looking at



the matter with such knowledge as she had at present, she did not even yet feel herself justified in declaring that Mr. Gibson had offered his hand to her niece, and had been refused. She was, however, sorely tempted. "Very well, ladies," she said. "I shall now see Mr. Gibson, and ask him whether he did give you authority to make such statements as you have been spreading abroad everywhere." Then the door of the room was opened, and in a moment Mr. Gibson was among them. He was true to his promise, and had come to see Arabella with her altered headdress; but he had come at this hour, thinking that escape in the morning would be easier and quicker than it might have been in the evening. His mind had been full of Arabella and her headdress even up to the moment of his knocking at the door; but all that was driven out of his brain at once when he saw Miss Stanbury.

"Here is Mr. Gibson himself," said Mrs. French.

"How do you do, Mr. Gibson?" said Miss Stanbury, with a very stately courtesy. They had never met since the day on which he had been, as he stated, turned out of Miss Stanbury's house. He now bowed to her; but there was no friendly greeting, and the Frenches were able to congratulate themselves on the apparent loyalty to themselves of the gentleman who stood among them. "I have come here, Mr. Gibson," continued Miss Stanbury, "to put a small matter right in which you are concerned."

"It seems to me to be the most insignificant thing in the world," said Camilla.

"Very likely," said Miss Stanbury. "But it is not insignificant to me. Miss Camilla French has asserted publicly that you have authorized her to make a statement about my niece Dorothy."

Mr. Gibson looked into Camilla's face doubtfully, inquisitively, almost piteously. "You had better let her go on," said Camilla. "She will make a great many mistakes, no doubt, but you had better let her go on to the end."

"I have made no mistake as yet, Miss Camilla. She so asserted, Mr. Gibson, in the hearing of a friend of mine, and she repeated the assertion here in this room to me just before you came in. She says that you have authorized her to declare that—that—that,—I had better speak it out plainly at once."

"Much better," said Camilla.

"That you never entertained an idea of offering your hand to my niece." Miss Stanbury paused, and Mr. Gibson's jaw fell visibly. But he was not expected to speak as yet, and Miss Stanbury continued her accusation. "Beyond that, I don't want to mention my niece's name, if it can be avoided."

"But it can't be avoided," said Camilla.

"If you please, I will continue. Mr. Gibson will understand me. I will not, if I can help it, mention my niece's name again, Mr. Gibson. But I still have that confidence in you that I do not think that you would have made such a statement in reference to yourself and any young lady,—unless it were some young lady who had absolutely thrown herself at your head." And in saying this she paused, and looked very hard at Camilla.

"That's just what Dorothy Stanbury has been doing," said Camilla.

"She has been doing nothing of the kind, and you know she has n't," said Miss Stanbury, raising her arm, as though she were going to strike her opponent. "But I am quite sure, Mr. Gibson, that you never could have authorized these young ladies

to make such an assertion publicly on your behalf. Whatever there may have been of misunderstanding between you and me, I can't believe that of you." Then she paused for a reply. "If you will be good enough to set us right on that point, I shall be obliged to you."

Mr. Gibson's position was one of great discomfort. He had given no authority to any one to make such a statement. He had said nothing about Dorothy Stanbury to Camilla; but he had told Arabella, when hard pressed by that lady, that he did not mean to propose to Dorothy. He could not satisfy Miss Stanbury because he feared Arabella. He could not satisfy the Frenches because he feared Miss Stanbury. "I really do not think," said he, "that we ought to talk about a young lady in this way."

"That's my opinion too," said Camilla; "but Miss Stanbury will."

"Exactly so. Miss Stanbury will," said that lady. "Mr. Gibson, I insist upon it, that you tell me whether you did give any such authority to Miss Camilla French, or to Miss French."

"I would n't answer her, if I were you," said Camilla.

"I really don't think this can do any good," said Mrs. French.

"And it is so very harassing to our nerves," said Arabella.

"Nerves! Pooh!" exclaimed Miss Stanbury. "Now, Mr. Gibson, I am waiting for an answer."

"My dear Miss Stanbury, I really think it better,—the situation is so peculiar, and, upon my word, I hardly know how not to give offence, which I wouldn't do for the world."

"Do you mean to tell me that you won't answer my question?" demanded Miss Stanbury.

"I really think that I had better hold my tongue," pleaded Mr. Gibson.

"You are quite right, Mr. Gibson," said Camilla.

"Indeed, it is wisest," said Mrs. French.

"I don't see what else he can do," said Arabella.

Then was Miss Stanbury driven altogether beyond her powers of endurance. "If that be so," said she, "I must speak out, though I should have preferred to hold my tongue. Mr. Gibson did offer to my niece the week before last,—twice, and was refused by her. My niece Dorothy took it into her head that she did not like him; and, upon my word, I think she was right. We should have said nothing about this,—not a word; but when these false assertions are made on Mr. Gibson's alleged authority, and Mr. Gibson won't deny it, I must tell the truth." Then there was silence among them for a few seconds, and Mr. Gibson struggled hard, but vainly, to clothe his face in a pleasant smile. "Mr. Gibson, is that true?" said Miss Stanbury. But Mr. Gibson made no reply. "It is as true as heaven," said Miss Stanbury, striking her hand upon the table. "And now you had better, all of you, hold your tongues about my niece, and she will hold her tongue about you. And as for Mr. Gibson, anybody who wants him after this is welcome to him for us. Good morning, Mrs. French; good morning, young ladies." And so she stalked out of the room, and out of the house, and walked back to her house in the Close.

"Mamma," said Arabella as soon as the enemy was gone, "I have got such a headache that I think I will go up stairs."

"And I will go with you, dear," said Camilla.

Mr. Gibson, before he left the house, confided his



secret to the maternal ears of Mrs. French. He certainly had been allured into making an offer to Dorothy Stanbury, but was ready to atone for this crime by marrying her daughter — Camilla — as soon as might be convenient. He was certainly driven to make this declaration by intense cowardice, — not to excuse himself, for in that there could be no excuse, — but how else should he dare to suggest that he might as well leave the house? "Shall I tell the dear girl?" asked Mrs. French. But Mr. Gibson requested a week, in which to consider how the proposition had best be made.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

MR. BROOKE BURGESS AFTER SUPPER.

Brooke Burgess was a clerk in the office of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in London, and as such had to do with things very solemn, grave, and almost melancholy. He had to deal with the rents of episcopal properties, to correspond with clerical claimants, and to be at home with the circumstances of underpaid vicars and perpetual curates with much less than £ 300 a year; but yet he was as jolly and pleasant at his desk as though he were busied about the collection of the malt tax, or wrote his letters to admirals and captains instead of to deans and prebendaries. Brooke Burgess had risen to be a senior clerk, and was held in some respect in his office; but it was not perhaps for the amount of work he did, nor yet on account of the gravity of his demeanor, nor for the brilliancy of his intellect. But if not clever, he was sensible; though he was not a dragon of official virtue, he had a conscience; and he possessed those small but most valuable gifts by which a man becomes popular among men. And thus it had come to pass in all those battles as to competitive merit which had taken place in his as in other public offices, that no one had ever dreamed of putting a junior over the head of Brooke Burgess. He was tractable, easy, pleasant, and therefore deservedly successful. All his brother clerks called him Brooke, except the young lads, who, for the first year or two of their service, still denominated him Mr. Burgess.

"Brooke," said one of his juniors, coming into his room and standing before the fireplace with a cigar in his mouth, "have you heard who is to be the new Commissioner?"

"Colenso, to be sure," said Brooke.

"What a lark that would be! And I don't see why he should n't. But it is n't Colenso. The name has just come down."

"And who is it?"

"Old Proudie, from Barchester."

"Why, we had him here years ago, and he resigned."

"But he's to come on again now for a spell. It always seems to me that the bishops ain't a bit of use here. They only get blown up and snubbed and shoved into corners by the others."

"You young reprobate, — to talk of shoving an archbishop into a corner!"

"Well, don't they? It's only for the name of it they have them. There's the Bishop of Broomsgrove, — he's always sauntering about the place, looking as though he'd be so much obliged if somebody would give him something to do. He's always smiling, and so gracious, — just as if he did n't feel above half sure that he had any right to be where he is, and he thought that perhaps somebody was going to kick him."

"And so old Proudie is coming up again," said Brooke. "It certainly is very much the same to us whom they send. He'll get shoved into a corner, as you call it, — only that he'll go into the corner without any shoving." Then there came in a messenger with a card, and Brooke learned that Hugh Stanbury was waiting for him in the stranger's room. In performing the promise made to Dorothy, he had called upon her brother as soon as he was back in London, but had not found him. This now was the return visit.

"I thought I was sure to find you here," said Hugh.

"Pretty nearly sure from eleven till five," said Brooke. "A hard stepmother like the Civil Service does not allow one much chance of relief. I do get across to the club sometimes for a glass of sherry and a biscuit, — but here I am now, at any rate; and I'm very glad you have come." Then there was some talk between them about affairs at Exeter; but as they were interrupted before half an hour was over their heads by a summons brought for Burgess from one of the secretaries, it was agreed that they should dine together at Burgess's club on the following day. "We can manage a pretty good beefsteak," said Brooke, "and have a fair glass of sherry. I don't think you can get much more than that anywhere nowadays, — unless you want a dinner for eight at three guineas a head. The magnificence of men has become so intolerable now that one is driven to be humble in one's self-defence." Stanbury assured his acquaintance that he was anything but magnificent in his own ideas, that cold beef and beer was his usual fare, and at last allowed the clerk to wait upon the secretary.

"I would n't have any other fellow to meet you," said Brooke as they sat at their dinners, "because in this way we can talk over the dear old woman at Exeter. Yes, our fellow does make good soup, and it's about all that he does do well. As for getting a potato properly boiled, that's quite out of the question. Yes, it is a good glass of sherry. I told you we'd a fairish top of sherry on. Well, I was there, backwards and forwards, nearly six weeks."

"And how did you get on with the old woman?"

"Like a house on fire," said Brooke.

"She did n't quarrel with you?"

"No, — upon the whole, she did not. I always felt that it was touch and go. She might or she might not. Every now and then she looked at me, and said a sharp word, as though it was about to come. But I had determined when I went there altogether to disregard that kind of thing."

"It's rather important to you; is it not?"

"You mean about her money?"

"Of course, I mean about her money," said Stanbury.

"It is important; and so it was to you."

"Not in the same degree, or nearly so. And as for me, it was not on the cards that we should n't quarrel. I am so utterly a Bohemian in all my ideas of life, and she is so absolutely the reverse, that not to have quarrelled would have been hypocritical on my part or on hers. She had got it into her head that she had a right to rule my life; and, of course, she quarrelled with me when I made her understand that she should do nothing of the kind. Now, she won't want to rule you."

"I hope not."

"She has taken you up," continued Stanbury,



"on altogether a different understanding. You are to her the representative of a family to whom she thinks she owes the restitution of the property which she enjoys. I was simply a member of her own family, to which she owes nothing. She thought it well to help one of us out of what she regarded as her private purse, and she chose me. But the matter is quite different with you."

"She might have given everything to you, as well as to me," said Brooke.

"That's not her idea. She conceives herself bound to leave all she has back to a Burgess, except anything she may save, — as she says, off her own back, or out of her own belly. She has told me so a score of times."

"And what did you say?"

"I always told her that, let her do as she would, I should never ask any question about her will."

"But she hates us all like poison, — except me," said Brooke. "I never knew people so absurdly hostile as are your aunt and my Uncle Barty. Each thinks the other the most wicked person in the world."

"I suppose your uncle was hard upon her once."

"Very likely. He is a hard man, and has, very warmly, all the feelings of an injured man. I suppose my Uncle Brooke's will was a cruel blow to him. He professes to believe that Miss Stanbury will never leave me a shilling."

"He is wrong, then," said Stanbury.

"O yes! he's wrong, because he thinks that that's her present intention. I don't know that he's wrong as to the probable result."

"Who will have it, then?"

"There are ever so many horses in the race," said Brooke. "I'm one."

"You're the favorite," said Stanbury.

"For the moment I am. Then there's yourself."

"I've been scratched, and am altogether out of the betting."

"And your sister," continued Brooke.

"She's only entered to run for the second money; and, if she'll trot over the course quietly, and not go the wrong side of the posts, she'll win that."

"She may do more than that. Then there's Martha."

"My aunt will never leave her money to a servant. What she may give to Martha would come from her own savings."

"The next is a dark horse, but one that wins a good many races of this kind. He's apt to come in with a fatal rush at the end."

"Who is it?"

"The hospitals. When an old lady finds in her latter days that she hates everybody, and fancies that all the people around her are all thinking of her money, she's uncommon likely to indulge herself in a little bit of revenge, and solace herself with large-handed charity."

"But she's so good a woman at heart," said Hugh.

"And what can a good woman do better than promote hospitals?"

"She'll never do that. She's too strong. It's a maudlin sort of thing, after all, for a person to leave everything to a hospital."

"But people are maudlin when they're dying," said Brooke, — "or even when they think they're dying. How else did the Church get the estates, of which we are now distributing so bountifully some

of the last remnants down at our office? Come in to the next room, and we'll have a smoke."

They had their smoke, and then they went at half-price to the play; and, after the play was over, they eat three or four dozen of oysters between them. Brooke Burgess was a little too old for oysters at midnight in September; but he went through his work like a man. Hugh Stanbury's powers were so great that he could have got up and done the same thing again, after he had been an hour in bed, without any serious inconvenience.

But, in truth, Brooke Burgess had still another word or two to say before he went to his rest. They supped somewhere near the Haymarket, and then he offered to walk home with Stanbury, to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. "Do you know that Mr. Gibson at Exeter?" he asked, as they passed through Leicester Square.

"Yes, I knew him. He was a sort of tame-cat parson at my aunt's house, in my days."

"Exactly; but I fancy that has come to an end now. Have you heard anything about him lately?"

"Well, yes, I have," said Stanbury, feeling that dislike to speak of his sister which is common to most brothers when in company with other men.

"I suppose you've heard of it, and, as I was in the middle of it all, of course I could n't but know all about it too. Your aunt wanted him to marry your sister."

"So I was told."

"But your sister did n't see it," said Brooke.

"So I understand," said Stanbury. "I believe my aunt was exceedingly liberal, and meant to do the best she could for poor Dorothy; but, if she did n't like him, I suppose she was right not to have him," said Hugh.

"Of course, she was right," said Brooke, with a good deal of enthusiasm.

"I believe Gibson to be a very decent sort of fellow," said Stanbury.

"A mean, paltry dog," said Brooke. There had been a little whiskey-toddy after the oysters, and Mr. Burgess was perhaps moved to a warmer expression of feeling than he might have displayed, had he discussed this branch of the subject before supper. "I knew from the first that she would have nothing to say to him. He is such a poor creature!"

"I always thought well of him," said Stanbury, "and was inclined to think that Dolly might have done worse."

"It is hard to say what is the worst a girl might do; but I think she might do, perhaps, a little better."

"What do you mean?" said Hugh.

"I think I shall go down, and ask her to take myself."

"Do you mean it in earnest?"

"I do," said Brooke. "Of course, I had n't a chance when I was there. She told me —"

"Who told you, — Dorothy?"

"No, your aunt; she told me that Mr. Gibson was to marry your sister. You know your aunt's way. She spoke of it as though the thing were settled as soon as she had got it into her own head; and she was as hot upon it as though Mr. Gibson had been an archbishop. I had nothing to do then but to wait and see."

"I had no idea of Dolly being fought for by rivals."

"Brothers never think much of their sisters," said Brooke Burgess.



"I can assure you I think a great deal of Dorothy," said Hugh. "I believe her to be as sweet a woman as God ever made. She hardly knows that she has a self belonging to herself."

"I'm sure she does n't," said Brooke.

"She is a dear, loving, sweet-tempered creature, who is only too ready to yield in all things."

"But she would n't yield about Gibson," said Brooke.

"How did she and my aunt manage?"

"Your sister simply said she could n't, and then that she would n't. I never thought from the first moment that she'd take that fellow. In the first place he can't say boo to a goose."

"But Dolly would n't want a man to say boo."

"I'm not so sure of that, old fellow. At any rate I mean to try myself. Now, what'll the old woman say?"

"She'll be pleased as Punch, I should think," said Stanbury.

"Either that, or else she'll swear that she'll never speak another word to either of us. However, I shall go on with it."

"Does Dorothy know anything of this?" asked Stanbury.

"Not a word," said Brooke. "I came away a day or so after Gibson was settled; and as I had been talked to all through the affair by both of them, I could n't turn round and offer myself the moment he was gone. You won't object; will you?"

"Who,—I?" said Stanbury. "I shall have no objection as long as Dolly pleases herself. Of course you know that we have n't as much as a brass farthing among us."

"That won't matter if the old lady takes it kindly," said Brooke. Then they parted at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Hugh as he went up to his own rooms, reflected with something of wonderment on the success of Dorothy's charms. She had always been the poor one of the family, the chick out of the nest which would most require assistance from the stronger birds; but it now appeared that she would become the first among all the Stanburys. Wealth had first flowed down upon the Stanbury family from the will of old Brooke Burgess; and it now seemed probable that poor Dolly would ultimately have the enjoyment of it all.

## CHAPTER L.

### CAMILLA TRIUMPHANT.

It was now New Year's day, and there was some grief and perhaps more excitement in Exeter, for it was rumored that Miss Stanbury lay very ill at her house in the Close. But in order that our somewhat uneven story may run as smoothly as it may be made to do, the little history of the French family for the intervening months shall be told in this chapter, in order that it may be understood how matters were with them when the tidings of Miss Stanbury's severe illness first reached their house at Heavitree.

After that terrible scene in which Miss Stanbury had so dreadfully confounded Mr. Gibson by declaring the manner in which he had been rebuffed by Dorothy, the unfortunate clergyman had endeavored to make his peace with the French family by assuring the mother that in very truth it was the dearest wish of his heart to make her daughter Camilla his wife. Mrs. French, who had ever been disposed to favor Arabella's ambition, well knowing its priority

and ancient right, and who of late had been taught to consider that even Camilla had consented to waive any claim that she might have once possessed, could not refrain from the expression of some surprise. That he should be recovered at all out of the Stanbury clutches was very much to Mrs. French,—was so much that, had time been given her for consideration, she would have acknowledged to herself readily that the property had best be secured at once to the family, without incurring that amount of risk which must unquestionably attend any attempt on her part to direct Mr. Gibson's purpose hither or thither. But the proposition came so suddenly that time was not allowed to her to be altogether wise. "I thought it was poor Bella," she said, with something of a piteous whine in her voice. At the moment Mr. Gibson was so humble that he was half inclined to give way even on that head. He felt himself to have been brought so low in the market by that terrible story of Miss Stanbury's,—which he had been unable either to contradict or to explain,—that there was but little power of fighting left in him. He was, however, just able to speak a word for himself, and that sufficed. "I hope there has been no mistake," he said; "but really it is Camilla that has my heart." Mrs. French made no rejoinder to this. It was so much to her to know that Mr. Gibson's heart was among them at all after what had occurred in the Close, that she acknowledged to herself after that moment of reflection that Arabella must be sacrificed for the good of the family interests. Poor, dear, loving, misguided, and spiritless mother! She would have given the blood out of her bosom to get husbands for her daughters, though it was not of her own experience that she had learned that of all worldly goods a husband is the best. But it was the possession which they had from their earliest years thought of acquiring, which they first expected, for which they had then hoped, and afterwards worked and schemed and striven with every energy, and as to which they had at last almost despaired. And now Arabella's fire had been rekindled with a new spark, which, alas, was to be quenched so suddenly. "And am I to tell them?" asked Mrs. French, with a tremor in her voice. To this, however, Mr. Gibson demurred. He said that for certain reasons he should like a fortnight's grace; and that at the end of the fortnight he would be prepared to speak. The interval was granted without further questions, and Mr. Gibson was allowed to leave the house.

After that, Mrs. French was not very comfortable at home. As soon as Mr. Gibson had departed, Camilla at once returned to her mother and desired to know what had taken place. Was it true that the perjured man had proposed to that young woman in the Close? Mrs. French was not clever at keeping a secret, and she could not keep this by her own aid. She told all that happened to Camilla, and between them they agreed that Arabella should be kept in ignorance till the fatal fortnight should have passed. When Camilla was interrogated as to her own purpose, she said she should like a day to think of it. She took the twenty-four hours, and then made the following confession of her passion to her mother. "You see, mamma, I always liked Mr. Gibson,—always."

"So did Arabella, my dear,—before you thought of such things."

"I dare say that may be true, mamma; but that is not my fault. He came here among us on such sweetly intimate terms that the feeling grew up with



me before I knew what it meant. As to any idea of cutting out Arabella, my conscience is quite clear. If I thought there had been anything really between them, I would have gone anywhere, — to the top of a mountain, — rather than rob my sister of a heart that belonged to her."

"He has been so slow about it," said Mrs. French.

"I don't know about that," said Camilla. "Gentlemen have to be slow, I suppose, when they think of their incomes. He only got St. Peters-cum-Pumkin three years ago, and did n't know for the first year whether he could hold that and the minor canonry together. Of course a gentleman has to think of these things before he comes forward."

"My dear, he has been very backward."

"If I'm to be Mrs. Gibson, mamma, I beg that I may n't hear anything said against him. Then there came all this about that young woman; and when I saw that Arabella took on so, — which I must say was very absurd, — I'm sure I put myself out of the way entirely. If I'd buried myself under the ground, I could n't have done it more. And it's my belief that what I've said, all for Arabella's sake, has put the old woman into such a rage that it has made a quarrel between him and the niece, otherwise that would n't be off. I don't believe a word of her refusing him, and never shall. Is it in the course of things, mamma?" Mrs. French shook her head. "Of course not. Then when you question him, — very properly, he says that he's devoted to — poor me. If I was to refuse him, he would n't put up with Bella."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. French.

"He hates Bella. I've known it all along, though I would n't say so. If I were to sacrifice myself ever so, it would n't be of any good, — and I sha'n't do it." In this way the matter was arranged.

At the end of the fortnight, however, Mr. Gibson did not come, — nor at the end of three weeks. Inquiries had of course been made, and it was ascertained that he had gone into Cornwall for a parson's holiday of thirteen days. That might be all very well. A man might want the recruiting vigor of some change of air after such scenes as those Mr. Gibson had gone through with the Stanburys, and before his proposed encounter with new perils. And he was a man so tied, by the by, that his escape could not be for any long time. He was back on the appointed Sunday, and on the Wednesday Mrs. French, under Camilla's instruction, wrote to him a pretty little note. He replied that he would be with her on the Saturday. It would then be nearly four weeks after the great day with Miss Stanbury, but no one would be inclined to quarrel with so short a delay as that. Arabella in the mean time had become very fidgety and very unhappy. She seemed to understand that something was expected, being quite unable to guess what that something might be. She was true throughout these days to the simplicity of head-gear which Mr. Gibson had recommended to her, and seemed in her questions to her mother and to Camilla to be more fearful of Dorothy Stanbury than of any other enemy. "Mamma, I think you ought to tell her," said Camilla more than once. But she had not been told when Mr. Gibson came on the Saturday. It may truly be said that the poor mother's pleasure in the prospects of one daughter was altogether destroyed by the anticipation of the other daughter's misery. Had Mr. Gibson made Dorothy Stanbury his wife, they could have all comforted themselves together by the heat of their joint animosity.

He came on the Saturday, and it was so managed that he was closeted with Camilla before Arabella knew that he was in the house. There was a quarter of an hour during which his work was easy, and perhaps pleasant. When he began to explain his intention, Camilla, with the utmost frankness, informed him that her mother had told her all about it. Then she turned her face on one side and put her hand in his; he got his arm round her waist, gave her a kiss, and the thing was done. Camilla was fully resolved that after such a betrothal it should not be undone. She had behaved with sisterly forbearance, and would not now lose the reward of virtue. Not a word was said of Arabella at this interview till he was pressed to come and drink tea with them all, that night. He hesitated a moment; and then Camilla declared, with something, perhaps, of imperious roughness in her manner, that he had better face it all at once. "Mamma will tell her, and she will understand," said Camilla. He hesitated again, but at last promised that he would come.

Whilst he was yet in the house, Mrs. French had told the whole story to her poor elder daughter. "What is he doing with Camilla?" Arabella had asked with feverish excitement.

"Bella, darling, — don't you know?" said the mother.

"I know nothing. Everybody keeps me in the dark, and I am badly used. What is it that he is doing?" Then Mrs. French tried to take the poor young woman in her arms, but Arabella would not submit to be embraced. "Don't!" she exclaimed. "Leave me alone. Nobody likes me, or cares a bit about me. Why is Cammy with him there, all alone?"

"I suppose he is asking her — to be — his wife." Then Arabella threw herself in despair upon the bed, and wept without any further attempt at control over her feelings. It was a death-blow to her last hope, and all the world, as she looked upon the world then, was over for her. "If I could have arranged it the other way, you know that I would," said the mother.

"Mamma," said Arabella, jumping up, "he sha'n't do it. He has n't a right. And as for her, — O that she should treat me in this way! Did n't he tell me the other night, when he drank tea here with me alone —"

"What did he tell you, Bella?"

"Never mind. Nothing shall ever make me speak to him again, — not if he married her three times over, nor to her. She is a nasty, sly, good-for-nothing thing."

"But, Bella —"

"Don't talk to me, mamma. There never was such a thing done before since people — were — people at all. She has been doing it all the time. I know she has."

Nevertheless, Arabella did sit down to tea with the two lovers that night. There was a terrible scene between her and Camilla; but Camilla held her own; and Arabella, being the weaker of the two, was vanquished by the expenditure of her own small energies. Camilla argued that as her sister's chance was gone, and as the prize had come in her own way, there was no good reason why it should be lost to the family altogether, because Arabella could not win it. When Arabella called her a treacherous vixen, and a heartless, profligate hussey, she spoke out freely, and said that she was n't going to be abused. A gentleman to whom she was attached,



had asked her for her hand, and she had given it. If Arabella chose to make herself a fool, she might, — but what would be the effect? Simply that all the world would know that she, Arabella, was disappointed. Poor Bella at last gave way, put on her discarded *chignon*, and came down to tea. Mr. Gibson was already in the room when she entered it. "Arabella," he said, getting up to greet her, "I hope you will congratulate me." He had planned his little speech and his manner of making it, and had wisely decided that in this way might he best get over the difficulty.

"O yes, — of course," she said, with a little giggle, and then a sob, and then a flood of tears.

"Dear Bella feels these things so strongly," said Mrs. French.

"We have never been parted yet," said Camilla. Then Arabella tapped the head of the sofa three or four times sharply with her knuckles. It was the only protest against the reading of the scene which Camilla had given of which she was capable at that moment. After that Mrs. French gave out the tea, Arabella curled herself upon the sofa as though she were asleep, and the two lovers settled down to proper lover-like conversation.

The reader may be sure that Camilla was not slow in making the fact of her engagement notorious through the city. It was not probably true that the tidings of her success had anything to do with Miss Stanbury's illness; but it was reported by many that such was the case. It was in November that the arrangement was made, and it certainly was true that Miss Stanbury was rather ill about the same time. "You know, you naughty Lothario, that you did give her some ground to hope that she might dispose of her unfortunate niece," said Camilla, playfully to her own one, when this illness was discussed between them. "But you are caught now, and your wings are clipped, and you are never to be a naughty Lothario again." The clerical Don Juan bore it all, awkwardly indeed, but with good-humor, and declared that all his troubles of that sort were over, now and forever. Nevertheless, he did not name the day, and Camilla began to feel that there might be occasion for a little more of that imperious roughness which she had at her command.

November was nearly over, and nothing had been fixed about the day. Arabella never condescended to speak to her sister on the subject; but on more than one occasion made some inquiry of her mother. And she came to perceive, or to think that she perceived, that her mother was still anxious on the subject. "I should n't wonder if he was n't off some day now," she said at last to her mother.

"Don't say anything so dreadful, Bella."

"It would serve Cammy quite right, and it's just what he's likely to do."

"It would kill me," said the mother.

"I don't know about killing," said Arabella. "It's nothing to what I've had to go through. I should n't pretend to be sorry if he were to go to Hong Kong to-morrow."

But Mr. Gibson had no idea of going to Hong Kong. He was simply carrying out his little scheme for securing the advantages of a "long day." He was fully resolved to be married, and was contented to think that his engagement was the best thing for him. To one or two male friends he spoke of Camilla as the perfection of female virtue, and entertained no smallest idea of ultimate escape. But a "long day" is often a convenience. A bill at three months sits easier on a man than one at sixty days;

and a bill at six months is almost as little of a burden as no bill at all.

But Camilla was resolved that some day should be fixed. "Thomas," she said to her lover one morning, as they were walking home together one day after morning service at the cathedral, "isn't this rather a fool's paradise of ours?"

"How a fool's paradise?" asked the happy Thomas.

"What I mean is, dearest, that we ought to fix something. Mamma is getting uneasy about her own plans."

"In what way, dearest?"

"About a thousand things. She can't arrange anything till our plans are made. Of course there are little troubles about money when people aint rich." Then it occurred to her that this might seem to be a plea for postponing rather than for hurrying the marriage, and she mended her argument. "The truth is, Thomas, she wants to know when the day is to be fixed, and I've promised to ask. She said she'd ask you herself, but I wouldn't let her do that."

"We must think about it, of course," said Thomas.

"But, my dear, there has been plenty of time for thinking. What do you say to January?" This was on the last day of November.

"January!" exclaimed Thomas, in a tone that betrayed no triumph. "I couldn't get my services arranged for in January."

"I thought a clergyman could always manage that for his marriage," said Camilla.

"Not in January. Besides, I was thinking you would like to be away in warmer weather."

They were still in November, and he was thinking of postponing it till the summer! Camilla immediately perceived how necessary it was that she should be plain with him. "We shall not have warm weather, as you call it, for a very long time, Thomas; and I don't think that it would be wise to wait for the weather at all. Indeed, I've begun to get my things for doing it in the winter. Mamma said that she was sure January would be the very latest. And it isn't as though we had to get furniture or anything of that kind. Of course a lady shouldn't be pressing." She smiled sweetly and pressed his arm as she said this. "But I hate all girlish nonsense and that kind of thing. It is such a bore to be kept waiting. I'm sure there's nothing to prevent it coming off in February."

The 31st of March was fixed before they reached Heavitree, and Camilla went into her mother's house a happy woman. But Mr. Gibson, as he went home, thought that he had been hardly used. Here was a girl who hadn't a shilling of money, — not a shilling till her mother died, — and who already talked about his house and his furniture and his income as if it were all her own! Circumstanced as she was, what right had she to press for an early day? He was quite sure that Arabella would have been more discreet and less exacting. He was very angry with his dear Cammy as he went across the Close to his house.

## CHAPTER LL

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED DURING MISS STANBURY'S ILLNESS.

It was on Christmas-day that Sir Peter Mancredy, the highest authority on such matters in the



west of England, was sent to see Miss Stanbury; and Sir Peter had acknowledged that things were very serious. He took Dorothy on one side, and told her that Mr. Martin, the ordinary practitioner, had treated the case, no doubt, quite wisely throughout; that there was not a word to be said against Mr. Martin, whose experience was great, and discretion undeniable; but, nevertheless, — at least, it seemed to Dorothy that this was the only meaning to be attributed to Sir Peter's words, — Mr. Martin had in this case taken one line of treatment, when he ought to have taken another. The plan of action was undoubtedly changed, and Mr. Martin became very fidgety, and ordered nothing without Sir Peter's sanction. Miss Stanbury was suffering from bronchitis, and a complication of diseases about her throat and chest. Barty Burgess declared to more than one acquaintance in the little parlor behind the bank, that she would go on drinking four or five glasses of new port wine every day, in direct opposition to Martin's request. Camilla French heard the report, and repeated it to her lover, and perhaps another person or two, with an expression of her assured conviction that it must be false, — at any rate, as he regarded the fifth glass. Mrs. MacHugh, who saw Martha daily, was much frightened; the peril of such a friend disturbed equally the repose and the pleasures of her life. Mrs. Clifford was often at Miss Stanbury's bedside, and would have sat there reading for hours together, had she not been made to understand by Martha that Miss Stanbury preferred that Miss Dorothy should read to her. The sick woman received the Sacrament weekly, — not from Mr. Gibson, but from the hands of another minor canon; and, though she never would admit her own danger, or allow others to talk to her of it, it was known to them all that she admitted it to herself because she had, with much personal annoyance, caused a codicil to be added to her will. "As you did n't marry that man," she said to Dorothy, "I must change it again." It was in vain that Dorothy begged her not to trouble herself with such thoughts. "That's trash," said Miss Stanbury, angrily. "A person who has it is bound to trouble himself about it. You don't suppose I'm afraid of dying; do you?" she added. Dorothy answered her with some commonplace, declaring how strongly they all expected to see her as well as ever. "I'm not a bit afraid to die," said the old woman, wheezing, struggling with such voice as she possessed; "I'm not afraid of it, and I don't think I shall die this time; but I'm not going to have mistakes when I'm gone." This was on the eve of the new year, and on the same night she asked Dorothy to write to Brooke Burgess, and request him to come to Exeter. This was Dorothy's letter: —

“EXETER, 31st December, 186—.

“MY DEAR MR. BURGESS, — Perhaps I ought to have written before, to say that Aunt Stanbury is not as well as we could wish her; but, as I know that you cannot very well leave your office, I have thought it best not to say anything to frighten you. But to-night aunt herself has desired me to tell you that she thinks you ought to know that she is ill, and that she wishes you to come to Exeter for a day or two, if it is possible. Sir Peter Mancrud has been here every day since Christmas-day, and I believe he thinks she may get over it. It is chiefly in the throat, — what they call bronchitis, — and she has got to be very weak with it, and at the same time

very liable to inflammation. So I know that you will come if you can.

“Yours very truly,  
“DOROTHY STANBURY.

“Perhaps I ought to tell you that she had her lawyer here with her the day before yesterday; but she does not seem to think that she herself is in danger. I read to her a good deal, and I think she is generally asleep; when I stop, she wakes, and I don't believe she gets any other rest at all.”

When it was known in Exeter that Brooke Burgess had been sent for, then the opinion became general that Miss Stanbury's days were numbered. Questions were asked of Sir Peter at every corner of the street; but Sir Peter was a discreet man, who could answer such questions without giving any information. If it so pleased God, his patient would die; but it was quite possible that she might live. That was the tenor of Sir Peter's replies, — and they were read in any light, according to the idiosyncrasies of the reader. Mrs. MacHugh was quite sure that the danger was over, and had a little game of cribbage on the sly with old Miss Wright; for, during the severity of Miss Stanbury's illness, whilst was put on one side in the vicinity of the Close. Barty Burgess was still obdurate, and shook his head. He was of opinion that they might soon gratify their curiosity, and see the last crowning iniquity of this wickedest of old women. Mrs. Clifford declared that it was all in the hands of God, but that she saw no reason why Miss Stanbury should not get about again. Mr. Gibson thought that it was all up with his late friend; and Camilla wished that at their last interview there had been more of charity on the part of one whom she had regarded in past days with respect and esteem. Mrs. French, despondent about everything, was quite despondent in this case. Martha almost despaired, and already was burdened with the cares of a whole wardrobe of solemn funeral clothing. She was seen standing for half an hour at the windows and doorway of a large warehouse for the sale of mourning. Giles Hickbody would not speak above his breath, and took his beer standing; but Dorothy was hopeful, and really believed that her aunt would recover. Perhaps Sir Peter had spoken to her in terms less oracular than those which he used towards the public.

Brooke Burgess came, and had an interview with Sir Peter, and to him Sir Peter was under some obligation to speak plainly, as being the person whom Miss Stanbury recognized as her heir. So Sir Peter declared that his patient might perhaps live, and perhaps might die. "The truth is, Mr. Burgess," said Sir Peter, "a doctor does n't know so very much more about these things than other people." It was understood that Brooke was to remain three days in Exeter, and then return to London. He would, of course, come again, if — if anything should happen. Sir Peter had been quite clear in his opinion that no immediate result was to be anticipated, — either in the one direction or the other. His patient was doomed to a long illness; she might get over it, or she might succumb to it.

Dorothy and Brooke were thus thrown much together during these three days. Dorothy, indeed, spent most of her hours beside her aunt's bed, instigating sleep by the reading of a certain series of sermons, in which Miss Stanbury had great faith; but, nevertheless, there were some minutes in which they were necessarily together. They eat their meals in



each other's company, and there was a period in the evening, before Dorothy began her night-watch in her aunt's room, at which she took her tea while Martha was nurse in the room above. At this time of the day she would remain an hour or more with Brooke; and a great deal may be said between a man and a woman in an hour when the will to say it is there. Brooke Burgess had by no means changed his mind since he had declared it to Hugh Stanbury under the midnight lamps of Long Acre, when warmed by the influence of oysters and whiskey toddy. The whiskey toddy had in that instance brought out truth and not falsehood,—as is ever the nature of whiskey toddy and similar dangerous provocatives. There is no saying truer than that which declares that there is truth in wine. Wine is a dangerous thing, and should not be made the exponent of truth, let the truth be good as it may; but it has the merit of forcing a man to show his true colors. A man who is a gentleman in his cups may be trusted to be a gentleman at all times. I trust that the severe censor will not turn upon me, and tell me that no gentleman in these days is ever to be seen in his cups. There are cups of different degrees of depth; and cups do exist, even among gentlemen, and seem disposed to hold their own, let the censor be never so severe. The gentleman in his cups is a gentleman always; and the man who tells his friend in his cups that he is in love does so because the fact has been very present to himself in his cooler and calmer moments. It is not true that a man creates such ideas for himself in the maudlin softness produced by drinks, hot and strong. Brooke Burgess, who had seen Hugh Stanbury on two or three occasions since that of the oysters and toddy, had not spoken again of his regard for Hugh's sister; but not the less was he determined to carry out his plan and make Dorothy his wife, if she would accept him. But could he ask her while the old lady was, as it might be, dying in the house? He put this question to himself as he travelled down to Exeter, and had told himself that he must be guided for an answer by circumstances as they might occur. Hugh had met him at the station as he started for Exeter, and there had been a consultation between them as to the propriety of bringing about, or of attempting to bring about, an interview between Hugh and his aunt. "Do whatever you like," Hugh had said. "I would go down to her at a moment's warning, if she should express a desire to see me."

On the first night of Brooke's arrival this question had been discussed between him and Dorothy. Dorothy had declared herself unable to give advice. If any message were given to her, she would deliver it to her aunt; but she thought that anything said to her aunt on the subject had better come from Brooke himself. "You evidently are the person most important to her," Dorothy said, "and she would listen to you when she would not let any one else open her mouth." Brooke said that he would think of it; and then Dorothy tripped up to relieve Martha, dreaming nothing at all of that other doubt to which the important personage down stairs was now subject. Dorothy was, in truth, very fond of the new friend she had made; but it had never occurred to her that he might be a possible suitor to her. Her old conception of herself—that she was beneath the notice of any man—had only been partly disturbed by the absolute fact of Mr. Gibson's courtship. She had now heard of his engagement with Camilla French, and saw in that complete proof that the foolish man had been induced to offer

his hand to her by the promise of her aunt's money. If there had been a moment of exaltation,—a period in which she had allowed herself to think that she was, as other women, capable of making herself dear to a man,—it had been but a moment. And now she rejoiced greatly that she had not acceded to the wishes of one to whom it was so manifest that she had not made herself in the least dear.

On the second day of his visit, Brooke was summoned to Miss Stanbury's room at noon. She was forbidden to talk, and during a great portion of the day could hardly speak without an effort; but there would be half-hours now and again in which she would become stronger than usual, at which time nothing that Martha and Dorothy could say would induce her to hold her tongue. When Brooke came to her on this occasion, he found her sitting up in bed with a great shawl round her; and he at once perceived she was much more like her own self than on the former day. She told him that she had been an old fool for sending for him, that she had nothing special to say to him, that she had made no alteration in her will in regard to him,—“except that I have done something for Dolly that will have come out of your pocket, Brooke.” Brooke declared that too much could not be done for a person so good and dear and excellent as Dorothy Stanbury, let it come out of whose pocket it might. “She is nothing to you, you know,” said Miss Stanbury.

“She is a great deal to me,” said Brooke.

“What is she?” asked Miss Stanbury.

“O,—a friend, a great friend.”

“Well, yes. I hope it may be so. But she won't have anything that I haven't saved,” said Miss Stanbury. “There are two houses at St. Thomas's; but I bought them myself, Brooke,—out of the income.” Brooke could only declare that as the whole property was hers, to do what she liked with it as completely as though she had inherited it from her own father, no one could have any right to ask questions as to when or how this or that portion of the property had accrued. “But I don't think I'm going to die yet, Brooke,” she said. “If it is God's will, I am ready. Not that I am fit, Brooke. God forbid that I should ever think that. But I doubt whether I shall ever be fitter. I can go without repining, if he thinks best to take me.” Then he stood up by her bedside, with his hand upon hers, and after some hesitation, asked her whether she would wish to see her nephew Hugh. “No,” said she, sharply. Brooke went on to say how pleased Hugh would have been to come to her. “I don't think much of death-bed reconciliations,” said the old woman, grimly. “I loved him dearly, but he did not love me, and I don't know what good we should do each other.” Brooke declared that Hugh did love her; but he could not press the matter, and it was dropped.

On that evening at eight Dorothy came down to her tea. She had dined at the same table with Brooke that afternoon, but a servant had been in the room all the time, and nothing had been said between them. As soon as Brooke had got his tea, he began to tell the story of his failure about Hugh. He was sorry, he said, that he had spoken on the subject, as it had moved Miss Stanbury to an acrimony which he had not expected.

“She always declares that he never loved her,” said Dorothy. “She has told me so twenty times.”

“There are people who fancy that nobody cares for them,” said Brooke.



"Indeed, there are, Mr. Burgess; and it is so natural."

"Why natural?"

"Just as it is natural that there should be dogs and cats that are petted and loved and made much of, and others that have to crawl through life as they can, cuffed and kicked and starved."

"That depends on the accident of possession," said Brooke.

"So does the other. How many people there are that don't seem to belong to anybody, — and if they do, they're no good to anybody. They're not cuffed exactly, or starved; but —"

"You mean that they don't get their share of affection?"

"They get perhaps as much as they deserve," said Dorothy.

"Because they're cross-grained, or ill-tempered, or disagreeable?"

"Not exactly that."

"What then?" asked Brooke.

"Because they're just nobodys. They are not anything particular to anybody, and so they go on living till they die. You know what I mean, Mr. Burgess. A man who is a nobody can perhaps make himself somebody, — or, at any rate, he can try. But a woman has no means of trying; she is a nobody, and a nobody she must remain. She has her clothes and her food, but she is n't wanted anywhere. People put up with her, and that is about the best of her luck. If she were to die, somebody perhaps would be sorry for her, but nobody would be worse off. She does n't earn anything or do any good. She is just there, and that's all."

Brooke had never heard her speak after this fashion before, had never known her to utter so many consecutive words, or to put forward any opinion of her own with so much vigor. And Dorothy herself, when she had concluded her speech, was frightened by her own energy and grew red in the face, and showed very plainly that she was half ashamed of herself. Brooke thought that he had never seen her look so pretty before, and was pleased by her enthusiasm. He understood perfectly that she was thinking of her own position, though she had entertained no idea that he would so read her meaning; and he felt that it was incumbent on him to undeceive her and make her know that she was not one of those women who are "just there, and that's all." "One does see such a woman as that now and again," he said.

"There are hundreds of them," said Dorothy. "And of course it can't be helped."

"Such as Arabella French," said he, laughing.

"Well, yes; if she is one. It is very easy to see the difference. Some people are of use, and are always doing things. There are others, generally women, who have nothing to do, but who can't be got rid of. It is a melancholy sort of feeling."

"You at least are not one of them."

"I did n't mean to complain about myself," she said. "I have got a great deal to make me happy."

"I don't suppose you regard yourself as an Arabella French," said he.

"How angry Miss French would be if she heard you! She considers herself to be one of the reigning beauties of Exeter."

"She has had a very long reign, and dominion of that sort, to be successful, ought to be short."

"That is spiteful, Mr. Burgess."

"I don't feel spiteful against her, poor woman. I own I do not love Camilla. Not that I begrudge Camilla her present prosperity."

"Nor I either, Mr. Burgess."

"She and Mr. Gibson will do very well together. I dare say."

"I hope they will," said Dorothy, "and I do not see any reason against it. They have known each other a long time."

"A very long time," said Brooke. Then he paused for a minute, thinking how he might best tell her that which he had now resolved should be told on this occasion. Dorothy finished her tea, and got up as though she were about to go to her duty up stairs. She had been as yet hardly an hour in the room, and the period of her relief was not fairly over. But there had come something of a personal flavor in their conversation which prompted her, unconsciously, to leave him. She had, without any special indication of herself, included herself among that company of old maids who are born and live and die without that vital interest in the affairs of life which nothing but family duties, the care of children, or at least of a husband, will give to a woman. If she had not meant this she had felt it. He had understood her meaning, or at least her feeling, and had taken upon himself to assure her that she was not one of the company whose privations she had endeavored to describe. Her instinct rather than her reason put her at once upon her guard, and she prepared to leave the room. "You are not going yet," he said.

"I think I might as well. Martha has so much to do, and she comes to me again at five in the morning."

"Don't go quite yet," he said, pulling out his watch. "I know all about the hours, and it wants twenty minutes to the proper time."

"There is no proper time, Mr. Burgess."

"Then you can remain a few minutes longer. The fact is, I've got something I want to say to you."

He was now standing between her and the door, so that she could not get away from him; but at this moment she was absolutely ignorant of his purpose, expecting nothing of love from him more than she would from Sir Peter Manerudy. Her face had become flushed when she made her long speech, but there was no blush on it as she answered him now. "Of course, I can wait," she said, "if you have anything to say to me."

"Well, I have. I should have said it before, only that that other man was here." He was blushing now, — up to the roots of his hair, and felt that he was in a difficulty. There are men, to whom such moments of their lives are pleasurable, but Brooke Burgess was not one of them. He would have been glad to have had it done and over, so that then he might take pleasure in it.

"What man?" asked Dorothy, in perfect innocence.

"Mr. Gibson, to be sure. I don't know that there is anybody else."

"O, Mr. Gibson. He never comes here now, and I don't suppose he will again. Aunt Stanbury is so very angry with him."

"I don't care whether he comes or not. What I mean is this. When I was here before, I was told that you were going — to marry him."

"But I was n't."

"How was I to know that, when you did n't tell me? I certainly did know it after I came back



from Dartmoor." He paused a moment, as though she might have a word to say. She had no word to say, and did not in the least know what was coming. She was so far from anticipating the truth, that she was composed and easy in her mind. "But all that is of no use at all," he continued. "When I was here before, Miss Stanbury wanted you to marry Mr. Gibson; and, of course, I had nothing to say about it. Now I want you—to marry me."

"Mr. Burgess!"

"Dorothy, my darling, I love you better than all the world,—I do, indeed." As soon as he had commenced his protestations, he became profuse enough with them, and made a strong attempt to support them by the action of his hands. But she retreated from him step by step, till she had regained her chair by the tea-table, and there she seated herself,—safely, as she thought; but he was close to her, over her shoulder, still continuing his protestations, offering up his vows, and imploring her to reply to him. She, as yet, had not answered him by a word, save by that one half-terrified exclamation of his name. "Tell me, at any rate, that you believe me, when I assure you that I love you," he said. The room was going round with Dorothy, and the world was going round, and there had come upon her so strong a feeling of the disruption of things in general, that she was at the moment anything but happy. Had it been possible for her to find that the last ten minutes had been a dream, she would at this moment have wished that it might become one. A trouble had come upon her, out of which she did not see her way. To dive among the waters in warm weather, is very pleasant; there is nothing pleasanter. But when the young swimmer first feels the thorough immersion of his plunge, there comes upon him a strong desire to be quickly out again. He will remember afterwards how joyous it was; but now, at this moment, the dry land is everything to him. So it was with Dorothy. She had thought of Brooke Burgess as one of those bright ones of the world, with whom everything is happy and pleasant, whom everybody loves, who may have whatever they please, whose lines have been laid in pleasant places. She thought of him as a man who might some day make some woman very happy as his wife. To be the wife of such a man was, in Dorothy's estimation, one of those blessed chances which come to some women, but which she never regarded as being within her own reach. Though she had thought much about him, she had never thought of him as a possible possession for herself; and now that he was offering himself to her, she was not at once made happy by his love. Her ideas of herself and of her life were all dislocated for the moment, and she required to be alone, that she might set herself in order, and try herself all over, and find whether her bones were broken. "Say that you believe me," he repeated.

"I don't know what to say," she whispered.

"I'll tell you what to say. Say at once that you will be my wife."

"I can't say that, Mr. Burgess."

"Why not? Do you mean that you cannot love me?"

"I think, if you please, I'll go up to Aunt Stanbury. It is time for me; indeed, it is; and she will be wondering, and Martha will be put out. Indeed, I must go up."

"And will you not answer me?"

"I don't know what to say. You must give me

a little time to consider. I don't quite think you're serious."

"Heaven and earth!" began Brooke.

"And I'm sure it would never do. At any rate, I must go now,—I must, indeed."

And so she escaped, and went up to her aunt's room, which she reached at ten minutes after her usual time, and before Martha had begun to be put out. She was very civil to Martha, as though Martha had been injured; and she put her hand on her aunt's arm, with a soft, caressing, apologetic touch, feeling conscious that she had given cause for offence. "What has he been saying to you?" said her aunt, as soon as Martha had closed the door.

This was a question which Dorothy certainly could not answer. Miss Stanbury meant nothing by it,—nothing beyond a sick woman's desire that something of the conversation of those who were not sick should be retailed to her; but to Dorothy the question meant so much! How should her aunt have known that he had said anything? She sat herself down and waited, giving no answer to the question. "I hope he gets his meals comfortably," said Miss Stanbury.

"I am sure he does," said Dorothy, infinitely relieved. Then, knowing how important it was that her aunt should sleep, she took up the volume of Jeremy Taylor, and, with so great a burden on her mind, she went on painfully and distinctly with the second sermon on the Marriage Ring. She strove valiantly to keep her mind to the godliness of the discourse, so that it might be of some possible service to herself; and to keep her voice to the tone that might be of service to her aunt. Presently she heard the grateful sound which indicated her aunt's repose, but she knew of experience that were she to stop, the sound and the sleep would come to an end also. For a whole hour she persevered, reading the sermon of the Marriage Ring with such attention to the godly principles of the teaching as she could give,—with that terrible burden upon her mind.

"Thank you, thank you; that will do, my dear. Shut it up," said the sick woman. "It's time now for the draught." Then Dorothy moved quietly about the room, and did her nurse's work with soft hand and soft touch and soft tread. After that her aunt kissed her and bade her sit down and sleep.

"I'll go on reading, aunt, if you'll let me," said Dorothy. But Miss Stanbury, who was not a cruel woman, would have no more of the reading, and Dorothy's mind was left at liberty to think of the proposition that had been made to her. To one resolution she came very quickly. The period of her aunt's illness could not be a proper time for marriage-vows or the amenities of love-making. She did not feel that he, being a man, had offended; but she was quite sure that were she, a woman, the niece of so kind an aunt, the nurse at the bedside of such an invalid,—were she at such a time to consent to talk of love, she would never deserve to have a lover. And from this resolve she got great comfort. It would give her an excuse for making no more assured answer at present, and would enable her to reflect at leisure as to the reply she would give him, should he ever, by any chance, renew his offer. If he did not,—and probably he would not,—then it would have been very well that he should not have been made the victim of a momentary generosity. She had complained of the dullness of her life, and that complaint from her had produced his noble, kind, generous, dear, enthusiastic benevolence towards her. As she thought of it all,—and



by degrees she took great pleasure in thinking of it, — her mind bestowed upon him all manner of eulogies. She could not persuade herself that he really loved her, and yet she was full at heart of gratitude to him for the expression of his love. And as for herself, could she love him? We who are looking on of course know that she loved him, — that from this moment there was nothing belonging to him, down to his shoe-tie, that would not be dear to her heart and an emblem so tender as to force a tear from her. He had already become her god, though she did not know it. She made comparisons between him and Mr. Gibson, and tried to convince herself that the judgment, which was always pronounced very clearly in Brooke's favor, came from anything but her heart. And thus through the long watches of the night she became very happy, feeling but not knowing that the whole aspect of the world was changed to her by those few words which her lover had spoken to her. She thought now that it would be consolation enough to her in future to know that such a man as Brooke Burgess had once asked her to be the partner of his life, and that it would be almost ungenerous in her to push her advantage further and attempt to take him at his word. Besides, there would be obstacles. Her aunt would dislike such a marriage for him, and he would be bound to obey her aunt in such a matter: She would not allow herself to think that she could ever become Brooke's wife, but nothing could rob her of the treasure of the offer which he had made her. Then Martha came to her at five o'clock, and she went to her bed to dream for an hour or two of Brooke Burgess and her future life.

On the next morning she met him at breakfast. She went down stairs later than usual, not till ten, having hung about her aunt's room, thinking that thus she would escape him for the present. She would wait till he was gone out, and then she would go down. She did wait; but she could not hear the front-door, and then her aunt murmured something about Brooke's breakfast. She was told to go down, and she went. But when on the stairs, she slunk back to her own room, and stood there for a while, aimless, motionless, not knowing what to do. Then one of the girls came to her, and told her that Mr. Burgess was waiting breakfast for her. She knew not what excuse to make, and at last descended slowly to the parlor. She was very happy, but had it been possible for her to have run away, she would have gone.

"Dear Dorothy," he said at once. "I may call you so; may I not?"

"O yes."

"And you will love me, — and be my own, own wife?"

"No, Mr. Burgess."

"No?"

"I mean — that is to say —"

"Do you love me, Dorothy?"

"Only think how ill Aunt Stanbury is, Mr. Burgess, — perhaps dying! How can I have any thought now except about her? It would n't be right; would it?"

"You may say that you love me."

"Mr. Burgess, pray, pray don't speak of it now. If you do, I must go away."

"But do you love me?"

"Pray, pray don't, Mr. Burgess!"

There was nothing more to be got from her during the whole day than that. He told her in the evening that as soon as Miss Stanbury was well, he

would come again, — that in any case he would come again. She sat quite still as he said this, with a solemn face, but smiling at heart, laughing at heart, so happy! When she got up to leave him, and was forced to give him her hand, he seized her in his arms and kissed her. "That is very, very wrong," she said, sobbing, and then ran to her room, — the happiest girl in all Exeter. He was to start early on the following morning, and she knew that she would not be forced to see him again. Thinking of him was so much pleasanter than seeing him!

## CHAPTER LII.

### MR. OUTHOUSE COMPLAINS THAT IT'S HARD.

Life had gone on during the winter at St. Didulph's parsonage in a dull, weary, painful manner. There had come a letter in November from Trevelyan to his wife, saying that as he could trust neither her nor her uncle with the custody of his child, he should send a person armed with due legal authority, addressed to Mr. Outhouse, for the recovery of the boy, and desiring that little Louis might be at once surrendered to the messenger. Then, of course, there had arisen great trouble in the house. Both Mrs. Trevelyan and Nora Rowley had learned by this time that, as regarded the master of the house, they were not welcome guests at St. Didulph's. When the threat was shown to Mr. Outhouse, he did not say a word to indicate that the child should be given up. He muttered something, indeed, about impotent nonsense, which seemed to imply that the threat could be of no avail; but there was none of that reassurance to be obtained from him which a positive promise on his part to hold the bairn against all comers would have given. Mrs. Outhouse told her niece more than once that the child would be given to no messenger whatever; but even she did not give the assurance with that energy which the mother would have liked. "They shall drag him away from me by force if they do take him," said the mother, gnashing her teeth. "O if her father would but come! For some weeks she did not let the boy out of her sight; but when no messenger had presented himself by Christmas-time, they all began to believe that the threat had in truth meant nothing, — that it had been part of the ravings of a madman.

But the threat had meant something. Early on one morning in January, Mr. Outhouse was told that a person in the hall wanted to see him, and Mrs. Trevelyan, who was sitting at breakfast, the child being at the moment up stairs, started from her seat. The maid described the man as being "all as one as a gentleman," though she would not go so far as to say that he was a gentleman in fact. Mr. Outhouse slowly rose from his breakfast, went out to the man in the passage, and bade him follow into the little closet that was now used as a study. It is needless perhaps to say that the man was Bozzle.

"I dare say, Mr. Houthouse, you don't know me," said Bozzle. Mr. Outhouse, disdaining all complimentary language, said that he certainly did not. "My name, Mr. Houthouse, is Samuel Bozzle, and I live at No. 5 Stony Walk, Union Street, Borough. I was in the Force once, but I work on my own 'look now!"

"What do you want with me, Mr. Bozzle?"

"It is n't so much with you, sir, as it is with a lady as is under your protection; and it is n't so much with the lady as it is with her infant."



"Then you may go away, Mr. Bozzle," said Mr. Outhouse, impatiently. "You may as well go away at once."

"Will you please read them few lines, sir," said Mr. Bozzle. "They is in Mr. Trewilyan's handwriting, which will no doubt be familiar characters, — leastways to Mrs. T., if you don't know the gent's fist." Mr. Outhouse, after looking at the paper for a minute, and considering deeply what in this emergency he had better do, did take the paper and read it. The words ran as follows: "I hereby give full authority to Mr. Samuel Bozzle, of 5, Stony Walk, Union Street, Borough, to claim and to enforce possession of the body of my child, Louis Trevelyan; and I require that any person whatsoever who may now have the custody of the said child, whether it be my wife or any of her friends, shall at once deliver him up to Mr. Bozzle on the production of this authority. — Louis Trevelyan." It may be explained that before this document had been written there had been much correspondence on the subject between Bozzle and his employer. To give the expoliceman his due, he had not at first wished to meddle in the matter of the child. He had a wife at home who expressed an opinion with much vigor that the boy should be left with its mother, and that he, Bozzle, should be succeed in getting hold of the child, would not know what to do with it. Bozzle knew, moreover, that it was his business to find out facts, and not to perform actions. But his employer had become very urgent with him. Mr. Bideawhile had positively refused to move in the matter; and Trevelyan, mad as he was, had felt a disinclination to throw his affairs into the hands of a certain Mr. Skint, of Stamford Street, whom Bozzle had recommended to him as a lawyer. Trevelyan had hinted, moreover, that, if Bozzle would make the application in person, that application, if not obeyed, would act with usefulness as a preliminary step for further personal measures to be taken by himself. He intended to return to England for the purpose, but he desired that the order for the child's rendition should be made at once. Therefore Bozzle had come. He was an earnest man, and had now worked himself up to a certain degree of energy in the matter. He was a man loving power, and specially anxious to enforce obedience from those with whom he came in contact by the production of the law's mysterious authority. In his heart he was ever tapping people on the shoulder, and telling them that they were wanted. Thus, when he displayed his document to Mr. Outhouse, he had taught himself at least to desire that that document should be obeyed.

Mr. Outhouse read the paper and turned up his nose at it. "You had better go away," said he, as he thrust it back into Bozzle's hand.

"Of course I shall go away when I have the child."

"Psha!" said Mr. Outhouse.

"What does that mean, Mr. Houthouse? I presume you'll not dispute the paternal parent's legal authority?"

"Go away, sir," said Mr. Outhouse.

"Go away!"

"Yes, — out of this house. It's my belief that you're a knave."

"A knave, Mr. Houthouse?"

"Yes, a knave! No one who was not a knave would lend a hand towards separating a little child from its mother. I think you are a knave, but I don't think you are fool enough to suppose that the child will be given up to you."

"It's my belief that knave is hactionable," said Bozzle, whose respect, however, for the clergyman was rising fast. "Would you mind ringing the bell, Mr. Houthouse, and calling me a knave again before the young woman?"

"Go away," said Mr. Outhouse.

"If you have no objection, sir, I should be glad to see the lady before I goes."

"You won't see any lady here; and if you don't get out of my house when I tell you, I'll send for a real policeman." Then was Bozzle conquered; and, as he went, he admitted to himself that he had sinned against all the rules of his life in attempting to go beyond the legitimate line of his profession. As long as he confined himself to the getting up of facts, nobody could threaten him with a "real policeman." But one fact he had learned to-day. The clergyman of St. Diddulph's, who had been represented to him as a weak, foolish man, was anything but that. Bozzle was much impressed in favor of Mr. Outhouse, and would have been glad to have done that gentleman a kindness, had an opportunity come in his way.

"What does he want, Uncle Oliphant?" said Mrs. Trevelyan at the foot of the stairs, guarding the way up to the nursery. At this moment the front-door had just been closed behind the back of Mr. Bozzle.

"You had better ask no questions," said Mr. Outhouse.

"But is it about Louis?"

"Yes, he came about him."

"Well? Of course you must tell me, Uncle Oliphant. Think of my condition."

"He had some stupid paper in his hand from your husband, but it meant nothing."

"He was the messenger, then?"

"Yes, he was the messenger. But I don't suppose he expected to get anything. Never mind. Go up and look after the child." Then Mrs. Trevelyan returned to her boy, and Mr. Outhouse went back to his papers.

It was very hard upon him, Mr. Outhouse thought, — very hard. He was threatened with an action now, and most probably would become subject to one. Though he had been spirited enough in presence of the enemy, he was very much out of spirits at this moment. Though he had admitted to himself that his duty required him to protect his wife's niece, he had never taken the poor woman to his heart, with a loving, generous feeling of true guardianship. Though he would not give up the child to Bozzle, he thoroughly wished that the child was out of his house. Though he called Bozzle a knave and Trevelyan a madman, still he considered that Colonel Osborne was the chief sinner, and that Emily Trevelyan had behaved badly. He constantly repeated to himself the old adage, that there was no smoke without fire, and lamented the misfortune that had brought him into close relation with things and people that were so little to his taste. He sat for a while, with a pen in his hand, at the miserable little substitute for a library table which had been provided for him, and strove to collect his thoughts and go on with his work. But the effort was in vain. Bozzle would be there, presenting his document, and begging that the maid might be rung for, in order that she might hear him called a knave. And then he knew that on this very day his niece intended to hand him money, which he could not refuse. Of what use would it be to refuse it now, after it had been once taken? As he



could not write a word, he rose and went away to his wife.

"If this goes on much longer," said he, "I shall be in Bedlam."

"My dear, don't speak of it in that way?"

"That's all very well. I suppose I ought to say I like it. There has been a policeman here who is going to bring an action against me."

"A policeman!"

"Some one that her husband has sent for the child."

"The boy must not be given up, Oliphant."

"It's all very well to say that, but I suppose we must obey the law. The parsonage of St. Diddulph's is n't a castle in the Apennines. When it comes to this, that a policeman is sent here to fetch any man's child and threatens me with an action because I tell him to leave my house, it is very hard upon me, seeing how very little I've had to do with it. It's all over the parish now that my niece is kept here away from her husband, and that a lover comes to see her. This about the policeman will be known now, of course. I only say it is hard. That's all." The wife did all that she could to comfort him, reminding him that Sir Marmaduke would be home soon, and that then the burden would be taken from his shoulders. But she was forced to admit that it was very hard.

[To be continued.]

### LORD CAMPBELL'S FOLLY.

At last, a long-expected book has appeared,\* the volume containing memoirs of the two brightest, keenest, strongest men who in these later times have held the Great Seal, by the plodding lawyer who, after acquiring preferment disproportionate to his deserts, by patient industry and prudent arts, was finally raised to the woollack by length of years and an aged Premier's kindly regard for the infirmities and claims of old age. In temper, style, capacity, John Copley and Henry Brougham, who forced their way to the highest honors of the law by strength of brain and irresistible powers, contrast strongly against their historian, who, owing his ultimate elevation to vigor of body and endurance, was on the eve of his seventieth year when he first gained a judicial place in Westminster Hall, and had entered his seventy-ninth year before he achieved his highest ambition, the custody of the *Clavis Regni*. Lord Campbell saw the contrast, but he was so constituted that he could think it altogether in his favor.

In 1846, when the Tory ministers surrendered their places to the Whigs, the Benchers of the Inner Temple gave a grand banquet to the heads of the law, to which Lyndhurst, Brougham, and their biographer came down from the House of Lords in Lady Lyndhurst's carriage. The dinner was an unusually brilliant and successful affair, and in delivering an after-dinner panegyric on the virtues of ex-Chancellor Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham raised a laugh by saying, in allusion to Lord Campbell's biographic labors, that "to an expiring Chancellor death was now armed with a new terror." The remark was all the more piquant, as the biographer had declared his intention to bring his work down to a late date of his career, and write the lives of post-Eldonian Chancellors. But the mirth would

have been yet louder, had Henry Brougham, in a fit of prophetic humor, predicted that in the coming memoirs awkward, blundering, canny John Campbell would venture to call himself Lyndhurst's rival and conqueror. Even Lord Brougham's high spirits and keen delight in the biographer's egotism failed to inspire him with such a daring imagination; but had he made the prediction, it would have been literally verified in the present volume, which demonstrates that, though Henry Brougham and John Copley were smart talkers and men of considerable parts, they were greatly inferior to John Campbell, the historian of Chancellors and Chief Justices. Nor is this the only amusing quality of a volume which overflows with pungent gossip and malicious tattle, and throws detraction on every one whom it mentions, with the single exception of the author himself, whom it treats with invariable courtesy. The book is sure to be popular for a week, on account of its scandal and flippancy; but no one to whom the writer's memory is dear will derive much gratification from the reception which it is sure to meet at the hands of critics. The author was wont to profess that he delayed its publication out of an amiable wish to print nothing, during the lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham, that could embitter their later years; but some of his friends, entertaining a higher opinion of his prudence than of his kindness, concurred in attributing the postponement to a natural dread of the consequences of premature publication. Unquestionably, had the book appeared during Campbell's life whilst the two ex-Chancellors were in a condition to exercise their right of reply, it would have brought on the author such a chastisement as would have deprived him of peace in his latest days. And even if death had freed Campbell from a wholesome fear of their personal resentments, by removing them from the stage whilst he still played the Chancellor's part, we are inclined to think that the book would not have seen the light during the author's life; for, though the aged gossip-monger could not deny himself the pleasure of making arrangements for the posthumous utterance of its malicious inventions and mean suggestions, he must have had a lurking consciousness that it would bring him discredit in proportion to its notoriety.

Either Lord Campbell is an arch-calumniator or Lord Lyndhurst—the Nestor of the Conservatives, as men called him in his later years—was the meanest, falsest, and most profligate being that ever held the Great Seal. The son of an eminent artist and the descendant of a respectable grandfather, he was so "very unreasonably ashamed of his family" and his distinguished father, that he forbore to make any mention whatever of the artist in the fictitious pedigree "which he sent to the genealogists" for publication in the Peerages, and which gives him a descent from a baronial De Couplé, who came in with the Conqueror. That the pedigree is fictitious, and that Lord Lyndhurst was its fabricator, not a word of proof is given beyond the biographer's bare assertion. We are told that such was Lord Lyndhurst's sensitiveness with respect to the humility of his father's vocation that he was much hurt by a speech in which the present Recorder of London, himself of royal descent, contrasting the aristocratic exclusiveness of the Liberal party against the popular character of the Conservative connection, observed, "We glory in having as our leader in the one House the son of a cotton-spinner, and in the other the son of a painter." And yet the biographer is constrained to admit that this *parvenu* lawyer,

\* Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England. By the late John Lord Campbell, LL. D.



whose constant aim it was to dissociate himself from his father's fame, lived throughout the years of his fashionable and political pre-eminence in the very house in which the elder Copley used to paint the portraits of the aristocracy. Having commenced in this vein, the writer continues his detractions to the last line of the memoir. Though Daniel O'Connell was not justified in calling the Chancellor "an alien, and liable to be reclaimed as a refugee Yankee," Lyndhurst was unquestionably born in America, — a fact of which he was greatly ashamed after achieving success, — and cherished republican opinions of the extremest kind until he had attained middle life. As a boy, he exhibited, great cleverness, and in his fifteenth year addressed to a beautiful school-girl a set of Horatian verses, which, says the biographer, "I suspect to have been copied for the occasion from a scrap-book, for the professed lover has never since been known to versify." What a ground for a suspicion thrown out to insinuate that Copley, in early boyhood, showed a tendency to the practice of larceny! That Copley was a second wrangler, a fine classic scholar, and a Fellow of Trinity, the biographer cannot deny; but, notwithstanding these scholastic attainments, he had no literary tastes and disclaimed authorship. "I never," says the author, "heard of his being engaged in any literary undertaking, except writing some letters in the Times newspaper along with Benjamin Disraeli, under the signature of 'Runnymede.'" Elsewhere it is said: "But Copley always had a great contempt for authorship, and would rather starve than disgrace himself by it," — for which statement the author offers no evidence. That in his earlier years, whilst waiting for clients, Copley abstained from literary labor is not wonderful, for his fellowship and modest patrimony placed him in easy circumstances. Though Copley lived for some years in harmony with his first wife, "there were afterwards jealousies and bickerings between them, which caused much talk and amusement; but they continued on decent terms till her death, at Paris, in 1834, an event which he sincerely lamented. He was sitting as Chief Baron in the Court of Exchequer when he received the fatal news. He swallowed a large quantity of laudanum and set off to see her remains; but his strength of mind soon again fitted him for the duties and pleasures of life." That the first Lady Lyndhurst was a brilliant woman of fashion, Lord Campbell does not deny; but he craftily suggests that "if she had been more prudent, people would not have talked disparagingly of her." Lord Lyndhurst's second wife was "a beautiful Jewess," and in rendering homage to this lady's prudence, the biographer has a fling at her official predecessor, in the style of an accomplished tattler of spiteful gossip. "Although the new Lady Lyndhurst, like her predecessor, tried to become a leader of fashion, she preserved an unsuspected reputation, and took devoted care of her husband, who, notwithstanding the juvenility of his mind and his habits, was now sinking into the vale of years." In its particular way, this sentence is a gem of art. Can any reader compress more spite against a dead woman and a living man into the same number of words? And yet people persist in saying that Jock Campbell was altogether devoid of genius. Lyndhurst in the vale of years at the time of his second marriage! He had still a quarter of a century of life before him, and wanted years of the age at which his biographer became Chancellor.

The other notes of Lyndhurst's social doings are in the same vein. He was a reckless and licentious talker, and habitually slandered his closest friends behind their backs. "His features were strongly marked and his whole countenance well chiselled, — with some fine lines of thought in it, — nevertheless, occasionally with a sinister smile of great cunning and some malignity, which obtained for him the sobriquet of Mephistopheles." His manners were ingratiating and his conversation was agreeable; so much so, indeed, that "he might have risen to celebrity as a 'diner-out.'" Without being epigrammatic or positively witty, his talk was always sparkling and always pleasing." This condescension from Campbell to the man who might have been a favorite at dinner-parties is delicious. "He used to affect to be a *roué*, and after he was married, he would say, what a charming thing it was to visit Paris *en garçon*." With a chuckle, this generous friend remarks on the lawyer's poverty: "To his great mortification, he has no son to inherit his title. If the peerage had been transmitted, it would have been poorly endowed; for, although now relieved from pecuniary embarrassment, he is only able to live comfortably on his allowance as ex-Chancellor, and to make a decent provision for his daughter." Elsewhere reviving a humorous story, — current in Charles the Second's London, and tacked by gossip-mongers to numerous politicians of later time, — the biographer says, that whilst the Chancellor entertained the bar and high society with sumptuous hospitality, "it was rumored that his band of attendants at table was sometimes swelled by sheriffs' officers put in livery, there being frequent executions in his house; but I believe that for these stories, so generally circulated, there was no sufficient foundation." But whilst disbelieving these and other scandalous stories, Lord Campbell seasons his book with them.

To aggravate what was bad, and blacken what from any point of view was sufficiently dark in the political tergiversation which precluded Copley's entrance into the House of Commons, the biographer insists on the extreme character of the republican opinions which the future Tory Chancellor consistently maintained from youth to the threshold of middle age. As a law-student, he was "a Whig, and something more; or, in one word, a Jacobin." He would refuse to be present at a dinner given on the return of Mr. Fox for Westminster; but he delighted to dine with the 'Corresponding Society, or to celebrate the anniversary of the acquittal of Hardy and Horne Tooke." An ardent admirer of the first Napoleon, he exclaimed, on the Emperor's escape from Elba, "Europe is free!" and he remained a staunch upholder of revolutionary doctrines until his masterly defence of Dr. Watson, the Spafelds demagogue, determined Lord Liverpool to buy his venal eloquence over to the Tories. "If Copley had been for the Crown, the prosecution would have succeeded," Lord Castlereagh observed to Jekyll with respect to Watson's acquittal. "Bait your rat-trap with Cheshire cheese, and he will soon be caught," answered the wit of the bar, — meaning that Copley would *rat* for the sake of the Chief Justiceship of Chester. Overtures were forthwith made to the Jacobin serjeant, who forthwith accepted a Government borough and the livery of the party of despotism, as he had been wont to designate the Tory party. In 1831, when charged by Earl Grey with having "entertained opinions favorable to the consideration of the question of par-



liamentary reform," Lord Lyndhurst exclaimed, emphatically, "Never!" Lord Campbell heard this denial, and observes, "Lord Denman, who had gone the circuit with Lyndhurst, and full well knew what those opinions had been, was then standing by me. Shaking his fist in a manner which made me afraid that he would draw upon himself the notice of the House, he exclaimed, 'Villain, lying villain!' But in reality, what the noble and learned lord said was literally true; for at the period of his life alluded to he was not favorable to parliamentary reform, but wished Parliament to be abolished, that a National Convention might be established in its place."

As a judge, if this biography may be trusted, Lord Lyndhurst deserves little praise. Whilst Master of the Rolls, he did little but display ignorance of law and his legal inefficiency. "The gossip of the profession during the short period when he continued Master of the Rolls was, that 'he sat as seldom as possible, and rose as early as possible, and did as little as possible.'" His first tenure of the Great Seal was remarkable chiefly for the dodges by which he contrived to hide his incapacity from the public. In the Court of Exchequer, where he presided for four years, "he showed that, if he had liked, he might have earned the very highest reputation for judicial excellence," but "he would not heartily give his mind to his judicial business." His judgment in the case of *Small v. Atwood* was "the most wonderful judgment ever heard in Westminster Hall,"—wonderful for its exhibition of a lucid and retentive memory, and thorough mastery of complicated facts and calculations; but it was reversed because "he had come to a wrong conclusion on the merits." The writer adds: "His opinion was and is of small weight in Westminster Hall: and I do not recollect any case being decided on any judgment or dictum of his." That he did not mire himself in ignominious scrapes was due to his prudence in taking his law from his puisne, Bayley, whom he invariably asked in every difficult case "which way he should give judgment."

In spite of his industry and devotion to business, John Campbell was scarcely less a butt to the leaders of his profession than he was a mark for ridicule to men of letters. Whilst the literary coteries laughed over the blunders and thefts of the writer, Westminster Hall made itself merry about his pomposity and dulness. But of all his legal persecutors, Lord Lyndhurst was the most merciless and disdainful. The bare mention of Jock Campbell's name would call a mirthful smile on the visage of Lyndhurst, who delighted to play on his weaknesses and render him ludicrous. Knowing the man's vanity, Lyndhurst used to assure him that Brougham was jealous of his powers; and though Campbell had enough shrewdness to see that Lyndhurst was not his friend, he swallowed all his persecutor's malicious flatteries. With the simplicity of an ambitious man stupefied by vanity, the biographer records how Lord Lyndhurst tried to irritate Brougham by representing that he (Campbell) was plotting to get the Great Seal. "I remember once," he says, "after arguing a case at the bar of the House of Lords, coming upon the steps of the throne in my silk gown and full-bottom wig (such as the Chancellor wears), wishing to have an opportunity of speaking to Lord Melbourne. I then heard Lord Lyndhurst halloo out to Lord Brougham, so as almost to be heard distinctly in the gallery, 'Brougham, here is Campbell come to take his seat as Chancellor upon the wool-sack.' The Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King

of Hanover) was standing close, and Lyndhurst said to him, in Brougham's hearing, 'Sir, this is Sir John Campbell, now Attorney-General, who is very soon to be our Chancellor.'" Who but John Campbell could have failed to see that he was being made game of, and that Lyndhurst, instead of trying to incense Brougham, was bent on amusing him?

In the memoir of Brougham, even more than in the sketch of Lyndhurst, the biographer renders himself ludicrous and repulsive,—ludicrous because he is insane enough to represent that Brougham was jealous of his literary reputation, and repulsive because in calumniating Brougham he traduces a man from whom he acknowledges himself to have received kindness and friendly service. He begins by saying of the most learned and brilliant Chancellor since Bacon: "He accomplished nothing as a statesman; he cannot be said to have extended the bounds of human knowledge by philosophical discovery; his writings, although displaying marvellous fertility, are already falling into neglect; his speeches, which when delivered nearly set the world on fire, when perused in print cause disappointment and weariness." It is impossible to peruse with gravity this critical judgment from the advocate who had no eloquence, and the author whose writings, when the judgment was penned, had met a doom more dreaded by literary aspirants than mere neglect. Having thus opened his treatise, the biographer demonstrates that Henry Brougham, instead of being what he represented himself,—the heir-general of Ranulph de Vaulx and William de Vaulx, was the descendant of a plebeian stock of petty farmers and graziers of Westmoreland, and that his claim to the ancient barony of Vaux "must be considered a mere dream or fiction." Next it is told how Brougham, though born and educated in Edinburgh, was ashamed of his Scotch birth and training, and on settling in London "wished it to be forgotten that he had been born and bred in Scotland, and that to Scotland he owed the education which enabled him to excel so many senior wranglers, and double-class men of Cambridge and Oxford." The biography does not charge Brougham with direct political "ratting" in early life, but it insinuates that he began his career with a "leaning to Toryism," and "would have been extremely happy on proper encouragement to have enlisted under the banner of the 'Heaven-born Minister,'"—Pitt. At the outset of his parliamentary career, he was "the most unscrupulous of the Liberal party," and on the disappointment of his ambition at a subsequent period became "a leader of the Tories" and "trumpeter to the Tories." Of Brougham's great speech in defence of Queen Caroline, it is observed that the orator "himself considered, and, I believe, still considers, his performance the most wonderful effort of genius recorded in the annals of oratory." The critical Campbell, however, is compelled to say: "But I must confess that when now read in print, as published by the author, it appears by turns stiff and affected, tame and vapid, turgid and declamatory." Of course there is a sneer at the "real or affected humility" with which Lord Brougham "refused to sign his name as peers usually do, but signed H. Brougham, or, more commonly, H. B." It is frankly intimated that Brougham was a charlatan in public, and odiously insincere in private life. In the House of Lords, less prudent than Lyndhurst, who was "exceedingly cautious" not to provoke a conflict with the dreadful John Campbell, Brougham was very reckless and dictatorial to his biographer



until, says the historian of his own prowess, "I boldly stood up to him and taught him to respect me." It is recorded that Brougham had a habit of telling untruths till he believed them. "Brougham has often told me that at this time (i. e. 1834) he had himself the offer of being Prime Minister, but that he positively, declined it and named Melbourne. I strongly suspect that this only appeared to him in a dream, and that the story is now believed by him only because it has been so often narrated by him." There was a vein of insanity in Henry Brougham's mind, which caused his friends great uneasiness in early life, and in 1836 displayed itself so decidedly that "his reason was in danger." But the grand charge against Brougham is that he was jealous of the author's literary fame: "It is my duty," says the conscientious scribe, "however, as a true and impartial biographer, to relate that he was made very unhappy at this time by the successful publication of my 'Lives of the Chancellors.' . . . He wrote himself, or induced others to write, in periodicals over which he had influence, stinging articles against the book and its author." Had it not been for this interference, the "Chancellors" would have encountered nothing but praise; but the malignant Henry Brougham was only too successful in poisoning the minds of critics. The malicious creature even talked about a new terror having been added to death for expiring Chancellors. Worse still, at the instigation of the same despicable passion, Brougham maintained in 1847 that John Campbell would be no fit successor to Lord Cottenham, should the latter resign the Great Seal for ill-health. Two years later, however, Brougham "(strange to say) had," says the celebrated historian, "now formed the resolution that I should succeed Lord Denman in the Queen's Bench; and, if I had been his own brother, he could not more zealously have exerted himself to accomplish that object. During the autumn I received several letters from him on the subject, the last beginning, 'My dear C., *vulgo* dearest Jack.'" Having noticed these kindnesses from the ex-Chancellor, in the very next page, Campbell sneers at his friend's scientific pretensions: "Brougham was now deeply engaged in a course of experiments upon Light. He had told me that he had made a great discovery which 'Newton had nearly approached, but had not reached.' In passing through Paris, he explained it in a lecture to the Institute, assisted by diagrams, which he drew with chalk on a blackboard. I have been told that his brethren showed great self-command in keeping their countenances while he addressed them in French (or, as Macaulay calls it, in Broughmee), but that, in spite of all their politeness, some of them did smile a little at the supposed discovery, and the fluctuations by which it was proved and illustrated."

But enough of this pitiful detraction. To clear the atmosphere, let us give a few of the good stories with which the book abounds.

An anecdote of Brougham, when a schoolboy at the Edinburgh High School:—

"When he entered the High School, Adam, to whom so many owe a taste for classical literature, was head-master; but he began with an under-master, named Fraser, who, though a very zealous teacher, was not supposed to be much of a scholar. As his pupil, young Henry Brougham made wonderful proficiency, in spite of occasionally taking delight in teasing him and playing tricks upon him. The Scotch Judge, Lord Cockburn, who was at the

High School at the same time, has related to me the following anecdote: 'An exercise being given out,—to translate a paper of the Spectator into Latin,—Brougham set to work upon it, with a view to mystify Fraser, and introduced several expressions, for which he had classical authority, but which had the aspect of bald and barbarous Latinity. At first he had to repent of the joke, for Fraser called him up, and actually punished him with the '*taus*,' or ferula, partly for his alleged bad Latin, and partly for his impertinence in maintaining that it was good. Next morning, however, Henry Brougham entered the school with a load of books upon his back, and out of these he demonstrated that all his alleged Anglicisms or solecisms had been used by Roman writers of the Augustan age. Fraser had the magnanimity to listen to him, and to compliment him on his industry and taste; and from that time the flogged boy was hailed as the king of the school.'

From Sir Thomas Dick Lauder the biographer gained the following anecdote of Henry Brougham when a collegian:—

"While at college Brougham never went to Edinburgh balls or assemblies, although they were much frequented by other students; but he was a member of several convivial clubs, and took the lead in them whenever he appeared. One autumn, by way of seeing a little of what was in Scotland considered 'fashionable life,' he went to the meeting of the Caledonian Hunt, which was held at Dumfries. According to the prevailing custom, all orders and degrees dined at a *table d'hôte*, and after dinner all sorts of bets were laid. Brougham offered a wager against the whole company that none of them would write down in a sealed packet the manner in which he meant to travel to the races which were to take place a few miles from Dumfries the next day. As many as chose to accept his challenge wrote down their conjectures, which were sealed up along with his actual purpose. When the packets were opened, it was found that he would go in a sedan-chair, which none of them had thought of. Accordingly, he made his progress to the races carried in that way, and accompanied by an immense crowd. After dinner he renewed the bet against all who chose to take it, and when the packets were opened, he was equally successful. He had written down that he would go in a post-chaise and pair, all the persons who had accepted the bet having written down the strangest and most absurd modes of conveyance they could devise. In whatever company he was, he betrayed a resolution to make himself prominent and to be talked of, which pleased him nearly as much as unmixed admiration."

No wonder that Sir Thomas Dick Lauder related of this eccentric collegian, "About this time his conduct was so eccentric that he was supposed to have shown a slight tendency to insanity, and his friends were very uneasy about him."

Brougham and Lyndhurst are not the only notable men of whom this volume speaks contemptuously. Lord Gifford "lamentably exposed his defective education, and proved that his sudden and unexpected rise was a mere frolic of fortune." Lord Eldon, the victim of his own "what is called *humbug*," "was always making professions of honesty, and became his own dupe." Sir Robert Peel was scarcely more noticeable as a statesman than as a debater who could not pronounce his '*h's*." "By hard labor, Peel had acquired the faculty of pronouncing *h* when it occurred at the beginning of a



word. Thus, he would say 'house' and 'hustings,' not, in Lancashire fashion, 'ouse' or 'ustings'; but  $\frac{1}{2}$  in the middle of a word he would still omit. Thus, he would say, 'The man be-aves well who always ad-eres to his friends.' Lord Langdale in Parliament "proved an utter failure." Brougham was not more meanly jealous of Campbell than Macaulay was of Brougham. As though poor Queen Caroline's reputation had not been sufficiently battered, the author publishes some of her misspelt and ungrammatical letters, to show that she was a badly educated person and no gentlewoman.

We have spoken of the faults of this book with only small regret, for Lord Campbell's fame is of no importance to any one outside his domestic circle, and the dead man deserves no tenderness who defames dead men from his grave. His previous works showed the shallowness of his historical information and the narrowness of his mind; the present volume exhibits the commonness and meanness of his nature. It is a pitiful exhibition of senile vanity, foolishness, and spite.

### NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

NEXT-DOOR neighbors have ever been fast friends or bitter enemies. They have either fought and died for each other—in very barbarous times, of course—or they have cut each other's throats; and the one thing, it is sad to say, they have done much oftener than the other. Strong hate seems, as a matter of course, to spring from close vicinity in these old times. The Capulets and the Montagues must have been next-door neighbors, though Shakespeare does not say so. Superficial people may think that Romeo and Juliet more than made up the feud; but deep thinkers will rather consider these gentle Veronese lovers as illustrious exceptions, than as precedents at all affecting the two great laws of love and hate, which rule next-door neighborships. Besides, it is all very well to talk of the Romeo who takes poison, and dies at his Juliet's feet. Old people of the world shake their heads and sigh; they know that these sort of things take place at a certain time of life, and at that time only. You see no Italian chronicler, no Shakespeare, no lovely old legend has said a word about the youthful Romeo of twelve, who, maybe, tied an old saucy man to the tail of Juliet's favorite greyhound, when that careless housemaid let it out; or who, young hardened sinner, threw cabbage-stalks at Juliet herself over the garden-wall. As for the bachelor Romeo of forty, who did his best against the unwedded Juliet of thirty-five, who worried her by raising up a turret with numerous windows, whence his prying eyes invaded her privacy, who went three times to law with her about the partition wall, and who made her exclaim twenty times a day, "That dreadful man will be the death of me!" that Romeo, we say, has been ignored altogether.

With the progress of time and good-breeding, next-door neighbors have grown to be civilly affectionate or politely rancorous, and now, as a rule, the kissing or the bickering, as the case may be, is carried out on the most moderate scale. When next-door neighbors meet, they bow to, or stare at, or cut each other as distantly as they can well do these things, and they generally walk through life as they mostly go to heaven, by roads that, having once met at right angles, are never by any means to meet again, but go on widening and widening away

till they flow into the great reconciling sea of death.

But still we meet every now and then, chiefly in small or out-of-the-way places, with instances of cruel hate or tender love, of bitter animosity or kind and brotherly offices, which bring back the old relation in its vivid aspect before us,—modified, indeed, by change of manners, but still the same at heart. Such instances must be known to many; two will illustrate our meaning.

Two workmen were next-door neighbors in one of the London suburbs. They lived at peace for a whole year; then the dog of one having flown at the child of the other, war was declared. Still, though embittered on both sides by wives and children, the contest was carried on languidly. But hate was there, passive and phlegmatic in one man, keen and active in the other, and unluckily strong in both. These men drank freely, and used to meet and quarrel at the same public-house. It was inevitable that they should come to blows, and at length they did. The phlegmatic man, being much the stronger of the two, had no trouble in defeating his enemy. The worsted one was henceforth bent upon revenge, and chance, or his own ingenuity, gave him what he wanted. He came one evening to the usual haunt, his face still bearing the mark of the blow that had felled him. He drank his beer in surly silence; he bore with his foe's boastful looks and with the jeering of the bystanders; but when he went to pay his reckoning, and was waiting for his change, he said to the landlady:—

"I owe you something, Mrs. Smith. Please to make it all square. That man," and he pointed a scornful forefinger at his enemy, "is a thief! I come here no more; that man is a thief. He got three months for robbing his master ten years back. Let him deny it,—let him deny it!"

Pale, ghastly, and struck as by death, the wretched man stood there and denied nothing. They all stared, and he denied nothing. They looked askance at him, and he denied nothing. It was true. He had been a thief once,—once only,—for he was one of the very few men who, having thus fallen, rise out of and triumph over their sin. He was honest now, and therefore the discovery and the shame were too much for him. He slunk away with rage and grief in his heart, and was seen in the public-house no more. Nor was this all. His story spread. His wife, on learning it, reviled him; his children got to be ashamed of him; the whole world, he felt, had in some sort turned against him. He could not bear this new lot. He rose early one morning, went out, and never came back. And the saddest part of this sad story is that his triumphant enemy never repented his share in his neighbor's ruin.

These two men who could have lived at peace so easily if they had but been a little further apart, could not resist the opportunities for dislike and animosity which vicinity threw in their way. And what is true of hatred is happily also true of love. Natures which might have remained languidly wrapped up in self-indulgence forever are roused to generous exertion and self-forgetfulness by the same close relation.

A few years ago there came to a little county town of England a lady whom we shall call Miss Jennings. This was not her name, indeed, but her story is a true one, and that is the only matter of interest in this case. She came to take possession



of a little house and of a hundred a year, both of which she had inherited through the death of an uncle whom she had never seen, and who had never done her a kindness. She tried to mourn for him and she could not. She also tried in her conscientiousness to be grateful to him, but she soon found out that her gratitude to the deceased was all for his dying just as she was worn out with labor. Miss Jennings was too honest to make believe that she was grieving; she was too good to rejoice; so she put on black clothes, took a little maid-servant to wait upon her and to keep her company, and settled down in her own house for the first time in her life.

There is an age when selfishness is a delicious feeling, whatever moralists may say. Miss Jennings had been tossed about in London till home had lost its meaning for her. And now she had her own home, and she could live and die in it. For years she had gone out early and come in late, and now she could sit within the whole day long if it so pleased her. Instead of the three plants in flower-pots, which the first frost always killed, Miss Jennings had her own garden. And to make her happiness complete, Miss Jennings could now indulge in what had been the day-dream of her latter years, — a painted glass window. It is all very well to deride such simple longings, but you see they often come when others depart. Miss Jennings had had brighter dreams once, — dreams of husband, home, and children, and when these withered away before the chill breath of old Father Time, she took refuge in harmless fancies. Of these the painted glass window was the last, and Miss Jennings was a proud and happy woman when it was put up in the landing, and gold and ruby and sapphire hues fell on her staircase carpet. "I shall always think of my poor uncle when I look at that window," thought Miss Jennings in the warmth of her gratitude to the dead. And so she did think of the old gentleman, faithfully if not tenderly, and thus the little landing window got to be a sort of memorial window, and perhaps it was as true and as religious in its way as many of its more ambitious brethren, displaying their dim gorgeousness in solemn old cathedrals.

This pleasant, selfish little life had lasted through the summer-time, and winter was beginning with a new series of delights, under the shape of cosy evenings by the fireside, a bright lamp on the table, and a three-volume novel in the fat white hands of plump Miss Jennings, who leaned back in the most comfortable of arm-chairs to read it, when next-door neighbors stepped in and blotted out the fair picture. On a dreary, snowy evening, when the wind, blowing so gustily without, made the comfort within doubly pleasant, Miss Jennings, who was gently nodding over a love scene, was roused by the intimations conveyed by her little maid, that Mr. Brown, the poor gentleman next door, whose wife was so ill, asked to speak to her. Mr. Brown's errand was a sad one; his dying wife wanted to see Miss Jennings, whom she had never spoken to, and for whom she had conceived a sick woman's fancy. Such wishes are not to be resisted; Miss Jennings at once put by her novel, rose and followed Mr. Brown to the next house. She never forgot the scene that awaited her there, — a disordered household, seven woe-begone children, a most melancholy looking husband, and a dying woman, whose eyes burned like fire in her wasted face. At once she seized Miss Jennings's hand, and held it fast.

"I knew you would come," she whispered, — "I

knew you would. I am going to die. You know, we are strangers here; my poor husband is a clerk at the bank, you know, and my poor children are all going to ruin. I know *you* will take care of them when I am gone; you are good, — I know you will."

"My goodness!" cried Miss Jennings, looking around her in dismay. But the sick lady did not mind her. She kept on saying, "I know you will," as if it were the burden of a song; and still uttering those words, she died as ten struck that night. The fire was not out when Miss Jennings came home; the lamp still burned brightly; the open novel still lay on the table; the chair seemed to await its mistress, but Miss Jennings sighed drearily as she sank into it. Seven children! however would that poor nervous Mr. Brown, who was out all day, and did not know a soul in the place, how would he manage? Miss Jennings had not the least intention of accepting the dead lady's legacy, but still how would he manage, you know? He managed tolerably well, thanks to Miss Jennings. You see there was more love in her heart than she knew of, more tenderness than the painted-glass window could absorb. At first she only went in to direct Mr. Brown's one servant, "until he should get some one"; but that some one never coming, for many excellent reasons, Miss Jennings gave up that illusion, and said to herself that she must "give a look to poor Mr. Brown's children every now and then"; this, too, was another illusion. Miss Jennings found that children will not be looked at now and then, but require constant gazing. And so she looked at them so assiduously, that the circulating library indignantly sent in for the second volume, and would rather decline Miss Jennings's subscription than have books kept so long, if you please. Indeed, there was Miss Jennings's angry rejoinder; they were welcome to the second volume, stupid trash! she remembered quite well she was falling asleep over it when poor Mr. Brown came in, and she had something else to do now, — thank Heaven! So she had, good Miss Jennings; she had seven children to mind and a house to take care of. Mr. Brown, a poor nervous man, in a state of chronic depression, thanked her much, and was apt to become overpowered with gratitude at times, but he did nothing to relieve her burden. "Poor fellow!" thought Miss Jennings, as she now and then gave him a wistful look, "he is as helpless as a baby, you know." And so he was, so much so that, spite Miss Jennings's vigilance, many matters would, and did, go wrong. The evils at length became so serious and so crying, that Miss Jennings ventured on remonstrance. Mr. Brown groaned and knocked his head distractedly against the parlor mantel-piece, but said it could not be helped. They must all go to ruin, he and the children; it was very sad, but it must be so. "My goodness!" exclaimed Miss Jennings, he was not to say that! But Mr. Brown would say that Miss Jennings was very kind, but of course she could not be in two places at once, — in her own house and in his; his dear wife had told him to marry again, by all means, but the poor dear soul had forgotten to say who would take a clerk of fifty-two with a moderate salary and seven children, all under fifteen! And Mr. Brown closed his eyes in silent desperation at his case, and said no more.

Miss Jennings looked around her, much moved. Spite of all she had done and was doing, the parlor looked very comfortless, and the house, Miss Jennings knew, was like the parlor. Winter had long



been over; the spring and the summer which had followed it had waned; another winter was beginning. She had given up every little enjoyment of her lonely life to this family. She had scolded the servant, — she had mended the younger children's clothes, — she had taught the elder ones, — they all loved her dearly, and Mr. Brown was very grateful; and still, either because his means were insufficient, or because his position was one of too great difficulty, there was some dreary truth in his gloomy assertion that they were all going to ruin. She gently touched his arm, and looking at him with tears in her eyes, and a little blush on her faded cheek, she said: —

"Mr. Brown, I am fifty-one. I have a hundred a year, and the house I live in is my own. I love your children, and they love me, — will you marry me?"

At first he stared and could not believe his ears, — then a burst of tears expressed his joy; and need it be said that he accepted Miss Jennings's proposal? Need it be said, too, what a world of good occurred to him and to his children thereby? And good Miss Jennings, like the man in our first instance, but with far better reason, never repented. For amongst the results of next-door neighborships may be numbered the matrimonial every now and then.

#### VAPORS, FEARS, AND TREMORS.

THERE are few persons, probably, who do not know what it is to awake in the early hours of the morning, when vitality is said to be at its lowest, with a load on mind and spirits, a sense of things going all wrong with us, a worry of other people's misdoings, a panic of self-mistrust, a horror of impending evil. One sting after another starts us broad awake. The real anxieties of the past day grow into the dimensions of despair, molehills swell into mountains, a feverish activity in self-tormenting raises a host of goblins out of our most trifling blunders. Memory recalls long-past mistakes, and sets them up in hideous enlargement: cheek-by-jowl with these bristle the words and deeds of yesterday, charged with a baleful significance, and pregnant with evil issues, which nothing but a prompt reversal can avert. Something must be done, and that instantly. If the post went out at four o'clock in the morning, if the household and the outer world were astir to act out the programme of undoing with which our disturbed fancy is so busily prolific, there is no knowing what spectacle we might not present, or how low our credit for discretion might sink, leaving the world with a different opinion of our discretion from what we trust to be its present estimate. But with this painful experience comes also the calming recollection that this morbid conscience has but a short-lived reign, and leaves little trace upon our actions. We settle it, perhaps, that something has disagreed with us, or we were overtaken the day before, and the nervous system deranged. We lay aside the hours of fidgets as we do our dreams, — nobody need be the wiser. We relapse into hope and complacency. There is no more question of undoing the past; we live in the present and work for the future as before.

It is well, however, to recall these restless, agitated, unreasonable moments (for we are not concerned here with the workings of true compunction), if we have ever experienced them, as they should teach us tenderness and forbearance towards a very trying class. For an hour our nerves had been painfully excited; there are people whose whole

lives, or long periods of them, are passed in precisely the condition of thought and feeling we have described. We can laugh at ourselves when we emerge from this fantastical purgatory, but there are some who never emerge. As with the lotus-eaters it was always afternoon; as some men for the whole of the twenty-four hours take an easy after-dinner view of life; as some sanguine, busy natures, live always in "glad, confident morning," — so are there some with whom it is always two or three or four hours after midnight, when the sky is at its darkest, and no ray of the dawning has yet showed itself. And these are the victims of their nerves, the unhappy people who cannot throw off the bugbears of the night by inhaling one draught of spring's delicious air, or by throwing themselves into their appointed work, or by seeking the invigorating society of their fellows, — people who have for their daylight prompters the uneasy suggestions and misgivings which only visited our couch once and away, swarming and buzzing round our pillow through some special conjuration, — prompters malignantly bent on their exposure, which can by no means be thrust aside by one gallant spring in the cheerful world of life and fact, but are perpetually betraying them into exhibitions of caprice, wilfulness, irresolution, fears, tremors, and what not, disturbing the general serenity; but which, if they annoy and exasperate others, are in truth infinitely more annoying and exasperating to themselves.

Very provoking these people are, no doubt, — so very trying to others that we are apt to forget that themselves are most tried of all. When persons won't let others be at peace, it is difficult to do them justice, and not to suppose that in worrying us they are pleasing themselves, — difficult not to reply to their querulous greetings, their "good mornings," which cast an ominous gloom, in the tone of the man in the play, "The morning is a very good morning, ma'am, if you don't spoil it." For though waking fits of morbid depression, as far as we can judge, visit pretty impartially men and women alike, and many a man engaged in important designs can echo Pope's experience of the terrible morning thoughts and haunting dreams that attended upon the beginning of his "Iliad," — which sat so heavy upon him that he wished anybody would hang him a hundred times, — the world's domestic experience of this temperament, acting, suffering, and teasing in broad daylight, is commonly through woman's weaker, more susceptible organization. Men are nervous, hipped, blue-devilled, but when they give the reins to this temper, they pass into another stage altogether. They rarely reach the feminine point without going beyond it. Odd stories get abroad; we don't know what to think. It belongs to woman to reach the extreme of unreasonableness without exciting any real fears for her reason.

Hence a man with whims and grotesque fears and fancies is regarded as something exceptional; but the class of nervous women, — that is, women under the tyranny of their nerves, — though in reality a perfectly distinct class, colors our whole idea of the female sex. Instead of being held fantastic exceptions, they constitute with many men the feminine ideal. Of course the main reason for this lies in an inherent distinction. The nerves do not play the same part in the different organizations.

But also the nerves, to achieve their fullest tyranny, need a will at liberty to act out its volitions; and man has both a wider range and a stronger will to carry out his conceptions, whether



wise or foolish, besides being gifted with a more eccentric invention; so that, when a prey to morbid influences, he soon establishes for himself an individuality; while woman naturally follows a lead. Then, again, the manifestations of undue nervous excitement are viewed very differently in men and women. No man is thought the better of by anybody, whether man or woman, for having any touch of the hysterical temperament. He gets no encouragement; but women, up to a point, are indulged in it. A man thinks none the worse of a woman for being a coward; on the contrary, his own vigor and courage are magnified in the comparison. Youth and beauty are never so attractive to him as when owning weakness and suing for protection. And as civilized life furnishes few daily opportunities for protecting on a large scale, occasions must be invented. It is very true that "on ne se guérit pas d'un défaut qui plaît." And while it is thought charming to show fear of the smallest mouse that creeps on floor, to be the victims of a hundred unaccountable whims, feminine nervousness will not be checked in the bud as it ought. Moreover, when the nerves ally themselves to temper (the most worrying exhibition of the disorder), and become veritable tyrants, the tyranny is less wounding to a man's self-love than subjugation to a stronger nature, — to the firm, unflinching resolve of a stolidly reasonable woman. In the one instance he submits to weakness, in the other to strength. It is soothing to his pride when a man has to give way, that he yields, because he has to do with a mind incapable of hearing reason, because she is the weaker vessel, — a similitude which does not apply indiscriminately to all women. As an example, that a certain subjugation to unreasoning impulses is supposed to be typical of the whole sex, Shakespeare is considered to represent in his Constance, "a very woman." Now she is only a woman of a certain class. It is commonly assumed that the ladies of Queen Elizabeth's time had no nerves, which are always treated as a modern distemper. This notion will probably always prevail. "Our grandmothers" and great-grandmothers are invariably considered a more matter-of-fact rational class than the fine ladies of the day, for this sad reason, that the whimsical part of the sex has ever been the prominent part; that what is charming and bewildering is not often reasonable, and that men in every age have liked women for their follies and their faults. Hence, the examples which stand out in a past age are never those that reigned in men's hearts, or swayed the surface of society. That there were nerves in Shakespeare's day we need not question; and that they performed pretty much the same part that they do now we see from this one impersonation, where the hysterical temper is shown in magnificent, eloquent, heroic proportions. Constance is evidently a woman who, in no part of her life, had ever dreamt of controlling herself. She exercises power, not through her nobler qualities, but through her weakness, her fears, and, we will add, her selfishness, — a thing inseparable from fumes and frenzies of any kind. Not that her troubles are any of them illusory, which often enough happens; they are real and bitter enough; but she meets them, not with her reason, but her passions, and in a quiver of excitement, tolerating no other point of view but her own. In the first place, when Salisbury brings her the news of the hated marriage of Louis and Blanche, she turns upon him in weak anger for making her uncomfortable. She abuses him, calls

him a "common man," — a "fellow," — and threatens him: —

"Thou shalt be punished for thus frightening me."

Then follows the beautiful passionate picture of a timid, self-abandoned nature: —

"For I am sick, and capable of fears:  
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman naturally born to fears:  
And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,  
With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day."

It is the peculiarity of fear, as a passion, that it holds the mind fast to itself; and Constance, fond mother though she is, yet cannot but dwell on her own part in the sorrow, and view her child's peril in relation to it. Arthur, like all people who have to do with such women, has to merge his affair in the matter into hers, and to soothe, —

"I do beseech you, madam, be content."

Her answer is significant, characterizing the nature of affection, not of all women, but of a particular temper. She could easily have been content if her son had been ugly. She loves him through her eyes, through the qualities which minister to pride or complacency. It is unfair to many a devoted mother to say this tone is typical of all women.

"If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blot and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
Patched with foul moles, and cross-offending marks,  
I would not care. I then would be content;  
For then I should not love thee."

She absorbs and concentrates the whole weight of calamity into herself; as a fact she never once contemplates Arthur's fate apart from her own. "Get thee gone," she says to Salisbury, —

"And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
Am bound to underbear."

Even where she rises into sublimity, she is still representative of a class, not of her sex generally: —

"To me and to the state of my great grief,  
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit:  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it."

A good many peevish, excitable natures set themselves on a throne of suffering, — seeing only the dark side, and enhancing every trying circumstance — who fail of the eloquence which wins for poor Constance a world of sympathizers. The effect her paroxysms produce on her son are more closely allied with our experience. For himself he cries in weariness, —

"I am not worth this coil that's made for me";

while the spectacle of her passion makes him regard her as the principal in all the transactions plotting against himself, —

"O this will make my mother die with grief."

In one other circumstance Constance is representative. She had no one to control her, and this is an essential condition to the full development of the hysterical temper. A weak and yielding husband is the negative influence which has commonly afforded the most favorable soil for the establishing of a tyranny of this sort: so it is represented in comedy, so it is found in our experience. A woman must know no master to develop to the full her unhappy subjugation to her nervous system; but to have somebody by her side whose control ought to tell, but does not, may be observed to constitute a sort of hotbed for the growth of whims and



fancies. It is here that we see their full sway. We do not say that any amount of nervous irritation relieves of responsibility. Many a woman with this excuse for self-abandonment exercises over her nature a control so strict that none but herself knows her temptations. But what we would plead for the women who apparently do not attempt this task of self-restraint is, that the work is — often beyond the conception of most persons — difficult, and needing an effort of unrecognized self-mastery that amounts to heroism.

What we reproach in them as a wilful disturbance of the general peace — as a deliberate indulgence of temper or some studied invention of caprice and unreasonableness — may be at worst only a proclivity yielded to; a failure of effort, where effort is felt to be, though it is not, impossible. It is a posture of mind needing to be overridden with a strong hand — sometimes realizing this need for itself. Under firm control it learns reason or causes only individual suffering; but humored it absolutely requires victims. A habit of interference grows with indulgence. It learns to look out for food for its alarms, to be on the watch for uneasiness, to consider itself the arbiter and dictator for all within reach of its infinite suggestions.

This is one reason for the saying that no woman shows what she is till she is married. Many a woman who, single, undistinguished, kept by circumstances in the background, with none dependent on her, her own claims subordinate to half a hundred others, however constitutionally a prey to her nerves, devours their harassing promptings in silence. She knows that they would not be tolerated — that while now endured as a harmless cipher, by any development of troublesome whims she would be thrust aside altogether. But marriage brings a sphere: husband, children, servants, are her born subjects. If naturally conscientious, nerves stimulate conscience, as they do everything else, into very restless action, every conceivable mischance suggesting some burdensome precaution enforced and exacted as a duty. This dominion of a diseased conscience is not only more galling but not so easily evaded as any control exercised by dispassionate reason, or what passes for such. In the first place, reason, because it is reason, mistrusts itself, and admits the doctrine of chance and the more or less probable; but nerves are beyond this. Every possibility is a certainty in the sense of its absorbing the mind and shutting out any other view of the question. Allowed their sway, they see every contingency, at which they take alarm as a *fait accompli*, unless their system of precaution is followed. If, for example, a mother has listened to the voice of her nerves till they silence reason, she is afraid of everything for her children, — afraid they should eat too much; afraid they should overheat themselves if they play heartily; afraid they should catch a fever every time they pass a cottage; afraid they should fall over a precipice, or into the water, or over the balusters, every time they are out of her sight, or liberated from strict surveillance. No possibilities are too remote, no precautions too curious and fantastic to guard against them. These and kindred fancies grow by what they feed on; the duty of attending to them swallows up all other duties. They propagate themselves by indulgence, and ramify into every department of life. So long as authority lasts, obedience is exacted with the remorseless exigency of fear. A rigid and prying system of limitations prevails. Nervous fears necessa-

rily range themselves on the side of check and caution. They disqualify from a large view; it is some imminent peril that is to be guarded against; the future may take care of itself. The mother loves her children and her husband, but is always in the way of their pleasures. Some hideous phantom of possible calamity warns her against enjoyment and natural expansion; and while her tormentors keep her quaking and trembling in a tension, known in hysterical language as fiddle-strings, — our readers will recall Mrs. Gamp, "Which fiddle-strings is weakness, to expredge my nerves this night," — the objects of this morbid devotion are passing through an experience, and storing up memories very much the reverse of what these throes should earn.

Where a child is kept on short commons lest a full, satisfying, appetizing diet should possibly give form to some lurking mischief, he is pretty sure as a man to remember the hunger, and to retain obstinate, resentful faith in the strength of his infantine digestion. No nervous subject is capable of imagining or believing in any enjoyment uncongenial to his or her own nature: hence there is no misgiving in depriving others of a hazardous pleasure, because the hazard would more than neutralize it in their case. They are necessarily indifferent to the disappointments they cause. They have averted a possible danger, — and they scarcely acknowledge a step between possible and imminent — by interference or non-compliance; and whatever suffering they undergo, none of it is caused by inflicting a pang upon young imprudence. Nothing can be more inexorable than a temper under the dominion of its nerves, where caution is stimulated by fear. People in this state are deaf to reason, and, from their non-sympathetic condition, equally deaf to appeals to their feelings; they would do much that nobody wants them to do, but they are adamant on the particular point at issue.

How is it possible to hint at the infinite suggestions of unstrung or over-strung nerves engaged in a pursuit of boundless possibilities? Imagination is let loose, but still wing-bound, to run and snuff along the ground for all conceivable contingencies. Every trifle she first magnifies, then tracks to some wild issue. For her there ever sits "the shadow feared of man" in some dreaded waste near at hand. And it is part of the absorbing — in a sense egotistical — tyranny of over-mastering nerves, that they shut out natural perception. They are not checked by the fear of communicating their own tremors. Hence nervous people are the worst nurses in the world; they cannot dispense with the relief of giving utterance to their fears.

It is their notion of sympathy to take a dark view; to be lavish of lugubrious pity; to treat every ailment as the beginning of something worse. A mother hanging over a beloved child will give way aloud to a succession of hideous prophecies. She expresses the depth of her affection through exaggeration. Not to be full of forebodings is to be careless and indifferent. If the weak stomach turns from the proffered draught, and there has been talk of a mad dog any time within six months, she will not scruple to suggest hydrophobia among a thousand other diseases as a possible cause. She is so accustomed to a train of contingent horrors, one driving another out of the field, that the thought that one of them may stick and haunt, where she could least intend it, never restrains her, — and this because, whoever suffers, it is the habit of a morbid sensibility to take for granted that self suffers most: what she



can bear cannot be supposed to affect tougher natures.

After all, it sometimes strikes us that there must be amusement in a ready invention for horrors, as in all other exercises of the fancy. At least it is not unlikely that the indulgence of expression, of giving a tongue and a name to every fear, despatches it to some limbo, leaving the mind that gave it birth free for some new chimera. Scapin, cajoling his patron, commends the advice of an ancient philosopher to men returning home from ever so short an absence, that "il doit promener son esprit sur tous les facheux accidens que son retour peut rencontrer; se figurer sa maison brûlée, son argent dérobé, sa femme morte, son fils estropié, et ce qu'il trouve qui ne lui est point arrivé, l'imputer a bonne fortune." The restless spirits we speak of carry out this advice half-way through every concern of life, but here they stop. They are not thankful for what does not happen. They contemplate every form of calamity, but never congratulate themselves on their *bonne fortune* if one and all does not befall them.

If it is not that, it may be something else. It is very obvious that this is a habit that must grow with exercise and liberty of speech. If there is nobody to listen, if there is authority to stop it, this hotbed of fears lowers its temperature; but where there is no check, all parties suffer. It is important to remember who suffers most; but nobody can be comfortable where a nervous temperament is permitted, and permits itself, unchecked indulgence. Observe how this temper, allowing itself to act on its immediate impulses, uniformly breaks up every conversation it is not engaged in; how it puts a stop to the flow of thought and mirth, sport and pastime, by the suggestion of something to be avoided, and some other thing to be done. We may see — where there is no obvious ground for this instinct of interruption — a painful search of eye and mind for an excuse to stop what is going on easily, pleasantly, carelessly, and therefore in such strong contrast to the workings of a harassed, restless spirit. Miss Brontë, in her character of Mrs. Yorke, in "Shirley," — hard yet true, — shows the demoralizing effect of this undisciplined temper in the head of a house. The vigorous sons learn to play on her hysterical tendencies; nobody pities her; and the family generally find it so difficult to enjoy themselves with such a nature in the ascendant, that a sort of tacit compact exists to snatch a fearful joy while they can, and at any expense of her nerves, — knowing that when the sharp nose shows itself, and the restless eye dwells on them, all sport will be over. It is true that Miss Brontë treats these nerves as a pretence, as mere temper; but we have little doubt that the original from whom Mrs. Yorke was drawn was an object of compassion; and that, even if self-restraint might have suppressed her exasperating habits, nobody knew the effort it would require. In fact, there is a "too late" for the treatment of this fatal malady. But all literature agrees to ignore any excuse for men or women making themselves disagreeable. "There is no real life but cheerful life," says the Spectator. If a man cannot enjoy himself, he must stay at home. If he laments in company, where others are in a humor to enjoy themselves, he must not take it ill to be presented by the servant with a porringer of caudle as a hint he had better go to bed. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasinesses, and dislikes of our own are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. Considering how little satisfaction there is to get out of life, we should be more ten-

der of our friends than to bring them the little sorrows that do not belong to them. And women, he would have us think, more generally sinned against the duty of being cheerful. "A great part of female elegance," he observes, "consists in describing uneasiness. Take a fine lady of a delicate frame, you will observe from the hour she rises a certain weariness of all that passes about her." Pope, of course, takes the same line, and warns the ladies against a prevailing faith in flights and vapors: —

"And trust me, dears! good-humor will prevail  
When airs and flights and screams and scolding fail."

Miss Austen, just as she generally is, is satirical over this temper, as the effect of mere folly, wilfulness, and selfishness. Her Mrs. Bennet takes to hysterics and her bed in trouble; and the cynical husband's remark is, "This is a parade that does one good, it gives such an elegance to misfortune! Another day I will do the same. I will sit in my library in my nightcap and powdering-gown, and give as much trouble as I can." And even good, amiable Mr. Woodhouse is shown up in the gentle "selfishness," which in truth belongs to everything morbid, — that minute worrying, perpetual interference, that trusts nobody, and is so full of its own creeping fears and precautions, that it is absolutely blind to the thoughts and feelings and aims of those nearest it.

Nor can we regret that literature has been hard-hearted. Its influence has done much to drive hysterics from the parlor to the kitchen. It is very important to show that the loss of self-control, whatever it may once have been, is no longer interesting, even with youth and beauty to back it; it is opposed to the reticence of modern manners. And when these potent forces are in the wane, the remark of Lady Charlotte Lindsay on Queen Caroline's deportment at her trial is applicable to every loss of self-command, "I fear that on the wrong side of fifty, a woman does not create much interest by being in a passion." While we pity and excuse, we own it is well that some people should learn what others may be thinking of them, that they should have forced upon their imagination an unwelcome truth. For of all people the victims of their nerves are least conscious of the figure they make in others' eyes, — they know themselves least. There is, indeed, in most persons a trustful persuasion that, in showing themselves without disguise, they are carrying people along with them and making a favorable impression. They are relying on a supposed inexhaustible fund of sympathy, and unconsciously they infuse flattery in the appeal to secure it. But when people abandon the idea of self-mastery, they lose this tact, run foul of others' rights and expectations, indulge themselves in any amount of insinuation while enlarging on their own grievances, and go away in entire unconsciousness that they have made an enemy or cooled a friend in the process. We shall hear persons of this character lament over the unkindness of the world in seeming blindness of their own share in bringing it about. Their own rights and claims, their own trials and suffering, are prominent to the obscuring of every other view.

Even where there are naturally warm affections, this temperament is unfriendly to friendship, and doubles and trebles the difficulty in observing its duties. A hundred jealousies obtrude themselves on the one hand, balanced by as many omissions on the other. Mistrust is inseparable from it, causing failure in cordiality at critical times; the expression of this mistrust equally so, uttered with a provoking unconsciousness of any grievances but on one side.



Yet there may be virtues and noble qualities, which should be taken as compensations; and it needs only some insight into the overstrung susceptibilities which cause these eddies and undercurrents, some surplus of indulgence on the stronger side, some patience for things to right themselves, and a good understanding to be maintained through it all. But this forbearance is not a common quality. Few can undertake more than their own share of mild tolerance and patience; hence a morbid temperament has few friends, and is apt, as time gets on, to find itself alone, — a victim, as it supposes, of the world's unkindness; incapable to the end of taking in, much less of profiting by, the lesson which may be derived from the isolation.

In so far as this irritability of temperament is matter of organization, it may possibly be regarded as removed from the field of moral science; but while we assert it to be a reality, as opposed to the mere affectation, ill-temper, or wilfulness, with which it is so generally confounded, we would adduce it as an argument for a more systematic education than has hitherto been thought necessary for women. The fact that so many women are unreasonable as to implicate the whole sex in the aspersion, should surely reconcile people to the attempt at infusing some more solid elements into their training. Men who oppose the present movement altogether, under the fear that mental discipline and exact teaching would make women masculine, would do well to consider that there are women still who do not reach even to the feminine ideal of sober consistency and rational self-government, — who live in a sort of dissolution of the reasoning powers, mere pensioners on the general forbearance.

One way to check the tendencies we have described, is to begin a moral training of the intellect betimes, — to instil habits of work, to cultivate the attention, to compel thought. Women are often unreasonable because they have been allowed to think reasoning out of their range, — something unfeminine, strong-minded, and as such unattractive. Really to think out a question — to carry it back to its causes and forward to its results — is rarely part of a woman's education. She is complimented on her instincts and intuitive perceptions; and where the temper is equal and the mental health perfect, these gifts of nature stand her in such stead that her lucky hits and happy self-guidance keep her ignorance and blunders out of sight, and perhaps immaterial. But irritable nerves disturb the scent, as it were, and put instinct out of gear. Nerves want check and control, and no authority is equal to a woman's own over herself, if she can be taught to exercise it. Many a woman passes through life without one close grasp of what is her position or her duty, or even what are the proper means for attaining her ends. It is true that women can catch an educated tone at much less expense of mind than it costs men. She passes muster under disadvantages which would throw him out of the lists; but still she may suffer from want of discipline, the necessity of fixing the mind for long periods and at stated times on distasteful studies which every schoolboy goes through.

It is not only that women have less reasoning power, but also that they are less taught to reason, which may be the cause that there are so many more unreasonable women than unreasonable men. By unreasonable we do not mean illogical; we do not mean an incapacity to reason in words, or even consciously in thought, but that perversity of the

reason which prompts so many to run counter to their own wishes and aims, which leads them to want a thing, and do everything in their power not to get it. Many sufficiently strong-minded women do not reason well. We can see no connection between their argument and their conclusion, between the object desired and the road they take to it; but they carry their point, which is the thing necessary, and in which the unreasonable woman fails. Now we do not call Mrs. Glegg, in spite of appearances, unreasonable in the following dialogue between husband and wife. Mr. Glegg is conversing with a packman on his own garden-walk, when, —

"Mr. Glegg, Mr. Glegg," said a severe voice from the open parlor-window, "pray are you coming in to tea? or are you going to stand talking with packmen till you get murdered in the open daylight?"

"Murdered!" said Mr. Glegg. "What's the woman talking of?"

"Murdered! Yes; it is n't many 'sized ago since a packman murdered a young woman in a lone place, and stole her thimble, and threw her body into a ditch."

"Nay, nay," said Mr. Glegg, soothingly, "you're thinking o' the man wi' no legs as drove a dog-cart."

"Well, it's the same thing, Mr. Glegg, only you're so fond of contradicting what I say."

The wife is not here acting the unreasonable woman, because what she says conduces to her end, which was to maintain her consequence by breaking up a conversation in which she had no share. Women may be unreasonable through sheer hard-headed perversity, as: —

"Daphne knows with equal ease  
How to vex and how to please;  
But the folly of her sex  
Makes her sole delight to vex.  
Never woman more devised  
Surer ways to be despised.  
Paradoxes weakly wielding,  
Always conquered, never yielding;  
To dispute her chief delight,  
With, not one opinion right."

They are oftenest unreasonable from not using their judgment beyond their immediate needs; as Andrew Fairservice says, "They're fashious bargains, aye crying for apricocks, pears, plums, and apples, without distinction o' seasons," and are very apt in this way to make unjust demands, and to form preposterous expectations, without the nerves having any hand in it. Narrow education leaves many women content to be ignorant of a hundred matters passing before their eyes, the source and origin of things perpetually in use unsought into. It is enough to have them within their call. Men are unobservant; but we believe the degree in which women are so has much to do with their indifference to the charge of unreasonableness. They leave to men the labor of thought. In the same way women encourage in themselves the stolid unreason of prejudice. They are careless and defiant of reason, because they are not expected to think, and do not regard reason as their province. Mere weakness of mind — it speaks for itself — is unreasonable. We see amiable fatuity wasting kindness on wrong objects, scrupulous in the wrong place, and sticking where it should give way. A woman of this sort will throw herself away, and then provoke her bad bargain of a husband by useless obstinacy in trifles. There are clever women, unreasonable from a want of balance of their powers, who alter-



nate between wisdom and folly, penetration and a millstone blindness.

But all this is distinct from a certain typical unreasonableness which reigns in a nervous organization pampered to its full bent. Such a one is unreasonable through all her being, and incapable of a clear, dispassionate judgment.

Any possibility, however remote, will make her throw over all the promptings of experience. A prey to vain regrets, fretting over the inevitable, seeing the whole past a mistake, yet with a childish confidence in change, and an unlimited power of vague expectation, she still refuses to reconcile herself to the inevitable. Things cannot go on, and must not go on, that are distasteful. To her life has no lessons; desires and wishes have no instincts towards their fulfilment. She worries where she loves. She craves for companionship, and longs for distinction, yet drives away her friends, and conspires against her own ambition. She needs affection and indulgence, yet expends her ingenuity in acts of teasing, and provocation peculiarly her own. She sees no limit to her claims, and is blind to all reciprocal obligations. Temper, caprice, self-will, get the credit for all this; but there is a power which adds intensity to it all, and, when indulged up to a point, imparts a scarcely responsible force to natural tendencies, a sting to temper, strength to will, panic to fear, poignancy to fretting, invention to jealousy, and nagging to ill-nature. Under this dominion she is blind to her own interests, and no more reflects on the impression she makes on others than a person in terror of the flames considers the becomingness of the costume in which she escapes from them. We draw an exaggerated picture, perhaps, but in its degree not an unfamiliar one.

When we consider woman's delicate organization the sensitiveness of her mental touch, and the part assigned to her in the order of things of developing the importance that lies in little things, — the latent tendencies that work in seeming trifles, — we should perhaps wonder rather at the general repression of flutters and fears, and the promptings of quivering excitement, than at occasional exposures and excesses. Courage in a woman is a far higher quality than in the generality of men, because with her it arises from an appeal to her noblest faculties. She does her duty in danger with an inner trembling. She is a heroine realizing all the peril. Even when she avows her fears, who would be hard upon her?

There is an innocent, confiding candor which we own to preferring to a boastful parade of bravery. The appeal of the comely matron of old days, "Recollect, coachman, we are all females," could not but stay his reckless down-hill course. The contempt of the sea-captain had surely a dash of tenderness towards the trembling voice which asked "O captain! is there any fear?" he replied, "Plenty of fear, ma'am, but no danger." Training and self-respect induce the woman of higher type to devour her fears, to suppress expression. She teaches herself courage by acts of resolution, which set the quaking heart beating double time. She represses panic, feeling that others are weaker than herself, and in sparing their nerves strengthens her own. And more than all is she strictly repressive of those promptings of high-strung, irritable sensibility which give a name to temperament. Many a woman, who by her friends is considered specially superior to such weakness, — an example of self-forgetting cheerfulness, and all the qualities which inspire confidence and reliance, — knows it, through

the inner conflict and resolute mastery by which alone she has overcome temptation. We have dwelt on the other side of the picture, where there has apparently been no conflict, for the double purpose of urging the difficulty of the task as a plea for greater tenderness of toleration than it is easy to give to habits at once so irritating and so repelling; and also as it furnishes an argument for a more thorough training of the intellect and reasoning faculties, more systematic infusion of vigor and self-discipline, than has hitherto been accorded to women.

## CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.

### VIII.

TO-DAY we talked about Cherubini. Rossini had lived in the closest intimacy with him and his family, and told me several things that I did not know before. We were discussing his peculiar character, in which the most perfect good-nature was hidden under a rather rough manner, which he generally put forward at first. "Here and there he has transferred some of his moodiness into his music," said Rossini; "but what a great musician! And the best fellow in the world. But did you ever know a composer who so completely changed his style?"

"His early Italian operas certainly do not give the slightest idea of his *Medea*. He thought nothing of them himself, and once, when I asked him to let me look through some of them, he wrote back that they were the attempts of a schoolboy."

"And yet I once gave him great pleasure with my recollections of his *Giulio Sabini*," said Rossini. "He had written it for Babini, the same tenor from whom I afterwards took singing lessons. Babini used to sing a good many things out of it, which I remembered when I came to Paris. One day after dinner I sat down to the piano and sang to him several of these youthful productions. He could scarcely contain himself for astonishment, for of course he never guessed the connection, but his eyes filled with tears."

"Forty years must have passed," said I. "No wonder he was moved."

"As we are speaking of these old masters, do tell me something about Simon Mair, of whom I scarcely know anything. What was his forte? Invention?"

"He owes his fame less to that than to having been the first in Italy to make much of the dramatic element. He and Paer also did a great deal to extend instrumentation."

"I once saw him at an advanced age conduct a mass at Verona, or rather heard him, for both chorus and orchestra were almost drowned by the noise he made with a roll of paper which served him for a bâton."

"He was a good fellow," said Rossini, "thoroughly cultivated and well informed, and his *Medea*, which he composed for Naples near the end of his life, is a very remarkable opera."

"How immensely the opera has developed in Italy since Metastasio's time, when a dozen or so of airs and a short chorus made up the musical part of a lyric drama."

"You must not forget recitatives," said the maestro, "which were capitally treated by the good composers, and with which the great singers of the time made more effect and earned greater applause than with bravura airs. The latter, as far as the words went, were simply *hors d'œuvres*. They contained some pathetic picture, or at most reiterated



sentiments which had already been made too much of. But Metastasio, after Zeno, has the great merit of having thoroughly adapted our language to music. He brought into use a whole collection of well-sounding, melodious words, and in this is an example for all times. Do you know Jomelli's compositions?"

"Church music, but no operas."

"He is the most genial of our composers of that time. No one understood the treatment of the voice so well. Some of his slow movements are wonderful in their melodious beauty."

"But in these days, I imagine, they would produce no effect."

"In our art forms are as variable as they are important. And nobody would now be able to sing those things; they require a power of respiration which the Castrati alone (either from their profound studies or their physical constitution) were capable of. Indeed, the composers played rather a subordinate part in those days, and generally made mere sketches for the singers to fill out as they pleased. But men like Durante, Lotti, and Jomelli will always remain great masters."

IX.

One day the maestro suddenly sang the beginning of the finale of Beethoven's *Septett*, and then one of his *Scherzos*.

"Which Symphony is that from?" he asked.

"The *Eroica*."

"Right. What force, what fire, there is in that man! His piano sonatas are treasures indeed. I don't know if they are not greater than his symphonies,—more inspired, perhaps. Did you know Beethoven?"

"As a boy I had the good luck to speak to him a few weeks before his death."

"During my stay in Vienna I got myself introduced to him by old Calpani; but what with his deafness and my want of German, conversation was impossible. But I am glad that I at least saw him. Your Weber, too, was a fine fellow; how he managed the orchestra, and what new effects he got out of the instruments! Did he also write symphonies?"

"He made one attempt, which, however, cannot be considered his happiest; but then with us his overtures rank amongst the most favorite orchestral pieces."

"And justly so," said the maestro; "though I do not quite countenance that way of bringing the finest bits into the overtures, if it were only that when they come in the opera, they have lost the charm of novelty. But Weber had wonderfully good ideas! How lovely the deep clarinets are in the introduction of the march in his Concert-stück! I always liked that part especially. Poor Weber! He came to see me in Paris on his way to London; he looked so weak and ill that his making such a journey was inconceivable to me. He hoped, as he told me, to gain something respectable for his family,—he should have preserved *himself* for them. The way he came to me was curious enough, and rather comical. It seems that some time before, he had written an article in a paper, on, or rather, against my *Tancredi*; and, in consideration of this, thought it necessary to inquire first whether I would see him. When I dashed off *Tancredi*, at twenty years of age, if I had had an inkling that a foreign composer had noticed it, I should really have thought it an honor. So you can imagine I was not the less glad to see Weber."

"You never troubled yourself much about newspaper articles?"

"Certainly not," answered the maestro, laughing. "To think of all that was written against me when I came to Paris! Old Bertor even made verses on me, in which he called me M. Crescendo. But it all passed over without any danger."

X.

"Why don't you continue writing grand operas after your *Tell*? Did you never intend to compose a *Faust*?"

"It had long been a favorite project of mine, and I had already sketched a whole scene with Jouy,—on the same plan as Goethe's poem, of course. But at that time *Faust* became quite the rage in Paris; every theatre had its own *Faust*, and I rather lost my zest for it. Then came the July revolution; the Grand Opera, formerly a government institution, went into the hands of private lessees; I lost my mother; my father, not understanding French, did not care about remaining in Paris,—so I broke the contract which bound me to provide four grand operas, and chose to stay quietly in my native country, and make my old father's last years happy. It was a cruel sorrow to me not to have been with my poor mother when she died, and I was in the greatest anxiety lest it should be so with my father, also."

"So you moved to your old home at Bologna, where I found you in the year '38, signing admission tickets for a public trial of the Liceo. What an interest you have always taken in that institution!"

"During my stay in Bologna till the year '49 I did all I could for it. It was the school to which I owed my development! And then the boys had formed a complete orchestra, and I enjoyed making them play all kinds of orchestral works for me. Now and then they did make rather a hash, but it was great fun."

"You preferred Bologna to Florence for your residence?"

"Bologna is my real home, and the life there is so easy and pleasant. Florence is grander, and does not suit me, in spite of the grand duke's kindness."

"But surely you never feel any *gêne* in associating with great people, and you have had plenty of opportunities for doing so. Why, you took part in the congress of Verona; did you not?"

"I went there on the invitation of Prince Metternich, who wrote me a most amiable letter. Being 'le dieu de l'harmonie,' as the letter expressed it, I must not stay away when harmony was so important. And if harmony could have been restored by cantatas, I should have done it, for I composed about five at a moment's notice, for the *Negozianti* and the *Nobili*, and the *Concordia festival*, and I don't know what besides."

"But how did you manage that?"

"Partly by putting old things to new words,—but even that was hard work, and I scarcely got done. In one chorus about Unity it happened that the word *alleanza* came on a most piteous chromatic chord,—like a sigh. I had no time to alter it; but I thought it my duty to tell Prince Metternich of the unfortunate circumstance."

"Perhaps he took it for the work of a higher dispensation."

"At least he submitted to it with a laugh. But the festival which took place in the amphitheatre was wonderfully beautiful, and I have the most distinct remembrance of it. The only thing which made me uncomfortable was, that in conducting my cantata, I had to stand under a huge statue of *Concordia*, which I was dreadfully afraid would come down



on my head. Amongst other people I was introduced to the Emperor Alexander. He and George the Fourth of England were the most agreeable crowned heads I ever came across. About the latter there was an immense charm! But Alexander was also a splendid and most attractive man. From Verona I went to Venice to write *Semiramide*. I found plenty of great people there too, including Prince Metternich, who took an extraordinary interest in music, and really knew something about it. He came to all my rehearsals at the Fenice, and seemed delighted to escape from politics."

"The story of the chromatic *alleanza* reminds me of another story about you, — namely, that after the Austrian occupation of the Papal States, when the new governor of Bologna gave you an order for a cantata, you set the new words to an old patriotic song of your own composition."

"Not a word of truth in it; they let me alone, and I had no wish to make game of these severe gentlemen; I have never meddled with politics. I was a musician, and it did not enter my head to be anything else, though I take the greatest interest in everything that goes on, especially in the fate of my native country."

### FOREIGN NOTES.

ELOCUTION has become epidemic among the literary men of England.

BROWNING's poem, "The Ring and the Book," is still the chief topic discussed in English literary circles.

ONE of Charles Baudelaire's most intimate friends, M. Asselineau, has just published an interesting study on the lamented poet's life and works.

DR. HAYES's entertaining and instructive book for boys, "Cast Away in the Cold," is a great success abroad. It has not only been favorably reviewed by several of the leading English journals, but has had the good fortune to find a Paris publisher, who announces a French version of the story. The London Examiner says: —

"It is full of interest, as all tales of the Robinson Crusoe kind are, for the young; and superadded to this will be found much real information in respect to the vegetable and animal kingdom of the icy regions in which the scene is laid. It is nicely written and exceedingly well illustrated, many of the engravings, both in execution and design, being superior to those usually met with in books of this class."

THE Pall Mall Gazette tells the following touching story of a Polish martyr: —

"Bronislaus Szwarc, one of the most able and popular of the leaders of the Polish national movement of 1861-2, disappeared mysteriously a few months after the insurrection broke out. He has just found means to communicate with his friends, who, after making every effort to find out what had become of him, had given him up for lost. His story, like that of most of the Polish leaders, is a very sad one. He was the son of a Polish refugee in France, and in 1860 obtained the appointment of engineer to the St. Petersburg and Warsaw Railway, the greater part of which was constructed under his superintendence. His patriotic feelings, however, soon aroused the suspicion of the authorities, and he fled to Warsaw, where he took an active part under an assumed name in the national organization which was then forming. On Christmas Eve in 1862 he was arrested by the police, and, after a desperate resistance, was overpowered and confined in the citadel. After a long inquiry, in the course of which, it is said, he suffered torture, he was sentenced to death. The Empress Eugenie having interfered in his behalf as a French subject,

the sentence was commuted to transportation, and he was ordered to be sent to Siberia. Scarcely had he arrived at Moscow, however, when a second order arrived ordering him to be forwarded to some other destination, but what this was his friends have, until a few weeks ago, striven in vain to discover. It now appears that for the last five years he has been chained to a wall in one of those fatal casemates, lying below the level of the river Neva at Cronstadt, where so many political prisoners have died a miserable death. Those who have seen him there, and who knew him at Warsaw, when he was a handsome, spirited young man, say that it is now quite impossible to recognize him. He is a cripple, prematurely old, utterly broken down by disease and suffering, and without a spark of his old energy left."

MR. TENNYSON's change of publishers has occasioned considerable comment in the English literary journals, and not a little speculation has arisen as to the terms upon which the Messrs. Strahan have engaged to publish the Laureate's works. A paragraph in the English Publishers' Circular, which organ of the trade ought, it would seem, to speak with authority, calls forth the following card from Messrs. Strahan & Co.: —

Dear Sir. — In the Publishers' Circular, of January 16th, appeared the following: —

"The Laureate will greatly benefit by the removal of his agency from Messrs. Moxon to Messrs. Strahan. The Telegraph informed us that the latter have agreed to pay our great poet £4,000 per annum for two years; the sum, we believe, is £4,500, exactly £500 in excess of the sum paid yearly by the former house. However we may regret the loss to the widow of Mr. Moxon, himself a poet, we cannot affect surprise. We have, therefore, now no exclusively poetical publishers such as we had in those high and palmy days when 'my Murray' monopolized one great poet, and the 'gentle publisher, himself a baird,' was surrounded by almost all others worthy of the name."

On the 25th of January we sent the following letter to Messrs. Low & Co. for publication: —

"Dear Sirs, — I am surprised to see in a publication of such high standing as yours statements so rashly made as those concerning Mr. Tennyson's relations with Messrs. Moxon's house and our own. You have trusted to some entirely false information.

"Yours faithfully,

"ALEXANDER STRAHAN."

On receipt of this letter, Mr. Low, Sen., called upon us, and explained that, instead of publishing it, he would himself make a full explanation and apology, promising at the same time to submit a proof to us for our approval.

No proof was received by us until this morning, and on our returning the said proof within half an hour after its receipt, we were told that the Circular was not only printed but posted to the subscribers! This is the "explanation and apology" which appears to-day: —

"We adverted in our last number to a paragraph that appeared in the Daily Telegraph and other journals, relative to the alleged arrangements between the Poet Laureate and his publishers; we are authorized to say that the statements referred to have been hazarded on entirely erroneous information, alike unjust to Mr. Tennyson and the Messrs. Strahan & Co."

As the Publishers' Circular unfortunately did more than "advert," and as the offensive statements complained of originated with it, and not with the Daily Telegraph or any other journal, we need scarcely add that we consider the above apology no apology at all.

We remain, yours truly,

A. STRAHAN & CO.

Feb. 1, 1869.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1869.

[No: 167.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LIII.

HUGH STANBURY IS SHOWN TO BE NO CONJURER.

MANY weeks had now passed since Hugh Stanbury had paid his visit to St. Diddulph's, and Nora Rowley was beginning to believe that her rejection of her lover had been so firm and decided that she would never see him or hear from him more; and she had long since confessed to herself that if she did not see him or hear from him soon, life would not be worth a straw to her. To all of us a single treasure counts for much more when the outward circumstances of our life are dull, unvaried, and melancholy, than it does when our days are full of pleasure, or excitement, or even of business. With Nora Rowley at St. Diddulph's life at present was very melancholy. There was little or no society to enliven her. Her sister was sick at heart, and becoming ill in health under the burden of her troubles. Mr. Outhouse was moody and wretched; and Mrs. Outhouse, though she did her best to make her house comfortable to her unwelcome inmates, could not make it appear that their presence there was a pleasure to her. Nora understood better than did her sister how distasteful the present arrangement was to their uncle, and was consequently very uncomfortable on that score. And in the midst of that unhappiness, she of course told herself that she was a young woman miserable and unfortunate altogether. It is always so with us. The heart when it is burdened, though it may have ample strength to bear the burden, loses its buoyancy and doubts its own power. It is like the springs of a carriage which are pressed flat by the superincumbent weight. But, because the springs are good, the weight is carried safely, and they are the better afterwards for their required purposes because of the trial to which they have been subjected.

Nora had sent her lover away, and now at the end of three months from the day of his dismissal she had taught herself to believe that he would never come again. Amidst the sadness of her life at St. Diddulph's some confidence in a lover expected to come again would have done much to cheer her. The

more she thought of Hugh Stanbury, the more fully she became convinced that he was the man who as a lover, as a husband, and as a companion, would just suit all her tastes. She endowed him liberally with a hundred good gifts in the disposal of which Nature had been much more sparing. She made for herself a mental portrait of him more gracious in its flattery than ever was canvas coming from the hand of a court limner. She gave him all gifts of manliness, honesty, truth, and energy, and felt regarding him that he was a Paladin;—such as Paladins are in this age, that he was indomitable, sure of success, and fitted in all respects to take the high position which he would certainly win for himself. But she did not presume him to be endowed with such a constancy as would make him come to seek her hand again. Had Nora at this time of her life been living at the West End of London and going out to parties three or four times a week, she would have been quite easy about his coming. The springs would not have been weighted so heavily, and her heart would have been elastic.

No doubt she had forgotten many of the circumstances of his visit and of his departure. Immediately on his going she had told her sister that he would certainly come again, but had said at the same time that his coming could be of no use. He was so poor a man; and she—though poorer than he—had been so little accustomed to poverty of life, that she had then acknowledged to herself that she was not fit to be his wife. Gradually, as the slow weeks went by her, there had come a change in her ideas. She now thought that he never would come again, but that if he did, she would confess to him that her own ideas about life were changed. "I would tell him frankly that I could eat a crust with him in any garret in London." But this was said to herself, never to her sister. Emily and Mrs. Outhouse had determined together that it would be wise to abstain from all mention of Hugh Stanbury's name. Nora had felt that her sister had so abstained, and this reticence had assisted in producing the despair which had come upon her. Hugh, when he had left her, had certainly given her

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELD, ORRISON, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



encouragement to expect that he would return. She had been sure then that he would return. She had been sure of it, though she had told him that it would be useless. But now, when these sad weeks had slowly crept over her head, when during the long hours of the long days she had thought of him continually, — telling herself that it was impossible that she should ever become the wife of any man if she did not become his, — she assured herself that she had seen and heard the last of him. She must surely have forgotten his hot words and that daring embrace.

Then there came a letter to her. The question of the management of letters for young ladies is handled very differently in different houses. In some establishments the post is as free to young ladies as it is to the reverend seniors of the household. In others it is considered to be quite a matter of course that some experienced discretion should sit in judgment on the correspondence of the daughters of the family. When Nora Rowley was living with her sister in Curzon Street, she would have been very indignant indeed, had it been suggested to her that there was any authority over her letters vested in her sister. But now, circumstanced as she was at St. Diddulph's, she did understand that no letter would reach her without her aunt knowing that it had come. All this was distasteful to her, — as even indeed all the details of her life at St. Diddulph's, — but she could not help herself. Had her aunt told her that she should never be allowed to receive a letter at all, she must have submitted till her mother had come to her relief. The letter which reached her now was put into her hands by her sister, but it had been given to Mrs. Trevelyan by Mrs. Outhouse. "Nora," said Mrs. Trevelyan, "here is a letter for you. I think it is from Mr. Stanbury."

"Give it me," said Nora, greedily.

"Of course I will give it you. But I hope you do not intend to correspond with him."

"If he has written to me, I shall answer him, of course," said Nora, holding her treasure.

"Aunt Mary thinks that you should not do so till papa and mamma have arrived."

"If Aunt Mary is afraid of me, let her tell me so, and I will contrive to go somewhere else." Poor Nora knew that this threat was futile. There was no house to which she could take herself.

"She is not afraid of you at all, Nora. She only says that she thinks you should not write to Mr. Stanbury." Then Nora escaped to the cold but solitary seclusion of her bedroom, and there she read her letter.

The reader may remember that Hugh Stanbury, when he last left St. Diddulph's, had not been oppressed by any of the gloomy reveries of a despairing lover. He had spoken his mind freely to Nora, and had felt himself justified in believing that he had not spoken in vain. He had had her in his arms, and she had found it impossible to say that she did not love him. But then she had been quite firm in her purpose to give him no encouragement that she could avoid. She had said no word that would justify him in considering that there was any engagement between them; and, moreover, he had been warned not to come to the house by its mistress. From day to day he thought of it all, now telling himself that there was nothing to be done but to trust in her fidelity till he should be in a position to offer her a fitting home, and then reflecting that he could not expect such a girl as Nora Row-

ley to wait for him, unless he could succeed in making her understand that he, at any rate, intended to wait for her. On one day he would think that good faith and proper consideration for Nora herself required him to keep silent. On the next he would tell himself that such maudlin chivalry as he was proposing to himself was sure to go to the wall and be neither rewarded nor recognized. So at last he sat down and wrote the following letter: —

"LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, January, 186—.

"DEAREST NORA, — Ever since I last saw you at St. Diddulph's, I have been trying to teach myself what I ought to do in reference to you. Sometimes I think that because I am poor I ought to hold my tongue. At others I feel sure that I ought to speak out loud, because I love you so dearly. You may presume that just at this moment the latter opinion is in the ascendant.

"As I do write I mean to be very bold, — so bold that if I am wrong you will be thoroughly disgusted with me, and will never willingly see me again. But I think it best to be true, and to say what I think. I do believe that you love me. According to all precedent, I ought not to say so, — but I do believe it. Ever since I was at St. Diddulph's that belief has made me happy, — though there have been moments of doubt. If I thought that you did not love me, I would trouble you no further. A man may win his way to love when social circumstances are such as to throw him and the girl together; but such is not the case with us; and unless you love me now, you never will love me."

"I do, I do," said Nora, pressing the letter to her bosom. "If you do, I think that you owe it me to say so, and to let me have all the joy and all the feeling of responsibility which such an assurance will give me." "I will tell him so," said Nora. "I don't care what may come afterwards, but I will tell him the truth." "I know," continued Hugh, "that an engagement with me now would be hazardous, because what I earn is both scanty and precarious; but it seems to me that nothing could ever be done without some risk. There are risks of different kinds," — she wondered whether he was thinking when he wrote this of the rock on which her sister's bark had been split to pieces, — "and we may hardly hope to avoid them all. For myself, I own that life would be tame to me, if there were no dangers to be overcome.

"If you do love me and will say so, I will not ask you to be my wife till I can give you a proper home; but the knowledge that I am the master of the treasure which I desire will give me a double energy, and will make me feel that when I have gained so much, I cannot fail of adding to it all other smaller things that may be necessary.

"Pray, — pray send me an answer. I cannot reach you except by writing, as I was told by your aunt not to come to the house again.

"Dearest Nora, pray believe that I shall

"always be truly yours only,

"HUGH STANBURY."

Write to him! Of course she would write to him. Of course she would confess to him the truth. "He tells me that I owe it to him to say so, and I acknowledge the debt," she said aloud to herself. "And as for a proper home, he shall be the judge of that." She resolved that she would not be a fine lady, not fastidious, not coy, not afraid to take her full share of the risk of which he spoke in such manly terms. "It is quite true. As he has been able



to make me love him, I have no right to stand aloof, — even if I wished it. As she was walking up and down the room so resolving, her sister came to her.

"Well, dear!" said Emily. "May I ask what it is he says?"

Nora paused a moment, holding the letter tight in her hand, and then she held it out to her sister. "There it is. You may read it." Mrs. Trevelyan took the letter and read it slowly, during which Nora stood looking out of the window. She would not watch her sister's face, as she did not wish to have to reply to any outward signs of disapproval. "Give it me back," she said, when she heard by the refolding of the paper that the perusal was finished.

"Of course I shall give it you back, dear."

"Yes, — thanks. I did not mean to doubt you."

"And what will you do, Nora?"

"Answer it, of course."

"I would think a little before I answered it," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"I have thought, — a great deal, already."

"And how will you answer it?"

Nora paused again before she replied. "As nearly as I know how to do in such words as he would put into my mouth. I shall strive to write just what I think he would wish me to write."

"Then you will engage yourself to him, Nora?"

"Certainly I shall. I am engaged to him already. I have been ever since he came here."

"You told me that there was nothing of the kind."

"I told you that I loved him better than anybody in the world, and that ought to have made you know what it must come to. When I am thinking of him every day, and every hour, how can I not be glad to have an engagement settled with him? I couldn't marry anybody else, and I don't want to remain as I am." The tears came into the married sister's eyes, and rolled down her cheeks, as this was said to her. Would it not have been better for her had she remained as she was? "Dear Emily," said Nora, "you have got Louey still."

"Yes, — and they mean to take him from me. But I do not wish to speak of myself. Will you postpone your answer till mamma is here?"

"I cannot do that, Emily. What, receive such a letter as that, and send no reply to it!"

"I would write a line for you, and explain —"

"No, indeed, Emily. I choose to answer my own letters. I have shown you that, because I trust you; but I have fully made up my mind as to what I shall write. It will have been written and sent before dinner."

"I think you will be wrong, Nora."

"Why wrong! When I came over here to stay with you, would mamma ever have thought of directing me not to accept any offer till her consent had been obtained all the way from the Mandarins? She would never have dreamed of such a thing."

"Will you ask Aunt Mary?"

"Certainly not. What is Aunt Mary to me? We are here in her house for a time, under the press of circumstances; but I owe her no obedience. She told Mr. Stanbury not to come here; and he has not come; and I shall not ask him to come. I would not willingly bring any one into Uncle Oliphant's house that he and she do not wish to see. But I will not admit that either of them have any authority over me."

"Then who has, dearest?"

"Nobody, — except papa and mamma; and they have chosen to leave me to myself."

Mrs. Trevelyan found it impossible to shake her

sister's firmness, and could herself do nothing, except tell Mrs. Outhouse what was the state of affairs. When she said that she should do this, there almost came to be a flow of high words between the two sisters; but at last Nora assented. "As for knowing, I don't care if all the world knows it. I shall do nothing in a corner. I don't suppose Aunt Mary will endeavor to prevent my posting my letter."

Emily at last went to seek Mrs. Outhouse, and Nora at once sat down to her desk. Neither of the sisters felt at all sure that Mrs. Outhouse would not attempt to stop the emission of the letter from her house; but, as it happened, she was out, and did not return till Nora had come back from her journey to the neighboring post-office. She would trust her letter, when written, to no hands but her own; and as she came back, after dropping it into the safe custody of the Postmaster-General, her letter also shall be revealed to the public: —

"PARSONAGE, ST. DIDDULPH'S, JANUARY, 186—.

"DEAR HUGH, — For I suppose I may as well write to you in that way now. I have been made so happy by your affectionate letter. Is not that a candid confession for a young lady? But you tell me that I owe you the truth, and so I tell you the truth. Nobody will ever be anything to me, except you; and you are everything. I do love you; and should it ever be possible, I will become your wife."

"I have said so much, because I feel that I ought to obey the order you have given me; but pray do not try to see me or write to me till mamma has arrived. She and papa will be here in the spring, — quite early in the spring, we hope; and then you may come to us. What they may say, of course, I cannot tell; but I shall be true to you."

"Your own, with truest affection,

"NORA.

"Of course, you knew that I loved you, and I don't think that you are a conjurer at all."

As soon as ever the letter was written, she put on her bonnet, and went forth with it herself to the post-office. Mrs. Trevelyan stopped her on the stairs, and endeavored to detain her, but Nora would not be detained. "I must judge for myself about this," she said. "If mamma were here, it would be different, but, as she is not here, I must judge for myself."

What Mrs. Outhouse might have done, had she been at home at the time, it would be useless to surmise. She was told what had happened when it occurred, and questioned Nora on the subject. "I thought I understood from you," she said, with something of severity in her countenance, "that there was to be nothing between you and Mr. Stanbury, — at any rate, till my brother came home?"

"I never pledged myself to anything of the kind, Aunt Mary," Nora said. "I think he promised that he would not come here, and I don't suppose that he means to come. If he should do so, I shall not see him."

With this Mrs. Outhouse was obliged to be content. The letter was gone, and could not be stopped. Nor, indeed, had any authority been delegated to her by which she would have been justified in stopping it. She could only join her husband in wishing that they both might be relieved, as soon as possible, from the terrible burden which had been thrown upon them. "I call it very hard," said Mr. Outhouse, — "very hard, indeed. If we were to desire them to leave the house, everybody would cry



out upon us for our cruelty; and yet, while they remain here, they will submit themselves to no authority. As far as I can see, they may, both of them, do just what they please, and we can't stop it."

## CHAPTER LIV.

### MR. GIBSON'S THREAT.

Miss Stanbury for a long time persisted in being neither better nor worse. Sir Peter would not declare her state to be precarious, nor would he say that she was out of danger; and Mr. Martin had been so utterly prostrated by the nearly fatal effects of his own mistake that he was quite unable to rally himself and talk on the subject with any spirit or confidence. When interrogated, he would simply reply that Sir Peter said this and Sir Peter said that, and thus add to, rather than diminish, the doubt, and excitement, and varied opinion which prevailed through the city. On one morning it was absolutely asserted within the limits of the Close that Miss Stanbury was dead, — and it was believed for half a day at the bank that she was then lying *in articulo mortis*. There had got about, too, a report that a portion of the property had only been left to Miss Stanbury for her life, that the Burgesses would be able to reclaim the houses in the city, and that a will had been made altogether in favor of Dorothy, cutting out even Brooke from any share in the inheritance; — and thus Exeter had a good deal to say respecting the affairs and state of health of our old friend. Miss Stanbury's illness, however, was true enough. She was much too ill to hear anything of what was going on, — too ill to allow Martha to talk to her at all about the outside public. When the invalid herself would ask questions about the affairs of the world, Martha would be very discreet and turn away from the subject. Miss Stanbury, for instance, ill as she was, exhibited a most mundane interest, not exactly in Camilla French's marriage, but in the delay which that marriage seemed destined to encounter. "I dare say he'll slip out of it yet," said the sick lady to her confidential servant. Then Martha had thought it right to change the subject, feeling it to be wrong that an old lady on her death-bed should be taking joy in the disappointment of her young neighbor. Martha changed the subject, first to jelly, and then to the psalms of the day. Miss Stanbury was too weak to resist; but the last verse of the last psalm of the evening had hardly been finished before she remarked that she would never believe it till she saw it. "It is all in the hands of Him as is on high, mum," said Martha, turning her eyes up to the ceiling, and closing the book at the same time, with a look strongly indicative of displeasure.

Miss Stanbury understood it all as well as though she were in perfect health. She knew her own failings, was conscious of her worldly tendencies, and perceived what her old servant was thinking of it. And then sundry odd thoughts, half-digested thoughts, ideas too difficult for her present strength, crossed her brain. Had it been wicked of her when she was well to hope that a scheming woman should not succeed in betraying a man by her schemes into an ill-assorted marriage; and if not wicked then, was it wicked now because she was ill? And from that thought her mind travelled on to the ordinary practices of death-bed piety. Could an assumed devotion be of use to her now, — such a devotion as Martha was enjoining of her from hour to hour in

pure and affectionate solicitude for her soul? She had spoken one evening of a game of cards, saying that a game of cribbage would have consoled her. Then Martha, with a shudder, had suggested a hymn, and had had recourse at once to a sleeping draught. Miss Stanbury had submitted, but had understood it all. If cards were wicked, she had indeed been a terrible sinner. What hope could there be now, on her death-bed, for one so sinful? And she could not repent of her cards, and would not try to repent of them, not seeing the evil of them; and if they were innocent, why should she not have the consolation now, — when she so much wanted it? Yet she knew that the whole household, even Dorothy, would be in arms against her, were she to suggest such a thing. She took the hymn and the sleeping draught, telling herself that it would be best for her to banish such ideas from her mind. Pastors and masters had laid down for her a mode of living, which she had followed, but indifferently, perhaps, but still with an intention of obedience. They had also laid down a mode of dying, and it would be well that she should follow that as closely as possible. She would say nothing more about cards. She would think nothing more of Camilla French. But, as she so resolved, with intellect half asleep, with her mind wandering between fact and dream, she was unconsciously comfortable with an assurance that if Mr. Gibson did marry Camilla French, Camilla French would lead him the very devil of a life.

During three days Dorothy went about the house as quiet as a mouse, sitting nightly at her aunt's bedside, and tending the sick woman with the closest care. She, too, had been now and again somewhat startled by the seeming worldliness of her aunt in her illness. Her aunt talked to her about rents, and gave her messages for Brooke Burgess on subjects which seemed to Dorothy to be profane when spoken of on what might perhaps be a death-bed. And this struck her the more strongly, because she had a matter of her own on which she would have much wished to ascertain her aunt's opinion, if she had not thought that it would have been exceedingly wrong of her to trouble her aunt's mind at such a time by any such matter. Hitherto she had said not a word of Brooke's proposal to any living being. At present it was a secret with herself, but a secret so big that it almost caused her bosom to burst with the load that it bore. She could not, she thought, write to Priscilla till she had told her aunt. If she were to write a word on the subject to any one, she could not fail to make manifest the extreme longing of her own heart. She could not have written Brooke's name on paper, in reference to his words to herself, without covering it with epithets of love. But all that must be known to no one if her love was to be of no avail to her. And she had an idea that her aunt would not wish Brooke to marry her, — would think that Brooke should do better; and she was quite clear that in such a matter as this her aunt's wishes must be law. Had not her aunt the power of disinheriting Brooke altogether? And what then if her aunt should die, — should die now, — leaving Brooke at liberty to do as he pleased? There was something so distasteful to her in this view of the matter that she would not look at it. She would not allow herself to think of any success which might possibly accrue to herself by reason of her aunt's death. Intense as was the longing in her heart for permission from those in authority over her to give herself to Brooke Burgess, perfect as



was the earthly paradise which appeared to be open to her when she thought of the good thing which had befallen her in that matter, she conceived that she would be guilty of the grossest ingratitude were she in any degree to curtail even her own estimate of her aunt's prohibitory powers because of her aunt's illness. The remembrance of the words which Brooke had spoken to her was with her quite perfect. She was entirely conscious of the joy which would be hers, if she might accept those words as properly sanctioned; but she was a creature in her aunt's hands, — according to her own ideas of her own duties; and while her aunt was ill, she could not even learn what might be the behests which she would be called on to obey.

She was sitting one evening alone, thinking of all this, having left Martha with her aunt, and was trying to reconcile the circumstances of her life as it now existed with the circumstances as they had been with her in the old days at Nuncombe Putney, wondering at herself in that she should have a lover, and trying to convince herself that for her this little episode of romance could mean nothing serious, when Martha crept down into the room to her. Of late days — the alteration might perhaps be dated from the rejection of Mr. Gibson — Martha, who had always been very kind, had become more respectful in her manner to Dorothy than had heretofore been usual with her. Dorothy was quite aware of it, and was not unconscious of a certain rise in the world which was thereby indicated. "If you please, miss," said Martha, "who do you think is here?"

"But there is nobody with my aunt?" said Dorothy.

"She is sleeping like a baby, and I came down just for a moment. Mr. Gibson is here, miss, — in the house! He asked for your aunt, and when, of course, he could not see her, he asked for you." Dorothy for a few minutes was utterly disconcerted, but at last she consented to see Mr. Gibson. "I think it is best," said Martha, "because it is bad to be fighting, and missus so ill. 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' miss, 'for they shall be called the children of God.'" Convinced by this argument, or by the working of her own mind, Dorothy directed that Mr. Gibson might be shown into the room. When he came, she found herself unable to address him. She remembered the last time in which she had seen him, and was lost in wonder that he should be there. But she shook hands with him, and went through some form of greeting, in which no word was uttered.

"I hope you will not think that I have done wrong," said he, "in calling to ask after my old friend's state of health?"

"O dear, no," said Dorothy, quite bewildered.

"I have known her for so very long, Miss Dorothy, that now in the hour of her distress, and perhaps mortal malady, I cannot stop to remember the few harsh words that she spoke to me lately."

"She never means to be harsh, Mr. Gibson."

"Ah, well, no, — perhaps not. At any rate, I have learned to forgive and forget. I am afraid your aunt is very ill, Miss Dorothy."

"She is ill, certainly, Mr. Gibson."

"Dear, dear! We are all as the grass of the field, Miss Dorothy, — here to-day and gone to-morrow, as sparks fly upwards. Just fit to be cut down and cast into the oven. Mr. Jennings has been with her, I believe." Mr. Jennings was the other minor canon.

"He comes three times a week, Mr. Gibson."

"He is an excellent young man, — a very good young man. It has been a great comfort to me to have Jennings with me. But he's very young, Miss Dorothy; is n't he?" Dorothy muttered something, purporting to declare that she was not acquainted with the exact circumstances of Mr. Jennings's age. "I should be so glad to come if my old friend would allow me," said Mr. Gibson, almost with a sigh. Dorothy was clearly of opinion that any change at the present would be bad for her aunt, but she did not know how to express her opinion; so she stood silent and looked at him. "There need n't be a word spoken, you know, about the ladies at Heavertree," said Mr. Gibson.

"O dear, no," said Dorothy. And yet she knew well that there would be such words spoken if Mr. Gibson were to make his way into her aunt's room. Her aunt was constantly alluding to the ladies at Heavertree, in spite of all the efforts of her old servant to restrain her.

"There was some little misunderstanding," said Mr. Gibson; "but all that should be over now. We both intended for the best, Miss Dorothy; and I'm sure nobody here can say that I was n't sincere." But Dorothy, though she could not bring herself to answer Mr. Gibson plainly, could not be induced to assent to his proposition. She muttered something about her aunt's weakness, and the great attention which Mr. Jennings showed. Her aunt had become very fond of Mr. Jennings, and she did at last express her opinion, with some clearness, that her aunt should not be disturbed by any changes at present. "After that I should not think of pressing it, Miss Dorothy," said Mr. Gibson; "but, still, I do hope that I may have the privilege of seeing her yet once again in the flesh. And touching my approaching marriage, Miss Dorothy —" He paused, and Dorothy felt that she was blushing up to the roots of her hair, — "touching my marriage," continued Mr. Gibson, "which, however, will not be solemnized till the second week in March, — it was manifest that he regarded this as a point that would in that household be regarded as an argument in his favor, — "I do hope that you will look upon it in the most favorable light, — and your excellent aunt also, if she be spared to us."

"I am sure we hope that you will be happy, Mr. Gibson!"

"What am I to do, Miss Dorothy? I know that I have been very much blamed; but so unfairly! I have never meant to be untrue to a mouse, Miss Dorothy." Dorothy did not at all understand whether she were the mouse, or Camilla French, or Arabella. "And it is so hard to find that one is ill-spoken of because things have gone a little amiss." It was quite impossible that Dorothy should make any answer to this, and at last Mr. Gibson left her, assuring her with his last word that nothing would give him so much pleasure as to be called upon once more to see his old friend in her last moments.

Though Miss Stanbury had been described as sleeping "like a baby," she had heard the footsteps of a strange man in the house, and had made Martha tell her whose footsteps they were. As soon as Dorothy went to her, she darted upon the subject with all her old keenness. "What did he want here, Dolly?"

"He said he would like to see you, aunt, — when you are a little better, you know. He spoke a good deal of his old friendship and respect."



"He should have thought of that before. How am I to see people now?"

"But when you are better, aunt —"

"How do I know that I shall ever be better? He is n't off with those people at Heavittree; is he?"

"I hope not, aunt."

"Psha! A poor, weak, insufficient creature. That's what he is. Mr. Jennings is worth twenty of him." Dorothy, though she put the question again in its most alluring form of Christian charity and forgiveness, could not induce her aunt to say that she would see Mr. Gibson. "How can I see him, when you know that Sir Peter has forbidden me to see anybody, except Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Jennings?"

Two days afterwards there was an uncomfortable little scene at Heavittree. It must, no doubt, have been the case, that the same train of circumstances which had produced Mr. Gibson's visit to the Close produced also the scene in question. It was suggested by some who were attending closely to the matter, that Mr. Gibson had already come to repent his engagement with Camilla French; and, indeed, there were those who pretended to believe that he was induced, by the prospect of Miss Stanbury's demise, to transfer his allegiance yet again, and to bestow his hand upon Dorothy at last. There were many in the city who could never be persuaded that Dorothy had refused him, — these being for the most part, ladies in whose estimation the value of a husband was counted so great, and a benefited clergyman so valuable among suitors, that it was to their thinking impossible that Dorothy Stanbury should in her sound senses have rejected such an offer. "I don't believe a bit of it," said Mrs. Crumbie to Mrs. Apjohn; "is it likely?" The ears of all the French family were keenly alive to rumors, and to rumors of rumors. Reports of these opinions respecting Mr. Gibson reached Heavittree, and had their effect. As long as Mr. Gibson was behaving well as a suitor, they were inoperative there. What did it matter to them how the prize might have been struggled for, — might still be struggled for elsewhere, while they enjoyed the consciousness of possession? But when the consciousness of possession became marred by a cankerous doubt, such rumors were very important. Camilla heard of the visit in the Close, and swore that she would have justice done her. She gave her mother to understand that, if any trick were played upon her, the diocese should be made to ring of it, in a fashion that would astonish them all, from the bishop downwards. Whereupon Mrs. French, putting much faith in her daughter's threats, sent for Mr. Gibson.

"The truth is, Mr. Gibson," said Mrs. French, when the civilities of their first greeting had been completed, "my poor child is pining."

"Pining, Mrs. French!"

"Yes, pining, Mr. Gibson. I am afraid that you little understand how sensitive is that young heart. Of course, she is your own now. To her thinking, it would be treason to you for her to indulge in conversation with any other gentleman; but, then, she expects that you should spend your evenings with her, — of course!"

"But, Mrs. French, think of my engagements, as a clergyman."

"We know all about that, Mr. Gibson. We know what a clergyman's calls are. It is n't like a doctor's, Mr. Gibson."

"It's very often worse, Mrs. French."

"Why should you go calling in the Close, Mr. Gibson?" Here was the gist of the accusation.

"Would n't you have me make my peace with a poor dying sister?" pleaded Mr. Gibson.

"After what has occurred," said Mrs. French, shaking her head at him, "and while things are just as they are now, it would be more like an honest man of you to stay away. And, of course, Camilla feels it. She feels it very much; and she won't put up with it neither."

"I think this is the cruellest, cruellest thing I ever heard," said Mr. Gibson.

"It is you that are cruel, sir."

Then the wretched man turned at bay. "I tell you what it is, Mrs. French, — if I am treated in this way, I won't stand it. I won't, indeed. I'll go away. I'm not going to be suspected, nor yet blown up. I think I've behaved handsomely, at any rate to Camilla."

"Quite so, Mr. Gibson, if you would come and see her on evenings," said Mrs. French, who was falling back into her usual state of timidity.

"But, if I'm to be treated in this way, I will go away. I've thoughts of it as it is. I've been already invited to go to Natal, and if I hear anything more of these accusations, I shall certainly make up my mind to go."

Then he left the house, before Camilla could be down upon him from her perch on the landing-place.

## CHAPTER LV.

### THE REPUBLICAN BROWNING.

Mr. Glascock had returned to Naples after his sufferings in the dining-room of the American minister, and by the middle of February was back again in Florence. His father was still alive, and it was said that the old lord would now probably live through the winter. And it was understood that Mr. Glascock would remain in Italy. He had declared that he would pass his time between Naples, Rome, and Florence; but it seemed to his friends that Florence was, of the three, the most to his taste. He liked his room, he said, at the York Hotel, and he liked being in the capital. That was his own statement. His friends said that he liked being with Carry Spalding, the daughter of the American minister; but none of them, then in Italy, were sufficiently intimate with him to express that opinion to himself.

It had been expressed more than once to Carry Spalding. The world in general says such things to ladies more openly than it does to men, and the probability of a girl's success in matrimony is canvassed in her hearing by those who are nearest to her with a freedom which can seldom be used in regard to a man. A man's most intimate friend hardly speaks to him of the prospect of his marriage till he himself has told that the engagement exists. The lips of no living person had suggested to Mr. Glascock that the American girl was to become his wife; but a great deal had been said to Carry Spalding about the conquest she had made. Her uncle, her aunt, her sister, and her great friend, Miss Petrie, the poetess, — the Republican Browning, as she was called, — had all spoken to her about it frequently. Olivia had declared her conviction that the thing was to be. Miss Petrie had with considerable eloquence explained to her friend that that English title, which was but the clatter of a sounding brass,



should be regarded as a drawback rather than as an advantage. Mrs. Spalding, who was no poetess, would undoubtedly have welcomed Mr. Glascock as a son-in-law with all a mother's energy. When told by Miss Petrie that old Lord Peterborough was a tinkling cymbal, she snapped angrily at her gifted countrywoman. But she was too honest a woman, and too conscious also of her daughter's strength, to say a word to urge her on. Mr. Spalding as an American minister, with full powers at the court of a European sovereign, felt that he had full as much to give as to receive; but he was well inclined to do both. He would have been well pleased to talk about his nephew Lord Peterborough, and he loved his niece dearly. But by the middle of February he was beginning to think that the matter had been long enough in training. If the Honorable Glascock meant anything, why did he not speak out his mind plainly? The American minister in such matters was accustomed to fewer ambages than were common in the circles among which Mr. Glascock had lived.

In the mean time Caroline Spalding was suffering. She had allowed herself to think that Mr. Glascock intended to propose to her, and had acknowledged to herself that were he to do so she would certainly accept him. All that she had seen of him, since the day on which he had been courteous to her about the seat in the diligence, had been pleasant to her. She had felt the charm of his manner, his education, and his gentleness, and had told herself that with all her love for her own country, she would willingly become an Englishwoman for the sake of being that man's wife. But nevertheless the warnings of her great friend, the poetess, had not been thrown away upon her. She would put away from herself as far as she could any desire to become Lady Peterborough. There should be no bias in the man's favor on that score. The tinkling cymbal and the sounding brass should be nothing to her. But yet,—yet what a charm was there here for her? "They are dishonest, and rotten at the core," said Miss Petrie, trying to make her friend understand that a free American should under no circumstances place trust in an English aristocrat. "Their country, Carry, is a game played out, while we are still breasting the hill with our young lungs full of air." Carry Spalding was proud of her intimacy with the Republican Browning; but nevertheless she liked Mr. Glascock; and when Mr. Glascock had been ten days in Florence, on his third visit to the city, and had been four or five times at the embassy without expressing his intentions in the proper form, Carry Spalding began to think that she had better save herself from a heartbreak while salvation might be within her reach. She perceived that her uncle was gloomy and almost angry when he spoke of Mr. Glascock, and that her aunt was fretful with disappointment. The Republican Browning had uttered almost a note of triumph; and had it not been that Olivia persisted, Carry Spalding would have consented to go away with Miss Petrie to Rome. "The old stones are rotten too," said the poetess; "but their dust tells no lies." That well-known piece of hers, "Ancient marbles, while, ye crumble," was written at this time, and contained an occult reference to Mr. Glascock and her friend.

But Livy Spalding clung to the alliance. She probably knew her sister's heart better than did the others; and perhaps also had a clearer insight into Mr. Glascock's character. She was, at any rate, clearly of opinion that there should be no running

away. "Either you do like him, or you don't. If you do, what are you to get by going to Rome?" said Livy.

"I shall get quit of doubt and trouble."

"I call that cowardice. I would never run away from a man, Carry. Aunt Sophie forgets that they don't manage these things in England just as we do."

"I don't know why there should be a difference."

"Nor do I,—only that there is. You have n't read so many of their novels as I have."

"Who would ever think of learning to live out of an English novel?" said Carry.

"I am not saying that. You may teach him to live how you like afterwards. But if you have anything to do with people, it must be well to know what their manners are. I think the richer sort of people in England slide into these things more gradually than we do. You stand your ground, Carry, and hold your own, and take the goods the gods provide you." Though Caroline Spalding opposed her sister's arguments, and was particularly hard upon that allusion to "the richer sort of people,"—which, as she knew, Miss Petrie would have regarded as evidence of reverence for sounding brasses and tinkling cymbals,—nevertheless, she loved Livy dearly for what she said, and kissed the sweet counsellor, and resolved that she would for the present decline the invitation of the poetess. Then was Miss Petrie somewhat indignant with her friend, and threw out her scorn in those lines which have been mentioned.

But the American minister hardly knew how to behave himself when he met Mr. Glascock, or even when he was called upon to speak of him. Florence no doubt is a large city, and is now the capital of a great kingdom; but still people meet in Florence much more frequently than they do in Paris or in London. It may almost be said that they whose habit it is to go into society, and whose circumstances bring them into the same circles, will see each other every day. Now the American minister delighted to see and to be seen in all places frequented by persons of a certain rank and position in Florence. Having considered the matter much, he had convinced himself that he could thus best do his duty as minister from the great Republic of Free States to the newest and, as he called it, "the free-est of the European kingdoms." The minister from France was a marquis, he from England was an earl, from Spain had come a count, and so. In the domestic privacy of his embassy Mr. Spalding would be severe enough upon the sounding brasses and the tinkling cymbals, and was quite content himself to be the Honorable Jonas G. Spalding,—Honorable because selected by his country for a post of honor; but he liked to be seen among the cymbals, and heard among the brasses, and to feel that his position was as high as theirs. Mr. Glascock, also, was frequently in the same circles, and thus it came to pass that the two gentlemen saw each other almost daily. That Mr. Spalding knew well how to bear himself in his high place no one could doubt; but he did not quite know how to carry himself before Mr. Glascock. At home at Boston he would have been more completely master of the situation.

He thought, too, that he began to perceive that Mr. Glascock avoided him, though he would hear on his return home that that gentleman had been at the embassy, or had been walking in the Casine with his nieces. That their young ladies should



walk in public places with unmarried gentlemen is nothing to American fathers and guardians. American young ladies are accustomed to choose their own companions. But the minister was tormented by his doubts as to the ways of Englishmen, and as to the phase in which English habits might most properly exhibit themselves in Italy. He knew that people were talking about Mr. Glascock and his niece. Why, then, did Mr. Glascock avoid him? It was perhaps natural that Mr. Spalding should have omitted to observe that Mr. Glascock was not delighted by those lectures on the American constitution which formed so large a part of his ordinary conversation with Englishmen.

It happened one afternoon that they were thrown together so closely for nearly an hour that neither could avoid the other. They were both at the old palace in which the Italian parliament is held, and were kept waiting during some long delay in the ceremonies of the place. They were seated next to each other, and during such delay there was nothing for them but to talk. On the other side of each of them was a stranger, and not to talk in such circumstances would be to quarrel. Mr. Glascock began by asking after the ladies.

"They are quite well, sir, thank you," said the minister. "I hope that Lord Peterborough was pretty well when last you heard from Naples, Mr. Glascock." Mr. Glascock explained that his father's condition was not much altered, and then there was silence for a moment.

"Your nieces will remain with you through the spring I suppose?" said Mr. Glascock.

"Such is their intention, sir."

"They seem to like Florence, I think."

"Yes,—yes; I think they do like Florence. They see this capital, sir, perhaps under more favorable circumstances than are accorded to most of my countrywomen. Our republican simplicity, Mr. Glascock, has this drawback, that away from home it subjects us somewhat to the cold shade of unobserved obscurity. That it possesses merits which much more than compensate for this trifling evil I should be the last man in Europe to deny." It is to be observed that American citizens are always prone to talk of Europe. It affords the best counterpoise they know to that other term, America,—and America and the United States are of course the same. To speak of France or of England as weighing equally against their own country seems to an American to be an absurdity,—and almost an insult to himself. With Europe he can compare himself, but even this is done generally in the style of the Republican Browning when she addressed the Ancient Marbles.

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Glascock, "the family of a minister abroad has great advantages in seeing the country to which he is accredited."

"That is my meaning, sir. But, as I was remarking, we carry with us as a people no external symbols of our standing at home. The wives and daughters, sir, of the most honored of our citizens have no nomenclature different than that which belongs to the least noted among us. It is perhaps a consequence of this that Europeans who are accustomed in their social intercourse to the assistance of titles, will not always trouble themselves to inquire who and what are the American citizens who may sit opposite to them at table. I have known, Mr. Glascock, the wife and daughter of a gentleman who has been thrice sent as senator from his native State to Washington, to remain as disregarded in

the intercourse of a European city as though they had formed part of the family of some grocer from your Russell Square!"

"Let the Miss Spaldings go where they will," said Mr. Glascock, "they will not fare in that way."

"The Miss Spaldings, sir, are very much obliged to you," said the minister with a bow.

"I regard it as one of the luckiest chances of my life that I was thrown in with them at St. Michel as I was," said Mr. Glascock, with something like warmth.

"I am sure, sir, they will never forget the courtesy displayed by you on that occasion," said the minister, bowing again.

"That was a matter of course. I and my friend would have done the same for the grocer's wife and daughter of whom you spoke. Little services such as that do not come from appreciation of merit, but are simply the payment of the debt due by all men to all women."

"Such is certainly the rule of living in our country, sir," said Mr. Spalding.

"The chances are," continued the Englishman, "that no further observation follows the payment of such a debt. It has been a thing of course."

"We delight to think it so, Mr. Glascock, in our own cities."

"But in this instance it has given rise to one of the pleasantest, and as I hope most enduring friendships that I have ever formed," said Mr. Glascock, with enthusiasm. What could the American minister do but bow again three times? And what other meaning could he attach to such words than that which so many of his friends had been attributing to Mr. Glascock for some weeks past? It had occurred to Mr. Spalding, even since he had been sitting in his present close proximity to Mr. Glascock, that it might possibly be his duty, as an uncle having to deal with an Englishman, to ask that gentleman what were his intentions. He had, buzzing through his brain, an idea that the asking of such a question was not uncommon in the course of English courtships. He would do his duty, let it be what it might; but the asking of such a question would be very disagreeable to him. For the present he satisfied himself with inviting his neighbor to come and drink tea with Mrs. Spalding on the next evening but one. "The girls will be delighted, I am sure," said he, thinking himself to be justified in this friendly familiarity by Mr. Glascock's enthusiasm. For Mr. Spalding was clearly of opinion that, let the value of republican simplicity be what it might, an alliance with the crumbling marbles of Europe would in his niece's circumstances be not expedient. Mr. Glascock accepted the invitation with alacrity, and the minister, when he was closeted with his wife that evening, declared his opinion that after all the Britisher meant fighting. The aunt told the girls that Mr. Glascock was coming, and in order that it might not seem that a net was being specially spread for him, others were invited to join the party. Miss Petrie consented to be there, and Mr. Gore, from the English embassy, was asked to meet her. There were some others too, among whom was the American friend who was collecting pictures, and the Italian, Count Buonarosci, to whose presence, though she could not speak to him, Mrs. Spalding was becoming accustomed. It was painful to her to feel that she could not communicate with those around her, and, for that reason, she would have avoided Italians. But she had an idea that she



could not thoroughly realize the advantages of foreign travel unless she lived with foreigners; and, therefore, she was glad to become intimate at any rate with the outside of Count Buonarosci.

"I think your uncle is wrong, dear," said Miss Petrie early in the day to her friend.

"But why? He has done nothing more than what is just civil."

"If Mr. Glascock kept a store in Broadway, he would not have thought it necessary to show the same civility."

"Yes,—if we all liked the Mr. Glascock who kept the store."

"Caroline," said the poetess, with severe eloquence, "can you put your hand upon your heart and say that this inherited title, this tinkling cymbal as I call it, has no attraction for you or yours? Is it the unadorned simple man that you welcome to your bosom, or a thing of stars and garters, a patch of parchment, the minion of a throne, the lordling of twenty descents, in which each has been weaker than that before it, the hero of a scutcheon, whose glory is in his quarterings, and whose worldly wealth comes from the sweat of serfs whom the euphonism of an effete country has learned to decorate with the name of tenants?"

But Caroline Spalding had a spirit of her own, and had already made up her mind that she would not be talked down by Miss Petrie. "Uncle Jonas," said she, "asks him because we like him; and would do so too if he kept the store in Broadway. But if he did keep the store, perhaps we should not like him."

"I trow not," said Miss Petrie.

Livy was much more comfortable in her tactics, and without consulting anybody sent for a hair-dresser. "It's all very well for Wallachia," said Livy;—Miss Petrie's name was Wallachia;—"but I know a nice sort of man when I see him, and the ways of the world are not to be altered because Wally writes poetry."

When Mr. Glascock was announced, Mrs. Spalding's handsome rooms were almost filled,—as rooms in Florence are filled, obstruction in every avenue, a crowd in every corner, and a block at every doorway, not being among the customs of the place. Mr. Spalding immediately caught him,—intercepting him between the passages and the ladies,—and engaged him at once in conversation.

"Your John S. Mill is a great man," said the minister.

"They tell me so," said Mr. Glascock. "I don't read what he writes myself."

This acknowledgment seemed to the minister to be almost disgraceful, and yet he himself had never read a word of Mr. Mill's writings. "He is a far-seeing man," continued the minister. "He is one of the few Europeans who can look forward, and see how the rivers of civilization are running on. He has understood that women must at last be put upon an equality with men."

"Can he manage that men shall have half the babies?" said Mr. Glascock, thinking to escape by an attempt at playfulness.

But the minister was down upon him at once,—had him by the lappet of his coat, though he knew how important it was for his dear niece that he should allow Mr. Glascock to amuse himself this evening after another fashion. "I have an answer ready, sir, for that difficulty," he said. "Step aside with me for a moment. The question is important, and I should be glad if you would communicate my ideas

to your great philosopher. Nature, sir, has laid down certain laws, which are immutable; and against them—"

But Mr. Glascock had not come to Florence for this. There were circumstances in his present position which made him feel that he would be gratified in escaping, even at the cost of some seeming incivility. "I must go in to the ladies at once," he said, "or I shall never get a word with them." There came across the minister's brow a momentary frown of displeasure, as though he felt that he were being robbed of that which was justly his own. For an instant his grasp fixed itself more tightly to the coat. It was quite within the scope of his courage to hold a struggling listener by physical strength; but he remembered that there was a purpose, and he relaxed his hold.

"I will take another opportunity," said the minister. "As you have raised that somewhat trite objection of the bearing of children which we in our country, sir, have altogether got over, I must put you in possession of my views on that subject; but I will find another occasion." Then Mr. Glascock began to reflect whether an American lady, married in England, would probably want to see much of her uncle in her adopted country; and what might be her ideas on the great question which he was to be called on to discuss.

Mrs. Spalding was all smiles when her guest reached her. "We did not mean to have such a crowd of people," she said, whispering; "but you know how one thing leads to another, and people here really like short invitations." Then the minister's wife bowed very low to an Italian lady; and for the moment wished herself in Beacon Street. It was a great trouble to her that she could not pluck up courage to speak a word in Italian. "I know more about it than some that are glib enough," she would say to her niece Livy, "but these Tuscans are so particular with their *Boeca Toscana*."

It was almost spiteful on the part of Miss Petrie,—the manner in which, on this evening, she remained close to her friend Caroline Spalding. It is hardly possible to believe that it came altogether from high principle,—from a determination to save her friend in an impending danger. One's friend has no right to decide for one what is, and what is not dangerous. There are strong-minded ladies, with female friends slaves, whom they love most dearly, but whom they coerce like slaves; and these friends they feel themselves called upon to rule with a rod of iron. It will happen that sometimes they fail; but Miss Petrie was one to whom failure was specially disagreeable. Mr. Glascock after a while found himself seated on a fixed couch, that ran along the wall, between Carry Spalding and Miss Petrie; but Miss Petrie was almost as bad to him as had been the minister himself. "I am afraid," she said, looking up into his face with some severity, and rushing upon her subject with strange audacity, "that the works of your Browning have not been received in your country with that veneration to which they are entitled."

"Do you mean Mr. or Mrs. Browning?" asked Mr. Glascock,—perhaps with some mistaken idea that the lady was out of her depth, and did not know the difference.

"Either,—both; for they are one, the same, and indivisible. The spirit and germ of each is so reflected in the outcome of the other, that one sees only the result of so perfect a combination that one is tempted to acknowledge that here and there a



marriage may have been arranged in heaven. I don't think that in your country you have perceived this, Mr. Glascock."

"I am not quite sure that we have," said Mr. Glascock.

"Yours is not altogether an inglorious mission," continued Miss Petrie.

"I've got no mission," said Mr. Glascock,—"either from the Foreign Office, or from my own inner convictions."

Miss Petrie laughed with a scornful laugh. "I spoke, sir, of the mission of that small speck on the earth's broad surface, of which you think so much, and which we call Great Britain."

"I do think a good deal of it," said Mr. Glascock.

"It has been more thought of than any other speck of the same size," said Carry Spalding.

"True," said Miss Petrie, sharply,—"because of its iron and coal. But the mission I spoke of was this." And she put forth her hand with an artistic motion as she spoke. "It utters prophecies, though it cannot read them. It sends forth truth, though it cannot understand it. Though its own ears are deaf as adder's, it is the nursery of poets, who sing not for their own countrymen, but for the higher sensibilities and newer intelligences of lands, in which philanthropy has made education as common as the air that is breathed by created man."

"Wally," said Olivia, coming up to the poetess, in anger that was almost apparent. "I want to take you, and introduce you to the Marchesa Pulti."

But Miss Petrie no doubt knew that the eldest son of an English lord was at least as good as an Italian marchesa. "Let her come here," said the poetess, with her grandest smile.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### WITHERED GRASS.

When Caroline Spalding perceived how direct an attempt had been made by her sister to take the poetess away, in order that she might thus be left alone with Mr. Glascock, her spirit revolted against the manœuvre, and she took herself away amidst the crowd. If Mr. Glascock should wish to find her again, he could do so. And there came across her mind something of a half-formed idea that, perhaps, after all, her friend Wallachia was right. Were this man ready to take her and she ready to be taken, would such an arrangement be a happy one for both of them? His high-born, wealthy friends might very probably despise her, and it was quite possible that she also might despise them. To be Lady Peterborough, and have the spending of a large fortune, would not suffice for her happiness. She was sure of that. It would be a leap in the dark, and all such leaps must needs be dangerous, and therefore should be avoided. But she did like the man. Her friend was untrue to her and cruel in her allusions to tinkling cymbals. It might be well for her to get over her liking, and to think no more of one who was to her a foreigner and a stranger,—of whose ways of living in his own home she knew so little, whose people might be antipathetic to her, enemies instead of friends, among whom her life would be one long misery; but it was not on that ground that Miss Petrie had recommended her to start for Rome as soon as Mr. Glascock had reached Florence. "There is no reason," she said to herself, "why I should not marry a man if I like him, even though he be a lord. And of him I should

not be the least afraid. It's the women that I fear." And then she called to mind all that she had ever heard of English countesses and duchesses. She thought that she knew that they were generally cold and proud, and very little given to receive outsiders graciously within their ranks. Mr. Glascock had an aunt who was a Duchess, and a sister who would be a Countess. Caroline Spalding felt how her back would rise against these new relations, if it should come to pass that they should look unkindly upon her when she was taken to her own home; how she would fight with them, giving them scorn for scorn; how unutterably miserable she would be; how she would long to be back among her own equals, in spite even of her love for her husband. "How grand a thing it is," she said, "to be equal with those with whom you love!" And yet she was to some extent allured by the social position of the man. She could perceive that he had a charm of manner which her countrymen lacked. He had read, perhaps less than her uncle; knew perhaps less than most of those men with whom she had been wont to associate in her own city life at home; was not braver, or more virtuous, or more self-denying than they; but there was a softness and an ease in his manner which was palatable to her, and an absence of that too visible effort of the intellect which is so apt to mark and mar the conversation of Americans. She almost wished that she had been English in order that the man's home and friends might have suited her. She was thinking of all this as she stood pretending to talk to an American lady, who was very eloquent on the delights of Florence.

In the mean time Olivia and Mr. Glascock had moved away together, and Miss Petrie was left alone. This was no injury to Miss Petrie, as her mind at once set itself to work on a sonnet touching the frivolity of modern social gatherings; and when she complained afterwards to Caroline that it was the curse of their mode of life that no moment could be allowed for thought,—in which she referred specially to a few words that Mr. Gore had addressed to her at this moment of her meditations,—she was not wilfully a hypocrite. She was painfully turning her second set of rhymes, and really believed that she had been subjected to a hardship. In the mean time Olivia and Mr. Glascock were discussing her at a distance.

"You were being put through your facings, Mr. Glascock," Olivia had said.

"Well, yes; and your dear friend, Miss Petrie, is rather a stern examiner."

"She is Carry's ally, not mine," said Olivia. Then she remembered that by saying this she might be doing her sister an injury. Mr. Glascock might object to such a bosom friend for his wife. "That is to say, of course we are all intimate with her, but just at this moment Carry is most in favor."

"She is very clever, I am quite sure," said he.

"O yes,—she's a genius. You must not doubt that on the peril of making every American in Italy your enemy."

"She is a poet,—is she not?"

"Mr. Glascock!"

"Have I said anything wrong?" he asked.

"Do you mean to look me in the face and tell me that you are not acquainted with her works,—that you don't know pages of them by heart,—that you don't sleep with them under your pillow, don't travel about with them in your dressing-bag? I'm afraid we have mistaken you, Mr. Glascock."

"Is it so great a sin?"



"If you'll own up honestly, I'll tell you something,—in a whisper. You have not read a word of her poems?"

"Not a word."

"Neither have I. Isn't it horrible? But, perhaps, if I heard Tennyson talking every day, I should n't read Tennyson. Familiarity does breed contempt; does n't it? And then poor dear Wallachia is such a bore! I sometimes wonder, when English people are listening to her, whether they think that American girls generally talk like that."

"Not all, perhaps, with that perfected eloquence."

"I dare say you do," continued Olivia, craftily. "That is just the way in which people form their opinions about foreigners. Some specially self-asserting American speaks his mind louder than other people, and then you say that all Americans are self-asserting."

"But you are a little that way given, Miss Spalding."

"Because we are always called upon to answer accusations against us, expressed or unexpressed. We don't think ourselves a bit better than you; or, if the truth were known, half as good. We are always struggling to be as polished and easy as the French, or as sensible and dignified as the English; but when our defects are thrown in our teeth—"

"Who throws them in your teeth, Miss Spalding?"

"You look it,—all of you,—if you do not speak it out. You do assume a superiority, Mr. Glascock; and that we cannot endure."

"I do not feel that I assume anything," said Mr. Glascock, meekly.

"If three gentlemen be together, an Englishman, a Frenchman, and an American, is not the American obliged to be on his mettle to prove that he is somebody among the three? I admit that he is always claiming to be the first; but he does so only that he may not be too evidently the last. If you knew us, Mr. Glascock, you would find us to be very mild, and humble, and nice, and good, and clever, and kind, and charitable, and beautiful,—in short, the finest people that have as yet been created on the broad face of God's smiling earth." These last words she pronounced with a nasal twang, and in a tone of voice which almost seemed to him to be a direct mimicry of the American Minister. The upshot of the conversation, however, was that the disgust against Americans which, to a certain degree, had been excited in Mr. Glascock's mind by the united efforts of Mr. Spalding and the poetess, had been almost entirely dispelled. From all of which the reader ought to understand that Miss Olivia Spalding was a very clever young woman.

But, nevertheless, Mr. Glascock had not quite made up his mind to ask the elder sister to be his wife. He was one of those men to whom love-making does not come very easy, although he was never so much at his ease as when he was in company with ladies. He was sorely in want of a wife, but he was aware that at different periods during the last fifteen years he had been angled for as a fish. Mothers in England had tried to catch him, and of such mothers he had come to have the strongest possible detestation. He had seen the hooks,—or perhaps had fancied that he saw them when they were not there. Lady Janes and Lady Saras had been hard upon him, till he learned to buckle himself into triple armor when he went amongst them, and yet he wanted a wife;—no man more sorely wanted one. The reader will perhaps remember

how he went down to Nuncombe Putney in quest of a wife, but all in vain. The lady in that case had been so explicit with him that he could not hope for a more favorable answer; and, indeed, he would not have cared to marry a girl who had told him that she preferred another man to himself, even if it had been possible for him to do so. Now he had met a lady very different from those with whom he had hitherto associated,—but not the less manifestly a lady. Caroline Spalding was bright, pleasant, attractive, very easy to talk to, and yet quite able to hold her own. But the American minister was—a bore; and Miss Petrie was—unbearable. He had often told himself that in this matter of marrying a wife he would please himself altogether, that he would allow himself to be tied down by no consideration of family pride,—that he would consult nothing but his own heart and feelings. As for rank, he could give that to his wife. As for money, he had plenty of that also. He wanted a woman that was not *blasée* with the world, that was not a fool, and who would respect him. The more he thought of it, the more sure he was that he had seen none who pleased him so well as Caroline Spalding; and yet he was a little afraid of taking a step that would be irrevocable. Perhaps the American Minister might express a wish to end his days at Monk-hams, and might think it desirable to have Miss Petrie always with him as a private secretary in poetry!

"Between you and us, Mr. Glascock, the spark of sympathy does not pass with a strong flash," said a voice in his ear. As he turned round rapidly to face his foe, he was quite sure, for the moment, that under no possible circumstances would he ever take an American woman to his bosom as his wife.

"No," said he,— "no, no. I rather think that I agree with you."

"The antipathy is one," continued Miss Petrie, "which has been common on the face of the earth since the clown first trod upon the courtier's heels. It is the instinct of fallen man to hate equality, to desire ascendancy, to crush, to oppress, to tyrannize, to enslave. Then, when the slave is at last free, and in his freedom demands—equality, man is not great enough to take his enfranchised brother to his bosom."

"You mean negroes," said Mr. Glascock, looking round and planning for himself a mode of escape.

"Not negroes only,—not the enslaved blacks, who are now enslaved no more,—but the rising nations of white men wherever they are to be seen. You English have no sympathy with a people who claim to be at least your equals. The clown has trod upon the courtier's heels till the clown is clown no longer, and the courtier has hardly a court in which he may dangle his swordknot."

"If so the clown might as well spare the courtier," not meaning the rebuke which his words implied.

"Ah—h,—but the clown will not spare the courtier, Mr. Glascock. I understand the gibe, and I tell you that the courtier shall be spared no longer, because he is useless. He shall be cut down together with the withered grasses and thrown into the oven, and there shall be an end of him." Then she turned round to appeal to an American gentleman who had joined them, and Mr. Glascock made his escape. "I hold it to be the holiest duty which I owe to my country never to spare one of them when I meet him."

"They are all very well in their way," said the



American gentleman. "Down with them, down with them!" exclaimed the poetess, with a beautiful enthusiasm. In the mean time Mr. Glascock had made up his mind that he could not dare to ask Caroline Spalding to be his wife. There were certain forms of the American female so dreadful that no wise man would wilfully come in contact with them. Miss Petrie's ferocity was distressing to him, but her eloquence and enthusiasm were worse even than her ferocity. The personal incivility of which she had been guilty in calling him a withered grass was distasteful to him, as being opposed to his ideas of the customs of society; but what would be his fate if his wife's chosen friend should be forever dinning her denunciation of withered grasses into his ear?

He was still thinking of all this when he was accosted by Mrs. Spalding. "Are you going to dear Lady Banbury's to-morrow?" Lady Banbury was the wife of the English minister.

"I suppose I shall be there in the course of the evening."

"How very nice she is; is she not? I do like Lady Banbury, — so soft, and gentle, and kind."

"One of the pleasantest old ladies I know," said Mr. Glascock.

"It does not strike you so much as it does me," said Mrs. Spalding, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"The truth is, we all value what we have not got. There are no Lady Banburys in our country, and therefore we think the more of them when we meet them here. She is talking of going to Rome for the carnival, and has asked Caroline to go with her. I am so pleased to find that my dear girl is such a favorite."

Mr. Glascock immediately told himself that he saw the hook. If he were to be fished for by this American aunt as he had been fished for by English mothers, all his pleasure in the society of Caroline Spalding would be at once over. It would be too much, indeed, if in this American household he were to find the old vices of an aristocracy super-added to young republican sins! Nevertheless, Lady Banbury was, as he knew well, a person whose opinion about young people was supposed to be very good. She noticed those only who were worthy of notice; and to have been taken by the hand by Lady Banbury was acknowledged to be a passport into good society. If Caroline Spalding was in truth going to Rome with Lady Banbury, that fact was in itself a great confirmation of Mr. Glascock's good opinion of her. Mrs. Spalding had perhaps understood this, but had not understood that having just hinted that it was so, she should have abstained from saying a word more about her dear girl. Clever and well-practised must, indeed, be the hand of the fisherwoman in matrimonial waters who is able to throw her fly without showing any glimpse of the hook to the fish for whom she angles. Poor Mrs. Spalding, though with kindly instincts towards her niece she did on this occasion make some slight attempt at angling, was innocent of any concerted plan. It seemed to her to be so natural to say a good word in praise of her niece to the man whom she believed to be in love with her niece.

Caroline and Mr. Glascock did not meet each other again till late in the evening, and just as he was about to take his leave. As they came together each of them involuntarily looked round to see whether Miss Petrie was near. Had she been there, nothing would have been said beyond the shortest farewell greeting. But Miss Petrie was afar off, electrifying some Italian by the vehemence of her

sentiments, and the audacious volubility of a language in which all arbitrary restrictions were ignored. "Are you going?" she asked.

"Well, — I believe I am. Since I saw you last, I've encountered Miss Petrie again, and I'm rather depressed."

"Ah, — you don't know her. If you did, you would n't laugh at her."

"Laugh at her! Indeed, I do not do that; but when I'm told that I'm to be thrown into the oven and burned because I'm such a worn-out old institution —"

"You don't mean to say that you mind that!"

"Not much, when it comes up in the ordinary course of conversation; but it palls upon one when it is asserted for the fourth or fifth time in an evening."

"Alas, alas!" exclaimed Miss Spalding, with mock energy.

"And why alas?"

"Because it is so impossible to make the oil and vinegar of the old world and of the new mix together and suit each other."

"You think it is impossible, Miss Spalding?"

"I fear so. We are so terribly tender, and you are always pinching us on our most tender spot. And we never meet you without treading on your gouty toes."

"I don't think my toes are gouty," said he.

"I apologize to your own, individually, Mr. Glascock; but I must assert that nationally you are subject to the gout."

"That is, when I'm told over and over again that I'm to be cut down and thrown into the oven —"

"Never mind the oven now, Mr. Glascock. If my friend has been over-zealous, I will beg pardon for her. But it does seem to me, indeed, it does, with all the reverence and partiality I have for everything European," — the word European was an offence to him, and he showed that it was so by his countenance, — "that the idiosyncrasies of you and of us are so radically different, that we cannot be made to amalgamate and sympathize with each other thoroughly."

He paused for some seconds before he answered her, but it was so evident by his manner that he was going to speak, that she could neither leave him nor interrupt him. "I had thought that it might have been otherwise," he said at last, and the tone of his voice was so changed as to make her know that he was in earnest.

But she did not change her voice by a single note. "I'm afraid it cannot be so," she said, speaking after her old fashion, — half in earnest, half in banter. "We may make up our minds to be very civil to each other when we meet. The threats of the oven may no doubt be dropped on our side, and you may abstain from expressing in words your sense of our inferiority."

"I never expressed anything of the kind," he said, quite in anger.

"I am taking you simply as the sample Englishman, not as Mr. Glascock, who helped me and my sister over the mountains. Such of us as have to meet in society may agree to be very courteous; but courtesy and cordiality are not only not the same, but they are incompatible."

"Why so?"

"Courtesy is an effort, and cordiality is free. I must be allowed to contradict the friend that I love; but I assert — too often falsely — to what is said to me by a passing acquaintance. In spite of what the Scripture says, I think it is one of the greatest priv-



ileges of a brother that he may call his brother a fool."

"Shall you desire to call your husband a fool?"

"My husband!"

"He will, I suppose, be at least as dear to you as a brother?"

"I never had a brother."

"Your sister, then! It is the same, I suppose?"

"If I were to have a husband, I hope he would be the dearest to me of all. Unless he were so, he certainly would not be my husband. But between a man and his wife there does not spring up that playful, violent intimacy admitting of all liberties, which comes from early nursery associations; and, then, there is the difference of sex."

"I should not like my wife to call me a fool," he said.

"I hope she may never have occasion to do so, Mr. Glascock. Marry an English wife in your own class, — as, of course, you will, — and then you will be safe."

"But I have set my heart fast on marrying an American wife," he said.

"Then I can't tell what may befall you. It's like enough, if you do that, that you may be called by some name you will think hard to bear. But you'll think better of it. Like should pair with like, Mr. Glascock. If you were to marry one of our young women, you would lose in dignity as much as she would lose in comfort." Then they parted, and she went off to say farewell to other guests. The manner in which she had answered what he had said to her had certainly been of a nature to stop any further speech of the same kind. Had she been gentle with him, then he would certainly have told that she was the American woman whom he desired to take with him to his home in England.

## CHAPTER LVII.

### DOROTHY'S FATE.

Towards the end of February Sir Peter Mandrudy declared Miss Stanbury to be out of danger, and Mr. Martin began to be sprightly on the subject, taking to himself no inconsiderable share of the praise accruing to the medical faculty in Exeter generally for the saving of a life so valuable to the city. "Yes, Mr. Burgess," Sir Peter said to old Barty of the bank, "our friend will get over it this time, and without any serious damage to her constitution, if she will only take care of herself." Barty made some inaudible grunt, intended to indicate his own indifference on the subject, and expressed his opinion to the chief clerk that old Jemima Wideawake, — as he was pleased to call her, — was one of those tough customers who would never die. "It would be nothing to us, Mr. Barty, one way or the other," said the clerk; to which Barty Burgess assented with another grunt.

Camilla French declared that she was delighted to hear the news. At this time there had been some sort of a reconciliation between her and her lover. Mrs. French had extracted from him a promise that he would not go to Natal; and Camilla had commenced the preparations for her wedding. His visits to Heavittree were as few and far between as he could make them with any regard to decency; but the 31st of March was coming on quickly, and as he was to be made a possession of then forever, it was considered to be safe and well to allow him

some liberty in his present condition. "My dear, if they are driven, there is no knowing what they won't do," Mrs. French said to her daughter. Camilla had submitted with compressed lips and a slight nod of her head. She had worked very hard, but her day of reward was coming. It was impossible not to perceive, — both for her and her mother, — that the scantiness of Mr. Gibson's attention to his future bride was cause of some weak triumph to Arabella. She said that it was very odd that he did not come, — and once added with a little sigh that he used to come in former days, — alluding to those happy days in which another love was paramount. Camilla could not endure this with an equal mind. "Bella, dear," she said, "we know what all that means: He has made his choice, and if I am satisfied with what he does now, surely you need not grumble." Miss Stanbury's illness had undoubtedly been a great source of contentment to the family at Heavittree, as they had all been able to argue that her impending demise was the natural consequence of her great sin in the matter of Dorothy's proposed marriage. When, however, they heard from Mr. Martin that she would certainly recover, that Sir Peter's edict to that effect had gone forth, they were willing to acknowledge that Providence, having so far punished the sinner, was right in staying its hand and abstaining from the final blow. "I'm sure we are delighted," said Mrs. French, "for though she has said cruel things of you, — and so untrue too, — yet of course it is our duty to forgive her. And we do forgive her."

Dorothy had written three or four notes to Brooke since his departure, which contained simple bulletins of her aunt's health. She always began her letters with "My dear Mr. Burgess," and ended them with "Yours truly." She never made any allusion to Brooke's declaration of love, or gave the slightest sign in her letters to show that she even remembered it. At last she wrote to say that her aunt was convalescent; and, in making this announcement, she allowed herself some enthusiasm of expression. She was so happy, and was so sure that Mr. Burgess would be equally so! And her aunt had asked after her "dear Brooke," expressing her great satisfaction with him, in that he had come down to see her when she had been almost too ill to see any one. In answer to this there came to her a real love-letter from Brooke Burgess. It was the first occasion on which he had written to her. The little bulletins had demanded no replies, and had received none. Perhaps there had been a shade of disappointment on Dorothy's side, in that she had written thrice, and had been made rich with no word in return. But, although her heart had palpitated on hearing the postman's knock, and had palpitated in vain, she had told herself that it was all as it should be. She wrote to him, because she possessed information which it was necessary that she should communicate. He did not write to her, because there was nothing for him to tell. Then had come the love-letter, and in the love-letter there was an imperative demand for a reply.

What was she to do? To have recourse to Priscilla for advice was her first idea; but she herself believed that she owed a debt of gratitude to her aunt, which Priscilla would not take into account, — the existence of which Priscilla would by no means admit. She knew Priscilla's mind in this matter, and was sure that Priscilla's advice, whatever it might be, would be given without any regard to her aunt's views. And then Dorothy was altogether



ignorant of her aunt's views. Her aunt had been very anxious that she should marry Mr. Gibson, but had clearly never admitted into her mind the idea that she might possibly marry Brooke Burgess; and it seemed to her that she herself would be dishonest, both to her aunt and to her lover, if she were to bind this man to herself without her aunt's knowledge. He was to be her aunt's heir, and she was maintained by her aunt's liberality! Thinking of all this, she at last resolved that she would take the bull by the horns, and tell her aunt. She felt that the task would be one almost beyond her strength. Thrice she went into her aunt's room, intending to make a clean breast, and thrice her courage failed her; she left the room with her tale untold, excusing herself on various pretexts. Her aunt had seemed to be not quite so well, or had declared herself to be tired, or had been a little cross; or else Martha had come in at the nick of time. But there was Brooke Burgess's letter unanswered, — a letter that was read night and morning, and which was never for an instant out of her mind. He had demanded a reply, and he had a right at least to that. The letter had been with her for four entire days before she had ventured to speak to her aunt on the subject.

On the first of March, Miss Stanbury came out of her bedroom for the first time. Dorothy, on the previous day, had decided on postponing her communication for this occasion; but, when she found herself sitting in the little sitting-room up stairs close at her aunt's elbow, and perceived the signs of weakness which the new move had made conspicuous, and heard the invalid declare that the little journey had been almost too much for her, her heart misgave her. She ought to have told her tale while her aunt was still in bed. But presently there came a question, which put her into such a flutter that she was for the time devoid of all resolution. "Has Brooke written?" said Miss Stanbury.

"Yes, — aunt; he has written."

"And what did he say?" Dorothy was struck quite dumb. "Is there anything wrong?" And now, as Miss Stanbury asked the question, she seemed herself to have forgotten that she had two minutes before declared herself to be almost too feeble to speak. "I'm sure there is something wrong. What is it? I will know."

"There is nothing wrong, Aunt Stanbury."

"Where is the letter? Let me see it."

"I mean there is nothing wrong about him."

"What is it, then?"

"He is quite well, Aunt Stanbury."

"Show me the letter. I will see the letter. I know that there is something the matter. Do you mean to say you won't show me Brooke's letter?"

There was a moment's pause before Dorothy answered. "I will show you his letter, though I am sure he didn't mean that I should show it to any one."

"He has n't written evil of me?"

"No, no, no. He would sooner cut his hand off than say a word bad of you. He never says or writes anything bad of anybody. But — O aunt! I'll tell you everything. I should have told you before, only that you were ill."

Then Miss Stanbury was frightened. "What is it?" she said, hoarsely, clasping the arms of the great chair, each with a thin, shrivelled hand.

"Aunt Stanbury, Brooke, — Brooke, — wants me to be his — wife!"

"What!"

"You cannot be more surprised than I have been,

Aunt Stanbury; and there has been no fault of mine."

"I don't believe it," said the old woman.

"Now you may read the letter," said Dorothy, standing up. She was quite prepared to be obedient, but she felt that her aunt's manner of receiving the information was almost an insult.

"He must be a fool," said Miss Stanbury.

This was hard to bear, and the color went and came rapidly across Dorothy's cheeks as she gave herself a few moments to prepare an answer. She already perceived that her aunt would be altogether adverse to the marriage, and that therefore the marriage could never take place. She had never for a moment allowed herself to think otherwise, but, nevertheless, the blow was heavy on her. We all know how constantly hope and expectation will rise high within our own bosoms in opposition to our own judgment, — how we become sanguine in regard to events which we almost know can never come to pass. So it had been with Dorothy. Her heart had been almost in a flutter of happiness since she had had Brooke's letter in her possession, and yet she never ceased to declare to herself her own conviction that that letter could lead to no good result. In regard to her own wishes on the subject, she had never asked herself a single question. As it had been quite beyond her power to bring herself to endure the idea of marrying Mr. Gibson, so it had been quite impossible to her not to long to be Brooke's wife from the moment in which a suggestion to that effect had fallen from his lips. This was a state of things so certain, so much a matter of course, that, though she had not spoken a word to him in which she owned her love, she had never for a moment doubted that he knew the truth, — and that everybody else concerned would know it too. But she did not suppose that her wishes would go for anything with her aunt. Brooke Burgess was to become a rich man as her aunt's heir, and her aunt would of course have her own ideas about Brooke's advancement in life. She was quite prepared to submit without quarrelling when her aunt should tell her that the idea must not be entertained. But the order might be given, the prohibition might be pronounced, without an insult to her own feelings as a woman. "He must be a fool," Miss Stanbury had said, and Dorothy took time to collect her thoughts before she would reply. In the mean time her aunt finished the reading of the letter.

"He may be foolish in this," Dorothy said; "but I don't think you should call him a fool."

"I shall call him what I please. I suppose this was going on at the time when you refused Mr. Gibson."

"Nothing was going on. Nothing has gone on at all," said Dorothy, with as much indignation as she was able to assume.

"How can you tell me that? That is an untruth."

"It is not — an untruth," said Dorothy, almost sobbing, but driven at the same time to much anger.

"Do you mean to say that this is the first you ever heard of it?" And she held out the letter, shaking it in her thin hand.

"I have never said so, Aunt Stanbury."

"Yes, you did."

"I said that nothing — was — going on, when Mr. Gibson — was — If you choose to suspect me, Aunt Stanbury, I'll go away. I won't stay here if you suspect me. When Brooke spoke to me, I told him you would n't like it."



"Of course I don't like it." But she gave no reason why she did not like it.

"And there was nothing more till this letter came. I could n't help his writing to me. It was n't my fault."

"Psha!"

"If you are angry, I am very sorry. But you have n't a right to be angry."

"Go on, Dorothy, go on. I'm so weak that I can hardly stir myself; it's the first moment that I've been out of my bed for weeks; and of course you can say what you please. I know what it will be. I shall have to take to my bed again, and then,—in a very little time,—you can both—make fools of yourselves, just as you like."

This was an argument against which Dorothy of course found it to be quite impossible to make continued combat. She could only shuffle her letter back into her pocket, and be, if possible, more assiduous than ever in her attentions to the invalid. She knew that she had been treated most unjustly, and there would be a question to be answered as soon as her aunt should be well as to the possibility of her remaining in the Close subject to such injustice; but let her aunt say what she might, or do what she might, Dorothy could not leave her for the present. Miss Stanbury sat for a considerable time quite motionless, with her eyes closed, and did not stir or make signs of life till Dorothy touched her arm, asking her whether she would not take some broth which had been prepared for her. "Where's Martha? why does not Martha come?" said Miss Stanbury. This was a hard blow and from that moment Dorothy believed that it would be expedient that she should return to Nuncombe Putney. The broth, however, was taken, while Dorothy sat by in silence. Only one word further was said that evening by Miss Stanbury about Brooke and his love affair. "There must be nothing more about this, Dorothy; remember that; nothing at all. I won't have it." Dorothy made no reply. Brooke's letter was in her pocket, and it should be answered that night. On the following day she would let her aunt know what she had said to Brooke. Her aunt should not see the letter, but should be made acquainted with its purport in reference to Brooke's proposal of marriage.

"I won't have it!" That had been her aunt's command. What right had her aunt to give any command upon the matter? Then crossed Dorothy's mind, as she thought of this, a glimmering of an idea that no one can be entitled to issue commands who cannot enforce obedience. If Brooke and she chose to become man and wife by mutual consent, how could her aunt prohibit the marriage? Then there followed; another idea, that commands are enforced by the threatening and, if necessary, by the enforcement of penalties. Her aunt had within her hand no penalty of which Dorothy was afraid on her own behalf; but she had the power of inflicting a terrible punishment on Brooke Burgess. Now Dorothy conceived that she herself would be the meanest creature alive if she were actuated by fears as to money in her acceptance or rejection of a man whom she loved as she did Brooke Burgess. Brooke had an income of his own which seemed to her to be ample for all purposes. But that which would have been sordid in her did not seem to her to have any stain of sordidness in him. He was a man, and was bound to be rich if he could. And, moreover, what had she to offer in herself,—such a poor thing as was she,—to make compensation to

him for the loss of fortune? Her aunt could inflict this penalty, and therefore the power was hers, and the power must be obeyed. She would write to Brooke in a manner that should convey to him her firm decision. But not the less on that account would she let her aunt know that she thought herself to have been ill-used. It was an insult to her, a most ill-natured insult, that telling her that Brooke had been a fool for loving her. And then that accusation against her of having been false, of having given one reason for refusing Mr. Gibson, while there was another reason in her heart,—of having been cunning and then untrue, was not to be endured. What would her aunt think of her if she were to bear such allegations without indignant protest? She would write her letter, and speak her mind to her aunt as soon as her aunt should be well enough to hear it.

As she had resolved, she wrote her letter that night before she went to bed. She wrote it with floods of tears, and a bitterness of heart which almost conquered her. She, too, had heard of love, and had been taught to feel that the success or failure of a woman's life depended upon that,—whether she did, or whether she did not, by such gifts as God might have given to her, attract to herself some man strong enough, and good enough, and loving enough to make straight for her her paths, to bear for her her burdens, to be the father of her children, the staff on which she might lean, and the wall against which she might grow, feeling the sunshine, and sheltered from the wind. She had ever estimated her own value so lowly as to have told herself often that such success could never come in her way. From her earliest years she had regarded herself as outside the pale within which such joys are to be found. She had so strictly taught herself to look forward to a blank existence, that she had learned to do so without active misery. But not the less did she know where happiness lay; and when the good thing came almost within her reach, when it seemed that God had given her gifts which might have sufficed, when a man had sought her hand whose nature was such that she could have leaned on him with a true worship, could have grown against him as against a wall with perfect confidence, could have lain with her head upon his bosom, and have felt that of all spots that in the world was the most fitting for her,—when this was all but grasped, and must yet be abandoned, there came upon her spirit an agony so bitter that she had not before known how great might be the depth of human disappointment. But the letter was at last written, and when finished, was as follows:—

"THE CLOSE, EXETER, March 1, 186—

"DEAR BROOKE."

There had been many doubts about this; but at last they were conquered, and the name was written.

"I have shown your letter to my aunt, as I am sure you will think was best. I should have answered it before, only that I thought that she was not quite well enough to talk about it. She says, as I was sure she would, that what you propose is quite out of the question. I am aware that I am bound to obey her; and as I think that you also ought to do so, I shall think no more of what you have said to me and have written. It is quite impossible now, even if it might have been possible under other circumstances. I shall always remember your great kindness to me. Perhaps I ought to say that I am



very grateful for the compliment you have paid me. I shall think of you always, — till I die.

"Believe me to be

"Your very sincere friend,

"DOROTHY STANBURY."

The next day Miss Stanbury again came out of her room, and on the third day she was manifestly becoming stronger. Dorothy had as yet not spoken of her letter, but was prepared to do so as soon as she thought that a fitting opportunity had come. She had a word or two to say for herself; but she must not again subject herself to being told that she was taking her will of her aunt because her aunt was too ill to defend herself. But on the third day Miss Stanbury herself asked the question. "Have you written anything to Brooke?" she asked.

"I have answered his letter, Aunt Stanbury."

"And what have you said to him?"

"I have told him that you disapproved of it, and that nothing more must be said about it."

"Yes; — of course you made me out to be an ogre."

"I don't know what you mean by that, aunt. I am sure that I told him the truth."

"May I see the letter?"

"It has gone."

"But you have kept a copy," said Miss Stanbury.

"Yes; I have got a copy," replied Dorothy; "but I would rather not show it. I told him just what I tell you."

"Dorothy, it is not at all becoming that you should have a correspondence with any young man of such a nature that you should be ashamed to show it to your aunt."

"I am not ashamed of anything," said Dorothy, sturdily.

"I don't know what young women in these days have come to," continued Miss Stanbury. "There is no respect, no subjection, no obedience, and, too often, no modesty."

"Does that mean me, Aunt Stanbury?" asked Dorothy.

"To tell you the truth, Dorothy, I don't think you ought to have been receiving love-letters from Brooke Burgess when I was lying ill in bed. I did n't expect it of you. I tell you fairly that I did n't expect it of you."

Then Dorothy spoke out her mind. "As you think that, Aunt Stanbury, I had better go away. And if you please I will, — when you are well enough to spare me."

"Pray don't think of me at all," said her aunt.

"And as for love-letters, — Mr. Burgess has written to me once. I don't think that there can be anything immodest in opening a letter when it comes by the post. And as soon as I had it I determined to show it to you. As for what happened before, when Mr. Burgess spoke to me, which was long, long after all that about Mr. Gibson was over, I told him that it could n't be so; and I thought there would be no more about it. You were so ill that I could not tell you. Now you know it all."

"I have not seen your letter to him."

"I shall never show it to anybody. But you have said things, Aunt Stanbury, that are very cruel."

"Of course! Everything I say is wrong."

"You have told me that I was telling untruths, and you have called me — immodest. That is a terrible word."

"You should n't deserve it then."

"I never have deserved it, and I won't bear it.

No, I won't. If Hugh heard me called that word, I believe he'd tear the house down."

"Hugh, indeed! He's to be brought in between us; is he?"

"He's my brother, and of course I'm obliged to think of him. And if you please, I'll go home as soon as you are well enough to spare me."

Quickly after this there were very many letters coming and going between the house in the Close and the ladies at Nuncombe Putney, and Hugh Stanbury, and Brooke Burgess. The correspondent of Brooke Burgess was, of course, Miss Stanbury herself. The letters to Hugh and to Nuncombe Putney were written by Dorothy. Of the former we need be told nothing at the present moment; but the upshot of all poor Dolly's letters was that, on the tenth of March, she was to return home to Nuncombe Putney, share once more her sister's bed and mother's poverty, and abandon the comforts of the Close. Before this became a definite arrangement, Miss Stanbury had given way in a certain small degree. She had acknowledged that Dorothy had intended no harm. But this was not enough for Dorothy, who was conscious of no harm either done or intended. She did not specify her terms, or require specifically that her aunt should make apology for that word immodest, or at least withdraw it; but she resolved that she would go unless it was most absolutely declared to have been applied to her without the slightest reason. She felt, moreover, that her aunt's house ought to be open to Brooke Burgess, and that it could not be open to them both. And so she went, having resided under her aunt's roof between nine and ten months.

"Good by, Aunt Stanbury," said Dorothy, kissing her aunt, with a tear in her eye and a sob in her throat.

"Good by, my dear, good by." And Miss Stanbury, as she pressed her niece's hand, left in it a bank-note.

"I'm much obliged, aunt, — I am, indeed; but I'd rather not." And the bank-note was left on the parlor table.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### DOROTHY AT HOME.

Dorothy was received at home with so much affection and such expressions of esteem as to afford her much consolation in her misery. Both her mother and her sister approved of her conduct. Mrs. Stanbury's approval was indeed accompanied by many expressions of regret as to the good things lost. She was fully alive to the fact that life in the Close at Exeter was better for her daughter than life in their little cottage at Nuncombe Putney. The outward appearance which Dorothy bore on her return home was proof of this. Her clothes, the set of her hair, her very gestures and motions had framed themselves on town ideas. The faded, wildered, washed-out look, the uncertain, purposeless bearing which had come from her secluded life and subjection to her sister had vanished from her. She had lived among people, and had learned something of their gait and carriage. Money, we know, will do almost everything, and no doubt money had had much to do with this. It is very pretty to talk of the alluring simplicity of a clean calico gown; but poverty will show itself to be meagre, dowdy, and draggled in a woman's dress, let the woman be ever so simple, ever so neat, ever so independent, and ever



so high-hearted. Mrs. Stanbury was quite alive to all that her younger daughter was losing. Had she not received two offers of marriage while she was at Exeter? There was no possibility that offers of marriage should be made in the cottage at Nuncombe Putney. A man within the walls of the cottage would have been considered as much out of place as a wild bull. It had been matter of deep regret to Mrs. Stanbury that her daughter should not have found herself able to marry Mr. Gibson. She knew that there was no matter for reproach in this, but it was a misfortune, — a great misfortune. And in the mother's breast there had been a sad, unrepressed feeling of regret that young people should so often lose their chances in the world through over-fancifulness, and ignorance as to their own good. Now when she heard the story of Brooke Burgess, she could not but think that, had Dorothy remained at Exeter, enduring patiently such hard words as her aunt might speak, the love affair might have been brought at some future time to a happy conclusion. She did not say all this; but there came on her a silent melancholy, made expressive by constant little shakings of the head and a continued reproachful sadness of demeanor, which was quite as intelligible to Priscilla as would have been any spoken words. But Priscilla's approval of her sister's conduct was clear, unspoken, and satisfactory. She had been quite sure that her sister had been right about Mr. Gibson, and was equally sure that she was now right about Brooke Burgess. Priscilla had in her mind an idea that if B. B., as they called him, was half as good as her sister represented him to be, — for, indeed, Dorothy endowed him with every virtue consistent with humanity, — he would not be deterred from his pursuit either by Dolly's letter or by Aunt Stanbury's commands. But of this she thought it wise to say nothing. She said Dolly the warm and hitherto unaccustomed compliment of equality, assuming to regard her sister's judgment and persistent independence to be equally strong with her own; and, as she knew well, she could not have gone further than this. "I never shall agree with you about Aunt Stanbury," she said. "To me she seems to be so imperious, so exacting, and also so unjust, as to be unbearable."

"But she is affectionate," said Dolly.

"So is the dog that bites you, and, for aught I know, the horse that kicks you. But it is ill living with biting dogs and kicking horses. But all that matters little as you are still your own mistress. How strange these nine months have been, with you in Exeter, while we have been at the Clock House. And here we are, together again in the old way, just as though nothing had happened." But Dorothy knew well that a great deal had happened, and that her life could never be as it had been heretofore. The very tone in which her sister spoke to her was proof of this. She had an infinitely greater possession in herself than had belonged to her before her residence at Exeter; but that possession was so heavily mortgaged and so burdened as to make her believe that the change was to be regretted.

At the end of the first week there came a letter from Aunt Stanbury to Dorothy. It began by saying that Dolly had left behind her certain small properties which had now been made up in a parcel and sent by the railway, carriage paid. "But they weren't mine at all," said Dolly, alluding to certain books in which she had taken delight. "She means to give them to you," said Priscilla, "and I think you must take them." "And the shawl is no more

mine than it is yours, though I wore it two or three times in the winter." Priscilla was of opinion that the shawl must be taken also. Then the letter spoke of the writer's health, and at last fell into such a strain of confidential gossip that Mrs. Stanbury, when she read it, could not understand that there had been a quarrel. "Martha says that she saw Camilla French in the street to-day, such a guy in her new finery as never was seen before except on May Day." Then in the postscript Dorothy was enjoined to answer this letter quickly. "None of your short scraps, my dear," said Aunt Stanbury. "She must mean you to go back to her," said Mrs. Stanbury.

"No doubt she does," said Priscilla; "but Dolly need not go because my aunt means it. We are not her creatures."

But Dorothy answered her aunt's letter in the spirit in which it had been written. She asked after her aunt's health, thanked her aunt for the gift of the books, — in each of which her name had been clearly written, protested about the shawl, sent her love to Martha, and her kind regards to Jane, and expressed a hope that C. F. enjoyed her new clothes. She described the cottage, and was funny about the cabbage-stumps in the garden, and at last succeeded in concocting a long epistle. "I suppose there will be a regular correspondence," said Priscilla.

Two days afterwards, however, the correspondence took altogether another form. The cottage in which they now lived was supposed to be beyond the beat of the wooden-legged postman, and therefore it was necessary that they should call at the post-office for their letters. On the morning in question, Priscilla obtained a thick letter from Exeter for her mother, and knew that it had come from her aunt. Her aunt could hardly have found it necessary to correspond with Dorothy's mother so soon after that letter to Dorothy had been written, had there not arisen some very peculiar cause. Priscilla, after much meditation, thought it better that the letter should be opened in Dorothy's absence, and in Dorothy's absence the following letter was read both by Priscilla and her mother: —

"THE CLOSE, March 19, 186—.

"DEAR SISTER STANBURY, — After much consideration, I think it best to send under cover to you the enclosed letter from Mr. Brooke Burgess, intended for your daughter Dorothy. You will see that I have opened it and read it, — as I was clearly entitled to do, the letter having been addressed to my niece while she was supposed to be under my care. I do not like to destroy the letter, though, perhaps, that would be best; but I would advise you to do so, if it be possible, without showing it to Dorothy. I have told Mr. Brooke Burgess what I have done.

"I have also told him that I cannot sanction a marriage between him and your daughter. There are many reasons of old date, — not to speak of present reasons also — which would make such a marriage highly inexpedient. Mr. Brooke Burgess is, of course, his own master, but your daughter understands completely how the matter stands.

"Yours truly,

"JEMIMA STANBURY."

"What a wicked old woman!" said Priscilla. Then there arose a question whether they should read Brooke's letter, or whether they should give it unread to Dorothy. Priscilla denounced her aunt



in the strongest language she could use for having broken the seal. "Clearly entitled," — because Dorothy had been living with her!" exclaimed Priscilla. "She can have no proper conception of honor or of honesty. She had no more right to open Dorothy's letter than she had to take her money." Mrs. Stanbury was very anxious to read Brooke's letter, alleging that they would then be able to judge whether it should be handed over to Dorothy. But Priscilla's sense of right would not admit of this. Dorothy must receive the letter from her lover with no further stain from unauthorized eyes than that to which it had been already subjected. She was called in, therefore, from the kitchen, and the whole packet was given to her. "Your aunt has read the enclosure, Dolly; but we have not opened it."

Dorothy took the packet without a word and sat herself down. She first read her aunt's letter very slowly. "I understand perfectly," she said, folding it up, almost listlessly, while Brooke's letter lay still unopened on her lap. Then she took it up, and held it awhile in both hands, while her mother and Priscilla watched her. "Priscilla," she said, "do you read it first."

Priscilla was immediately at her side, kissing her. "No, my darling, — no," she said; "it is for you to read it." Then Dorothy took the precious contents from the envelope, and opened the folds of the paper. When she had read a dozen words, her eyes were so suffused with tears that she could hardly make herself mistress of the contents of the letter; but she knew that it contained renewed assurances of her lover's love, and assurance on his part that he would take no refusal from her based on any other ground than that of her own indifference to him. He had written to Miss Stanbury to the same effect; but he had not thought it necessary to explain this to Dorothy; nor did Miss Stanbury in her letter tell them that she had received any communication from him. "Shall I read it now?" said Priscilla as soon as Dorothy again allowed the letter to fall into her lap.

Both Priscilla and Mrs. Stanbury read it, and for a while they sat with the two letters among them without much speech about them. Mrs. Stanbury was endeavoring to make herself believe that her sister-in-law's opposition might be overcome, and that then Dorothy might be married. Priscilla was inquiring of herself whether it would be well that Dorothy should defy her aunt, — so much, at any rate, would be well, — and marry the man, even to his deprivation of the old woman's fortune. Priscilla had her doubts about this, being very strong in her ideas of self-denial. That her sister should put up with the bitterest disappointment rather than injure the man she loved was right; but then it would also be so extremely right to defy Aunt Stanbury to her teeth! But Dorothy, in whose character was mixed with her mother's softness much of the old Stanbury strength, had no doubt in her mind. It was very sweet to be so loved. What gratitude did she not owe to a man who was so true to her! What was she that she should stand in his way? To lay herself down that she might be crushed in his path was no more than she owed to him. Mrs. Stanbury was the first to speak.

"I suppose he is a very good young man," she said.

"I am sure he is, — a noble, true-hearted man," said Priscilla.

"And why should n't he marry whom he pleases, as long as she is respectable?" said Mrs. Stanbury.

"In some people's eyes poverty is more disreputable than vice," said Priscilla.

"Your aunt has been so fond of Dorothy," pleaded Mrs. Stanbury.

"Just as she is of her servants," said Priscilla.

But Dorothy said nothing. Her heart was too full to enable her to defend her aunt; nor at the present moment was she strong enough to make her mother understand that no hope was to be entertained. In the course of the day she walked out with her sister on the road towards Ridleigh, and there, standing among the rocks and ferns, looking down upon the river, with the buzz of the little mill within her ears, she explained the feelings of her heart and her many thoughts, with a flow of words stronger, as Priscilla thought, than she had ever used before.

"It is not what he would suffer now, Pris, or what he would feel, but what he would feel ten, twenty years hence, when he would know that his children would have been all provided for, had he not lost his fortune by marrying me."

"He must be the only judge whether he prefers you to the old woman's money," said Priscilla.

"No, dear, not the only judge. And it is n't that, Pris, — not which he likes best now, but which it is best for him that he should have. What could I do for him?"

"You can love him."

"Yes; I can do that." And Dorothy paused a moment, to think how exceedingly well she could do that one thing. "But what is that? As you said the other day, a dog can do that. I am not clever. I can't play, or talk French, or do things that men like their wives to do. And I have lived here all my life; and what am I, that for me he should lose a great fortune?"

"That is his lookout."

"No, dearest; it is mine, and I will look out. I shall be able, at any rate, to remember always that I have loved him, and have not injured him. He may be angry with me now," — and there was a feeling of pride at her heart as she thought that he would be angry with her, because she did not go to him, — "but he will know at last that I have been as good to him as I knew how to be."

Then Priscilla wound her arms round Dorothy, and kissed her. "My sister," she said; "my own sister!" They walked on further, discussing the matter in all its bearings, talking of the act of self-denial which Dorothy was called on to perform, as though it were some abstract thing, the performance of which was, or perhaps was not, imperatively demanded by the laws which should govern humanity; but with no idea on the mind of either of them that there was any longer a doubt as to this special matter in hand. They were away from home over three hours; and, when they returned, Dorothy at once wrote her two letters; they were very simple, and very short. She told Brooke, whom she again addressed as "Dear Mr. Burgess," that it could not be as he would have it; and she told her aunt, — with some terse independence of expression, which Miss Stanbury quite understood, — that she had considered the matter, and had thought it right to refuse Mr. Burgess's offer.

"Don't you think she is very much changed?" said Mrs. Stanbury to her eldest daughter.

"Not changed in the least, mother; but the sun has opened the bud, and now we see the fruit."

[To be continued.]



CHIRPING CRICKETS.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

I WENT the other night to see a play called *Dot*, in which a beneficent cricket chirping on the hearth brings a kindly warmth to the very hearts of the people assembled round it. The poor, ill-used husband, sitting all night staring at the empty grate, softens and kindles under the influence of this beneficent cricket. The sceptical young sailor tears off his disguise; the narrow-minded taskmaster, after a short experience of the chirpings of this friendly insect, becomes generous, charitable, and begins to pay the most marked attentions to the poor toy-maker's daughter. Then, lo, and behold! the fireplace opens, and a glowing apparition comes down the chimney, and the beaming spirit of the hearth is revealed to the spectators, who laugh kindly, and clap applause.

As we all know, it is not only at the play the spirits of the hearth appear. In the darkness of these long winter evenings their lights gleam, and their voices echo cheerfully through the old houses. Newport Refuge (my text for to-day) is alight; other hearths are kindling. There is an old house near the river with red wings, and a stately roof, and diamond panes, where I saw a real spirit on the hearth the other night; only it was more beautiful and shining even than the crowned lady at the play,—a tall spirit in robes of green, lighted by stars, twinkling crimson and golden; a spirit Briareus-like, with outstretched arms, and beautiful gifts hanging from them, and glittering flags and wreaths. All round about it stood a crowd of wistful little babies, with big round eyes, in which this wonderful shining was reflected. Only one night in all the year does this lovely wonderful spirit appear to the little patients at Gough House Hospital,—poor tiny aching creatures with wounds, and pains, and plagues innumerable. Their little pale faces may be seen peeping out of the narrow windows of the old house,—at the people passing by, at the men at work in the woodyard, at the boats sailing along the river hard by. Other little children who are well come, nod to them, and play upon the old steps leading up to the ancient doorway, over which "Victoria Hospital for Children" is written up in big letters, for those who run to read.

In this community, which the lady in charge kindly gave me leave to explore for myself, there are about thirty little children. The first room into which I wandered belonged to eight babies, who are put to bed about six o'clock, in cradles all round the room. In each cradle lies a silent, abstracted, blinking heap; one nurse and a little helpful patient are tucking them all busily away. There was not a dissentient voice among them. Home babies shout, kick, shake the house with their indignant voices. But these infants were all good, all going to sleep, clutching their prizes and tiny dolls and clinched fists behind their little chintz curtains.

In the older wards the children were gathered round the tall fender in the firelight, chattering to one another, the little blind boy lying flat on the floor, the little white wan girl in her nightcap sitting in a tiny wicker-chair, so still, so touchingly tranquil, that it gave one a pang to see. A sweet-faced rosy little maiden, with great brown eyes, is lying paralyzed on her back in her crib.

"I don't want to go home," said one little fellow,

who had come from his back-kitchen home to be cured and dipped in these healing waters. "I likes being here best."

"I'm going home," said the little blind boy, kicking on the floor. "I'm going home to-morrow,—I am."

"He is always saying that," laughed the other children.

"I have been here, — O, a very long time," said a tall boy called Georgy, — "O, a long time; but I don't remember. I have been here six weeks, I think."

"He has been here the longest," said the little children, wagging their heads; "longer nor any one."

"Do you like this better than school, David?" I asked one of them.

David nods and nods. "Ye-es, ma'am," says he. All the little children laugh.

"He don't want to go home," says a little girl, sitting up in her crib.

They are very happy, poor little souls! and it is not while they are in the hospital that one is sorry for them. The lady who has charge of them all says the hardest part is sending them away; but others are waiting, and they must go in turn. She amused me by describing their bewilderment sometimes when they come, at the sight of the baths and the water provided. They have never even heard of such things at home, and cannot make them out. Their complaints are, many of them, caused by sheer neglect and want of cleanliness; and yet how can it be helped? A man came to the hospital the other day; he had eight children, no work, a wife sick in a hospital, and one child very ill at home. David is one of seven in a dark kitchen, where he lives with a mangle, a sick father, a thriftless mother. What chance have the poor little children? The mangle cannot do everything. It is only a mangle, and it could not feed and clothe nine people, though it went on of its own accord turning from one year's end to another.

"It is not only that the children are generally cured when they come here," said Miss S—, "but they learn things which they never forget. They are taught little prayers; they get notions of order and cleanliness. One little girl said she should go home and teach the others all she had learnt. She came from a miserable place, poor little thing. One would be glad to think that any good influences might follow the children after they have left us."

For the first time they hear of something besides the squalid commonplaces of their daily lives. This hospital is doing true and good work in its district: one can only hope that others in their places may rise up, and that there may be more and more kind teaching and comfort in store for all poor little children, and more and more kind hands to succor them, and friendly roofs to shelter them from the blast.

The ladies who superintend the children's hospital are trying an experiment just now. They want to establish a fever cottage somewhere in the country, to which they may send the poor little patients who cannot of necessity be let into their wards.

Every one knows the Great Parent Hospital, in Ormond Street. Yesterday I heard some one speaking of a little off-shoot in Queen's Square, founded by two ladies who take in children afflicted with hip disease, an illness so tedious and so long that the other hospitals are obliged to refuse them admittance. In town and country villages, and seaside places, people are at work, and sisters of charity of one sort



or another (for it is not the quilled cap which makes the difference) are nursing and tending their little patients, stirred by the same gentle natural impulse which makes real mothers love their little ones with an anxious pain, and love, and fear, in which some women find the greatest happiness which this world can bestow. At Brighton there is more than one little home for sick children. One specially in Montpelier Road, for little convalescents, where the care is so wise and tender that people who, like myself, go to see, come away with a real friendship and love for the little place.

If some mighty spirit were to give us the gift of seeing into the lives of the people who are passing like ourselves through the slush, and mud, and dim vapors of a London winter, we might well be scared, we middle respectable classes, hurrying along from one comfortable firelit world to another, — worlds closed in by curtains and shutters, warmed by fires and carpets, steaming with the flavor of good things. We go out into the streets, and hurry back again to our snug paradises, where white-robed hours are singing and playing upon grand pianos with golden strings, where ministering butlers and waiters and parlor-maids are pouring claret into thin glasses that sparkle, where tables are spread à la Russe with fruit and with flowers, and the faithful are feasting in companies of six, eight, and ten at this season of the year. As they feast, they are reclining upon seats of mahogany and rosewood, and discoursing of past and future deeds. Shining is the broadcloth, spotless the white linen; veils and crowns are set on the heads of the matrons, and wreaths lie on the maidens' heavy tresses that are platted and stained to gold; and soft words are uttered; and smoking viands pass round between the pauses of the conversation. But, speaking seriously, it seems almost impossible to some of us, living in a certain fashion, to realize the state of mind in which certain other people alongside are existing, — people whose chief possessions are a few rags perhaps, a body to hunger and weary with, aching feet to tramp along the pavement, the fierce winds blowing at the corners, the gusts of rain, and the piled-up mud in the streets. The wet railings to lean against are theirs too, a curbstone, perhaps to rest upon, and the bitter fruits of the knowledge of hunger, of patience, of utter weariness, of the length of the night.

"I dare say you don't know what it is to walk about all night long," a woman said to me one day not long ago; and her eyes filled up with tears as she spoke quietly in a sort of whisper. "I walked about three nights this week," she said, "till a person I met took pity on me, and let me into her room. She was only a poor woman, not a lady," the woman said. "She told me to come here." "Here," was the women's ward in the Newport Market Refuge, — a long room, with slender iron pillars, and a double row of narrow beds on either side of the middle passage. The beds were wooden frames stretched with sacking, and fastened to the wall. By each bed a woman was standing, waiting while some one at the far end of the room was busily preparing bowls of hot coffee and dividing hunches of white bread. One or two of the women looked scared and sad, but not all. Till this person spoke to me, I should never have guessed how the week had passed for her, nor what straits she was in. I had even wondered to see her there, for her appearance was decent and respectable, and her face looked quiet and cheerful; only when she answered me, her eyes filled with tears, and her voice failed.

This was the only woman to whom I spoke; but I suppose there were some thirty of them in the long room, who had just been let in out of the rain.

I had come a long way, and the horse had struggled and stumbled through the black, twinkling mud, for it was dark and wet with rain this London winter's evening; dim crowds were flitting and hurrying along shadowy pavements that all the flaming gas-becks in the shop-fronts were not enough to lighten, — no sky overhead, no tops to the houses, but a dense Christmas vapor dripping upon the heads of the passers-by. We turned from gas to utter blackness, out of the long street which had put me in mind of some foreign street for odd stores, tobacco, bird-cages, jewelry-shops; and then we jolted into dark and lonely places, where no lights were shining, and no one passed. The cab stopped, and the man asked me which was the way to go. A small shrill ghost appearing in a doorway, and hearing us talk of the Newport Refuge, screamed out to us to "go ba-ack, turn to the roight, and then to the lef' ag'in"; and then, in another gloom, the stumbling horse stopped once more, and the driver opened the door of the cab. The rain was beginning to cease, but the drops still dripped as I stood in the middle of a muddy sheet, to which I could see no shore. As well as I could make out, we were in a narrow sort of court-passage, opening into a wider court, with tall tenements enclosing it. One or two people were standing round about something that looked like a big barn-door, half open. "In there, missus," said a man with a pipe; and so out of the darkness I stumbled through the barn-door.

I was a little bewildered after my long drive by what seemed at first a dazzle of light, a din of voices, a sudden strumming of distant music. . . . I think I went up some steps. I saw a staircase, a passage, in which was a lighted window, and a man's face looking out over some books. A woman was standing at the window, a great round clock was ticking, and its hands were pointing to ten minutes past five. I asked the porter if this was the Refuge, and if the people were all in for the night? Yes, they were all come, — some sixty of them, out of the street. "We let them in early to-night," said the man at the window, "because of the rain."

I myself was glad enough to get under shelter. I don't know how I should have felt if I had been walking about all day and all the night before, and all the day before that, and the night before that again, in the slough without, as some of the people had done who were just admitted. If I had come to ask for a night's lodging, the man at the window would have asked me my name, what I worked at, where I slept the night before. The other woman standing beside me said she made envelopes, had been turned off some weeks, meant to go to this place and that in the morning to ask for work; had tried all day long, and all the shops, and didn't know what she should do.

"There is no reason why you should not find employment," said the man at the window. "People write as many letters in winter as in summer. You should ask at the manufactories instead of going to the shops. There is a man here to-night who had given up asking in despair. I sent him to Messrs. —, and he got work immediately. You can go up."

One of the committee, who had come in with a dripping umbrella, asked if the woman had ever been there before.

"No," she said, anxiously. "Mrs. So-and-so in



the court had took her in last night, and the neighbors told her to come."

The porter nodded, and at this sign of Watchful's the poor Christiana, nothing loath, trudged up to her supper by the wooden stairs that led to the women's dormitories. It was a very simple affair, soon settled, and the man shut up his book for the night, for the people were all in. There they were, two long lines of names all the way down the page.

I followed Mr. C. through the men's ward, which was on the ground-floor. It was like the women's ward, more beds, more suppers preparing, and more weary folks waiting to eat, and rest a little while, before they started again on their rounds. I followed my friend quickly down this middle passage, for the many eyes fixed upon us made us glad to escape. I was surprised by the respectable, self-respecting look of most of the refugees. They did not look like people often look in workhouses, with that peculiar half-hopeless, half-cunning face, which is so miserable to see. There were some workmen and others, shabbily dressed, but still respectable, and looking like shopmen, or clerks, or servants out of place. One boy, I remember, glanced up with a bright handsome Lord Byron face as we passed, and I also carried away the vision of a melancholy old man with a ragged beard, sitting staring before him, with his hands on his knees. After we left the ward, Mr. C. began telling me something of the people who came to it. They were of all trades and callings, — clergymen, officers, schoolmasters, a well-known radical reformer, a billiard-marker, a surgeon. In last year's list I see fifty-one tailors and sixteen waiters were admitted. They come in for a night or two, or stay on longer if there seems any reason for it, or chance of employment. To some of us, it may seem sad to read that no less than sixty-five soldiers took refuge in the ward last year, and that no other calling has sent so many applicants for relief. "Of all who come," said Watchful, "they are the most difficult to provide for. We got one a situation in a county jail the other day; but it is not always that we can help them." Men of war, mulcted of their arms, discharged before they have served their time, knowing no trade, sick, helpless. It seems a hard fate enough. I heard of some poor invalided fellows coming back from India the other day, discharged, in high spirits at the prospect of getting away and seeing their friends and homes again. "Good by, you Asiatics!" one of them shouted, waving his cap, as the train set off. The farewells are cheerful perhaps, but the welcomes awaiting these poor men at their journeys' end are not cheering to contemplate. Some of these soldiers are discharged for bad conduct, but others have sad stories to tell. I could not help wondering the other night, as I talked to my guide, who there was among the men of peace ready to fight their battles.

Here, in the Newport Refuge, many get helped, one way and another. Trouble and time are given ungrudgingly by the committee, by the people upon the establishment, and by the kindest of sisters, in her nice gray dress and white cap. This lady is in charge of the women's department. She sits in her quaint dark room, leading out of the women's sleeping-ward, with its glass doors opening every instant to admit one or other person, — application, complaint, inquiry, petition. The women come, the boys come, the committee comes, and its wives and stray outsiders like myself; but there is a method in all these comings and goings, a meaning and an

unaffected kindness and good-fellowship that impress one irresistibly. The sister told me to go and see the boys' refuge, and the kitchen, where all the suppers were preparing. It was a large kitchen on the ground-floor, with cocoa-nut matting and generous-looking pans and coppers, and a white cook watching the coffee-pots that were just beginning to boil.

The Newport Refuge not only takes in people to sleep for the night, and cooks their supper for them, but there are also some small folks whom it keeps altogether, — certain homeless boys, who live in the old house, and who are taught and fed, and finally started in life from this curious busy hive of a home. We went wandering among the dark passages of this ancient high-roofed barn this foggy, flaring, winter's night. A painter dealing in lights and sudden glooms might have found more than one subject for his art. Through an open door I caught sight of a little group of tailors at work.

They were in a long low play-room, where I have been amused to see the boys darting about in the twilight like imps at play, shouting, galloping, gambolling. Now the little imps were hard at work in a bright corner of the dark room, squatting cross-legged in a circle on the floor, round a tall lamp, and demurely stitching at the rents and patches in their various garments. Gray walls, gray boys, with their little brown faces, a black master; strongly marked shadows and lights, a red handkerchief tied round a boy's neck, — it does not take much to make up a harmonious picture. The little fellows were unconscious of pictorial effect as they sat cobbling and mending a few of the tears and tatters that exist in this seam-ripped world. The triumph of the tailors was a grand pair of trousers that one of the little fellows had achieved, with all the buttons gleaming brass. The conqueror himself, I believe, was despatched to fetch the garment, which was displayed before us, — the banner of the industrious little phalanx at our feet. The master tailor and the committee-man had a little talk together, while I watched the boys' youthful fingers sticking in stitches with much application, but some uncertainty. So-and-so was to be apprenticed, such a one had sent a good account of himself, another wanted to give up tailoring altogether; and when the little consultation was over, we left the tailors, and climbed a winding stair. It seemed to lead us into the kingdom of boys. A cheerful jingle of sounds, scrapings, boyish voices, met us from above, from below; small clumping steps and echoes; boys flying up and down, disappearing through doors. In one room, by the light of a blazing fire, a number of little fellows were trolling out a Christmas hymn, at the pitch of their childish voices. In the intervals of this hymn came a brilliant accompaniment from above of I don't know what trumpets, trombones, flutes, executing some martial measure. The two strains went on quite independently of each other, and making noise enough, each in its own place, to deafen the auditors and drown every other sound.

One of the choristers was pointed to by the umbrella, and beckoned off to come and show us the sleeping-ward, where the boys each possess a box, a suit of Sunday-clothes, a bed, a gray blanket, and a red one, and a nice little pair of sheets, all doubled up like a roly-poly pudding, neatly cut through the middle.

The young chorister proceeded to make his bed very nicely and expeditiously. While he was ac-



completing this little task, I saw the grand pair of trousers being carefully put away in the box of their fortunate possessor.

Up stairs, in a sort of loft, where the bandmen were practising, while the master beat time energetically, the little musicians puffed and blew at enormous instruments, by the music on the stands before them. The little fellows seemed to me like all the champions of Christendom manfully struggling with vomiting monsters and yawning dragons. One boy was solemnly puffing away at an ophicleide quite as big as he was, with an enormous proboscis that seemed ready to gobble him up each time it advanced; others gallantly grasped writhing brass serpents; a rosy-cheeked infant was playing on the flute, a boy on a bench was reading a song-book, a charwoman was scrubbing the floor. The sister, in her quaint gray gown, came up the stairs, and stood smiling at the overflowing music, and beckoning to us; for we could not hear her speak in the din of their youthful lungs and violent trumpets and trombones. The sister wanted us to come to the shoemakers, before they left off work.

So we left the musicians playing their triumphant march. Well may they play it, fortunate little musicians, rescued from the darkness without, where no stars are shining, and monsters, not harmless and tamable like these, are wandering ready to make a prey of children, and weakness, and helpless things, vainly struggling against the dark and deadly powers of ignorance and want.

The little shoemakers were finishing for the day. They lived at the other end of the building in a cell all to themselves. There was a kind, eager young master to direct them; there were more gas-becks, more lights and shadows, brown-faced boys, drills and lasts, very thick little boots on the floor, with nails, drills, and shapes, and abundant energy. The sister laughed, seeing the fellows' desperate efforts. "Look at Carter," she said, "how hard he is working!" Carter grinned, but did not look up, and tugged away at his leather thongs more vigorously than ever. They offered to make me a pair of shoes. They had made some for the sister already. This very day a friend has consented to be measured for a pair of hobnailed boots. As we were finding our way down stairs back to the sister's room again, we began to meet trays of food, like trays in a pantomime, coming up apparently of their own accord. "Go down, trays," cried the sister, and the slices of bread, the mugs, etc., began slowly to descend again.

The sister told me that the little bandsman I had seen with the flute was the son of a soldier at the Cape, who had brought him to the Home before he left, and who regularly paid for him out of his earnings, and wished that he should be brought up a bandsman. Some children are drafted on to other institutions; some are apprenticed. Grown-up people are helped one way and another. I heard of a cook who had no clothes, but who knew of work. This man was given clothes, and allowed to live there long enough to save a few shillings out of his wages, so as to redeem his things and set up in a lodging for himself. The report tells of newspaper editors and musicians helped on to work. Servants come in great straits, and they, too, are assisted.

I have not space to set down all the ways and means, and people, and wants, and supplies, that are brought together here.

It is pleasant to come away from these refuges and hospitals with a remembrance of children's laughter

in the twilight, and voices at play, of troubles quieted, of the sick and wounded made whole, of a divine light of hope and love shining upon the arid and blighted vineyard, and the weary or failing laborers at work among the vines.

## CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.

### XI.

AFTER dinner I generally smoked a cigar with Rossini. One evening, handing me a regalia, he said, "These cigars bear your name, because they were first made for Ferdinand VII."

"His majesty must have been a good judge."

"He smoked the whole day," said Rossini. "I had the honor to be presented to him at Madrid. His exterior was not particularly charming or clean. After we had exchanged a few words, he very kindly offered me a half-smoked cigar, but I merely thanked him with a bow. 'You are wrong to refuse,' said Maria Christina, in a low voice, and in good Neapolitan; 'that is an honor which does not befall every one.' I had known her before in Naples, and answered her in the same manner. 'May it please your majesty, first of all I do not smoke, and secondly, under these circumstances I should not be able to answer for the results.' The queen laughed, and my coolness had no further effect."

"Rather a doubtful token of honor."

"All the less doubtful was the favor shown me by Don Francisco, the king's brother. Maria Christina had already given me to understand that I should find him a tremendous admirer of mine, and advised me to go to him directly after my audience with the king. I found him alone with his wife; they had been playing, and I think that one of my operas lay open on the piano. After a short conversation, Don Francisco turned to me very amiably, saying that he had a great favor to ask me. 'Allow me to sing you the *Aria* of *Assur* dramatically.' I sat down to the piano to accompany, feeling rather surprised, and hardly knowing what was to come of it, when the prince went to the other end of the room, took up a most theatrical position, and to the infinite delight of his wife, began to perform the song with all manner of movements and gesticulations. I must say I never saw anything like it."

"Enviabile maestro! Not only have you Pasta and Malibran for your interpreters, but also a scion of Henri Quatre. Was it that trip to Madrid which made you write your *Stabat*?"

"I wrote it for a friend of Aguado's, purely as a kindness, and never thought of publishing it. It can really only be called *mezzo serio*, and originally I let Tadolini compose three of the pieces because I was ill and could not get it done in time. The great celebrity of Pergolesi's *Stabat* would have stopped me from setting the same words for publication."

"Do you give such a high place to Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*?"

"I once gave a performance of it in Naples, and it made a great impression. But it requires two fine voices, and must be well sung, and here and there, in the old-fashioned passages, it wants elevating in expression. The original simple instrumentation must be adhered to. It was done somewhere or other lately with great choruses and modern orchestration, — an utter mistake."

"Pergolesi's fame always seemed to me rather exaggerated. However, he died young. And plenty of people confound him with Palestrina, and know



as much about the one as the other. Do you think anything of the *Serva Padrona* one so often hears of?"

"O yes!" answered Rossini; and, instead of further explanation, he sang a number of airs from it.

"There is a great deal of nice feeling in Pergolesi's compositions, I must confess; and it is curious how, with advancing years, I feel more drawn towards the simpler forms of expression."

"Not at all curious," answered Rossini, "you will find that the feeling grows."

"But youth is surely the proper time for such feelings."

"Young people do many things merely because they seem new and unusual. But with riper years the heart becomes developed by family life, and love for children — You will see that I am right."

"I am quite ready to believe you. None can deny the great influence our life and our surroundings may have on us even as artists."

"I know that I have always been strongly dependent on outward influences," said Rossini. "The different towns in which I wrote excited me in different ways; and I even submitted to the prevailing taste of the public for whom I happened to be writing. In Venice they could not have enough of my crescendo, so I gave it to them in abundance, though I myself was already quite sick of it. In Naples they never cared for it, and so I let it alone."

"Have you been present as a mere listener at many performances of your works?"

"Often behind the scenes, but never among the audience."

"Never?"

"I made one experiment in that direction which spoiled the fun of it. One evening, in Milan, a friend asked me to go home with him for a risotto. It was still rather too early, and as we passed the Scala, where they were doing my *Pietra di Paragone*, my friend dragged me into the pit, almost against my will. They were just singing a trio, one of the best things in the opera; but my neighbors, far from being edified by it, were abusing both me and my music, and did not leave me a leg to stand upon. After that I did not feel much inclined to risk any more such experiences, particularly as in those cases one can take everybody's side but one's own."

## XII.

We were interrupted by an elegant French lady, who got herself introduced to the maestro, and thanked him most enthusiastically for the enjoyment his music had afforded her. This sort of thing was a daily occurrence, but the warmth with which many expressed their thanks was sometimes quite touching.

"You must be quite used to it," I said; "but still the way in which people here approach you must be pleasant."

"Attentions which come from the heart are always pleasant."

"The French certainly have a wonderful gift for showing their veneration in the most charming way."

"No doubt," answered Rossini; "if they would only pay fewer compliments, and talk a little less about one's works! But they can't let it alone; from the duke to the concierge, I think I never knew a Frenchman who did not ask me which I liked best of my operas. The French are very kind, but they sometimes give one too much of a good thing."

"Do you prefer Italian ways?" I asked.

"In Italy they distinguish themselves by a lofty indifference, and it's possible to have too much of that also."

"You have not got much to complain of, then, on either side of the Alps," said I, laughing; "and here comes one of Albion's proud sons who adores you; he spoke to me yesterday, with tears in his eyes, of the evening when he first heard your music, and saw you."

"It would not be easy to meet with such kindness as I have received from English people, and I shall never forget the way the Duke of Devonshire treated me. On my way to London I stopped a day at Milan. The Duke was there, and a friend of mine, who was going to call on him, left me no peace till I consented to accompany him, though my travelling dress was hardly fit for an English nobleman's drawing-room. The Duke, who was a great lover of music, overwhelmed me with kindness; we had a very pleasant dinner, and after it I sang him a few things."

"Not a very auspicious moment!"

"So the singers say; but I could always sing best after a good dinner. To return to the Duke; he gave me most influential letters of introduction, which were very useful to me in London. He was not in England during my stay there."

"But this was all perfectly natural."

"A little patience, *mio caro*. Twenty years passed without my seeing the Duke again. One morning early I went to the market in Bologna. You must know that the Bologna market is quite unique in its way. One can have no conception of the quantity of things sold there, and it is one of my favorite occupations to go about it. To my surprise, I see a gentleman planted in the middle of the market, and quietly smoking his cigar. I approach him, and as soon as he perceives me he stretches out his hand to me in the friendliest manner. It was my Duke. 'Delighted to meet you here,' he said, 'though I meant to call on you in an hour or two, as I know your habits and your house.' We stayed in the market chatting together very pleasantly for a time; then I accompanied him to his hotel, and afterwards he returned my visit. On taking leave he said to me, 'I am still very much in your debt for all the pleasure you gave me in Milan, and till now I have had no opportunity of returning it.' And then he handed me a most costly snuff-box. Of course it was much less the richness of the gift than the charming tact of the giver that delighted me. To remember a supposed debt in this way, after twenty years! and instead of his owing me anything, it was I who was under obligations to him."

"That depends on how one takes it," said I; "anyhow, the Duke behaved nobly, in the best sense of the word."

## GOOSE-PIE AND ARGUMENT.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

"JOHNSON was assured by the person whom he described under the character of Ofellus, that thirty pounds was enough to enable a man to live in London, without being contemptible." Ofellus referred to 1730, and thereabouts. His ideas of life that was not contemptible would shock the smallest city clerk of our day. "He allowed ten for clothes and linen," Boswell particularizes. "He said, a man might live in a garret at one shilling and sixpence a week;



few people would inquire where he lodged; and, if they did, it was easy to say, Sir, I am to be found at such a place. By spending threepence at a coffee-house, he might be for some hours, every day, in very good company; he might dine for sixpence; breakfast on bread and milk for a penny, and do without supper. On clean shirt-day, he went abroad, and paid visits." Sixty years later, Boswell remarked that, now, twice thirty pounds, with difficulty, sufficed. Take another span of sixty years, and we find domestic controversialists unable to agree that matrimony, between two young people, can be made tolerable on three hundred pounds a year. The simplicity of the day of Ofellus is past, and dead. The threepenny-worth of very good company is no longer to be had. Who breakfasts on bread and milk? Who is content in a garret, even at twenty, with Béranger to sing to him of its delights? Clean shirt-days are put aside for clean front days. The *besoin de paraître* has over-stripped every want; smothered every simple sentiment, and turned the farmer's daughters into fine ladies. What would be the answer nowadays, should a rural D. D. say to his lady (wives have become ladies, as the late Sir Robert Peel audaciously reminded the vulgar world—the people fashioned “merely to fill the streets with,”) “Madam, I never dispute your abilities to make a goose-pie, and I’ll beg you’ll leave argument to me.”

“For the goose-pie, sir,” the likely answer would be, “I really don’t know what you mean. Who ever eats goose-pie, to begin with; and, if everybody in the house *did*, I don’t understand that it is my province to meddle with the cook. For argument, sir, I believe I am not an idiot, and that I can hold my own, even with you.” It may be that there are ladies still, like Dr. Johnson’s Mrs. Carter, who can both translate Epictetus, and make a pudding; and write a Greek poem, as well as embroider a handkerchief; but, the ladies who can neither make goose-pie, nor leave argument to their lords, are indubitably many. The duty of rearing children is become a trade. The nursery is a place for experiments, and for putting away children beyond ear-shot of the drawing-room. I have in my eye a model mother of the new school. She has read all the famous treatises on the art of rearing healthy children; her laws are never contravened. She has measured the cubic feet of air in her nursery. She is voluble about baths. Sweetmeats are so much absolute poison. Her views on education are very strict. Her baby is beginning Latin. The boy, who is hardly up to her knees, — not that he often measures his height by his mother’s lap, — can swim. Her children, at eleven, are in vulgar fractions; and are very rarely disturbed by holidays. She is doomed to a town-life (to the dissipation of which she delivers herself up, with a sacrificial courage quite refreshing to behold), but she insists upon country air for them. She dwells upon the new-laid eggs, the milk, warm from the cow, the cold bath in the river, and all the admirable scientific appliances and methods, contrived by her reverend tutor of the young idea, — who is himself nothing less than a perfect artificial mother and father, who is set in motion for the modest sum of seventy pounds per annum.

We have not reached the perfection of the French system of baby-culture; but it would seem that we are on the way. The old house duties are in process of modification; and they will be satisfactorily adjusted when the turn of a screw will rock the

cradle, and clock-work will play baby’s lullaby. Then will the mother command the time necessary to her complete scientific culture: and the Mrs. Primrose of a future generation will take part in a Whistonian controversy, and ladies’ differences in political opinions will be a good ground for judicial separation. The argument will keep the wife out of the kitchen. Perhaps the goose-pie will burn; but the feminine syllogism will be without flaw!

The debate which took place in the Primrose family on the departure of Squire Thornhill, after his bout with Moses, comprehends a picture of simplicity, with culture, which is instructive as well as diverting. The children and the mother are sensible and well-bred; but the vicar is at the head of the family. We see the deference that guards love. And yet Mrs. Primrose is spirited in her way of presenting the eligibility of the young squire, and disposing of free-thinkers. Olivia, like other lasses who have wed men of lax religious ideas, will lead him back by the silken thread of love into the fold. Olivia has a great deal to say on every subject; and, to the knowledge of her mother, is very well skilled in controversy. Dr. Primrose is amused at the artlessness of mother and daughter. What controversy, he asks himself, in astonishment, can his lively daughter have read? He cannot charge his memory with having put controversial works in her way, — and he is quite certain she has not read a page not sanctioned by his commendation. Olivia is delightful, where she chimes in, that, indeed, her mamma does not overrate her merit. She has buried her bewitching head deep in the dust of controversy; but the doctor stands confounded. His child has pondered the disputes between Thwackum and Square, and is mistress of the knotty discussions between Robinson Crusoe and his savage man, Friday. Her father’s correction is gentle and sweet. Let the good girl go. She is perfectly qualified for making converts, — and so, let her go help her mother make the gooseberry pie.

It is not long since, receiving some American friends of mine, I was startled with an appearance neither wholly masculine, nor wholly feminine. A petite figure, hands as delicate as harebells, dainty torso and limbs; and a sweet, kindly, finely wrought face. But the apparition was in neither equipments, that would have been trousers had they quite dared, — but were a cowardly compromise, called pantalons. The body was cased in a garment that was not a coat, and was certainly not a dress. The face was guiltless of a beard, — but I looked to see. I was introduced to Dr. Elizabeth.

Not many days since, I was invited to make one of a fashionable audience, who were to be instructed on the rights of women, — and on their wrongs. At the appointed hour an appearance was entered upon the platform, — which bewildered me and my neighbors. A figure, in black of clerical cut, with an ample flat collar, disposed like hands: a clergyman, and not a clergyman: not a man, — but so much unlike a woman. Of the claims, the rights, the wrongs of solitary women in this artificial century, the strange figure spoke much as Dr. Elizabeth had talked to me in my own *salon*. But never were two less likely advocates than these; not because they were not thoroughly earnest and conscientious, — but because they had done their utmost to unsex their appearance. I knew Dr. Elizabeth to be a woman of sense and courage, and high conduct. I had the highest respect for her vocation; I believed that she was carrying forward a question



fraught with moral good and material comfort for our daughters and granddaughters,—and yet I could not like her. Her voice was womanly; her ways were of childish grace; but the pantalets and the gown-coat jarred. She was a discord, a mistake, a monstrous combination. And wherefore?

The reason, pray, why the young lady (I am told the masquerade upon the platform covers a young lady) who has something to say about widening the area of employment for the spinsters, should dress herself unlike her sisters,—and very like a priest? She steps forward to argue for a new place in the world's affairs. She is plaintive in her admission that husbands are not plentiful enough (matrimony having been made an expensive luxury since the maker of the goose-pie must be hired), and she is sensible in her general discourse of independence, good education, improved laws for her sex. But her outward—I was going to write "man!"—leads her audience to conclude that she is in favor of a masculine class of women, who are to steer a middle course in life,—in pantalets! She protests that she is strong on the domestic duties; but an unlikely hand at pastry than that which turns over the leaves of the lecture-book, I cannot call to mind.

Some two hundred years ago (his will is dated "this 4th day of May, 1667") Owen Felltham gave his "Resolves" to the world. These resolves are a "double century" of essays, on the duties, critical occasions, and quicksands of life; closed with the moral and religious resolutions of a scholarly, pious, highly sensible gentleman. The essays have been compared with those of Lord Bacon,—as throning philosophy in the rich apparel of poesy. Felltham protested that although he did not profess scholarship, he lived in such a course as his books had been his delight, but not his trade, "though, perhaps, I could wish they had." That he was a close and wise observer of the world is made manifest where he discloses that the chief of his "Resolves," which deal with the manifold phases of a man's life, were written while he was a stripling. He wrote of virtue and vice,—of charity and drunkenness, of ostentation and humility,—of man's inconstancy,— "of woman." He who said so many wise, and sweet, and memorable things,—jewels on which the world has turned a dull eye for many years past,—and was so practical in his piety withal, was alive to the excellences, and tender to the weaknesses of woman. I own it is consoling to turn from the platform women of our day, with unwomanly garments about that "frame of rarer rooms, and more exact composition" than man's,—to the page of Felltham, written when the second Charles was king, and female virtue was not modish, nor female scholarship, into the bargain.

Dr. Elizabeth, it has appeared to me, and her platform sister in the Shakespeare collar, might get together some day, and read Felltham with profit. "If place can be any privilege," he writes, "we shall find her built in Paradise, when man was made without it. It is certain they are, by constitution, colder than boiling man;\* so by this, more temperate. It is heat that transports man to immoderation and fury; it is that which hurries him to a savage and libidinous violence. Women are naturally the more modest; and modesty is the seat and dwelling-place of virtue. Whence proceed the most ab-

horred villanies, but from a masculine, unblushing impudence? What a deal of sweetness do we find in a mild disposition! When a woman grows bold and daring, we dislike her, and say, she is too like a man; yet, in ourselves, we magnify what we condemn in her." His "resolve" should not be out of date.

"Neither shall the faults of many make me uncharitable to all, nor the goodness of some make me credulous of the rest. Though, hitherto, I have not found more sweet and constant goodness in man, than I have found in woman; and yet, of these I have not found a number."

If Felltham says of women, "I know, when they prove bad, they are a sort of the vilest creatures"; he quickly adds by way of explanation,—*Optima corrupta pessima*. He says, among many noble things in his essay "Of Marriage and Single Life," that, "a wise wife comprehends both sexes; she is woman for her body, and she is man within; for her soul is like her husband's. It is the crown of blessings, when, in one woman, a man findeth both a wife and a friend." The poet-philosopher would have a woman well instructed, and busy at all womanly work; but chiefly in that of the house. He paints something unlike the women of this day; but how much more unlike my mistaken visitor, in the pantalets, and my lecturer in masculine masquerade! He grants "education makes more difference between men and them than nature": he would therefore promote female education: but not turn a noble woman into an indifferent, abhorrent man. He was for fair argument,—but most decidedly not at the expense of the goose-pie. Felltham, in another essay,—that, "Of Ostentation," dwelt on a foible among the few of his day, which has become almost national in ours. "Vainglory," he says, "at best, is but like a window cushion, specious without, and garnished with the tasselled pendant; but within, nothing but hay, or tow, or some such trash, not worth looking on." A window cushion, garnished with the biggest tasselled pendant the lodger can contrive, is at every casement; and the bachelor passing by will pause to observe that, all counted, he will certainly not be able to buy for one of the daughters waiting within (in the room farthest removed from the kitchen, where the servant is concocting the goose-pie), a tasselled pendant of the solid spinach-seed pattern, which is at the mother's chamber. He passes on, and round the corner, out of the neighborhood of wedlock: whither, why should the mother, with the overloaded tasselled pendant, be permitted to inquire?

The philosopher, in another page, explains how it has happened that our standard of the admirable is a flag of cloth of gold; and, therefore, how it has come to pass that the tasselled pendants at domestic windows are so considerable in bulk, and of such shining gold,—affrighting the modest man, and making those sad, long processions of bewailing spinsters, whose lot is deplored, and properly deplorable. "Custom," the philosopher of profligate Charles's time, speaks, "misleads us all. We magnify the wealthy man, though his parts be never so poor; and the poor man we despise, be he never so well otherwise qualified. To be rich, is to be three parts of the way onward to perfection. To be poor, is to be made a pavement for the tread of the full-minded man. Gold is the only coverlet of imperfections; it is the fool's curtain, that can hide all his defects from the world; it can make knees bow, and tongues speak, against the native genius of the

\* The scientific man of our day has proved this, thermometer in hand.



groaning heart; it supplies more than oil or fomentations, and can stiffen beyond the summer sun or the winter's white-bearded cold. In this, we differ from the ancient heathens; they made Jupiter their chief god; and we have crowned Pluto. He is master of the Muses, and can buy their voice. The Graces wait on him; Mercury is his messenger; Mars comes to him for his pay; Venus is his prostitute; he can make Vesta break her vow; he can have Bacchus be merry with him, and Ceres feast him, when he lists; he is the sick man's Esculapius, and the Pallas of an empty brain; nor can Cupid cause love, but by his golden-headed arrow."

Who can not, or will not, gild the head of Cupid's arrow has little hope of sending it home. Dr. Elizabeth may don her pantalets; the girl-professor may plead for her single sisters, claiming new employ for them in their defencelessness. But the evil has a deeper seat than they wot of. By all means extend to them all work which culture will enable them to do. Let them be physicians to their sisters, and carry, in their gentle hands, science to the sick cradle. But the evil still is just the sore on which Owen Felltham put his finger two centuries ago, and which the good Doctor Primrose saw when he sent Olivia to the goose-pie.

We shall all delight in the feminine argument; we shall hug girl graduates, when education shall have been so shaped as to teach the maiden to clip the tasselled pendant from the window-cushion, and to mind that the pudding does not boil over while she is reading Epictetus.

## THE SELF-EDUCATION OF YOUNG MEN.

A VILLAGE SERMON.

BY THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.

PROVERBS II. 10-15.

THE Proverbs of Solomon remind young men of wisdom,—what it is, and how we may attain it. And this is a specially fit season for such recollections. The labors of the farm are lighter than they were in summer. The days are short, the evenings long, and laboring folk have time and leisure to think, to learn; to recollect that they have souls and minds, as well as bodies, to be fed. Many a young working-man has ere now, by regular study in the long winter evenings, made himself a scholar, even a man of science; has fitted himself for the ministry, or for some other important improvement in his station of life. O, that I could see some spending their winter evenings thus, in regular and earnest study! How gladly would I help them, how gladly direct them!

Meanwhile, all I can do is, to follow Solomon's method, and try, as he tries in this chapter, to stir up some of you to incline your ears to wisdom, and apply your hearts to understanding. All I can do is, my dear young men, to tell you what wisdom will do for you, and how you may get wisdom; and to leave it to your own reason and your own conscience to judge whether or not you will try to be wise. And may God, who gives wisdom, give it to you. May he make your reason sound and your conscience clear, that you may see the right, and love the right; and may say, "I will choose wisdom, and not folly; light, and not darkness; right and not wrong."

Now what will wisdom do for you? She will at least keep you from bad company; "from the way of the evil man, from the man that speaketh froward things; who leaves the paths of uprightness, to

walk in the way of darkness"; and "from the strange woman, the stranger who flattereth with her words, who forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God."

And if any of you answer, "I do not altogether wish for that. What harm will a little bad company (as you call it) do me now and then, provided I have not too much of it?" You thereby only show how much in want of wisdom you are. For if you were but wise, and used your eyes to see what is going on round you, you would see that bad company is the root of all manner of bad fruit. Bad company leads to bad ways, to bad language, to bad hours, to bad debts, to bad marriages, to bad bringing up of children, to bad consciences, to bad luck, and to a bad end at last. But the reason why so many young men fall into bad company, and all the bad ways which spring from it, is not, I really believe, that they are bad-hearted.

They do not go and say to themselves deliberately, "I will be bad, and I will not be good." They fall into bad company, sliding and stumbling downwards, step by step, because they are, as Solomon says, simple and ignorant. They are simple. They want discretion, to make them discreet, that they may discern the difference between right and wrong, between their true profit and their true loss, between their true and certain safety and their true and certain danger. They are ignorant; they want knowledge. Their brains are empty of useful information. But no man's brains can remain empty long. If they are empty of wisdom, they will get filled with folly. If they are empty of sense, they will get filled with nonsense. If they are empty of sound understanding about things as they really are, they will get filled with unsound fancies about things as they are not. If they are empty of light, they will be filled with darkness. But if your minds—the light which is in you—be darkness, what can you do save stumble and fall? Nothing will preserve you but discretion, says Solomon. Nothing will keep you save understanding. You begin life simple and ignorant. That is no blame to you. So did I; so must every human being. You cannot help being simple, till you have had experience to teach you discretion. You cannot help being ignorant till you have had learning to teach you understanding. But if you refuse to get them, you will end by being not merely simple and ignorant, you will end by being what Solomon calls fools; and then it were better for you that you had never been born.

Now, how is discretion to be got? By letting wisdom enter into your heart. By longing to be wise.

And how is understanding to be got? By letting knowledge be pleasant to your soul. By longing to know.

You must desire to improve your heart, and so become good.

You must desire to improve your head, and so become well-informed. But you must desire first to become good. That is the first and great end of life. That is what God sent you into the world for. And that is to be got by diligent prayer. The only wisdom which will make you good men and women comes from the Holy Spirit of God. But it does and will come from him, our Lord says. "If you, being no better than you should be, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them who ask him!"

Therefore, if any of you wish to be truly wise, wise at heart, "wise unto salvation," as St. Paul



calls it; if you wish to know where you are, and what you are, and what is your duty to God; if you wish to know who God is, and who Christ is, and what is his will to you; if you wish, in one word, to learn true religion and holiness, without which no man can see the Lord,—then pray for it. Pray. I do not mean merely say your prayers; but pray. Ask God to teach you, as you would ask your parent or your schoolmaster. Ask him, beg of him, regularly and earnestly, to make you wise. Ask for wisdom, and you shall receive it. Seek for wisdom, and you shall find it. Knock at the door of wisdom, and it shall be opened to you.

But you need not merely wisdom to cure your simplicity; you need knowledge to cure your ignorance. Therefore get useful information. I verily believe that a great deal of bad company, drunkenness, and folly, and sin, comes from mere want of knowledge; from emptiness of head. A young man or young woman will not learn, will not read, and therefore they have nothing useful or profitable to employ their leisure hours, nothing to think of when they are not actually at work; and so they run off to vain and often wicked amusements. Gambling,—what does that ruinous vice come from, save from idleness of head,—from having nothing to amuse your minds with save cards and dice? And so:—

"The devil finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

Therefore, if you want to keep your brain and thoughts out of temptation, read and learn; get useful knowledge; and all knowledge—I say all knowledge—must be useful. I care little what you read, provided you do not read wicked books; or what you think of, provided you do not think of sin and folly. For all knowledge must be useful, because it is knowledge of God's works. Nothing lives upon earth but what God has made. Nothing happens on earth but what God has done. So, whatever you study, you may be certain that you are studying God's works and God's laws; and they must always be worth the study of rational beings and children of God. Learn what you like, only learn; for you are in God's world; and, as long as you learn about God's world, your time cannot be thrown away; you are certain to get something more of that knowledge which is power; of that wisdom which says, "I Wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out the knowledge of witty inventions. Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom. I am understanding. I have strength. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule; and nobles, even all the judges of the earth. Riches and honor are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness."

And now, my dear young friends, if any of you say, "Why do you bid us to be wise? Why do you demand of us that we should take all this trouble to educate ourselves, over and above our daily work?"—my dear young friends, it is not I who ask you; it is God himself. For what says Solomon the Wise? He does not say merely that you are to call after knowledge, and lift up your voice for understanding. He says that you are to do so, because they are calling already to you; because the wisdom of God, the Spirit of God, condescends to call to you, and cry, "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scornors delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof. Behold, I will pour out my Spirit upon you, I will make known my words unto you." Because you are men, rational beings, children of God, therefore the Spirit of God

calls to you, offering to give you your share of that wisdom by which the Lord hath founded the earth, and established the heavens; of that knowledge by which he breaks up the deep, and makes the clouds drop down dew. To teach you all things needful for your souls and bodies; to teach you the laws of this visible world, which we call knowledge and science, and the laws of the invisible and heavenly world, which we call the gospel of Jesus Christ;—this, and no less than this, does God offer. And dare you refuse the offer of God? Will you turn away, as St. Paul asks, from Christ who speaks from heaven? When Christ offers you light, will you choose darkness? When Christ offers you wisdom, will you choose folly? To educate yourselves to the best of your power is your duty, not to yourselves only; it is your duty to God. Do not say, "I have no time; I have no opportunities; I am not clever, as some are; I have not talents, as some have." Are you trying to use what you have? Remember the parable of the talent: how the lazy servant when he hid his one talent in the earth, instead of putting it out to interest, got only blame, as a wicked and slothful servant, and the little which he had at first was taken from him. Educate yourselves, then; train yourselves; teach yourselves; lest, at the last day, Christ say to you, "I gave thee a head; I gave thee the experience of a whole life—fifty, sixty, seventy years—to fill that head with knowledge. What is it like now? As empty, for all useful purposes, as the day thou wast born. I gave thee a heart. I sowed in that heart the seeds of gracious, pure, and noble feelings, even the grace of my Holy Spirit. What is it like now? Worse than empty; a garden overrun with foul weeds. Thou hast let foolish lusts and evil passions grow up in it, and choke the good seed which I sowed therein. Is this all that thou hast to show me, after fifty, sixty, seventy years of life? Thou wicked and slothful servant!"

O, that but one person would take my words to heart! O, that but one would say to himself, or herself, once for all, "I will educate myself; I will be something worth being; I will know something worth knowing!" For the moment (so I believe) that you made that good resolution, Christ himself would answer (as it were) in heaven: "Thou longest for wisdom? Then thou shalt have thy heart's desire. Thou wishest to know? Then thou shalt know at last. Thou wishest to be wise? Then wisdom—slowly, perhaps, but surely—shall come to thee. I will inform thee," saith the Lord, "and teach thee in the way in which thou shalt go; and I will guide thee with mine eyes." For whosoever any one begins to educate himself, God begins to educate him. Whosoever tries to teach himself, God begins to teach him. For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding. And if God himself be our teacher, what can we do but learn?

## PLAYERS AND LOOKERS-ON.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

I.

I HAD been long a wanderer, and now stood in sight of the place I had ever looked upon as home, held back by a thousand busy fancies. Another half-hour, and I should be in the midst of all that my heart held dearest; yet I lingered, I knew not why, upon the very threshold of content, and played with the luxury of anticipation. Leaving my horse



at the village inn, I walked slowly up the hill, and, musing, leant across the gate where five years before I had said good by to Nelly. Five years! it was a long time at least in our lives. I knew myself to be changed; in all things but one a different person to the boy who one early morning in summer had cast back many lingering looks upon the old house he now returned to. Should I, who came back altered, find those I had left the same? Should I quietly resume my long-vacant place? Perhaps, I thought, I may have outgrown it, — or perhaps in my absence it may have been filled up by some other.

A feeling of disquietude was gaining fast upon me, when a turn in the road brought me within sight of the old manor-house, which seemed, as it lay before me in the warm September afternoon, to nod and smile away every doubt I was revolving; the waning sunlight flickered from window to window, — and I never knew a house that had so many, — as if it were saying after its manner, "A hundred thousand welcomes home." It had been originally a religious house, and still, a venerable gray deceiver, kept up the outward semblance of quietness, and, folded within its ancient woods, looked as if it had stepped back a few paces from the world, being none the less, as it must have well known, the gayest and busiest house in the county. At once the gayest and the busiest, for here the *dolce* was only apparently linked with the *far niente*; a serious tone was at work beneath all the glee and merry-making that went forward, with a presiding hand that would not permit love itself to remain love in idleness.

"A charming woman is Lady Aspinall." "A wonderful woman is Lady Aspinall."

The second of these two epithets I always thought followed close upon the first in a sort of trepidation, as if the speaker were deprecating the influence he confessed. Lady Aspinall, it was certain, *was* a wonderful woman; too much the world's servant, yet not altogether its slave, she was at once better and worse than it thought her. Had she lived in a less settled age, she could scarcely, with such a genius for plot and strategy, have kept her head very safe; as it was, her heart had not escaped being in some measure subdued, like the Dyer's hand,

"To that it worked in";

she breathed in a factitious atmosphere; were the world, in obedience to a poet's wish, to have rolled back and brought again the age of gold, I know not how she could have existed. For Lady Aspinall had never, even in her youngest days, been a dweller in Arcadia. Born and brought up in the House of Riches, both her father and first husband being wealthy London merchants, she had passed by her marriage with my uncle into the House of Honor, and never was there a more auspicious planetary conjunction. The great family tree of Aspinall, which, standing just where it was planted at the Conquest, had not a little exhausted the riches of its soil, felt a new sap strike through it, and begun, like the banyan, to take fresh root at its remote extremities, so soon as this lady, in the mild noon of her refulgent summer, took the old priory and its belongings under her benignant sway. She found it full of children, as my uncle, like herself, had been previously married; encumbrances, some would have thought them, — they were not such to Lady Aspinall.

Between her city and her county connection, between Leaden Hall and St. Stephen's, her re-

sources were unfailing. She provided for us all, sons, and nephews, and cousins, far-away twigs and scions, remote and previously uncared for, — for she was the one person, in and of the world, that liked a poor relation as well, if not better, than a rich one; she loved the excitement of a full hand, and had in her way, too great a soul to give all her attention to the court cards.

It was not pleasant, perhaps, to feel one's self a card in those skilful hands, even under the certainty of being played out, when the time came, to the very fullest advantage. I never liked it; I had been trained in a school (certainly not one of Design), so much unlike the one over which she presided, that it was impossible I should prove a very docile pupil. I was about fifteen when my poor father's death, by consigning me to my uncle's guardianship, made over to my lady aunt's fashioning as stubborn a piece of the raw material of boyhood as her plastic genius had often been exercised upon. My mother died when I was too young to remember her. My father liked to have me always about him. He was a barrister of brilliant talents and ultra-liberal opinions; and our house was the rendezvous of half the choice and vehement spirits in London, at a time when political discussion ran as high as the interests with which it was concerned were deep and vital. I grew familiar with the names and watchwords of party while I sat on my father's knee, and played with his chain and seals; and while other children were thinking about tops and marbles, had amassed treasures of my own, quite as hard and hollow, in the shape of opinions and arguments, upon all the great questions I heard agitated around me, which I kept tied up in bundles ready to be unpacked at the shortest notice. Out of this forcing-house of contention I came forth what looks like, as I review my former self through the dim mist of years, a very disagreeable youth, — awkward, obstinate, and conceited; most ignorant of the very things I most contemned, — the world and its conventions, — and yet honest, a rude reformer, a rigid iconoclast, striking at I knew not what, I stood up before my aunt, the very personification of that uncompromising letter in the nursery alphabet —

"Q, that would not bend down";

and from my unbrushed hair to my untied shoe-strings, took an austere pleasure in showing her upon every available occasion how lightly I sat to every code and tradition that she held most venerable. But though I might contradict her, I could not vex her; a shake of the head, half deprecatory and wholly good-humored, and a "pity that Philip will not do himself more justice," was the only return to my unprovoked hostilities. There is no perseverance so potent as that of good-humor, and hers was unfailing.

Perhaps, beneath the crust of my eccentricity, she saw some serviceable stuff; or, perhaps, and this is possibly the more just as well as more generous supposition, she *felt* the true and friendly interest that she ever showed me. For who is in all things consistent to his creed, be it lofty or ignoble? Hers was so narrow, that her heart, I well believe, sometimes lifted her above it; but, however that might be, my antagonism, finding nothing to work upon, did not long continue; the social Crusade, righteous as it had at first seemed to me, was soon over; a silent influence was at work. Arthur, my handsome, good-natured cousin (of whom more hereafter), might well make himself merry with the idea of "Baron



Grimm," as he was wont to call me, taking lessons in dancing. My aunt might, if she pleased, smile to think that she wound me, as she wound everybody else, round her little finger.

Her finger! It was Nelly, who, then but a little girl, stole quietly, and like a stray sunbeam, within the chambers of my neglected heart, breathing away the dust from its crowded receptacles, drawing all things she found there to light and order. Once, it is true, as is the manner of these domestic sprites, whether they choose to nestle themselves in heart or cupboard, she was the cause of sad confusion among my household furniture, and yet (this is to anticipate) nothing was either lost or broken.

That Nelly should have ever liked me was an enigma; that she should have liked me better than she did Arthur remains among those unsolvable ones to which, as children say, "There is no answer, therefore we may give up guessing." Arthur was handsome and good-humored, I—ugly (I can the better afford, courteous reader, to confess it, because my features are of that cast which Time not finding much to steal from, deals with kindly)—in temper eccentric, and, to say the very least, peculiar. Each of us, in our own way, idolized and petted our little cousin; and I can now understand better than I did then, how Nelly liked my way, rugged though it might be, better than Arthur's. He patronized her; it was his way, in a careless and good-humored, though lofty fashion, to do so with every one. I, amongst the rest, never in the least objected to it; and even to this day, when we are both gray-headed men, I would rather be patted on the back by Arthur, and feel, in some undefined manner, he still considers me under his protection, than receive the salaams of all the Indies. But it was otherwise with Nelly; gay and open as was her temperament, lavish apparently of smiles and sunshine, there hung about her, even from her earliest childhood, an atmosphere, soft and breezy, yet none the less slightly refrigerating, which gave to all her sweetness a charm, as of a flower that diffuses, but does not waste its odors. Free and sportive as were all her girlish movements, they never carried her beyond the limits of a circle drawn round her, I imagine (by the unconscious grace with which she moved within it), by the wand of the Fairy who had presided at her birth. Even as a child she could never be coaxed, by the merriest game at romps in the world, out of a certain demure propriety. It displeased her even in those early days that Arthur should call her "his little wife," and claim a sort of matter-of-course, taken-for-granted property in her. She exacted nothing, yet liked, even then, the fealty and homage which lifted and niched her safe and high within the little shrine which has always been her own.

My Aunt Aspinall, I suppose, saw this, as she saw everything, and smiled through it all. Ever since Nelly, a well-dowered, highly connected orphan, had been placed under my uncle's guardianship, to marry her to Arthur had been one of her settled points; and she, I imagine, being used to carry all points so planned and predetermined, looked upon it as *un fait accompli*, and, calmly abiding her time, took little account meanwhile of a childish preference. However this might be, she was far too wise a woman to worry either herself or us over doubtful and remote contingencies. My appointed career was the Diplomatic: at eighteen I was to be sent upon the Continent, with the prospect of being many years absent; during all which

time Arthur, who was going into the Guards, would be at, or at least about, home. So she saw, and heard, and said nothing; and wove through all, like some lady of old romance, her silent, secret web. And all the while the woof and warp of her scheming was being crossed by threads, fragile and ephemeral as she might deem them,—

"Light as gossamers on green,  
By their shining only seen";

of a subtler texture than the looms of a thousand such Aranei as Lady Aspinall could have furnished. Five years had come and gone. Should I find any of these lying where I had left them, in the calm and dewy glitter of the early summer morn?

Such thoughts made my heart beat faster. Anxious and impatient, I still sought delay; and instead of keeping the direct road to the house, I struck off into a grassy wood walk which would bring me there, I well remembered, by a slight *détour*. All things about me were green and lonely. I paused, and, without defining my sensations, felt the influence of a contrast with which life often presents us,—the outer calm, the inner perturbation,—when the stillness which was beginning to steal across my spirit was broken by the sound of advancing voices. Many they seemed, and cheerful; while a light, clear laugh came floating on before the speakers, as if to herald the approach of gayety and youth: in a moment I found myself in the centre of a merry group. There was surprise, and greeting, and exclamation,—“Philip!” “Arthur!” “Nelly!”

I saw and heard no more: there were young ladies, young gentlemen, and, I believe, greyhounds and pointers about me; but these all vanished,—I never knew where or how,—and we three friends, left to each other, wandered home together, O, how slowly! There was no blank between us, no strangeness, no chill to be taken off each other's hearts before we could feel once again comfortably at home there.

We found my aunt sauntering up and down the terrace, with her accustomed slow and meditative step. She turned upon me the same bland and beaming countenance I had left, save that, perhaps, the microscopic eye might detect here and there an added line and wrinkle, those Runic characters in which Time and care record so much thoughtful experience. But the smile she met me with was so kind, and so exactly like the one with which she parted from me, that I could have fancied—and perhaps not without being very far wrong—that it had never left her lips during my five years' absence. Yet her manner, however little it might flatter individual vanity, was never without its gracious and genial charm; for if she gave herself to none, she lent herself for the moment most completely to whoever might claim that moment's attention. She had never missed me for the last five years, and could do without me, I well knew, for the next five hundred. Yet she made me feel, as I followed her into my uncle's library, and listened to her confidential semi-whispering, as if “Philip” had been, was now, and ever would be, her all in all.

My uncle was delighted to see me. I cannot help, when I remember how much I owe to him, half reproaching myself for having kept him so long in the background; but it was the place he best loved to occupy. He was a man of high principles and respectable talents; good-natured, grave, and solid, he was the oracle of the country gentlemen for miles round, and, uninterruptedly immersed in county business, he seemed to have made over the House



Department to his wife, for whose abilities he entertained a cordial admiration. Yet I believe he acted, perhaps unconsciously, as a wholesome counterpoise to his versatile partner: at least, I know he could sometimes, when occasion required, look up from the midst of his plans of roads and models of bridges, and show that, slackly as he chose to hold the reins, he *did* hold, and could tighten them at his will and pleasure.

Our greetings were soon over; he was glad to have me back again, and I knew it. Lady Aspinall, who had always administered to the small change of their joint social expenditure, talked and questioned, as was her wont, for both. We stood chatting together at the window; Arthur and Nelly still lingered on the terrace, waiting for me to rejoin them when our colloquy was over. I had now time to see them—I mean with my eyes—and confirm the impression which, as we walked home together, my heart had taken, without much aid from those outward organs. I could not say that Nelly was *altered*, as that word, even when spoken in its kindest sense, never fails to carry with it a certain sadness; it was not change, but expansion. Still slight and girlish, and no taller than I had left her, she had bloomed into a loveliness of which her former self had been but the hint and promise. I remember at this moment the attitude,—half musing, half impatient,—in which she stood upon the terrace, the warmth upon her cheek and lip, the light upon her brow, the tender, quiet, and, as it were, satisfied expression of her whole countenance, as she raised it to say something to Arthur. In him a change was more manifest. I looked at him, say rather up to him, with admiration. About his whole appearance there was something which I can only describe by saying that it is never to be met with out of England,—a national type seldom even here produced to such perfection. I think he would have been what is called “oppressively handsome,” but for the relief of a careless *bonhomie* natural to him, and now enhanced by a soldierly frankness of bearing, as he had served, since we parted, in the Peninsula.

My Aunt Aspinall’s eyes followed in the direction mine had taken.

“Ah!” she exclaimed, half absently; “Arthur and Nelly,—a charming pair, are they not?”

But I made no answer, and did not return to the terrace. The sunlight seemed to have left it very suddenly, and I walked up stairs, slowly and mechanically, to dress for dinner, instead of reaching my little bedroom, high up in the third story, by three steps at a bound, as I should have done before that slight and apparently casual observation.

## II.

And now, dear reader, though I have taken you thus far into my confidence, it might be trespassing too far upon yours to ask if you have ever felt what I am about to describe. Your experiences, however, both in love and friendship, have been of the kindest, if they furnish you with no key to my meaning when I say that while Nelly, Arthur, and I continued on an apparently intimate footing, and were never, I am sure, crossed by a thought regarding each other that was not of the friendliest nature, a secret restraint stole within the spirit of our intercourse, robbing it of half its charm. It was in vain to wrestle with a phantom that never assumed a distinct outline. Yet, thin as it was, and bodiless and impalpable, the most solid substance of reality could not have interposed more surely between us and the

open heaven of confidence. Now and then a ray of heart-warm feeling would, as it were, pierce the misty curtain; a breeze setting in from some sunny quarter would begin to lift it at the edges; another breath, I thought, and it may be dispersed forever,—but, no, it was sure to gather and resettle. Mornings followed, and after them evenings, and found us three still together,—together and apart; never again did we seem so near each other as we had been in that first homeward walk.

I have said that Nelly was reserved, though I believe no one but myself ever thought her so, simply because no one knew her so well. She seldom showed *herself*, her whole self; yet all that she allowed to transpire was so kind and gentle that the many, as they might well be, were satisfied with it, and sought no further; but I had once been within, and knew that there was something richer, deeper, warmer, which I was no more admitted to. The house, that autumn, was full of company,—crowded with gay young people, among whom Nelly was an object of general attention, and in more than one case, as I could see plainly, of particular interest; but all this homage, whether it came to her by right of her position as young lady of the house, or in virtue of claims more strictly personal, she withdrew from. Even seeming to repulse would have been so foreign to her, that something in her nature seemed to render it unnecessary. She never spoke, or needed to speak the words,—“Thus far shalt thou go, and no further”; and yet they were felt and obeyed by all, save by me, for whom no such line along the sands existed. With Arthur only was Nelly as she had been with me; that in days that were now no more to be recalled—tender, childlike, and confiding—the understanding between them seemed perfect; too much so, I should have imagined, for lovers, who generally contrive to find or make for themselves some cause for quietude; but so, I thought, may true love look,—clear and untruffled to its very depths,—when it has kept, as it so seldom can, its even tenor, and run a course as smooth and steady as with them. Having been together from childhood, it was natural that their manner towards each other should be characterized by few of Love’s customary signs. Clouds and shadows, faint blushes, and momentary chills, these belong to the dawn of feeling, and theirs had already mounted to its meridian. And yet they still remained outwardly, upon the face of cousinship, no one, except perhaps the old servants, spoke of them as being engaged; but all looked upon it as a thing that would be,—Lady Aspinall had carried another point.

The last it might seem that she would care to carry. Arthur was at once her favorite and her youngest son; now that his destinies were settled, and so happily, she might be said to be enjoying the Long Vacation of her life. But it was not in her nature to take a whole holiday; at that moment I believe she had placed my fortunes under her pillow, and was revolving some scheme for making me rich, and happy, and *settled*. This term with her was compendious of all things eligible. A good appointment, a wealthy marriage, a summing up of all consummations discreetly to be wished for—“I should like to see Philip settled.”

Yet too little grateful was I, I fear, for this friendly interest, and in no mood certainly to assist it by any exertions of my own. Chilled, and weary, and indifferent, I only wished to be let alone; and had not even energy, little enjoyment as now



remained for me at the Priory, to think of spending my remaining months of liberty elsewhere. I would rather, like a ghost, stay haunting about the place where I had once been happy. Arthur and Nelly, little as they might, now care about me, whom had I in the world but them? So I stayed on, vexed, and unhappy, and injured, and being angry I knew not with whom, chose, in my uncertainty, a sure, if not very rational revenge, in wreaking it upon myself. I gradually withdrew from their society, rejected their friendly overtures, and they were many, for mutual companionship, and fell back in some degree upon the harsh and unsociable habits of my boyhood. I began to spend much of my time in my own room, and took up some "study": I forget now its precise nature, only, judging from its results, it must have been of the very brownest complexion. Once more I was set down as "odd." Young ladies believed I was, or could be, very clever, and were afraid of me. Young men on the whole knew not what to make of me; so I carried, wherever I went, a sort of solitude about me, out of which Arthur kindly, and Nelly timidly, and sometimes even a little sadly, tried to coax me, but in vain.

And time wore on, and the days growing wintry brought round Nelly's birthday, her twenty-first. My aunt, who never forgot anything that ought to be remembered, kept all birthdays with their due honors, and intending to celebrate this with more than usual state, had decided that we should have a ball. Nelly did not in general seem to care much about gayety, but in this affair, perhaps in the first instance to please my aunt, who was trying to please her, she showed a lively interest, and many and deep were the consultations she and Arthur held together, over little matters connected with it, in which they tried sometimes to make me a party, but without success. The day arrived, and my studies, which had for some time previous been unusually engrossing, were, on that morning, I remember, altogether unremitting; the house was a scene of, to ball-lovers, delightful confusion; my uncle and I dined by ourselves in the library, drawn together by a sense of mutual isolation from the bustle which surrounded us.

He kept me with him chatting until the dusk was falling, when I set forth upon a long solitary ramble; the moon arose upon my way, and by the time I returned to the house, lights were glancing from every window, and I was greeted as I entered by a sort of murmur, seeming to pervade the whole mansion, the hum of joyful preparation, that deepened as the night advanced. I soon gained the solitude of my chamber, and being in no mood for connected thought, sat over the fire, and listened to the ceaseless sound of feet upon the stairs, the hasty clattering of doors, and the now not unfrequent sound of arriving carriages. I was startled out of my abstraction by the entrance of some one who burst rather than came into the room. It was Arthur, dressed in full uniform, superb, if the expression may be allowed, with spirits and good-humor, a magnificent figure, that seemed to fill my little apartment as a picture does its frame.

### III.

As Arthur thus stood before me, he gave a reproachful look at my muddy boots and generally disarranged costume.

"Not yet dressed," he exclaimed, "and the dancing to begin in five minutes!"

"Very possibly," I answered, with a coolness

which I must confess was more than half assumed, "but I have no intention of making my appearance. These scenes are not my sphere. What have I to do in a ball-room?"

"Why to dance, to be sure," returned my cousin, looking at me in a sort of comic surprise,—"to dance and enjoy yourself like the rest of the world. Balls are foolish things I dare say, but surely not worth doing battle against. Leave Don Quixote to fight with windmills, and mistake them for giants, if he pleases, and get ready like a sensible old boy. You shall stay in the sulks all to-morrow evening, and as many after it as you like,—but not to-night. Remember it is Nelly's birthday."

"Nelly's birthday!" I exclaimed, indignantly; "as if she, or you, or any one else in the house or world cared whether I go or stay, away, or would even know whether I was in the room or not."

To which Arthur replied by laying a hand upon each of my shoulders, and saying, "O Philip, you foolish, foolish fellow!"

I do not know whether the stubborn spirit within me gave way beneath this peculiar mode of exorcism, which literally as well as metaphorically, shook me out of my resolution, or whether it was something in his tone, so kind and brotherly, or in his clear, honest eyes, looking straight into mine, that brought back the old feeling into my heart, and with it a mechanical instinct of obedience.

"Well," I said, beginning to pull off my boots, "I suppose as usual you must have it your own way."

"Of course I must," he said, quietly, "or else I should not be my mother's son. But come now, make haste and dress; there's not a servant to be had at this moment for love or money, so I will be your valet, and see that you make yourself presentable, and do not look altogether unlike a person of whom great things are expected. I believe, however, I should make by far the better diplomatist of the two."

[Concluded next week.]

### FOREIGN NOTES.

THE popular brand of champagne in Russia is called *La Patti*.

THE Emperor Napoleon's cousin, the Princess Baccocchi, has just died.

ONE of the richest pachas in Egypt has married Miss Mathilda Veneta, member of the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna.

ROBERTSON is the most popular English playwright now in the field, not even excepting the prolific Boucicault.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS and Mr. Fechter are collaborators in a romantic drama for the Adelphi Theatre, London.

In an obituary notice of Robert Keeley, the comedian, the London Star says that he was, "perhaps, the most natural actor that ever trod the stage."

A "Journey in Brazil," by Prof. and Mrs. L. Agassiz, has been translated into French by Mr. Felix Vogeli, under the supervision of the authors, and at the expense of the Emperor Dom Pedro II.

CHIGNONS are to be abolished by the select world of Paris, and ladies who would be thought "good form" are to endeavor to dress their hair themselves, or to look as if they dressed it; for



"when the work of a professional is manifest on the head, prestige ceases." This is the most sensible axiom we have heard for a long time.

MR. EDMUND YATES, the novelist, has just given the lie to the old saying "Who breaks pays." Mr. Yates is a bankrupt, and doesn't pay at all. His retirement from the post of editor to *Tinsley's Magazine* is announced.

A SON of Kalkbrenner, the celebrated musical historian, died the other day in Paris, while in the act of lighting his cigar. The deceased was an amateur of music and a man of fortune, leaving a million of francs to his little daughter, aged twelve.

Two magnificent antiques have been dug up in the excavations at Ostia, — one a bronze statue of Venus, about four feet in height; the other a marble figure of Hermaphroditus. Both images being nude, the Pope will not admit them in the museum of the Vatican, but they will be shown in a less public resort.

THE drama which Messrs. Wilkie Collins and Fechter are working upon together for the Adelphi is an adaptation of the former's "Moonstone," a wildly improbable and dreadfully tedious story, in which one or two effective bits of characterization are overlaid with elaboration, repetition, and what may be called, the mystery of commonplace, *ad infinitum*.

AT the recent ball given by the Prefect of the Seine, a compliment was paid to M. Auber, the eminent composer, who was present. At midnight Strauss addressed the members of his orchestra as follows: "Gentlemen, M. Auber is at this moment entering on his 87th year; let us do honor to his anniversary." The artists then executed successively the quadrilles of the "Premier Jour de Bonheur" and of the "Muette."

SPEAKING of the death of a celebrated Oxford boatman, the Leader says: "Our best rowers and athletes almost invariably die of heart disease, and die at the very moment when the bodily system appears in superb order. Athletic science is a very Moloch, whose victims, were they told up, would frighten the nervous into the opposite extreme, — that of not undergoing sufficient exertion to keep the physical system in good working order."

THE last number of the Sixpenny Magazine, published by Macintosh, of Paternoster Row, London, reprints a chapter from Curtis's "Prue and I" as an original contribution to that magazine! The editor displays his good taste and his dishonesty *tout à coup*. We wish we could give even this limited praise to the editor of "The Boy's Journal." That gentleman has not only stolen Dr. Hayes's "Cast away in the Cold," but is trying to hide his theft by changing the title of the story and mutilating the text.

It is now many years since M. Alexandre Dumas wrote his celebrated chapter on "Le bifteck d'ours" in the "Impressions de voyage en Suisse"; but the Parisians have not forgotten it, and "bear-steak" is, it is said, about to become a very popular, or rather a highly *recherché* dish in the French capital. The bears are to be imported from Russia, and the first of a series, ordered by a dealer in game of the Rue Montorgueil, arrived in Paris not long since. The beast, which travelled in a wooden house, made

specially for his reception and accommodation, is said to have weighed 307½ kilogrammes, — upwards of 600 pounds.

THE Paris correspondent of the Star says that "great preparations are being made in the musical world for the performance of Rossini's unpublished Mass, which will be executed at the Italiens. Alboni, who has retired from the stage for many years, has accepted M. Bagier's proposal to appear once more, but for this special solemnity alone, and as an act of homage to the great maestro, whose death she so sincerely deplored. Strange to say, and this I have heard from her own lips, the celebrated *cantatrice* is excessively nervous at the prospect of once more coming before the public. Madame Alboni was quite willing to give her services gratis; but Rossini's widow having sold to M. Bagier his right to execute this Mass at a tremendous sum, Madame Alboni, with great propriety, has demanded the usual terms for her vocal contribution to this musical festival. The anxiety to secure tickets is already so marked that M. Bagier has even informed Madame Alboni that he will not be able to place a box at her disposal, as is usually done in the case of an *artiste* of her importance."

THE following anecdote is related as having occurred within the last few days. King Louis, of Bavaria, not only holds the dramatic art in high esteem, but has a great liking for the society of performers. On the day Madame Cramer completed her fiftieth year on the stage, the king gave her a benefit, and after the performance, the other actors and actresses entertained her. The king, hearing of this, took it into his head to surprise them by his unexpected presence. Madame Cramer, whose back was turned towards the door, could not of course see the king enter the room. The king stepped quietly up to her, and put his hands over her eyes, and said, "Guess who it is!"

"Ah!" said Madame Cramer, "you again, Monsieur L——? you certainly do imitate the king most delightfully."

"O, does he?" said the somewhat astonished king. "I should rather like to see the performance. Go on, Monsieur L——, and let me judge for myself of the truthfulness of the imitation."

"I trust your majesty will excuse me," replied the abashed actor.

But the king persisted in his demand, and after several refusals he added, "I desire it, and the king commands it."

The actor bowed and took his seat at a little table, and called out in a voice which was an exact imitation of the king's: —

"Desire my private councillor, Riedl, to come to me."

"Very good, indeed!" exclaimed the king.

"What does your majesty want?" asked the actor, speaking through his nose.

"Capital!" exclaimed the king, laughing; "you imitate my councillor even better than you did me; you are an excellent comedian, as Madame Cramer said."

"Riedl," continued the actor, "be sure you send to-morrow two hundred florins to Monsieur L——! he is a deserving fellow, — a better mimic I never heard."

"Scamp!" exclaimed the king, laughing, "enough of that performance; you shall have the two hundred florins, but I shall take care not to ask you for a repetition of it."



# EVERY SATURDAY:

## A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

[No. 168.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LIX.

#### MR. BOZZLE AT HOME.

It had now come to pass that Trevelyan had not a friend in the world to whom he could apply in the matter of his wife and family. In the last communication which he had received from Lady Milborough she had scolded him, in terms that were for her severe, because he had not returned to his wife and taken her off with him to Naples. Mr. Bideawhile had found himself obliged to decline to move in the matter at all. With Hugh Stanbury, Trevelyan had had a direct quarrel. Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse he regarded as bitter enemies, who had taken the part of his wife without any regard to the deficiencies of life. And now it had come to pass that his sole remaining ally, Mr. Samuel Bozzle, the ex-policeman, was becoming weary of his service. Trevelyan remained in the north of Italy up to the middle of March, spending a fortune in sending telegrams to Bozzle, instigating Bozzle by all the means in his power to obtain possession of the child, desiring him at one time to pounce down upon the parsonage of St. Diddulph's with a battalion of policemen armed to the teeth with the law's authority, and at another time suggesting to him to find his way by stratagem into Mr. Outhouse's castle and carry off the child in his arms. At last he sent word to say that he himself would be in England before the end of March, and would see that the majesty of the law should be vindicated in his favor.

Bozzle had in truth made but one personal application for the child at St. Diddulph's. In making this, he had expected no success, though, from the energetic nature of his disposition, he had made the attempt with some zeal. But he had never applied again at the parsonage, disregarding the letters, the telegrams, and even the promises which had come to him from his employer with such frequency. The truth was that Mrs. Bozzle was opposed to the proposed separation of the mother and the child, and that Bozzle was a man who listened to the words of his wife. Mrs. Bozzle was quite prepared to ad-

mit that Madame T., as Mrs. Trevelyan had come to be called at No. 55, Stony Walk, was no better than she should be. Mrs. Bozzle was disposed to think that ladies of quality, among whom Madame T. was entitled in her estimation to take rank, were seldom better than they ought to be, and she was quite willing that her husband should earn his bread by watching the lady or the lady's lover. She had participated in Bozzle's triumph when he had discovered that the Colonel had gone to Devonshire, and again when he had learned that the Lothario had been at St. Diddulph's. And had the case been brought before the judge ordinary by means of her husband's exertions, she would have taken pleasure in reading every word of the evidence, even though her husband should have been ever so roughly handled by the lawyers. But now, when a demand was made upon Bozzle to violate the sanctity of the clergyman's house, and withdraw the child by force or stratagem, she began to perceive that the palmy days of the Trevelyan affair were over for them, and that it would be wise on her husband's part gradually to back out of the gentleman's employment. "Just put it on the fireback, Bozzle," she said one morning, as her husband stood before her reading for the second time a somewhat lengthy epistle, which had reached him from Italy, while he held the baby over his shoulder with his left arm. He had just washed himself at the sink, and though his face was clean, his hair was rough, and his shirt-sleeves were tucked up.

"That's all very well, Maryanne; but when a party has took a gent's money, a party is bound to go through with the job."

"Gammon, Bozzle."

"It's all very well to say gammon; but his money has been took, — and there's more to come."

"And ain't you worked for the money, — down to Hexeter one time, across the water pretty well day and night watching that 'ere clergyman's 'ouse like a cat? What more'd he have? As to the child, I won't hear of it, B. The child sha'n't come here. We'd all be showed up in the papers as that black, that they'd hoot us along the streets.

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, Osgood, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



It ain't the regular line of business, Bozzle; and there ain't no good to be got, never, by going off the regular line." Whereupon Bozzle scratched his head and again read the letter. A distinct promise of a hundred pounds was made to him, if he would have the child ready to hand over to Trevelyan on Trevelyan's arrival in England.

"It ain't to be done, you know," said Bozzle.

"Of course it ain't," said Mrs. Bozzle.

"It ain't to be done anyways,—not in my way of business. Why did n't he go to Skint, as I told him, when his own lawyer was too dainty for the job? The paternal parent has a right to his infants, no doubt." That was Bozzle's law.

"I don't believe it, B."

"But he have, I tell you."

"He can't suckle 'em; can he? I don't believe a bit of his rights."

"When a married woman has followers, and the husband don't go the wrong side of the post too, or it ain't proved again him that he do, they'll never let her have nothing to do with the children. It's been before the court a hundred times. He'll get the child fast enough if he'll go before the court."

"Anyways, it ain't your business, Bozzle, and don't you meddle nor make. The money's good money as long as it's honest earned; but when you come to rampaging and breaking into a gent's house, then I say money may be had a deal too hard." In this special letter, which had now come to hand, Bozzle was not instructed to "rampage." He was simply desired to make a further official requisition for the boy at the parsonage, and to explain to Mr. Outhouse, Mrs. Outhouse, and Mrs. Trevelyan, or to as many of them as he could contrive to see, that Mr. Trevelyan was immediately about to return to London, and that he would put the law into execution if his son were not given up to him at once. "I'll tell you what it is, B," exclaimed Mrs. Bozzle. "It's my belief as he ain't quite right up here"; and Mrs. Bozzle touched her forehead.

"It's love for her as has done it then," said Bozzle, shaking his head.

"I'm not a taking of her part, B. A woman as has a husband as finds her with her wittels regular, and with what's decent and comfortable beside, ought to be contented. I've never said no other than that, I ain't no patience with your saucy madames as can't remember as they're eating an honest man's bread. Drat 'em all; what is it they wants? They don't know what they wants. It's just hidleness,—'cause there ain't a ha'porth for 'em to do. It's that as makes 'em,—I won't say what. But as for this here child, B.—" At that moment there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Bozzle, going into the passage, opened it herself, and saw a strange gentleman. Bozzle, who had stood at the inner door, saw that the gentleman was Mr. Trevelyan.

The letter, which was still in the ex-policeman's hand, had reached Stony Walk on the previous day; but the master of the house had been absent, finding out facts, following up his profession, and earning an honest penny. Trevelyan had followed his letter quicker than he had intended when it was written, and was now with his prime minister, before his prime minister had been able to take any action on the last instruction received. "Does one Mr. Samuel Bozzle live here?" asked Trevelyan. Then Bozzle came forward and introduced his wife. There was no one else present except the baby, and Bozzle intimated that let matters be as delicate as they

might, they could be discussed with perfect security in his wife's presence. But Trevelyan was of a different opinion, and he was disgusted and revolted—most unreasonably—by the appearance of his minister's domestic arrangements. Bozzle had always waited upon him with a decent coat, and a well-brushed hat, and clean shoes. It is very much easier for such men as Mr. Bozzle to carry decency of appearance about with them than to keep it at home. Trevelyan had never believed his ally to be more than an ordinary ex-policeman, but he had not considered how unattractive might be the interior of a private detective's private residence. Mrs. Bozzle had set a chair for him, but he had declined to sit down. The room was dirty, and very close,—as though no breath of air was ever allowed to find entrance there. "Perhaps you could put on your coat, and walk out with me for a few minutes," said Trevelyan. Mrs. Bozzle, who well understood that business was business, and that wives were not business, felt no anger at this, and handed her husband his best coat. The well-brushed hat was fetched from a cupboard, and it was astonishing to see how easily and how quickly the outer respectability of Bozzle was restored.

"Well?" said Trevelyan, as soon as they were together in the middle of Stony Walk.

"There has n't been nothing to be done, sir," said Bozzle.

"Why not?" Trevelyan could perceive at once that the authority which he had once respected had gone from the man. Bozzle, away from his own home, out on business, with his coat buttoned over his breast, and his best hat in his hand, was aware that he commanded respect,—and he could carry himself accordingly. He knew himself to be somebody, and could be easy, self-confident, confidential, severe, authoritative, or even arrogant, as the circumstances of the moment might demand. But he had been found with his coat off, and a baby in his arms, and he could not recover himself. "I do not suppose that anybody will question my right to have the care of my own child," said Trevelyan.

"If you would have gone to Mr. Skint, sir,"—suggested Bozzle. "There aint no smarter gent in all the profession, sir, than Mr. Skint."

Mr. Trevelyan made no reply to this, but walked on in silence, with his minister at his elbow. He was very wretched, understanding well the degradation to which he was subjecting himself in discussing his wife's conduct with this man;—but with whom else could he discuss it? The man seemed to be meaner now than he had been before he had been seen in his own home. And Trevelyan was conscious, too, that he himself was not in outward appearance as he used to be,—that he was ill-dressed, and haggard, and worn, and visibly a wretched being. How can any man care to dress himself with attention who is always alone, and always miserable when alone? During the months which had passed over him since he had sent his wife away from him, his very nature had been altered, and he himself was aware of the change. As he went about, his eyes were ever cast downwards, and he walked with a quick, shuffling gait, and he suspected others, feeling that he himself was suspected. And all work had ceased with him. Since she had left him, he had not read a single book that was worth the reading. And he knew it all. He was conscious that he was becoming disgraced and degraded. He would sooner have shot himself than have walked into his club, or even have allowed



himself to be seen by daylight in Pall Mall, or Piccadilly. He had taken in his misery to drinking little drops of brandy in the morning, although he knew well that there was no shorter road to the Devil than that opened by such a habit. He looked up for a moment at Bozzle, and then asked him a question. "Where is he now?"

"You mean the Colonel, sir. He's up in town, sir, a minding of his parliamentary duties. He have been up all this month, sir."

"They have n't met?"

Bozzle paused a moment before he replied, and then smiled as he spoke. "It is so hard to say, sir. Ladies is so cute and cunning. I've watched as sharp as watching can go, pretty near. I've put a youngster on at each end, and both of 'em'd hear a mouse stirring in his sleep. I ain't got no evidence, Mr. Trevelyan. But if you ask me my opinion, why, in course they've been together somewhere. It stands to reason, Mr. Trevelyan; don't it?" And Bozzle as he said this smiled almost aloud.

"D——n and b——t it all forever!" said Trevelyan, gnashing his teeth, and moving away into Union Street as fast as he could walk. And he did go away, leaving Bozzle standing in the middle of Stony Walk.

"He's disturbed in his mind,—quite 'orrid," Bozzle said when he got back to his wife. "He cursed and swore as made even me feel bad."

"B.," said his wife, "do you listen to me. Get in what's a howing, and don't you have nothing more to do with it."

## CHAPTER LX.

### ANOTHER STRUGGLE.

Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley were to reach England about the end of March or the beginning of April, and both Mrs. Trevelyan and Nora Rowley were almost sick for their arrival. Both their uncle and aunt had done very much for them, had been true to them in their need, and had submitted to endless discomforts in order that their nieces might have respectable shelter in their great need; but nevertheless their conduct had not been of a kind to produce either love or friendship. Each of the sisters felt that she had been much better off at Nuncombe Putney, and that either the weakness of Mrs. Stanbury, or the hardness of Priscilla, was preferable to the repulsive forbearance of their clerical host. He did not scold them. He never threw it in Mrs. Trevelyan's teeth that she had been separated from her husband by her own fault; he did not tell them of his own discomfort. But he showed it in every gesture, and spoke of it in every tone of his voice;—so that Mrs. Trevelyan could not refrain from apologizing for the misfortune of her presence.

"My dear," he said, "things can't be pleasant and unpleasant at the same time. You were quite right to come here. I am glad for all our sakes that Sir Marmaduke will be with us so soon."

She had almost given up in her mind the hope that she had long cherished, that she might some day be able to live again with her husband. Every step which he now took in reference to her seemed to be prompted by so bitter a hostility, that she could not but believe that she was hateful to him. How was it possible that a husband and his wife should again come together, when there had been between them such an emissary as a detective police-

man? Mrs. Trevelyan had gradually come to learn that Bozzle had been at Nuncombe Putney, watching her, and to be aware that she was still under the surveillance of his eye. For some months past now she had neither seen Colonel Osborne, nor heard from him. He had certainly by his folly done much to produce the ruin which had fallen upon her; but it never occurred to her to blame him. Indeed, she did not know that he was liable to blame. Mr. Outhouse always spoke of him with indignant scorn, and Nora had learned to think that much of their misery was due to his imprudence. But Mrs. Trevelyan would not see this, and, not seeing it, was more widely separated from her husband than she would have been had she acknowledged that any excuse for his misconduct had been afforded by the vanity and folly of the other man.

Lady Rowley had written to have a furnished house taken for them from the first of April, and a house had been secured in Manchester Street. The situation in question is not one which is of itself very charming, nor is it supposed to be in a high degree fashionable; but Nora looked forward to her escape from St. Diddulph's to Manchester Street as though Paradise were to be reopened to her as soon as she should be there with her father and mother. She was quite clear now as to her course about Hugh Stanbury. She did not doubt but she could so argue the matter as to get the consent of her father and mother. She felt herself to be altogether altered in her views of life, since experience had come upon her, first at Nuncombe Putney, and after that, much more heavily and seriously, at St. Diddulph's. She looked back as though to a childish dream to the ideas which had prevailed with her when she had told herself, as she used to do so frequently, that she was unfit to be a poor man's wife. Why should she be more unfit for such a position than another? Of course there were many thoughts in her mind, much of memory if nothing of regret, in regard to Mr. Glascock and the splendor that had been offered to her. She had had her chance of being a rich man's wife, and had rejected it,—had rejected it twice, with her eyes open. Readers will say that if she loved Hugh Stanbury with all her heart, there could be nothing of regret in her reflections. But we are perhaps accustomed in judging for ourselves and of others to draw the lines too sharply, and to say that on this side lie vice, folly, heartlessness, and greed,—and on the other honor, love, truth, and wisdom,—the good and the bad each in its own domain. But the good and the bad mix themselves so thoroughly in our thoughts, even in our aspirations, that we must look for excellence rather in overcoming evil than in freeing ourselves from its influence. There had been many moments of regret with Nora, but none of remorse. At the very moment in which she had sent Mr. Glascock away from her, and had felt that he had now been sent away for always, she had been full of regret. Since that there had been many hours in which she had thought of her own self-lesson, of that teaching by which she had striven to convince herself that she could never fitly become a poor man's wife. But the upshot of it all was a healthy pride in what she had done, and a strong resolution that she would make shirts and hem towels for her husband if he required it. It had been given her to choose, and she had chosen. She had found herself unable to tell a man that she loved him when she did not love him,—and equally unable to conceal the love which she did feel. "If he wheeled a bar-



row of turnips about the street, I'd marry him to-morrow," she said to her sister one afternoon as they were sitting together in the room which ought to have been her uncle's study.

"If he wheeled a big barrow, you'd have to wheel a little one," said her sister.

"Then I'd do it. I should n't mind. There has been this advantage in St. Diddulph's, that nothing can be triste, nothing dull, nothing ugly after it."

"It may be so with you, Nora; that is, in imagination."

"What I mean is that living here has taught me much that I never could have learned in Curzon Street. I used to think myself such a fine young woman, — but upon my word, I think myself a finer one now."

"I don't quite know what you mean."

"I don't quite know myself; but I nearly know. I do know this, that I've made up my own mind about what I mean to do."

"You'll change it, dear, when mamma is here, and things are comfortable again. It's my belief that Mr. Glascock would come to you again to-morrow if you would let him." Mrs. Trevelyan was, naturally, in complete ignorance of the experience of transatlantic excellence which Mr. Glascock had encountered in Italy.

"But I certainly should not let him. How would it be possible after what I wrote to Hugh?"

"All that might pass away," said Mrs. Trevelyan, slowly, after a long pause.

"All what might pass away? Have I not given him a distinct promise? Have I not told him that I loved him, and sworn that I would be true to him? Can that be made to pass away, — even if one wished it?"

"Of course it can. Nothing need be fixed for you till you have stood at the altar with a man and been made his wife. You may choose still. I can never choose again."

"I never will, at any rate," said Nora.

Then there was another pause. "It seems strange to me, Nora," said the elder sister, "that after what you have seen you should be so keen to be married to any one."

"What is a girl to do?"

"Better drown herself than do as I have done. Only think what there is before me. What I have gone through is nothing to it. Of course I must go back to the Islands. Where else am I to live? Who else will take me?"

"Come to us," said Nora.

"Us, Nora! Who are the us? But in no way would that be possible. Papa will be here, perhaps for six months." Nora thought it quite possible that she might have a home of her own before six months were passed, — even though she might be wheeling the smaller barrow, — but she would not say so. "And by that time everything must be decided."

"I suppose it must."

"Of course papa and mamma must go back," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"Papa might take a pension. He's entitled to a pension now."

"He'll never do that as long as he can have employment. They'll go back, and I must go with them. Who else would take me in?"

"I know who would take you in, Emily."

"My darling, that is romance. As for myself, I should not care where I went. If it were even to remain here, I could bear it."

"I could not," said Nora, decisively.

"It is so different with you, dear. I don't suppose it is possible I should take my boy with me to the Islands; and how — am I — to go — anywhere — without him?" Then she broke down, and fell into a paroxysm of sobs, and was in very truth a broken-hearted woman.

Nora was silent for some minutes, but at last she spoke. "Why do you not go back to him, Emily?"

"How am I to go back to him? What am I to do to make him take me back?" At this very moment Trevelyan was in the house, but they did not know it.

"Write to him," said Nora.

"What am I to say? In very truth I do believe that he is mad. If I write to him, should I defend myself or accuse myself? A dozen times I have striven to write such a letter, — not that I might send it, but that I might find what I could say should I ever wish to send it. And it is impossible. I can only tell him how unjust he has been, how cruel, how mad, how wicked!"

"Could you not say to him simply this? — 'Let us be together, wherever it may be; and let bygones be bygones.'"

"While he is watching me with a policeman? While he is still thinking that I entertain a — lover? While he believes that I am the base thing that he has dared to think me?"

"He has never believed it?"

"Then how can he be such a villain as to treat me like this? I could not go to him, Nora, — not unless I went to him as one who was known to be mad, over whom in his wretched condition it would be my duty to keep watch. In no other way could I overcome my abhorrence of the outrages to which he has subjected me."

"But for the child's sake, Emily."

"Ah, yes! If it were simply to grovel in the dust before him, it should be done. If humiliation would suffice, — or any self-abasement that were possible to me! But I should be false if I said that I look forward to any such possibility. How can he wish to have me back again after what he has said and done? I am his wife, and he has disgraced me before all men by his own words. And what have I done that I should not have done, — what left undone on his behalf that I should have done? It is hard that the foolish workings of a weak man's mind should be able so completely to ruin the prospects of a woman's life!"

Nora was beginning to answer this by attempting to show that the husband's madness was, perhaps, only temporary, when there came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Outhouse was at once in the room. It will be well that the reader should know what had taken place at the parsonage while the two sisters had been together up-stairs, so that the nature of Mrs. Outhouse's mission to them may explain itself. Mr. Outhouse had been in his closet down stairs, when the maid-servant brought word to him that Mr. Trevelyan was in the parlor, and was desirous of seeing him.

"Mr. Trevelyan!" said the unfortunate clergyman, holding up both his hands. The servant understood the tragic importance of the occasion quite as well as did her master, and simply shook her head. "Has your mistress seen him?" said the master. The girl again shook her head. "Ask your mistress to come to me," said the clergyman. Then the girl disappeared; and in a few minutes



Mrs. Outhouse, equally imbued with the tragic elements of the day, was with her husband.

Mr. Outhouse began by declaring that no consideration should induce him to see Trevelyan, and commissioned his wife to go to the man, and tell him that he must leave the house. When the unfortunate woman expressed an opinion that Trevelyan had some legal rights upon which he might probably insist, Mr. Outhouse asserted roundly that he could have no legal right to remain in that parsonage against the will of the rector. "If he wants to claim his wife and child, he must do it by law, not by force; and, thank God, Sir Marmaduke will be here before he can do that." "But I can't make him go," said Mrs. Outhouse. "Tell him that you'll send for a policeman," said the clergyman.

It had come to pass that there had been messages backwards and forwards between the visitor and the master of the house, all carried by that unfortunate lady. Trevelyan did not demand that his wife and child should be given up to him;—did not even, on this occasion, demand that his boy should be surrendered to him,—now, at once. He did say, very repeatedly, that of course he must have his boy, but seemed to imply that, under certain circumstances, he would be willing to take his wife to live with him again. This appeared to Mrs. Outhouse to be so manifestly the one thing that was desirable,—to be the only solution of the difficulty that could be admitted as a solution at all,—that she went to work on that hint, and ventured to entertain a hope that a reconciliation might be effected. She implored her husband to lend a hand to the work;—by which she intended to imply that he should not only see Trevelyan, but consent to meet the sinner on friendly terms. But Mr. Outhouse was on the occasion even more than customarily obstinate. His wife might do what she liked. He would neither meddle nor make. He would not willingly see Mr. Trevelyan in his own house,—unless, indeed, Mr. Trevelyan should attempt to force his way up into the nursery. Then he said that which left no doubt on his wife's mind that, should any violence be attempted, her husband would manfully join the *mêlée*.

But it soon became evident that no such attempt was to be made on that day. Trevelyan was lachrymose, heart-broken, and a sight pitiable to behold. When Mrs. Outhouse loudly asserted that his wife had not sinned against him in the least,—“not in a tittle, Mr. Trevelyan,” she repeated over and over again,—he began to assert himself, declaring that she had seen the man in Devonshire, and corresponded with him since she had been at St. Didulph's; and when the lady had declared that the latter assertion was untrue, he had shaken his head, and had told her that perhaps she did not know all. But the misery of the man had its effect upon her, and at last she proposed to be the bearer of a message to his wife. He had demanded to see his child, offering to promise that he would not attempt to take the boy by force on this occasion,—saying, also, that his claim by law was so good, that no force could be necessary. It was proposed by Mrs. Outhouse that he should first see the mother,—and to this he at last assented. How blessed a thing would it be if these two persons could be induced to forget the troubles of the last twelve months, and once more to love and trust each other! “But, sir,” said Mrs. Outhouse, putting her hand upon his arm, “you must not upbraid her, for she will not bear it.” “She knows nothing of what is due

to a husband,” said Trevelyan, gloomily. The task was not hopeful; but, nevertheless, the poor woman resolved to do her best.

And now Mrs. Outhouse was in her niece's room, asking her to go down and see her husband. Little Louis had at the time been with the nurse, and the very moment that the mother heard that the child's father was in the house, she jumped up and rushed away to get possession of her treasure. “Has he come for baby?” Nora asked, in dismay. Then Mrs. Outhouse, anxious to obtain a convert to her present views, boldly declared that Mr. Trevelyan had no such intention. Mrs. Trevelyan came back at once with the boy, and then listened to all her aunt's arguments. “But I will not take baby with me,” she said. At last it was decided that she should go down alone, and that the child should afterwards be taken to his father in the drawing-room, Mrs. Outhouse pledging herself that the whole household should combine in her defence if Mr. Trevelyan should attempt to take the child out of that room. “But what am I to say to him?” she asked.

“Say as little as possible,” said Mrs. Outhouse, “except to make him understand that he has been in error in imputing fault to you.”

“He will never understand that,” said Mrs. Trevelyan.

A considerable time elapsed after that before she could bring herself to descend the stairs. Now that her husband was so near her, and that her aunt had assured her that she might reinstate herself in her position, if she could only abstain from saying hard words to him, she wished that he was away from her again, in Italy. She knew that she could not refrain from hard words. How was it possible that she should vindicate her own honor, without asserting with all her strength that she had been ill-used; and, to speak truth on the matter, her love for the man, which had once been true and eager, had been quelled by the treatment she had received. She had clung to her love in some shape, in spite of the accusations made against her, till she had heard that the policeman had been set upon her heels. Could it be possible that any woman should love a man, or at least that any wife should love a husband, after such usage as that? At last she crept gently down the stairs, and stood at the parlor-door. She listened, and could hear his steps, as he paced backwards and forwards through the room. She looked back, and could see the face of the servant peering round from the kitchen stairs. She could not endure to be watched in her misery, and, thus driven, she opened the parlor-door. “Louis,” she said, walking into the room, “Aunt Mary has desired me to come to you.”

“Emily!” he exclaimed, and ran to her and embraced her. She did not seek to stop him, but she did not return the kiss which he gave her. Then he held her by her hands, and looked into her face, and she could see how strangely he was altered. She thought that she would hardly have known him, had she not been sure that it was he. She herself was also changed. Who can bear sorrow without such change, till age has fixed the lines of the face, or till care has made them hard and un-malleable? But the effect on her was as nothing to that which grief, remorse, and desolation had made on him. He had had no child with him, no sister, no friend. Bozzie had been his only refuge,—a refuge not adapted to make life easier to such a man as Trevelyan; and he,—in spite of the ac-



cusations made by himself against his wife, within his own breast hourly since he had left her, — had found it to be very difficult to satisfy his own conscience. He told himself from hour to hour that he knew that he was right; but in very truth he was ever doubting his own conduct.

"You have been ill, Louis," she said, looking at him.

"Ill at ease, Emily, — very ill at ease! A sore heart will make the face thin, as well as fever or ague. Since we parted I have not had much to comfort me."

"Nor have I, — nor any of us," said she. "How was comfort to come from such a parting?"

Then they both stood silent together. He was still holding her by the hand, but she was careful not to return his pressure. She would not take her hand away from him; but she would show him no sign of softness till he should have absolutely acquitted her of the accusation he had made against her. "We are man and wife," he said after a while. "In spite of all that has come and gone I am yours, and you are mine."

"You should have remembered that always, Louis."

"I have never forgotten it, — never. In no thought have I been untrue to you. My heart has never changed since first I gave it you." There came a bitter frown upon her face, of which she was so conscious herself that she turned her face away from him. She still remembered her lesson, that she was not to anger him, and, therefore, she refrained from answering him at all. But the answer was there, hot within her bosom. Had he loved her, — and yet suspected that she was false to him and to her vows, simply because she had been on terms of intimacy with an old friend? Had he loved her, and yet turned her from his house? Had he loved her, — and set a policeman to watch her? Had he loved her, and yet spoken evil of her to all their friends? Had he loved her, and yet striven to rob her of her child? "Will you come to me?" he said.

"I suppose it will be better so," she answered, slowly.

"Then you will promise me —" He paused, and attempted to turn her towards him, so that he might look her in the face.

"Promise what?" she said, quickly glancing round at him, and drawing her hand away from him as she did so.

"That all intercourse with Colonel Osborne shall be at an end."

"I will make no promise. You come to me to add one insult to another. Had you been a man, you would not have named him to me after what you have done to me."

"That is absurd. I have a right to demand from you such a pledge. I am willing to believe that you have not —"

"Have not what?"

"That you have not utterly disgraced me."

"God in heaven, that I should hear this!" she exclaimed. "Louis Trevelyan, I have not disgraced you at all, — in thought, in word, in deed, in look, or in gesture. It is you that have disgraced yourself, and ruined me, and degraded even your own child."

"Is this the way in which you welcome me?"

"Certainly it is, — in this way and in no other if you speak to me of what is past, without acknowledging your error." Her brow became blacker and

blackier as she continued to speak to him. "It would be best that nothing should be said, — not a word. That it all should be regarded as an ugly dream. But, when you come to me and at once go back to it all, and ask me for a promise —"

"Am I to understand, then, that all idea of submission to your husband is to be at an end?"

"I will submit to no imputation on my honor, — even from you. One would have thought that it would have been for you to preserve it untarnished."

"And you will give me no assurance as to your future life?"

"None, — certainly none. If you want promises from me, there can be no hope for the future. What am I to promise? That I will not have — a lover? What respect can I enjoy as your wife if such a promise be needed? If you should choose to fancy that it had been broken, you would set your policeman to watch me again! Louis, we can never live together again ever with comfort, unless you acknowledge in your own heart that you have used me shamefully."

"Were you right to see him in Devonshire?"

"Of course I was right. Why should I not see him, — or any one?"

"And you will see him again?"

"When papa comes, of course I shall see him."

"Then it is hopeless," said he, turning away from her.

"If that man is to be a source of disquiet to you, it is hopeless," she answered. "If you cannot so school yourself that he shall be the same to you as other men, it is quite hopeless. You must still be mad, — as you have been mad hitherto."

He walked about the room restlessly for a time, while she stood with assumed composure near the window. "Send me my child," he said at last.

"He shall come to you, Louis, — for a little; but he is not to be taken out from hence. Is that a promise?"

"You are to exact promises from me, where my own rights are concerned, while you refuse to give me any, though I am entitled to demand them! I order you to send the boy to me. Is he not my own?"

"Is he not mine, too? And is he not all that you have left to me?"

He paused again, and then gave the promise. "Let him be brought to me. He shall not be removed now. I intend to have him. I tell you so fairly. He shall be taken from you unless you come back to me with such assurances as to your future conduct as I have a right to demand. There is much that the law cannot give me. It cannot procure wife-like submission, love, gratitude, or even decent matronly conduct. But that which it can give me, I will have."

She walked off to the door, and then, as she was quitting the room, she spoke to him once again. "Alas, Louis," she said, "neither can the law, nor medicine, nor religion, restore to you that fine intellect which foolish suspicions have destroyed." Then she left him and returned to the room in which her aunt, and Nora, and the child were all clustered together, waiting to learn the effects of the interview. The two women asked their questions with their eyes, rather than with spoken words. "It is all over," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "There is nothing left for me but to go back to papa. I only hear the same accusations, repeated again and again, and make myself subject to the old insults." Then Mrs. Outhouse



knew that she could interfere no further, and that, in truth, nothing could be done till the return of Sir Marmaduke should relieve her and her husband from all further active concern in the matter.

But Trevelyan was still down stairs waiting for the child. At last it was arranged that Nora should take the boy into the drawing-room, and that Mrs. Outhouse should fetch the father up from the parlor to the room above it. Angry as was Mrs. Trevelyan with her husband, not the less was she anxious to make the boy good-looking and seemly in his father's eyes. She washed the child's face, put on him a clean frill and a pretty ribbon; and, as she did so, she bade him kiss his papa, and speak nicely to him, and love him. "Poor papa is unhappy," she said, "And Louey must be very good to him." The boy, child though he was, understood much more of what was passing around him than his mother knew. How was he to love papa when mamma did not do so? In some shape that idea had framed itself in his mind; and, as he was taken down, he knew it was impossible that he should speak nicely to his papa. Nora did as she was bidden, and went down to the first floor. Mrs. Outhouse, promising that even if she were put out of the room by Mr. Trevelyan she would not stir from the landing outside the door, descended to the parlor and quickly returned with the unfortunate father. Mr. Outhouse, in the mean time, was still sitting in his closet, tormented with curiosity, but yet determined not to be seen till the intruder should have left his house.

"I hope you are well, Nora," he said, as he entered the room with Mrs. Outhouse.

"Quite well, thank you, Louis."

"I am sorry that our troubles should have deprived you of the home you had been taught to expect." To this Nora made no reply, but escaped and went up to her sister. "My poor little boy," said Trevelyan, taking the child and placing it on his knee. "I suppose you have forgotten your unfortunate father." The child, of course, said nothing, but just allowed himself to be kissed.

"He is looking very well," said Mrs. Outhouse.

"Is he? I dare say he is well. Louey, my boy, are you happy?" The question was asked in a voice that was dismal beyond compare, and it also remained unanswered. He had been desired to speak nicely to his papa; but how was it possible that a child should speak nicely under such a load of melancholy? "He will not speak to me," said Trevelyan. "I suppose it is what I might have expected." Then the child was put off his knee on to the floor, and began to whimper. "A few months since he would sit there for hours, with his head upon my breast," said Trevelyan.

"A few months is a long time in the life of such an infant," said Mrs. Outhouse.

"He may go away," said Trevelyan. Then the child was led out of the room, and sent up to his mother.

"Emily has done all she can to make the child love your memory," said Mrs. Outhouse.

"To love my memory! What, as though I were dead! I will teach him to love me as I am, Mrs. Outhouse. I do not think that it is too late. Will you tell your husband from me, with my compliments, that I shall cause him to be served with a legal demand for the restitution of my child?"

"But Sir Marmaduke will be here in a few days."

"I know nothing of that. Sir Marmaduke is nothing to me now. My child is my own, — and so is my wife. Sir Marmaduke has no authority over

either one or the other. I find my child here, and it is here that I must look for him. I am sorry that you should be troubled, but the fault does not rest with me. Mr. Outhouse has refused to give me up my own child, and I am driven to take such steps for his recovery as the law has put within my reach."

"Why did you turn your wife out of doors, Mr. Trevelyan?" asked Mrs. Outhouse, boldly.

"I did not turn her out of doors. I provided a fitting shelter for her. I gave her everything that she could want. You know what happened. That man went down and was received there. I defy you, Mrs. Outhouse, to say that it was my fault."

Mrs. Outhouse did attempt to show him that it was his fault; but while she was doing so, he left the house. "I don't think she could go back to him," said Mrs. Outhouse to her husband. "He is quite insane upon this matter."

"I shall be insane, I know," said Mr. Outhouse, "if Sir Marmaduke does not come home very quickly." Nevertheless, he quite ignored any legal power that might be brought to bear against him as to the restitution of the child to its father.

## CHAPTER LXI.

PARKER'S HOTEL, MOWBRAY STREET.

Within a week of the occurrence which is related in the last chapter, there came a telegram from Southampton to the parsonage at St. Diddulph's, saying that Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley had reached England. On the evening of that day they were to lodge at a small family hotel in Baker Street, and both Mrs. Trevelyan and Nora were to be with them. The leave-taking at the parsonage was painful, as on both sides there existed a feeling that affection and sympathy were wanting. The uncle and aunt had done their duty, and both Mrs. Trevelyan and Nora felt that they ought to have been demonstrative and cordial in their gratitude; but they found it impossible to become so. And the rector could not pretend but that he was glad to be rid of his guests. There were, too, some last words about money to be spoken, which were grievous thorns in the poor man's flesh. Two bank-notes, however, were put upon his table, and he knew that unless he took them he could not pay for the provisions which his unwelcome visitors had consumed. Surely, there never was a man so cruelly ill-used as had been Mr. Outhouse in all this matter. "Another such winter as that would put me in my grave," he said, when his wife tried to comfort him after they were gone. "I know that they have both been very good to us," said Mrs. Trevelyan, as she and her sister, together with the child and the nurse, hurried away towards Baker Street in a cab; "but I have never for a moment felt that they were glad to have us." "But how could they have been glad to have us," she added afterwards, "when we brought such trouble with us?" But they to whom they were going now would receive her with joy, would make her welcome with all her load of sorrows, would give to her a sympathy which it was impossible that she should receive from others. Though she might not be happy now, — for in truth how could she be ever really happy again, — there would be a joy to her in placing her child in her mother's arms, and in receiving her father's warm caresses. That her father would be very vehement in his anger against her husband she knew well,



for Sir Marmaduke was a vehement man. But there would be some support for her in the very violence of his wrath, and at this moment it was such support that she most needed.

As they journeyed together in the cab, the married sister seemed to be in the higher spirits of the two. She was sure, at any rate, that those to whom she was going would place themselves on her side. Nora had her own story to tell about Hugh Stanbury, and was by no means so sure that her tale would be received with cordial agreement. "Let me tell them myself," she whispered to her sister. "Not to-night, because they will have so much to say to you; but I shall tell mamma to-morrow."

The train by which the Rowleys were to reach London was due at the station at 7.30 P. M., and the two sisters timed their despatch from St. Diddulph's so as to enable them to reach the hotel at eight. "We shall be there now before mamma," said Nora, "because they will have so much luggage, and so many things, and the trains are always late." When they started from the door of the parsonage, Mr. Outhouse gave the direction to the cabman, "Gregg's Hotel, Baker Street." Then at once he began to console himself in that they were gone.

It was a long drive from St. Diddulph's in the east to Marylebone in the west of London. None of the party in the cab knew anything of the region through which they passed. The cabman took the line by the back of the bank, and Finsbury Square and the City Road, thinking it best, probably, to avoid the crush at Holborn Hill, though at the expense of something of a circuit. But of this Mrs. Trevelyan and Nora knew nothing. Had their way taken them along Piccadilly, or through May Fair, or across Grosvenor Square, they would have known where they were; but at present they were not thinking of those once much-loved localities. The cab passed the Angel, and up and down the hill at Pentonville, and by the King's Cross stations, and through Euston Square, — and then it turned up Gower Street. Surely, the man should have gone on along the New Road, now that he had come so far out of his way. But of this the two ladies knew nothing, — nor did the nurse. It was a dark, windy night, but the lamps in the streets had given them light, so that they had not noticed the night. Nor did they notice it now as the streets became narrower and darker. They were hardly thinking that their journey was yet at an end, and the mother was in the act of covering her boy's face as he lay asleep on the nurse's lap, when the cab was stopped. Nora, looking through the window, saw the word "Hotel" over a doorway, and was satisfied. "Shall I take the child, ma'am?" said a man in black, and the child was handed out. Nora was the first to follow, and she then perceived that the door of the hotel was not open. Mrs. Trevelyan followed; and then they looked round them, — and the child was gone. They heard the rattle of another cab as it was carried away at a gallop round a distant corner; — and then some inkling of what had happened came upon them. The father had succeeded in getting possession of his child.

It was a narrow, dark street, very quiet, having about it a certain air of poor respectability, — an obscure, noiseless street, without even a sign of life. Some unfortunate one had endeavored here to keep a hotel; but there was no hotel kept there now. There had been much craft in selecting the place in which the child had been taken from them. As they looked around them, perceiving the terrible

misfortune which had befallen them, there was not a human being near them save the cabman, who was occupied in unchaining, or pretending to unchain, the heavy mass of luggage on the roof. The windows of the house before which they were stopping were closed, and Nora perceived at once that the hotel was not inhabited. The cabman must have perceived it also. As for the man who had taken the child, the nurse could only say that he was dressed in black, like a waiter, that he had a napkin under his arm, and no hat on his head. He had taken the boy tenderly in his arms, and then she had seen nothing further. The first thing that Nora had seen, as she stood on the pavement, was the other cab moving off rapidly.

Mrs. Trevelyan had staggered against the railings, and was soon screaming in her wretchedness. Before long there was a small crowd around them, comprising three or four women, a few boys, an old man or two, — and a policeman. To the policeman Nora had soon told the whole story, and the cabman was of course attacked. But the cabman played his part very well. He declared that he had done just what he had been told to do. Nora was indeed sure that she had heard her uncle desire him to drive to Gregg's Hotel in Baker Street. The cabman, in answer to this, declared that he had not clearly heard the old gentleman's directions; but that a man whom he had conceived to be a servant, had very plainly told him to drive to Parker's Hotel, Mowbray Street, Gower Street. "I come ever so far out of my way," said the cabman, "to avoid the rumpus with the omnibuses at the hill, — 'cause the ladies' things is so heavy we'd never got up if the 'orse had once jibbed." All which, though it had nothing to do with the matter, seemed to impress the policeman with the idea that the cabman, if not a true man, was going to be too clever for them on this occasion. And the crafty cabman went on to declare that his horse was so tired with the load that he could not go on to Baker Street. They must get another cab. Take his number! Of course they could take his number. There was his number. His fare was four and six, — that is, if the ladies would n't pay him anything extra for the terrible load; and he meant to have it. It would be sixpence more if they kept him there many minutes longer. The number was taken, and another cab was got, and the luggage was transferred, and the money was paid, while the unhappy mother was still screaming in hysterics against the railings. What had been done was soon clear enough to all those around her. Nora had told the policeman, and had told one of the women, thinking to obtain their sympathy and assistance. "It's the kid's dada as has taken it," said one man, "and there ain't nothing to be done." There was nothing to be done, — nothing at any rate then and there.

Nora had been very eager that the cabman should be arrested; but the policeman assured her that such an arrest was out of the question, and would have been useless, had it been possible. The man would be forthcoming if his presence should be again desired, but he had probably — so said the policeman — really been desired to drive to Mowbray Street. "They knows where to find me if they wants me, — only I must be paid my time," said the cabman, confidently. And the policeman was of opinion that, as the boy had been kidnapped on behalf of the father, no legal steps could be taken either for the recovery of the child or for the punishment of the perpetrators of the act. He



got up, however, on the box of the cab, and accompanied the party to the hotel in Baker Street. They reached it almost exactly at the same time with Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley, and the reader must imagine the confusion, the anguish, and the disappointment of that meeting. Mrs. Trevelyan was hardly in possession of her senses when she reached her mother, and could not be induced to be tranquil even when she was assured by her father that her son would suffer no immediate evil by being transferred to his father's hands. She in her frenzy declared that she would never see her little one again, and seemed to think that the father might not improbably destroy the child. "He is mad, papa, and does not know what he does. Do you mean to say that a madman may do as he pleases?—that he may rob my child from me in the streets?—that he may take him out of my very arms in that way?" And she was almost angry with her father because no attempt was made that night to recover the boy.

Sir Marmaduke, who was not himself a good lawyer, had been closeted with the policeman for a quarter of an hour, and had learned the policeman's views. Of course, the father of the child was the person who had done the deed. Whether the cabman had been in the plot or not, was not matter of much consequence. There could be no doubt that some one had told the man to go to Parker's Hotel, as the cab was starting; and it would probably be impossible to punish him in the teeth of such instructions. Sir Marmaduke, however, could doubtless have the cabman summoned. And as for the absolute abduction of the child, the policeman was of opinion that a father could not be punished for obtaining possession of his son by such a stratagem, unless the custody of the child had been made over to the mother by some court of law. The policeman, indeed, seemed to think that nothing could be done, and Sir Marmaduke was inclined to agree with him. When this was explained to Mrs. Trevelyan by her mother, she again became hysterical in her agony, and could hardly be restrained from going forth herself to look for her lost treasure.

It need hardly be further explained that Trevelyan had planned the stratagem in concert with Mr. Bozzle. Bozzle, though strongly cautioned by his wife to keep himself out of danger in the matter, was sorely tempted by his employer's offer of a hundred pounds. He positively refused to be a party to any attempt at violence at St. Diddulph's; but when he learned, as he did learn, that Mrs. Trevelyan, with her sister and baby, were to be transferred from St. Diddulph's in a cab to Baker Street, and that the journey was luckily to be made during the shades of evening, his active mind went to work, and he arranged the plan. There were many difficulties, and even some pecuniary difficulty. He bargained that he should have his hundred pounds clear of all deduction for expenses,—and then the attendant expenses were not insignificant. It was necessary that there should be four men in the service, all good and true; and men require to be well paid for such goodness and truth. There was the man, himself an ex-policeman, who gave the instructions to the first cabman, as he was starting. The cabman would not undertake the job at all unless he were so instructed on the spot, asserting that in this way he would be able to prove that the orders he obeyed came from the lady's husband. And there was the crafty pseudo-waiter, with the napkin and no hat, who had carried the boy to the

cab in which his father was sitting. And there were the two cabmen. Bozzle planned it all, and with some difficulty arranged the preliminaries. How successful was the scheme, we have seen; and Bozzle, for a month, was able to assume a superiority over his wife, which that honest woman found to be very disagreeable. "There ain't no fraudulent abduction in it at all," Bozzle exclaimed, "because a wife ain't got no rights again her husband,—not in such a matter as that." Mrs. Bozzle implied that if her husband were to take her child away from her without her leave, she'd let him know something about it. But as the husband had in his possession the note for a hundred pounds, realized, Mrs. Bozzle had not much to say in support of her view of the case.

On the morning after the occurrence, while Sir Marmaduke was waiting with his solicitor upon a magistrate to find whether anything could be done, the following letter was brought to Mrs. Trevelyan at Gregg's Hotel:—

"Our child is safe with me, and will remain so. If you care to obtain legal advice, you will find that I as his father have a right to keep him under my protection. I shall do so, but will allow you to see him as soon as I shall have received a full guarantee that you have no idea of withdrawing him from my charge.

"A home for yourself with me is still open to you,—on condition that you will give me the promise that I have demanded from you; and as long as I shall not hear that you again see or communicate with the person to whose acquaintance I object. While you remain away from me, I will cause you to be paid £50 a month, as I do not wish that you should be a burden on others. But this payment will depend also on your not seeing or holding any communication with the person to whom I have alluded.

"Your affectionate and offended husband,

"LOUIS TREVELYAN.

"A letter addressed to The Acrobats' Club will reach me."

Sir Rowley came home dispirited and unhappy, and could give no comfort to his daughter. The magistrate had told him that, though the cabman might probably be punished for taking the ladies otherwise than as directed,—if the direction to Baker Street could be proved,—nothing could be done to punish the father or to recover the child. The magistrate seemed to think that, as the father had demanded the child, the injury done was in fact against him. It was clear that the husband had offered a home to his wife, and that, in offering it, he had attempted to impose no conditions which could be shown to be cruel before a judge. The magistrate thought that Mr. Trevelyan was entitled to his child, and that he had done nothing illegal in taking it from the cab. Sir Marmaduke was clearly of opinion that nothing could be gained by legal interference. His private desire was to get hold of Trevelyan and pull him limb from limb. Lady Rowley thought that her daughter had better go back to her husband, let the future consequences be what they might. And the poor desolate mother herself had almost brought herself to offer to do so, having in her brain some idea that she would after a while be able to escape with her boy. As for love for her husband, certainly there was none now left in her bosom. Nor could she teach herself to think



it possible that she should ever live with him again on friendly terms. But she would submit to anything with the object of getting back her boy. Three or four letters were written to Mr. Trevelyan in as many days from his wife, from Lady Rowley, and from Nora; in which various overtures were made. Trevelyan wrote once again to his wife. She knew, he said, already the terms on which she might come back. These terms were still open to her. As for the boy, he certainly should not leave his father. A meeting might be planned on condition that he, Trevelyan, were provided with a written assurance from his wife that she would not endeavor to remove the boy, and that he himself should be present at the meeting.

Thus the first week was passed after Sir Marmaduke's return,—and a most wretched time it was for all the party at Gregg's Hotel.

## CHAPTER LXII.

### LADY ROWLEY MAKES AN ATTEMPT.

Nothing could be more uncomfortable than the state of Sir Marmaduke Rowley's family for the first ten days after the arrival in London of the Governor of the Mandarin Islands. Lady Rowley had brought with her two of her girls,—the third and fourth,—and, as we know, had been joined by the two eldest, so that there was a large family of ladies brought together. A house had been taken in Manchester Street, to which they had intended to transfer themselves after a single night passed at Gregg's Hotel. But the trouble and sorrow inflicted upon them by the abduction of Mrs. Trevelyan's child, and the consequent labors thrust upon Sir Marmaduke's shoulders had been so heavy, that they had slept six nights at the hotel, before they were able to move themselves into the house prepared for them. By that time all idea had been abandoned of recovering the child by any legal means to be taken as a consequence of the illegality of the abduction. The boy was with his father, and the lawyers seemed to think that the father's rights were paramount,—unless the circumstances of the case were such as to enable the wife to apply for a judicial separation before the judge of the Divorce Court. If she could do that successfully, then perhaps the custody of her boy might be awarded to her, at any rate for a certain number of years. But when the circumstances of the case were explained to Sir Marmaduke's lawyer by Lady Rowley, that gentleman shook his head. Mrs. Trevelyan had, he said, no case with which she could go into court. Then by degrees there were words whispered as to her husband's madness. The lawyer said that was a matter for the doctors. If a certain amount of medical evidence could be obtained to show that the husband was in truth mad, the wife could, no doubt, obtain the custody of the child. When this was reported to Mrs. Trevelyan, she declared that conduct such as her husband's must suffice to prove any man to be mad; but at this Sir Marmaduke shook his head, and Lady Rowley sat, sadly silent, with her daughter's hand within her own. They would not dare to tell her that she could regain her child by that plea.

During those ten days they did not learn whether the boy had been carried, nor did they know even where the father might be found. Sir Marmaduke followed up the address as given in the letter, and learned from the porter at "The Acrobats" that the

gentleman's letters were sent to No. 55, Stony Walk, Union Street, Borough. To this uncomfortable locality Sir Marmaduke travelled more than once. Thrice he went thither, intent on finding his son-in-law's residence. On the first two occasions he saw no one but Mrs. Bozzle; and the discretion of that lady in declining to give any information was most admirable. "Trewillian!" Yes, she had heard the name certainly. It might be that her husband had business engagements with a gent of that name. She would not say even that for certain, as it was not her custom ever to make any inquiries as to her husband's business engagements. Her husband's business engagements were, she said, much too important for the "likes of she" to know anything about them. When was Bozzle likely to be at home? Bozzle was never likely to be at home. According to her showing, Bozzle was of all husbands the most erratic. He might perhaps come in for an hour or two in the middle of the day on a Wednesday, or perhaps would take a cup of tea at home on Friday evening. But anything so fitful and uncertain as were Bozzle's appearances in the bosom of his family was not to be conceived in the mind of woman. Sir Marmaduke then called in the middle of the day on Wednesday, but Bozzle was reported to be away in the provinces. His wife had no idea in which of the provinces he was at that moment engaged. The persevering governor from the islands called again on the Friday evening, and then, by chance, Bozzle was found at home. But Sir Marmaduke succeeded in gaining very little information even from Bozzle. The man acknowledged that he was employed by Mr. Trevelyan. Any letter or parcel left with him for Mr. Trevelyan should be duly sent to that gentleman. If Sir Marmaduke wanted Mr. Trevelyan's address, he could write to Mr. Trevelyan and ask for it. If Mr. Trevelyan declined to give it, was it likely that he, Bozzle, should betray it? Sir Marmaduke explained who he was at some length. Bozzle with a smile assured the governor that he knew very well who he was. He let drop a few words to show that he was intimately acquainted with the whole course of Sir Marmaduke's family affairs. He knew all about the Mandarins, and Colonel Osborne, and Gregg's Hotel,—not that he said anything about Parker's Hotel,—and the Colonial Office. He spoke of Miss Nora, and even knew the names of the other two young ladies, Miss Sophia and Miss Lucy. It was a weakness with Bozzle,—that of displaying his information. He would have much liked to be able to startle Sir Marmaduke by describing the Government House in the island, or by telling him something of his old carriage-horses. But of such information as Sir Marmaduke desired, Sir Marmaduke got none.

And there were other troubles which fell very heavily upon the poor governor, who had come home as it were for a holiday, and who was a man hating work naturally, and who, from the circumstances of his life, had never been called on to do much work. A man may govern the Mandarins and yet live in comparative idleness. To do such governing work well, a man should have a good presence, a flow of words which should mean nothing, an excellent temper, and a love of hospitality. With these attributes Sir Rowley was endowed; for, though his disposition was of nature hot, for governing purposes it had been brought by practice under good control. He had now been summoned home through the machinations of his dangerous old friend, Colonel Os-



borne, in order that he might give the results of his experience in governing before a committee of the House of Commons. In coming to England on this business he had thought much more of his holiday, of his wife and children, of his daughters at home, of his allowance per day while he was to be away from his government, and of his salary to be paid to him entire during his absence, instead of being halved as it would be if he were away on leave,—he thought much more in coming home on these easy and pleasant matters, than he did on the work that was to be required from him when he arrived. And then it came to pass that he felt himself almost injured, when the Colonial Office demanded his presence from day to day, and when clerks bothered him with questions as to which they expected ready replies, but in replying to which Sir Marmaduke was by no means ready. The working men at the Colonial Office had not quite thought that Sir Marmaduke was the most fitting man for the job in hand. There was a certain Mr. Thomas Smith at another set of islands in quite another part of the world, who was supposed by these working men at home to be a very paragon of a governor. If he had been had hence,—so said the working men,—no Committee of the House would have been able to make anything of him. They might have asked him questions week after week, and he would have answered them all fluently and would have committed nobody. He knew all the ins and outs of governing,—did Mr. Thomas Smith,—and was a match for the sharpest Committee that ever sat at Westminster. Poor Sir Marmaduke was a man of a very different sort; all of which was known by the working men; but the parliamentary interest had been too strong, and here was Sir Marmaduke at home. But the working men were not disposed to make matters so pleasant for Sir Marmaduke as Sir Marmaduke had expected. The Committee would not examine Sir Marmaduke till after Easter, in the middle of April; but it was expected of him that he should read blue-books without number, and he was so catechized by the working men that he almost began to wish himself back at the Mandarins. In this way the new establishment in Manchester Street was not at first in a happy or even in a contented condition.

At last, after about ten days, Lady Rowley did succeed in obtaining an interview with Trevelyan. A meeting was arranged through Bozzle, and took place in a very dark and gloomy room at an inn in the City. Why Bozzle should have selected the Bremen Coffee House, in Poulter's Alley, for this meeting no fit reason can surely be given, unless it was that he conceived himself bound to select the most dreary locality within his knowledge on so melancholy an occasion. Poulter's Alley is a narrow dark passage somewhere behind the Mansion House; and the Bremen Coffee House—why so called no one can now tell—is one of those strange houses of public resort in the city at which the guests seem never to eat, never to drink, never to sleep, but to come in and out after a mysterious and almost ghostly fashion, seeing their friends, or perhaps their enemies, in nooks and corners, and carrying on their conferences in low, melancholy whispers. There is an aged waiter at the Bremen Coffee House; and there is certainly one private sitting-room up stairs. It was a dingy, ill-furnished room, with an old large mahogany table, an old horse-hair sofa, six horse-hair chairs, two old round mirrors, and an old mahogany press in a corner. It

was a chamber so sad in its appearance that no wholesome useful work could have been done within it; nor could men have eaten there with any appetite, or have drained the flowing bowl with any touch of joviality. It was generally used for such purposes as that to which it was now appropriated, and no doubt had been taken by Bozzle on more than one previous occasion. Here Lady Rowley arrived precisely at the hour fixed, and was told that the gentleman was waiting up stairs for her.

There had, of course, been many family consultations as to the manner in which this meeting should be arranged. Should Sir Marmaduke accompany his wife,—or, perhaps, should Sir Marmaduke go alone? Lady Rowley had been very much in favor of meeting Mr. Trevelyan without any one to assist her in the conference. As for Sir Marmaduke, no meeting could be concluded between him and his son-in-law without a personal, and probably a violent quarrel. Of that Lady Rowley had been quite sure. Sir Marmaduke, since he had been home, had, in the midst of his various troubles, been driven into so vehement a state of indignation against his son-in-law as to be unable to speak of the wretched man without strongest terms of opprobrium. Nothing was too bad to be said by him of one who had ill-treated his dearest daughter. It must be admitted that Sir Marmaduke had heard only one side of the question. He had questioned his daughter, and had constantly seen his old friend Osborne. The Colonel's journey down to Devonshire had been made to appear the most natural proceeding in the world. The correspondence of which Trevelyan thought so much had been shown to consist of such notes as might pass between any old gentleman and any young woman. The promise which Trevelyan had endeavored to exact, and which Mrs. Trevelyan had declined to give, appeared to the angry father to be a monstrous insult. He knew that the Colonel was an older man than himself, and his Emily was still to him only a young girl. It was incredible to him that anybody should have regarded his old comrade as his daughter's lover. He did not believe that anybody had, in truth, so regarded the man. The tale had been a monstrous invention on the part of the husband, got up because he had become tired of his young wife. According to Sir Marmaduke's way of thinking, Trevelyan should either be thrashed within an inch of his life, or else locked up in a mad-house. Colonel Osborne shook his head, and expressed a conviction that the poor man was mad.

But Lady Rowley was more hopeful. Though she was as confident about her daughter as was the father, she was less confident about the old friend. She, probably, was alive to the fact that a man of fifty might put on the airs and assume the character of a young lover; and acting on that suspicion, entertaining also some hope that bad as matters now were they might be mended, she had taken care that Colonel Osborne and Mrs. Trevelyan should not be brought together. Sir Marmaduke had fumed, but Lady Rowley had been firm. "If you think so, mamma," Mrs. Trevelyan had said, with something of scorn in her tone,—"of course, let it be so." Lady Rowley had said that it would be better so; and the two had not seen each other since the memorable visit to Nuncombe Putney. And now Lady Rowley was about to meet her son-in-law with some slight hope that she might arrange affairs. She was quite aware that present indignation, though certainly a gratification, might be in-



dulged in at much too great a cost. It would be better for all reasons that Emily should go back to her husband and her home, and that Trevelyan should be forgiven for his iniquities.

Bozzle was at the tavern during the interview, but he was not seen by Lady Rowley. He remained seated down stairs, in one of the dingy corners, ready to give assistance to his patron, should assistance be needed. When Lady Rowley was shown into the gloomy sitting-room by the old waiter, she found Trevelyan alone, standing in the middle of the room, and waiting for her. "This is a sad occasion," he said, as he advanced to give her his hand.

"A very sad occasion, Louis."

"I do not know what you may have heard of what has occurred, Lady Rowley. It is natural, however, to suppose that you must have heard me spoken of with censure."

"I think my child has been ill used, Louis," she replied.

"Of course you do. I could not expect that it should be otherwise. When it was arranged that I should meet you here, I was quite aware that you would have taken the side against me before you had heard my story. It is I that have been ill used, — cruelly misused; but I do not expect that you should believe my story. I do not wish you to. I would not for worlds separate the mother from her daughter."

"But why have you separated your own wife from her child?"

"Because it was my duty. What! Is a father not to have the charge of his own son? I have done nothing, Lady Rowley, to justify a separation which is contrary to the laws of nature."

"Where is the boy, Louis?"

"Ah, that is just what I am not prepared to tell any one who has taken my wife's side till I know that my wife has consented to pay to me that obedience which I, as her husband, have a right to demand. If Emily will do as I request of her, — as I command her," — as Trevelyan said this, he spoke in a tone which was intended to give the highest possible idea of his own authority and dignity, — "then she may see her child without delay."

"What is it you request of my daughter?"

"Obedience, — simply that. Submission to my will, which is surely a wife's duty. Let her beg my pardon for what has occurred —"

"She cannot do that, Louis."

"And solemnly promise me," continued Trevelyan, not deigning to notice Lady Rowley's interruption, "that she will hold no further intercourse with that snake in the grass who wormed his way into my house, — let her be humble, and penitent, and affectionate, and then she shall be restored to her husband and to her child." He said this walking up and down the room, and waving his hand, as though he were making a speech that was intended to be eloquent, — as though he had conceived that he was to overcome his mother-in-law by the weight of his words and the magnificence of his demeanor. And yet his demeanor was ridiculous, and his words would have had no weight, had they not tended to show Lady Rowley how little prospect there was that she should be able to heal this breach. He himself, too, was so altered in appearance since she had last seen him, bright with the hopes of his young married happiness, that she would hardly have recognized him, had she met him in the street.

He was thin, and pale, and haggard, and mean. And as he stalked up and down the room, it seemed to her that the very character of the man was changed. She had not previously known him to be pompous, unreasonable, and absurd. She did not answer him at once, as she perceived that he had not finished his address, and, after a moment's pause, he continued. "Lady Rowley, there is nothing I would not have done for your daughter, — for my wife. All that I had was hers. I did not dictate to her any mode of life; I required from her no sacrifices; I subjected her to no caprices; but I was determined to be master in my own house."

"I do not think, Louis, that she has ever denied your right to be master."

"To be master in my own house, and to be paramount in my influence over her. So much I had a right to demand."

"Who has denied your right?"

"She has submitted herself to the counsels and to the influences of a man who has endeavored to undermine me in her affection. In saying that, I make my accusation as light against her as is possible. I might make it much heavier, and yet not sin against the truth."

"This is an illusion, Louis."

"Ah, well. No doubt it becomes you to defend your child. Was it an illusion when he went to Devonshire? Was it an illusion when he corresponded with her, — contrary to my express orders, — both before and after that unhallowed journey? Lady Rowley, there must be no more such illusions. If my wife means to come back to me, and to have her child in her own hands, she must be penitent as regards the past, and obedient as regards the future."

There was a wicked bitterness in that word penitent which almost maddened Lady Rowley. She had come to this meeting believing that Trevelyan would be rejoiced to take back his wife, if details could be arranged for his doing so which should not subject him to the necessity of crying, *peccavi*; but she found him speaking of his wife as though he would be doing her the greatest possible favor in allowing her to come back to him dressed in sackcloth, and with ashes on her head. She could understand from what she had heard that his tone and manner were much changed since he obtained possession of the child, and that he now conceived that he had his wife within his power. That he should become a tyrant because he had the power to tyrannize was not in accordance with her former conception of the man's character; but then he was so changed that she felt that she knew nothing of the man who now stood before her. "I cannot acknowledge that my daughter has done anything that requires penitence," said Lady Rowley.

"I dare say not; but my view is different."

"She cannot admit herself to be wrong when she knows herself to be right. You would not have her confess to a fault, the very idea of which has always been abhorrent to her?"

"She must be crushed in spirit, Lady Rowley, before she can again become a pure and happy woman."

"This is more than I can bear," said Lady Rowley, now, at last, worked up to a fever of indignation. "My daughter, sir, is as pure a woman as you have ever known, or are likely to know. You, who should have protected her against the world, will some day take blame to yourself as you remem-



ber that you have so cruelly maligned her." Then she walked away to the door, and would not listen to the words which he was hurling after her. She went down the stairs, and out of the house, and at the end of Poulter's Alley found the cab which was waiting for her.

Trevelyan, as soon as he was alone, rang the bell, and sent for Bozzle. And while the waiter was coming to him, and until his myrmidom had appeared, he continued to stalk up and down the room, waving his hand in the air as though he were continuing his speech. "Bozzle," said he, as soon as the man had closed the door, "I have changed my mind."

"As how, Mr. Trewillian?"

"I shall make no further attempt. I have done all that man can do, and have done it in vain. Her father and mother uphold her in her conduct, and she is lost to me — forever."

"But the boy, Mr. T.?"

"I have my child, Yes, — I have my child. Poor infant. Bozzle, I look to you to see that none of them learn our retreat."

"As for that, Mr. Trewillian, — why, facts is to be come at by one party pretty well as much as by another. Now, suppose the things was changed, wicey warsey, — and as I was hacting for the Colonel's party."

"D—— the Colonel!" exclaimed Trevelyan.

"Just so, Mr. Trewillian; but if I was hacting for the other party, and they said to me, 'Bozzle, where's the boy?' why, in three days I'd be down on the facts. Facts is open, Mr. Trewillian, if you knows where to look for them."

"I shall take him abroad, — at once."

"Think twice of it, Mr. T. The boy is so young, you see, and a mother's art is softer and lovinger than anything. I'd think twice of it, Mr. T., before I kept 'em apart." This was a line of thought which Mr. Bozzle's conscience had not forced him to entertain to the prejudice of his professional arrangements; but now, as he conversed with his employer, and became by degrees aware of the failure of Trevelyan's mind, some shade of remorse came upon him, and made him say a word on behalf of the "other party."

"Am I not always thinking of it? What else have they left me to think of? That will do for to-day. You had better come down to me to-morrow afternoon." Bozzle promised obedience to these instructions, and as soon as his patron had started he paid the bill, and took himself home.

Lady Rowley, as she travelled back to her house in Manchester Street, almost made up her mind that the separation between her daughter and her son-in-law had better be continued. It was a very sad conclusion to which to come, but she could not believe that any high-spirited woman could long continue to submit herself to the caprices of a man so unreasonable and dictatorial as him to whom she had just been listening. Were it not for the boy, there would, she felt, be no doubt upon the matter. And now, as matters stood, she thought that it should be their great object to regain possession of the child. Then she endeavored to calculate what would be the result to her daughter, if in very truth it should be found that the wretched man was mad. To hope for such a result seemed to her to be very wicked; — and yet she hardly knew how not to hope for it.

"Well, mamma," said Emily Trevelyan, with a faint attempt at a smile, "you saw him?"

"Yes, dearest, I saw him. I can only say that he is a most unreasonable man."

"And he would tell you nothing of Loney?"

"No dear, — not a word."

## CHAPTER LXIII.

SIR MARMADUKE AT HOME.

Nora Rowley had told her lover that there was to be no further communication between them till her father and mother should be in England; but in telling him so, had so frankly confessed her own affection for him and had so sturdily promised to be true to him, that no lover could have been reasonably aggrieved by such an interdiction. Nora was quite conscious of this, and was aware that Hugh Stanbury had received such encouragement as ought at any rate to bring him to the new Rowley establishment as soon as he should learn where it had fixed itself. But when at the end of ten days he had not shown himself, she began to feel doubts. Could it be that he had changed his mind, that he was unwilling to encounter refusal from her father, or that he had found, on looking into his own affairs more closely, that it would be absurd for him to propose to take a wife to himself while his means were so poor and so precarious? Sir Marmaduke during this time had been so unhappy, so fretful, so indignant, and so much worried, that Nora herself had become almost afraid of him; and, without much reasoning on the matter, had taught herself to believe that Hugh might be actuated by similar fears. She had intended to tell her mother of what had occurred between her and Stanbury the first moment that she and Lady Rowley were together; but then there had fallen upon them that terrible incident of the loss of the child, and the family had become at once so wrapped up in the agony of the bereaved mother, and so full of rage against the unreasonable father, that there seemed to Nora to be no possible opportunity for telling of her own love-story. Emily herself appeared to have forgotten it in the midst of her own misery, and had not mentioned Hugh Stanbury's name since they had been in Manchester Street. We have all felt how on occasions our own hopes and fears, nay, almost our own individuality, become absorbed in and obliterated by the more pressing cares and louder voices of those around us. Nora hardly dared to allude to herself while her sister's grief was still so prominent, and while her father was daily complaining of his own personal annoyances at the Colonial Office. It seemed to her that at such a moment she could not introduce a new matter for dispute, and perhaps a new subject of dismay.

Nevertheless, as the days passed by, and as she saw nothing of Hugh Stanbury, her heart became sore and her spirit vexed. It seemed to her that if she were now deserted by him, all the world would be over for her. The Glascock episode in her life had passed by, — that episode which might have been her history, which might have been a history so prosperous, so magnificent, and probably so happy. As she thought of herself and of circumstances as they had happened to her, of the resolutions which she had made as to her own career when she first came to London, and of the way in which she had thrown all those resolutions away in spite of the wonderful success which had come in her path, she could not refrain from thinking that she had brought herself to shipwreck by her own indecision. It must



not be imagined that she regretted what she had done. She knew very well that to have acted otherwise than she did when Mr. Glascock came to her at Nuncombe Putney would have proved her to be heartless, selfish, and unwomanly. Long before that time she had determined that it was duty to marry a rich man, — and, if possible, a man in high position. Such a one had come to her, — one endowed with all the good things of the world beyond her most sanguine expectation, — and she had rejected him! She knew that she had been right because she had allowed herself to love the other man; but she regretted that she had been so soft in heart, so susceptible of the weakness of love, so little able to do as she pleased with herself. Of what use to her was it that she loved this man with all her strength of affection when he never came to her, although the time at which he had been told that he might come was now ten days past?

She was sitting one afternoon in the drawing-room listlessly reading, or pretending to read a novel, when, on a sudden, Hugh Stanbury was announced.

The circumstances of the moment were most unfortunate for such a visit. Sir Marmaduke, who had been down at Whitehall in the morning, and from thence had made a journey to St. Diddulph's-in-the-East and back, was exceedingly cross and out of temper. They had told him at his office that they feared he would not suffice to carry through the purpose for which he had been brought home. And his brother-in-law, the parson, had expressed to him an opinion that he was in great part responsible for the misfortune of his daughter, by the encouragement which he had given to such a man as Colonel Osborne. Sir Marmaduke had in consequence quarrelled both with the chief clerk and with Mr. Out-house, and had come home surly and discontented. Lady Rowley and her eldest daughter were away, closeted at the moment with Lady Milborough, with whom they were endeavoring to arrange some plan by which the boy might at any rate be given back. Poor Emily Trevelyan was humble enough now to Lady Milborough, — was prepared to be humble to any one, and in any circumstances, so that she should not be required to acknowledge that she had named Colonel Osborne as her lover. The two younger girls, Sophy and Lucy, were in the room when Stanbury was announced, as was also Sir Marmaduke, who at that very moment was uttering angry growls at the obstinacy and want of reason with which he had been treated by Mr. Out-house. Now Sir Marmaduke had not so much as heard of the name of Hugh Stanbury as yet; and Nora, though her listlessness was all at an end, at once felt how impossible it would be to explain any of the circumstances of her case in such an interview as this. While, however, Hugh's dear steps were heard upon the stairs, her feminine mind at once went to work to ascertain in what best mode, with what most attractive reason for his presence, she might introduce the young man to her father. Had not the girls been then present, she thought that it might have been expedient to leave Hugh to tell his own story to Sir Marmaduke. But she had no opportunity of sending her sisters away; and, unless chance should remove them, this could not be done.

"He is son of the lady we were with at Nuncombe Putney," she whispered to her father as she got up to move across the room to welcome her lover. Now Sir Marmaduke had expressed great disapproval of that retreat to Dartmoor, and had only understood respecting it that it had been arranged between

Trevelyan and the family in whose custody his two daughters had been sent away into banishment. He was not, therefore, specially disposed to welcome Hugh Stanbury in consequence of this mode of introduction.

Hugh, who had asked for Lady Rowley and Mrs. Trevelyan, and had learned that they were out before he had mentioned Miss Rowley's name, was almost prepared to take his sweetheart into his arms. In that half-minute he had taught himself to expect that he would meet her alone, and had altogether forgotten Sir Marmaduke. Young men, when they call at four o'clock in the day, never expect to find papas at home. And of Sophia and Lucy, he had either heard nothing, or had forgotten what he had heard. He repressed himself, however, in time, and did not commit either Nora or himself by any very vehement demonstration of affection. But he did hold her hand longer than he should have done, and Sir Marmaduke saw that he did so.

"This is papa," said Nora. "Papa, this is our friend, Mr. Hugh Stanbury." The introduction was made in a manner almost absurdly formal, but poor Nora's difficulties lay heavy upon her. Sir Marmaduke muttered something; but it was little more than a grunt. "Mamma and Emily are out," continued Nora. "I dare say they will be in soon." Sir Marmaduke looked round sharply at the man. Why was he to be encouraged to stay till Lady Rowley should return? Lady Rowley did not want to see him. It seemed to Sir Marmaduke, in the midst of his troubles, that this was no time to be making new acquaintances. "These are my sisters, Mr. Stanbury," continued Nora. "This is Sophia and this is Lucy." Sophia and Lucy would have been thoroughly willing to receive their sister's lover with genial kindness if they had been properly instructed, and if the time had been opportune; but, as it was, they had nothing to say. They, also, could only mutter some little sound intended to be more courteous than their father's grunt. Poor Nora!

"I hope you are comfortable here," said Hugh.

"The house is all very well," said Nora, "but we don't like the neighborhood."

Hugh also felt that conversation was very difficult. He had soon come to perceive — before he had been in the room half a minute — that the atmosphere was not favorable to his mission. There was to be no embracing or permission for embracing on the present occasion. Had he been left alone with Sir Marmaduke, he would probably have told his business plainly, let Sir Marmaduke's manner to him have been what it might; but it was impossible for him to do this with three young ladies in the room with him. Seeing that Nora was embarrassed by her difficulties, and Nora's father was cross and silent, he endeavored to talk to the other girls, and asked them concerning their journey and the ship in which they had come. But it was very up-hill work. Lucy and Sophy could talk as glibly as any young ladies home from any colony, — and no higher degree of fluency can be expressed, — but now they were cowed. Their elder sister was shamefully and most undeservedly disgraced, and this man had had something — they knew not what — to do with it. "Is Priscilla quite well?" Nora asked at last.

"Quite well. I heard from her yesterday. You know they have left the Clock House."

"I had not heard it."

"O yes; and they are living in a small cottage



just outside the village. And what else do you think has happened?"

"Nothing bad, I hope, Mr. Stanbury."

"My sister Dorothy has left her aunt, and is living with them again at Nuncombe."

"Has there been a quarrel, Mr. Stanbury?"

"Well, yes; after a fashion there has, I suppose. But it is a long story, and would not interest Sir Marmaduke. The wonder is that Dorothy should have been able to stay so long with my aunt. I will tell it you all some day." Sir Marmaduke could not understand why a long story about this man's aunt and sister should be told to his daughter. He forgot—as men always do in such circumstances forget—that, while he was living in the Mandarins, his daughter, living in England, would of course pick up new interest, and become intimate with new histories. But he did not forget that pressure of the hand which he had seen, and he determined that his daughter Nora could not have any worse lover than the friend of his elder daughter's husband.

Stanbury had just determined that he must go, that there was no possibility for him either to say or do anything to promote his cause at the present moment, when the circumstances were all changed by the return home of Lady Rowley and Mrs. Trevelyan. Lady Rowley knew, and had for some days known, much more of Stanbury than had come to the ears of Sir Marmaduke. She understood in the first place that the Stanburys had been very good to her daughter, and she was aware that Hugh Stanbury had thoroughly taken her daughter's part against his old friend Trevelyan. She would therefore have been prepared to receive him kindly, had he not on this very morning been the subject of special conversation between her and Emily. But, as it had happened, Mrs. Trevelyan had this very day told Lady Rowley the whole story of Nora's love. The elder sister had not intended to be treacherous to the younger; but in the thorough confidence which mutual grief and close conference had created between the mother and daughter, everything had at last come out, and Lady Rowley had learned the story, not only of Hugh Stanbury's courtship, but of those rich offers which had been made by the heir to the barony of Peterborough.

It must be acknowledged that Lady Rowley was greatly grieved and thoroughly dismayed. It was not only that Mr. Glascock was the eldest son of a peer, but that he was represented by the poor suffering wife of the ill-tempered man to be a man blessed with a disposition sweet as an angel's. And she would "have liked him," Emily had said, "if it had not been for this unfortunate young man." Lady Rowley was not worse than are other mothers not more ambitious, or more heartless, or more worldly. She was a good mother, loving her children, and thoroughly anxious for their welfare. But she would have liked to be the mother-in-law of Lord Peterborough, and she would have liked dearly to see her second daughter removed from the danger of those rocks against which her eldest child had been shipwrecked. And when she asked after Hugh Stanbury, and his means of maintaining a wife, the statement which Mrs. Trevelyan made was not comforting. "He writes for a penny newspaper,—and, I believe, writes very well," Mrs. Trevelyan had said.

"For a penny newspaper! Is that respectable?"

"His aunt, Miss Stanbury, seemed to think not.

But I suppose men of education do write for such things now. He says himself that it is very precarious as an employment."

"It must be precarious, Emily. And has he got nothing?"

"Not a penny of his own," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

Then Lady Rowley had thought again of Mr. Glascock, and of the family title, and of Monkham's. And she thought of her present troubles, and of the Mandarins, and the state of Sir Marmaduke's balance at the banker's,—and of the other girls, and of all there was before her to do. Here had been a very Apollo among suitors kneeling at her child's feet, and the foolish girl had sent him away for the sake of a young man who wrote for a penny newspaper! Was it worth the while of any woman to bring up daughters with such results? Lady Rowley, therefore, when she was first introduced to Hugh Stanbury, was not prepared to receive him with open arms.

On this occasion the task of introducing him fell to Mrs. Trevelyan, and was done with much graciousness. Emily knew that Hugh Stanbury was her friend, and would sympathize with her respecting her child. "You have heard what has happened to me?" she said. Stanbury, however, had heard nothing of that kidnapping of the child. Though to the Rowleys it seemed that such a deed of iniquity, done in the middle of London, must have been known to all the world, he had not as yet been told of it,—and now the story was given to him. Mrs. Trevelyan herself told it, with many tears and an agony of fresh grief; but still she told it as to one whom she regarded as a sure friend, and from whom she knew that she would receive sympathy. Sir Marmaduke sat by the while, still gloomy and out of humor. Why was their family sorrow to be laid bare to this stranger?

"It is the cruellest thing I ever heard," said Hugh.

"A dastardly deed," said Lady Rowley.

"But we all feel that for the time he can hardly know what he does," said Nora.

"And where is the child?" Stanbury asked.

"We have not the slightest idea," said Lady Rowley. "I have seen him, and he refuses to tell us. He did say that my daughter should see her boy; but he now accompanies his offer with such conditions that it is impossible to listen to him."

"And where is he?"

"We do not know where he lives. We can reach him only through a certain man—"

"Ah, I know the man," said Stanbury; "one who was a policeman once. His name is Bozzle."

"That is the man," said Sir Marmaduke. "I have seen him."

"And of course he will tell us nothing but what he is told to tell us," continued Lady Rowley. "Can there be anything so horrible as this,—that a wife should be bound to communicate with her own husband respecting her own child through such a man as that?"

"One might possibly find out where he keeps the child," said Hugh.

"If you could manage that, Mr. Stanbury!" said Lady Rowley.

"I hardly see that it would do much good," said Hugh. "Indeed, I do not know why he should keep the place a secret. I suppose he has a legal right to the boy." He promised, however, that he would do his best to ascertain where the child was kept,



and where Trevelyan resided, and then — having been nearly an hour at the house — he was forced to get up and take his leave. He had said not a word to any one of the business that had brought him there. He had not even whispered an assurance of his affection to Nora. Till the two elder ladies had come in, and the subject of the taking of the boy had been mooted, he had sat there as a perfect stranger. He thought that it was manifest enough that Nora had told her secret to no one. It seemed to him that Mrs. Trevelyan must have forgotten it, — that Nora herself must have forgotten it, if such forgetting could be possible! He got up, however, and took his leave, and was comforted in some slight degree by seeing that there was a tear in Nora's eye.

"Who is he?" demanded Sir Marmaduke, as soon as the door was closed.

"He is a young man who was an intimate friend of Louis's," answered Mrs. Trevelyan; "but he is so no longer, because he sees how infatuated Louis has been."

"And why does he come here?"

"We know him very well," continued Mrs. Trevelyan. "It was he that arranged our journey down to Devonshire. He was very kind about it, and so were his mother and sister. We have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Stanbury." This was all very well, but Nora nevertheless felt that the interview had been anything but successful.

"Has he any profession?" asked Sir Rowley.

"He writes for the press," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"What do you mean, — books?"

"No, for a newspaper."

"For a penny newspaper," said Nora, boldly, — "for the *Daily Record*."

"Then I hope he won't come here any more," said Sir Marmaduke. Nora paused a moment, striving to find words for some speech which might be true to her love and yet not unseemly, — but finding no such words ready, she got up from her seat and walked out of the room. "What is the meaning of it all?" asked Sir Marmaduke. There was a silence for a while, and then he repeated his question in another form. "Is there any reason for his coming here, — about Nora?"

"I think he is attached to Nora," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"My dear," said Lady Rowley, "perhaps we had better not speak about it just now."

"I suppose he has not a penny in the world," said Sir Marmaduke.

"He has what he earns," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"If Nora understands her duty, she will never let me hear his name again," said Sir Marmaduke. Then there was nothing more said, and as soon as they could escape, both Lady Rowley and Mrs. Trevelyan left the room.

"I should have told you everything," said Nora to her mother that night. "I had no intention to keep anything a secret from you. But we have all been so unhappy about Louey that we have had no heart to talk of anything else."

"I understand all that, my darling."

"And I had meant that you should tell papa, for I supposed that he would come. And I meant that he should go to papa himself. He intended that himself, — only, to-day, — as things turned out —"

"Just so, dearest; but it does not seem that he has got any income. It would be very rash, — would n't it?"

"People must be rash sometimes. Everybody

can't have an income without earning it. I suppose people in professions do marry without having fortunes."

"When they have settled professions, Nora."

"And why is not his a settled profession? I believe he receives quite as much at seven-and-twenty as Uncle Oliphant does at sixty."

"But your Uncle Oliphant's income is permanent."

"Lawyers don't have permanent incomes, or doctors, — or merchants."

"But those professions are regular and sure. They don't marry, without fortunes, till they have made their incomes sure."

"Mr. Stanbury's income is sure. I don't know why it should n't be sure. He goes on writing and writing every day, and it seems to me that of all professions in the world it is the finest. I'd much sooner write for a newspaper than be one of those old musty, fusty lawyers, who'll say anything that they're paid to say."

"My dearest Nora, all that is nonsense. You know as well as I do that you should not marry a man when there is a doubt whether he can keep a house over your head; that is his position."

"It's good enough for me, mamma."

"And what is his income from writing?"

"It is quite enough for me, mamma. The truth is I have promised, and I cannot go back from it. Dear, dear mamma, you won't quarrel with us, and oppose us, and make papa hard against us. You can do what you like with papa. I know that. Look at poor Emily. Plenty of money has not made her happy."

"If Mr. Glascock had only asked you a week sooner," said Lady Rowley, with a handkerchief to her eyes.

"But you see he did n't, mamma."

"When I think of it, I cannot but weep"; and the poor mother burst out into a full flood of tears, — "such a man, so good, so gentle, and so truly devoted to you."

"Mamma, what's the good of that now?"

"Going down all the way to Devonshire after you!"

"So did Hugh, mamma."

"A position that any girl in England would have envied you. I cannot but feel it. And Emily says she is sure he would come back, if he got the very slightest encouragement."

"That is quite impossible, mamma."

"Why should it be impossible? Emily declares that she never saw a man so much in love in her life; and she says also that she believes he is abroad now simply because he is broken-hearted about it."

"Mr. Glascock, mamma, was very nice and good and all that; but indeed he is not the man to suffer from a broken heart. And Emily is quite mistaken. I told him the whole truth."

"What truth?"

"That there was somebody else that I did love. Then he said that of course that put an end to it all, and he wished me good by ever so calmly."

"How could you be so infatuated? Why should you have cut the ground away from your feet in that way?"

"Because I chose that there should be an end to it. Now there has been an end to it; and it is much better, mamma, that we should not think about Mr. Glascock any more. He will never come again to me, — and if he did, I could only say the same thing."



"You mustn't be surprised, Nora, if I'm unhappy; that is all. Of course I must feel it. Such a connection as it would have been for your sisters! Such a home for poor Emily in her trouble! And as for this other man—"

"Mamma, don't speak ill of him."

"If I say anything of him, I must say the truth," said Lady Rowley.

"Don't say anything against him, mamma, because he is to be my husband. Dear, dear mamma, you can't change me by anything you say. Perhaps I have been foolish; but it is settled now. Don't make me wretched by speaking against the man whom I mean to love all my life better than all the world."

"Think of Louis Trevelyan."

"I will think of no one but Hugh Stanbury. I tried not to love him, mamma. I tried to think that it was better to make believe that I loved Mr. Glascock. But he got the better of me, and conquered me, and I will never rebel against him. You may help me, mamma; but you can't change me."

## CHAPTER LXIV.

### SIR MARMADUKE AT HIS CLUB.

Sir Marmaduke had come away from his brother-in-law, in much anger, for Mr. Outhouse, with that mixture of obstinacy and honesty which formed his character, had spoken hard words of Colonel Osborne, and words which by implication had been hard also against Emily Trevelyan. He had been very stanch to his niece when attacked by his niece's husband; but when his sympathies and assistance were invoked by Sir Marmaduke, it seemed as though he had transferred his allegiance to the other side. He pointed out to the unhappy father that Colonel Osborne had behaved with great cruelty in going to Devonshire, that the Stanburys had been untrue to their trust in allowing him to enter the house, and that Emily had been "indiscreet" in receiving him. When a young woman is called indiscreet by her friends, it may be assumed that her character is very seriously assailed. Sir Marmaduke had understood this, and on hearing the word, had become wroth with his brother-in-law. There had been hot words between them, and Mr. Outhouse would not yield an inch, or retract a syllable. He conceived it to be his duty to advise the father to caution his daughter with severity, to quarrel absolutely with Colonel Osborne, and to let Trevelyan know that this had been done. As to the child, Mr. Outhouse expressed a strong opinion that the father was legally entitled to the custody of his boy, and that nothing could be done to recover the child, except what might be done with the father's consent. In fact, Mr. Outhouse made himself exceedingly disagreeable, and sent away Sir Marmaduke with a very heavy heart. Could it really be possible that his old friend Fred Osborne, who seven or eight-and-twenty years ago had been potent among young ladies, had really been making love to his old friend's married daughter? Sir Marmaduke looked into himself, and conceived it to be quite out of the question that he should make love to any one. A good dinner, good wine, a good cigar, an easy-chair, and a rubber of whist,—all these things with no work to do, and men of his own standing around him, were the pleasures of life which Sir Marmaduke desired. Now Fred Osborne was an older man than he, and though Fred Osborne did keep up a

foolish system of padded clothes and dyed whiskers still,—at fifty-two or fifty-three, surely, a man might be reckoned safe. And then, too, that ancient friendship! Sir Marmaduke, who had lived all his life in the comparative seclusion of a colony, thought, perhaps, more of that ancient friendship than did the Colonel, who had lived amidst the blaze of London life, and who had had many opportunities of changing his friends. Some inkling of all this made its way into Sir Marmaduke's bosom, as he thought of it all with bitterness; and he determined that he would have it out with his friend.

Hitherto he had enjoyed very few of those pleasant hours which he had anticipated on his journey homewards. He had had no heart to go to his club, and he had fancied that Colonel Osborne had been a little backward in looking him up, and providing him with amusement. He had suggested this to his wife, and she had told him that the Colonel had been right not to come to Manchester Street. "I have told Emily," said Lady Rowley, "that she must not meet him, and she is quite of the same opinion." Nevertheless, there had been remissness. Sir Marmaduke felt that it was so, in spite of his wife's excuses. In this way he was becoming sore with everybody, and very unhappy. It did not at all improve his temper when he was told that his second daughter had refused an offer from Lord Peterborough's eldest son. "Then she may go into the workhouse for me," the angry father had said, declaring at the same time that he would never give his consent to her marriage with the man who "did dirty work" for the Daily Record,—as he, with his paternal wisdom, chose to express it. But this cruel phrase was not spoken in Nora's hearing, nor was it repeated to her. Lady Rowley knew her husband, and was aware that he would on occasions change his opinion.

It was not till two or three days after his visit to Saint Diddulph's that he met Colonel Osborne. The Easter recess was then over, and Colonel Osborne had just returned to London. They met on the doorsteps of The Acrobats, and the Colonel immediately began with an apology. "I have been so sorry to be away just when you are here; upon my word I have. But I was obliged to go down to the duchess's. I had promised early in the winter; and those people are so angry if you put them off. By George, it's almost as bad as putting off royalty."

"D—n the duchess," said Sir Marmaduke.

"With all my heart," said the Colonel; "only I thought it as well that I should tell you the truth."

"What I mean is, that the duchess and her people make no difference to me. I hope you had a pleasant time; that's all."

"Well, yes, we had. One must get away somewhere at Easter. There is no one left at the club, and there's no House, and no one asks one to dinner in town. In fact, if one did n't go away, one would n't know what to do. There were ever so many people there that I liked to meet. Lady Glencora was there, and uncommon pleasant she made it. That woman has more to say for herself than any half-dozen men that I know. And Lord Cantress, your chief, was there. He said a word or two to me about you."

"What sort of a word?"

"He says he wishes you would read up some blue books, or papers, or reports, or something of that kind, which he says that some of his fellows have sent you. It seems that there are some new rules,



or orders, or fashions, which he wants you to have at your fingers' ends. Nothing could be more civil than he was,—but he just wished me to mention this, knowing that you and I are likely to see each other."

"I wish I had never come over," said Sir Marmaduke.

"Why so?"

"They did n't bother me with their new rules and fashions over there. When the papers came, somebody read them, and that was enough. I could do what they wanted me to do there."

"And so you will here,—after a bit."

"I'm not so sure of that. Those young fellows seem to forget that an old dog can't learn new tricks. They've got a young brisk fellow there who seems to think that a man should be an encyclopædia of knowledge because he has lived in a colony for over twenty years."

"That's the new under-secretary."

"Never mind who it is. Osborne, just come up to the library, will you? I want to speak to you." Then Sir Marmaduke, with considerable solemnity, led the way up to the most deserted room in the club, and Colonel Osborne followed him, well knowing that something was to be said about Emily Trevelyan.

Sir Marmaduke seated himself on a sofa, and his friend sat close beside him. The room was quite deserted. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the club was full of men. There were men in the morning-room, and men in the drawing-room, and men in the card-room, and men in the billiard-room; but no better choice of a chamber for a conference intended to be silent and secret could have been made in all London than that which had induced Sir Marmaduke to take his friend into the library of "The Acrobats." And yet a great deal of money had been spent in providing this library for "The Acrobats." Sir Marmaduke sat for a while silent, and had he sat silent for an hour, Colonel Osborne would not have interrupted him. Then, at last, he began, with a voice that was intended to be serious, but which struck upon the ear of his companion as being affected and unlike the owner of it. "This is a very sad thing about my poor girl," said Sir Marmaduke.

"Indeed, it is. There is only one thing to be said about it, Rowley."

"And what's that?"

"The man must be mad."

"He is not so mad as to give us any relief by his madness,—poor as such comfort would be. He has got Emily's child away from her, and I think it will about kill her. And what is to become of her? As to taking her back to the islands without her child, it is out of the question. I never knew anything so cruel in my life."

"And so absurd, you know."

"Ah,—that's just the question. If anybody had asked me, I should have said that you were the man of all men whom I could have best trusted."

"Do you doubt it now?"

"I don't know what to think."

"Do you mean to say that you suspect me,—and your daughter too?"

"No, by heavens! Poor dear! If I suspected her, there would be an end of all things with me. I could never get over that. No,—I don't suspect her!" Sir Marmaduke had now dropped his affected tone, and was speaking with natural energy.

"But you do me?"

"No, if I did, I don't suppose I should be sitting with you here; but they tell me—"

"They tell you what?"

"They tell me that—that you did not behave wisely about it. Why could you not let her alone when you found out how matters were going?"

"Who has been telling you this, Rowley?"

Sir Marmaduke considered for a while, and then, remembering that Colonel Osborne could hardly quarrel with a clergyman, told him the truth. "Outhouse says that you have done her an irretrievable injury by going down to Devonshire to her, and by writing to her."

"Outhouse is an ass."

"That is easily said; but why did you go?"

"And why should I not go? What the deuce! Because a man like that chooses to take vagaries into his head, I am not to see my own godchild!" Sir Marmaduke tried to remember whether the Colonel was in fact the godfather of his eldest daughter; but he found that his mind was quite a blank about his children's godfathers and godmothers. "And as for the letters;—I wish you could see them. The only letters which had in them a word of importance were those about your coming home. I was anxious to get that arranged, not only for your sake, but because she was so eager about it."

"God bless her, poor child!" said Sir Marmaduke, rubbing the tears away from his eyes with his red silk pocket-handkerchief.

"I will acknowledge that those letters—there may have been one or two—were the beginning of the trouble. It was these that made this man to show himself to be a lunatic. I do admit that. I was bound not to talk about your coming, and I told her to keep the secret. He went spying about, and found her letters, I suppose,—and then he took fire, because there was to be a secret from him. Dirty, mean dog! And now I'm to be told by such a fellow as Outhouse that it's my fault, that I have caused all the trouble, because, when I happened to be in Devonshire, I went to see your daughter!" We must do the Colonel the justice of supposing that he had by this time quite taught himself to believe that the church porch at Cockchaffington had been the motive cause of his journey into Devonshire. "Upon my word, it is too hard," continued he, indignantly, "As for Outhouse,—only for the gown upon his back, I'd pull his nose. And I wish that you would tell him that I say so."

"There is trouble enough without that," said Sir Marmaduke.

"But it is hard. By G—, it is hard. There is this comfort,—if it had n't been me, it would have been some one else. Such a man as that could n't have gone two or three years, without being jealous of some one. And as for poor Emily, she is better off, perhaps, with an accusation so absurd as this, than she might have been, had her name been joined with a younger man, or with one whom you can have less reason for trusting."

There was so much that seemed to be sensible in this, and it was spoken with so well assumed a tone of injured innocence, that Sir Marmaduke felt that he had nothing more to say. He muttered something further about the cruelty of the case, and then slunk away out of the club, and made his way home to the dull, gloomy house in Manchester Street. There was no comfort for him there; but neither was there any comfort for him at the club. And why did that vexatious Secretary of State send him



messages about blue books? As he went, he expressed sundry wishes that he was back at the Mandarins, and told himself that it would be well that he should remain there till he died.

[To be continued.]

## NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### V. — ON AN AMATEUR BEAT.

It is one of my fancies that even my idlest walk must always have its appointed destination. I set myself a task before I leave my lodging in Covent Garden on a street expedition, and should no more think of altering my route by the way, or turning back and leaving a part of it unachieved, than I should think of fraudulently violating an agreement entered into with somebody else. The other day, finding myself under this kind of obligation to proceed to Limehouse, I started punctually at noon, in compliance with the terms of the contract with myself to which my good faith was pledged.

On such an occasion, it is my habit to regard my walk as my Beat, and myself as a higher sort of Police Constable doing duty on the same. There is many a Ruffian in the streets whom I mentally collar and clear out of them, who would see mighty little of London, I can tell him, if I could deal with him physically.

Issuing forth upon this very Beat, and following with my eyes three hulking grotters on their way home, — which home I could confidently swear to be within so many yards of Drury Lane, in such a narrow and restricted direction (though they live in their lodging quite as undisturbed as I in mine), — I went on duty with a consideration which I respectfully offer to the new Chief Commissioner, — in whom I thoroughly confide as a tried and efficient public servant. How often (thought I) have I been forced to swallow, in Police reports, the intolerable stereotyped pill of nonsense how that the Police Constable informed the worthy magistrate how that the associates of the Prisoner did at that present speaking dwell in a street or court which no man dared go down, and how that the worthy magistrate had heard of the dark reputation of such street or court, and how that our readers would doubtless remember that it was always the same street or court which was thus edifyingly discoursed about, say once a fortnight.

Now, suppose that a Chief Commissioner sent round a circular to every Division of Police employed in London, requiring instantly the names in all districts of all such much-puffed streets or courts which no man durst go down; and suppose that in such circular he gave plain warning: "If those places really exist, they are a proof of Police inefficiency which I mean to punish; and if they do not exist, but are a conventional fiction, then they are a proof of lazy tacit Police connivance with professional crime, which I also mean to punish" — what then? Fictions or realities, could they survive the touchstone of this atom of common sense? To tell us in open court, until it has become as trite a feature of news as the great gooseberry, that a costly Police system such as was never before heard of, has left in London, in the days of steam and gas and photographs of thieves and electric telegraphs, the sanctuaries and stews of the Stuarts! Why, a parity of practice, in all departments, would bring back the Plague in two summers, and the Druids in a century!

Walking faster under my share of this public injury, I overturned a wretched little creature who, clutching at the rags of a pair of trousers with one of its claws, and at its ragged hair with the other, pattered with bare feet over the muddy stones. I stopped to raise and succor this poor weeping wretch, and fifty like it, but of both sexes, were about me in a moment, begging, tumbling, fighting, clamoring, yelling, shivering in their nakedness and hunger. The piece of money I had put into the claw of the child I had overturned, was clawed out of it, and was again clawed out of that wolfish gripe, and again out of that, and soon I had no notion in what part of the obscene scuffle in the mud, of rags and legs and arms and dirt the money might be. In raising the child, I had drawn it aside out of the main thoroughfare, and this took place among some wooden hoardings and barriers and ruins of demolished buildings, hard by Temple Bar.

Unexpectedly from among them emerged a genuine Police Constable, before whom the dreadful brood dispersed in various directions, he making feints and darts in this direction and in that, and catching nothing. When all were frightened away, he took off his hat, pulled out a handkerchief from it, wiped his heated brow, and restored the handkerchief and hat to their places, with the air of a man who had discharged a great moral duty, — as indeed he had, in doing what was set down for him. I looked at him, and I looked about at the disorderly traces in the mud, and I thought of the drops of rain and the footprints of an extinct creature, hoary ages upon ages old, that geologists have identified on the face of a cliff; and this speculation came over me: If this mud could petrify at this moment, and could lie concealed here for ten thousand years, I wonder whether the race of men then to be our successors on the earth could, from these or any marks, by the utmost force of the human intellect, unassisted by tradition, deduce such an astounding inference as the existence of a polished state of society that bore with the public savagery of neglected children in the streets of its capital city, and was proud of its power by sea and land, and never used its power to seize and save them!

After this, when I came to the Old Bailey and glanced up it towards Newgate, I found that the prison had an inconsistent look. There seemed to be some unlucky inconsistency in the atmosphere that day, for though the proportions of St. Paul's Cathedral are very beautiful, it had an air of being somewhat out of drawing, in my eyes. I felt as though the cross were too high up, and perched upon the intervening golden ball too far away.

Facing eastward, I left behind me Smithfield and Old Bailey, — fire and fagot, condemned Hold, public hanging, whipping through the city at the cart-tail, pillory, branding-iron, and other beautiful ancestral landmarks, which rude hands have rooted up, without bringing the stars quite down upon us as yet, — and went my way upon my Beat, noting how oddly characteristic neighborhoods are divided from one another, hereabout, as though by an invisible line across the way. Here, shall cease the bankers and the money-changers; here, shall begin the shipping interest and the nautical-instrument shops; here, shall follow a scarcely perceptible flavoring of groceries and drugs; here, shall come a strong infusion of butchers; now, small hosiers shall be in the ascendant; henceforth, everything exposed for sale shall have its ticketed price attached. All this as if specially ordered and appointed.



A single stride at Houndsditch Church, no wider than sufficed to cross the kennel at the bottom of the Canongate, which the Debtors in Holyrood Sanctuary were wont to relieve their minds by skipping over, as Scott relates, and standing in delightful daring of Catchpoles on the free side, — a single stride, and everything is entirely changed in grain and character. West of the stride, a table, or a chest of drawers on sale shall be of mahogany and French-polished; East of the stride, it shall be of deal, smeared with a cheap counterfeit resembling lip-salve. West of the stride, a penny loaf or bun shall be compact and self-contained; East of the stride, it shall be of a sprawling and splay-footed character, as seeking to make more of itself for the money. My Beat lying round by Whitechapel Church, and the adjacent Sugar Refineries, — great buildings, tier upon tier, that have the appearance of being nearly related to the Dock-Warehouses at Liverpool, — I turned off to my right, and, passing round the awkward corner on my left, came suddenly on an apparition familiar to London streets afar off.

What London peripatetic of these times has not seen the woman who has fallen forward, double, through some affection of the spine, and whose head has of late taken a turn to one side, so that it now droops over the back of one of her arms at about the wrist? Who does not know her staff, and her shawl, and her basket, as she gropes her way along, capable of seeing nothing but the pavement, never begging, never stopping, forever going somewhere on no business? How does she live, whence does she come, whither does she go, and why? I mind the time when her yellow arms were naught but bone and parchment. Slight changes steal over her, for there is a shadowy suggestion of human skin on them now. The Strand may be taken as the central point about which she revolves in a half-mile orbit. How comes she so far East as this? And coming back too! Having been how much further? She is a rare spectacle in this neighborhood. I receive intelligent information to this effect from a dog, — a lop-sided mongrel with a foolish tail, plodding along with his tail up, and his ears pricked, and displaying an amiable interest in the ways of his fellow-men, — if I may be allowed the expression. After pausing at a porkshop, he is jogging Eastward like myself, with a benevolent countenance and a watery mouth, as though musing on the many excellences of pork, when he beholds this doubled-up bundle approaching. He is not so much astonished at the bundle (though amazed by that), as at the circumstance that it has within itself the means of locomotion. He stops, pricks his ears higher, makes a slight point, stares, utters a short, low growl, and glistens at the nose, — as I conceive with terror. The bundle continuing to approach, he barks, turns tail, and is about to fly, when, arguing with himself that flight is not becoming in a dog, he turns, and once more faces the advancing heap of clothes. After much hesitation it occurs to him that there may be a face in it somewhere. Desperately resolving to undertake the adventure and pursue the inquiry, he goes slowly up to the bundle, goes slowly round it, and, coming at length upon the human countenance down there where never human countenance should be, gives a yelp of horror, and flies for the East India Docks.

Being now in the Commercial-road district of my Beat, and bethinking myself that Stepney Station is near, I quicken my pace that I may turn out of

the road at that point, and see how my small Eastern Star is shining.

The Children's Hospital, to which I gave that name, is in full force. All its beds occupied. There is a new face on the bed where my pretty baby lay, and that sweet little child is now at rest forever. Much kind sympathy has been here, since my former visit, and it is good to see the walls profusely garnished with dolls. I wonder what Poodles may think of them, as they stretch out their arms above the beds, and stare, and display their splendid dresses. Poodles has a greater interest in the patients. I find him making the round of the beds, like a house-surgeon, attended by another dog, — a friend, — who appears to trot about with him in the character of his pupil dresser. Poodles is anxious to make me known to a pretty little girl, looking wonderfully healthy, who has had a leg taken off for cancer of the knee. A difficult operation, Poodles intimates, wagging his tail on the counterpane, but perfectly successful, as you see, dear Sir! The patient, patting Poodles, adds with a smile: "The leg was so much trouble to me, that I am glad it's gone." I never saw anything in doggery finer than the deportment of Poodles, when another little girl opens her mouth to show a peculiar enlargement of the tongue. Poodles (at that time on a table, to be on a level with the occasion) looks at the tongue (with his own sympathetically out), so very gravely and knowingly, that I feel inclined to put my hand in my waistcoat pocket, and give him a guinea, wrapped in paper.

On my Beat again, and close to Limehouse Church, its termination, I found myself near to certain "Lead Mills." Struck by the name, which was fresh in my memory, and finding, on inquiry, that these same Lead Mills were identical with those same Lead Mills of which I made mention when I first visited the East London Children's Hospital and its neighborhood, as Uncommercial Traveller, I resolved to have a look at them.

Received by two very intelligent gentlemen, brothers, and partners with their father in the concern, and who testified every desire to show their Works to me freely, I went over the Lead Mills. The purport of such works is the conversion of Pig Lead into White Lead. This conversion is brought about by the slow and gradual effecting of certain successive chemical changes in the lead itself. The processes are picturesque and interesting, — the most so, being the burying of the lead, at a certain stage of preparation, in pots, each pot containing a certain quantity of acid besides, and all the pots being buried in vast numbers, in layers, under tan, for some ten weeks.

Hopping up ladders and across planks and on elevated perches until I was uncertain whether to liken myself to a Bird, or a Bricklayer, I became conscious of standing on nothing particular, looking down into one of a series of large cocklofts, with the outer day peeping in through the chinks in the tiled roof above. A number of women were ascending to, and descending from, this cockloft, each carrying on the upward journey a pot of prepared lead and acid, for deposition under the smoking tan. When one layer of pots was completely filled, it was carefully covered in with planks, and those were carefully covered with tan again, and then another layer of pots was begun above; sufficient means of ventilation being preserved through wooden tubes. Going down into the cockloft then filling, I found the heat of the tan to be surprisingly great, and also the odor of the



lead and acid to be not absolutely exquisite, though I believe not noxious at that stage. In other cocklofts where the pots were being exhumed, the heat of the steaming tan was much greater, and the smell was penetrating and peculiar. There were cocklofts in all stages; full and empty, half filled and half emptied; strong, active women were clamoring about them busily; and the whole thing had rather the air of the upper part of the house of some immensely rich old Turk, whose faithful Seraglio were hiding his money because the Sultan or the Pasha was coming.

As is the case with most pulps or pigments, so in the instance of this White Lead, processes of stirring, separating, washing, grinding, rolling, and pressing succeed. Some of these are unquestionably inimical to health, the danger arising from inhalation of particles of lead, or from contact between the lead and the touch, or both. Against these dangers, I found good respirators provided (simply made of flannel and muslin, so as to be inexpensively renewed, and in some instances washed with scented soap), and gauntlet gloves, and loose gowns. Everywhere, there was as much fresh air as windows, well placed and opened, could possibly admit. And it was explained that the precaution of frequently changing the women employed in the worst parts of the work (a precaution originating in their own experience or apprehension of its ill effects) was found salutary. They had a mysterious and singular appearance with the mouth and nose covered, and the loose gown on, and yet bore out the simile of the old Turk and the Seraglio all the better for the disguise.

At last this vexed white lead having been buried and resuscitated, and heated, and cooled, and stirred, and separated, and washed, and ground, and rolled, and pressed, is subjected to the action of intense fiery heat. A row of women, dressed as above described, stood, let us say, in a large stone bakehouse, passing on the baking-dishes as they were given out by the cooks, from hand to hand, into the ovens. The oven or stove, cold as yet, looked as high as an ordinary house, and was full of men and women on temporary footholds, briskly passing up and stowing away the dishes. The door of another oven or stove, about to be cooled and emptied, was opened from above, for the Uncommercial countenance to peer down into. The Uncommercial countenance withdrew itself, with expedition and a sense of suffocation from the dull-glowing heat and the overpowering smell. On the whole, perhaps the going into these stoves to work, when they are freshly opened, may be the worst part of the occupation.

But I made it out to be indubitable that the owners of these lead mills honestly and sedulously try to reduce the dangers of the occupation to the lowest point.

A washing-place is provided for the women (I thought there might have been more towels), and a room in which they hang their clothes, and take their meals, and where they have a good fire-range and fire, and a female attendant to help them, and to watch that they do not neglect the cleansing of their hands before touching their food. An experienced medical attendant is provided for them, and any premonitory symptoms of lead-poisoning are carefully treated. Their tea-pots and such things were set out on tables ready for their afternoon meal, when I saw their room, and it had a homely look. It is found that they bear the work much better than men; some few of them have been at it

for years, and the great majority of those I observed were strong and active. On the other hand, it should be remembered that most of them are very capricious and irregular in their attendance.

American inventiveness would seem to indicate that before very long White Lead may be made entirely by machinery. The sooner, the better. In the mean time, I parted from my two frank conductors over the mills, by telling them that they had nothing there to be concealed, and nothing to be blamed for. As to the rest, the philosophy of the matter of lead-poisoning and work-people seems to me to have been pretty fairly summed up by the Irish woman whom I quoted in my former paper: "Some of them gits lead-pisoned soon, and some of them gets lead-pisoned later, and some, but not many, niver, and 't is all according to the constitooshun, Sur, and some constitooshuns is strong and some is weak."

Retracing my footsteps over my Beat, I went off duty.

## STRAWS FOR DROWNING MEN.

BY JAMES GREENWOOD.

[This startling exposure of the "life-preserver" swindle naturally suggests the question: Are the cork-jackets, the buoys and the other so-called life-preservers, now provided for passengers on our own ships and steamboats, no more to be depended upon than those described by Mr. Greenwood?]

At this season of gale and wreck, where "the stormy winds do blow," in the dreary night-time, and hearing them as we hug our pillows, we exclaim, "God help poor souls at sea," permit me to disclose to your readers a monstrosity cruel and heartless cheat systematically imposed on mariners and those who make long journeys by sea.

It concerns what in devilish mockery are "in the trade" known as "life-buoys." I may mention that my attention was directed to this subject so long ago as last November twelvemonth, when that memorable hurricane swept the Island of St. Thomas, and the sea in its neighborhood, causing such appalling devastation amongst the shipping thereabouts. It was my duty to describe in your columns the marvellous escape of a lad named Bailey, a ship attached to H. M. S. Rhone, of whose crew, numbering nearly 100, about a dozen were saved. Battling for his life in the raging waters, Bailey was so lucky as to secure a life-buoy suddenly vacated by a hapless wreck-fellow who, with his body within the floating ring, was nipped off at the middle by a shark, causing the poor wretch to fling up his arms and slip through "like a bolt out of its socket," as Master Bailey graphically described it. Clinging to the precious buoy, Bailey was carried out to sea, and far out of sight and sound of land. Night came on, and quite done over with fatigue, he fell asleep, and so remained until his buoy drifted ashore, carrying him with it, and he was awake by the rasping of his legs against the shingle. I examined that life-buoy, and saw the fair imprint of Master Bailey's stubbly hair on the soddened, yellow-painted canvas, showing where his sleepy head had rested.

As may be easily understood, I at once conceived a high respect for life-buoys, and resolved, if ever I went to sea, to provide myself with one, though I had no more money left than would secure me a berth in the steerage. I should n't have made much trouble over the purchase. In all seaport towns and in the vicinity of the principal docks, there are dozens of maritime outfitting warehouses, and all of



them sell life-buoys, most of them keeping such an extensive stock of the article as to prove unmistakably the popular faith in, and extensive demand for it. Like any other unsuspicious person, I should have asked for a life-buoy, and seeing that it was properly branded "warranted cork," paid for it, and carried it away never doubting it.

How wofully I might have miscalculated will presently appear.

The opening of my eyes to the true state of the case is mainly due to a well-known life belt and buoy maker of Sunderland (Mr. R. Dixon).—Writing to me concerning loss of life at sea, he informed me that he had grave suspicions of the quality of the life-buoys manufactured in London, and supplied to the Jew slop-shops. He informed me that he himself had met with life-buoys composed of the basest materials, and sent me some bits of *common rush* as a sample of the interior of one he had dissected. He further apprised me of the fact that to such an extent had this fraud been perpetrated, that a very large number of seamen would have nothing to do with life-buoys, declaring that they would rather go down and have done with it, than hang in the jaws of death for a few hours with the certainty of drowning after all, becoming more apparent as the treacherous support gradually soddened, and sank under their weight.

It was scarcely to be credited that so murderous a business as my Sunderland friend hinted at could be commonly pursued, but I resolved to watch my opportunity for testing it, and just lately by chance I met a man in the poor neighborhood of Shadwell who informed me that he was a belt and buoy maker.

We had some conversation on the subject of his trade, and then it came out, not only that Mr. Dixon's suspicions were well founded, but that he had not suspected the worst. With a candor that contrasted queerly with the villany his statements betrayed, the Shadwell operative informed me that the buoys which are all stamped "warranted corkwood," are nothing of the kind; "not one in a dozen." "You could n't do it for the money," said my informant, "the Jews that such as we work for won't give more than three-and-six or four shillings each for 'em, and how much cork can you afford to stuff into 'em for that, I'd like to know?" I asked him what he could afford to stuff into his buoys at the price, and he replied: "Cocoa fibre mostly, sometimes straw, sometimes rushes, same as what the calkers use; anything almost does, shavings, if you haven't got anything better." He appeared to think that it did not matter what the canvas covers were stuffed with so long as they were well sewn and painted. I further inquired as to where the precious goods of his manufacture might be bought, and he replied shortly, "Anywhere." And it seemed that this was perfectly true.

The neighborhoods of Shadwell, Ratcliff, and Poplar were visited, and at each place at a seaman's slop-shop a "good life-buoy" was inquired for and bought. One was branded "warranted corkwood," one "all cork," and the third simple bore the word "warranted." They ranged in price from six shillings to seven-and-sixpence. They were all three carried home and dissected with the following results.

No. 1 ("warranted corkwood"), when its flimsy yellow skin was slit, was discovered to consist bodily of straw, sparsely covered with cork shavings for the satisfaction, it is presumed, of any cautious mar-

iner who might feel disposed to risk a like slit in his purchase so as to make sure of its quality before he paid for it.

No. 2 ("warranted") was stuffed with rushes.

No. 3 ("all cork") cork chips and rushes, about twenty per cent of the former and eighty of the latter.

To test the buoyant capability of the three detected impostors, they were placed in water, a weight of ten pounds being attached to each.

This was the result:—

"Warranted corkwood:" Sank in an hour.

"Warranted:" Stood the test for nearly two hours and then succumbed.

"All cork," floated for four hours, and then sank from view.

Here is a pretty revelation! In our inbred love for the sea and all that pertains to it, in this more than in any other direction do our sympathy and charity extend. An appeal for funds to float a life-boat on any dangerous coast is seldom or never made in vain. We have hearty despising for all "crimps," and "long shore" sharks, who prey on the seaman and fleece him of his hard earnings, more than all. Of all men, none is so utterly abhorred as the "wrecker," the cold-blooded villain who, by means of false lights and signals, betrays a vessel to certain destruction for the sake of such plunder as the shattered hulk and the bodies of drowned men may yield. What, then, must be our opinion of the man who, for the sake of an extra profit of half-a-crown, consigns a fellow-creature to the lingering torture of death by gradual drowning? To be sure, it may often happen that, cast on the face of the wilderness of water, the possessor of a life-buoy deserving the name may in the end be worse off than the man who has no such hope left him out of the wreck of his ship, and "goes down, and have done with it"; but who, since this wretched imposture began, may reckon the instances of desperate hope all unexpectedly mocked to death, of life lost that would have been saved, had the promise that the treacherous buoy held out but proved true? Nay, how many men, and women too,—emigrant mothers bearing up their little children in the fathomless waters,—have been cheated out of their lives by abandoning the spar or plank for the more hopeful-looking ring of stuffed canvas, "warranted solid corkwood," but which is no more than straw and rags, and soddens and sinks, dragging the clingers with it?

## PLAYERS AND LOOKERS-ON.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

### IV.

So Arthur stayed,—standing with his back to the fire quizzing my slender appointments, throwing out, every now and then, a casual hint, under the firm impression that he was materially advancing my progress: and certainly, being no great adept in the art of dress, I was in so far a gainer by his superior science, that I never made a toilet at once so hasty and so satisfactory. In an incredibly short space of time, we were descending the stairs together, Arthur calling me the captive knight, and exulting openly in his triumph. I shall never forget the brightness of the scene as we entered the dancing-room,—my Aunt Aspinall's expansive smile that seemed to include the whole hall within its genial coruscation, or the look which Nelly turned round upon us as we came in together,—a kind look, and



yet I fancied (though Arthur did not betray the secret of my perversity), a little reproachful. O, that evening! it was like a leaf torn out of a happier volume than that which had lately been my lesson-book. Memory turns over many and many a page, before it and after, yet lights upon none that gleams out of such an illumined margin! The county paper, deep in Lady Aspinall's interest, dwelt, in describing it, upon "the galaxy of assembled beauty," a phrase for once not hackneyed out of truth, for I saw no face that was not handsome, no looks that evening that were not happy; the very flowers that festooned the rooms seemed to glow, as if lamp-lit from their hearts; the music spoke. Often since my return had Nelly and I been alone together, with a world of silence and constraint between us; now, in the giddy revel, the whirl of excitement that surrounded us, we found a deeper silence, a truer solitude,—the eddy drifted us together, we were alone, really near each other, as we had been when children, and as happy.

Nelly danced, of course, with Arthur, and with many others; but I was, the whole of that night,—I knew it, and so did she,—none the less her true partner, the sharer of whatever enjoyment it brought her. I followed her like her shadow, and was, perhaps to the many, as little an object of remark or observation. Arthur, while bent upon his own amusement, seemed ever near us, like a protecting genius, and in the splendor which he cast about him, I was content to be obliterated and happy.

I remember that same night, or rather morning, how long, after the house was silent, the lights extinguished, and everybody else asleep and dreaming, I stood at my window looking out into the moonlight, dreaming, but not asleep. From the moon surely, or some planet more gentle and benignant than this one upon which we toil and suffer, that night in its balm and blessedness must have been dropped down upon our earth, and drawn up again as suddenly; for morning came, and after it many and many another, announcing to me with bleak and chilling pertinacity, that I had been, like the Prince in the Arabian story, lifted up heavenwards in a dream only to be set down again, just where that dream had found me. To have to fall back upon life's prose after such a brief, sweet glimpse of its poetry, was too much for my philosophy. I took to it most unkindly, but there was no resource. Arthur and Nelly were now inseparable, so wrapped up it seemed in one another as to be exclusive, without intending it, of everybody else. I was myself so restless and unhappy, that I became a sort of unconscious spy upon their behavior; and in my morbid watchfulness, jealous both *of* and *for* them, I saw a great deal which puzzled me as much as it pleased me little,—more especially in Arthur, whose manner often struck me as strangely absent and preoccupied. Sometimes, when entirely off his guard, his features settled into a cast of anxiety, so foreign to their natural expression, and so unsuited to his prospects, that I knew not on what grounds to account for it. I knew Arthur to be in debt,—he had always been a little reckless about his expenditure; but even the supposition of his being more deeply embarrassed than I had reason to think likely would scarcely, in his peculiarly gay and *insouciant* temperament, justify a more than momentary gloom. It was evident that Arthur, favorite of nature and fortune, was by no means un-

happy; yet no less plain that he had something upon his mind. Even when with Nelly, his thoughts seemed often elsewhere, yet he was never easy without her. Their conferences seemed endless. It was Arthur's way and habit which he had inherited from his mother, and one which I think made him very attractive, to invest all his communications with an air of secrecy. You felt they were *to you* alone, when he talked to you; if only about his dogs or his fishing, there was something bewitching in finding yourself drawn into a little ring-fence of confidences, shutting out all the rest of the world.

"I want you, Nelly, just for a few moments." How passively and yet quickly she used to respond to this summons, which I used to think would have offended her five or six years ago; but her equanimity was never ruffled, except when Lady Aspinall, now grown too secure to be cautious, would sometimes think aloud so far as to couple her name with Arthur's. Once I remember she did this very openly, concluding some little arrangement about a drive with "and Arthur and Nelly together of course." Then Nelly looked much disturbed, and also a little angry; and Arthur colored, but looked upon the whole amused, and tried to catch her eye, but could not.

All these things perplexed me. I was angry with them for being so unlike their old open-hearted selves, vexed with what I saw, still more vexed with myself for seeing. What right had I over them or their actions? I was ashamed of my self-constituted watch, yet, weary and sick of my own vigilance, kept it still. I do not know whether Nelly saw this and resented it, but her manner to me underwent a visible change; it had always been kind, and I was sometimes inclined to think anxious and compassionate, as if she knew that I was not happy, without divining the secret of my disquietude. She had made many efforts to draw me out of my moody abstraction, but these ceased, as if she did not choose any longer to be repelled; and her manner became cold and distant, so that days occasionally went over without our exchanging a word beyond the ordinary greetings. As I had always been "odd," and had now lost the tie that chiefly linked me to sociability, I began to enter upon the privileges of eccentricity. Nobody, I think, much observed or minded me, except my aunt, among whose *fantoccini* I, the only one yet unprovided for, played, I have no doubt, a very important part, yet having no definite character assigned upon our little social theatre, I sank gradually into the walking gentleman of the old comedy, the *personnage muet*, of whom nothing is demanded or expected; so that I was quite surprised one evening, when all our young party were being merry, to see a nice little girl come forward and insist that I should take a share in some game which was going on with great spirit.

"Why will you never play with us, Mr. Philip?" she said, simply. "I am sure you can, if you did but choose."

I took her on my knee, while she gave me instructions as to what was going forward. It was the game of Proverbs, I think they called it, carried on by questions and answers.

The one which fell to my lot was, "Do you believe in dreams?" The question came from Nelly, and I made answer in that low, bitter tone, addressed at as much as to the inquirer, "Perhaps I do,—a little; they suit this world, being about as true as anything in it."



The little girl clapped her hands in exultation. My word was "world," and I had brought it in, she whispered to me, very cleverly. But Nelly was not so well satisfied, and, after our game was over, came back to me, and said, almost severely, "Why will you say such hard, bitter things, Philip? I am sure you do not *think* them, or else you must indeed be changed from old times."

"And if I am changed, Nelly," I answered, but in a milder tone, "can *you* wonder at it? Would it not be more singular if I remained the only one unaltered since the days you speak of?"

She made me no answer, but drawing her chair to a table near us, took up a book. "O, now," said the little girl, "you must not read; come and sit in the window-seat with me and Mr. Philip, and talk to us." As she spoke, she slid off my knee, and seated herself between us, holding a hand of each, as if she feared to lose the chat she was anxious for.

"What sort of days were those you are talking about?"

"Very happy ones," said Nelly, smiling, yet sighing even with the smile, so that I could not help finishing the sentence for her,—"Yet not happier than the present ones,—at least to *you*, Nelly."

"I do not know," she returned, "that they were not happier. I am sure they were safer—freer—simpler." Her lip quivered as she spoke, and we pursued the subject no further. The little girl was a medium between us. We chatted with and through her on no very important matters, yet so pleasantly that an hour, I believe, had gone by unperceived by any of us, before Arthur, who was that night in a very listless mood, sauntered up to join our little coterie.

"You must not come here, Mr. Arthur," said our little friend, coquettishly; "we three are telling each other our secrets."

"Secrets," returned Arthur, carelessly; "why, you are too young to have any, and Philip is too reserved to tell any, and you, Nelly," he said, looking at her very kindly, "know all of mine."

"And Nelly," continued the persevering little questioner, "is she to have none of her own?"

"Not from me," returned Arthur, laughing; "she never tells me any, because I guess them all." At this moment Lady Aspinall, who performed once or twice in the evening a sort of tour of inquiry round the room, came up to us. Arthur's voice sank into a whisper, low and meaning, and intended only for the ear he was addressing, but it did not escape mine, then sharpened as I have said into a morbid acuteness,—*"Yes, Nelly, I guess them all."*

She colored deeply, but looked up at Arthur very proudly, and after a few minutes' silence rose and walked to another part of the room. It was the first instance in which anything said or done by him had seemed to displease her; and even now her resentment, from whatever cause it might arise, was not of a very lasting nature. Almost immediately, and with an apparent unconsciousness of having offended her, he was by her side, looking more confidential and, it struck me, more anxious than usual. They talked together during the rest of the evening. My little playfellow was sent off to bed, and I sat by myself in the window-seat, with my eyes half shut, and was imagined to be asleep, yet was not, but only dreaming.

And so it was with me during the night. I slept little, but dreamt much, and some of my visions were so pleasing that I felt an anxiety, as one sometimes does, to knit up their broken chain and dream them out at leisure in the broad daylight.

V.

I had a favorite out-door haunt in those days, a log hut, built by myself and Arthur in our boyhood, and quaintly lined by Nelly with colored mosses and fir cones, arranged in stars and diamonds, and all manner of fanciful devices. It lay close to the grassy wood-walk, yet it had been our pleasure to conceal its entrance, so that the uninitiated might pass it by without discovering its existence. They, I dare say, had long ago forgotten that there was such a place, but to me it was linked with happy associations of the little woodland drama of Robin Hood, Little John, and Maid Marion, that we there had been used in those days to enact together, with the aid of such stray scenes and "properties" as we found about us ready made; and the "Outlaw's Cave," as we had then called it, still remained in favor, in moods like my present one, when I wished to shuffle myself into the "mortal coil" of deep, uninterrupted abstraction. But this once my musings were strangely broken in upon.

It was a clear, cold morning, so still and frosty that the fall of a leaf, had there been wind enough to shake one from the bough, would have been audible most distinctly, when there arose a certain chitter-chatter,—two well-known voices in a familiar duet, at sound of which I shrugged myself more closely within my lair.

An elderly gentleman and a lady of no particular age came slowly up the wood-walk. Among all the cousins who went tame or wild about the Priory these two had come and gone so often that they had begun to assume, at least in my eyes, a certain historical interest. How familiar they must have grown during these years with my Lady Aspinall's polity; how many revolutions, counter-revolutions, and *coups d'état* they must have witnessed! I sometimes wondered that she had never "settled" them together; but they were both poor, and hers was not a grammar in which two negatives were ever allowed to become affirmative by coalition. Both were gossips by practice and by profession; and in this their vocation they labored with equal diligence, but in a spirit not exactly kindred. The captain's gossip was altogether good-natured. One could enjoy it and him by the hour together without feeling that either one's self or any soul that breathed was the worse for a word that had been spoken. With Miss Octavia Aspinall the case was a little different. Not that, like the lady in Pope, she either tore or mangled reputations; yet a character, in passing under her hands, always seemed to suffer somewhat of an insensible wear and tear that might have justified its owner in a claim for damages.

Their conversation struck upon my ear without at first carrying any direct impression to my mind. Never was there a less voluntary, less conscious listener, until the sound of my own name roused my attention to what had gone before, and shook all the hard little unconnected bits and fragments of their small talk into a symmetrical pattern.

"Well," said the captain, "they do not seem yet to understand each other, but I suppose they soon will; for it is evident enough to every one else."

"Yes," returned the lady with a little short laugh peculiar to her, "plain enough to every one but those who *will* not see. Poor Lady Aspinall! How these very clever people *do* deceive themselves!—she, too, who always piques herself on seeing so far into affairs of this kind."



"Ah, well," said the captain, "she has been mistaken for once, — mistaken, too, from first to last. It was always a brother-and-sisterly feeling on both sides; never, on either, anything beyond it. Now, with this young Philip, even when they were both children —"

"Yes, I remember," interrupted the lady, with a slight touch of asperity; "and what she *could* see in him then, or *now*, has always been my astonishment. He was the very strangest, ugliest boy, and I do think he has come back now a little better-looking, perhaps, but more eccentric and unlike other people than ever."

"A little peculiar, perhaps, — a little peculiar," returned the good captain in a patronizing accent, "but a fine young man, and one, depend upon it, who will make his way in the world, and cut a good figure before those who live to see it."

How little did the worthy man think that the object of his friendly prophecy was then so near him! The two pattered upon their way, and I, emerging from my unintentional ambush, returned home; that is, I reached the house in the usual way, but, for aught I knew to the contrary, so lost was I and absorbed in thought, I might have flown or swam there. There was a knocking at my heart, a bold sweet surmise that would be let in. Was this, then, the solution, so strange at once and, simple, to all that had been so perplexing? Had the key, that I was too dull to find, been dropped upon my path by these random chatters? Nelly! Arthur! Has this been a game at hide and seek, longer, but not half so merry as those we used to play together when children?

One of the servants met me as I entered. "Mr. Arthur, sir, has been seeking you all about. I believe he is now in my lady's dressing-room." I looked up, and saw Nelly leaning over the balusters. She had seen me as I came, and was waiting to speak to me, evidently with some anxiety, as I saw from her tearful, agitated countenance.

"O Philip," she said, "we want you, — we want you." She and I stood together for a few moments at the door of my aunt's room, while with her hand upon the lock, she prepared me in a few hurried whispers for the scene that was going on within. Arthur had been long attached and engaged to a beautiful Mrs. Hervey, the widow of one of his brother officers. They had been much thrown together, and under circumstances that had called forth feelings of peculiar interest. Arthur's heart was gone before he knew, "And the lady was poor, and had three children, and my aunt, you know," said Nelly, "has her own views; and Arthur felt that this attachment would not meet them, and had not known, just at once, how to break it to her. And —" Nelly said no more. Arthur's heart had gone before he knew — before he knew that he had one. To lose one's heart may be a crime, but to *have* one at all, is not this the true original mistake, and would not my aunt so consider it? She who had planned for son and step-son, daughter and step-daughter, that sort of ready-made felicity which seems, as we look round the world, to fit and wear (?) as well as the article we choose for ourselves most carefully, how would she bear this self-assertion from her youngest and her favorite son? We entered. My uncle, so I discovered afterwards, was in the room, but, at the first glance, I saw no one, but my aunt and Arthur. They sat, confronting each other, looking most unlike their every-day selves, and yet, strange to say (a resemblance I had never

before perceived) most singularly like each other. My aunt looked, as I had never before seen her, flushed and indignant; and Arthur, very pale, wore about his eyes an air of settled, patient determination which fully justified his jesting declaration of being "his mother's son." I never saw an aspect which had so gained in dignity. He stood taller by the head and shoulders than the youth from whom I had parted so lately. He had shaken off concealment, and with it the embarrassing consciousness of a false position which had lately begun to fetter him, and he now looked up, honest, truthful, and affectionate, every inch the man he was.

There was a pause as we came in. My aunt broke it by saying to me in a dry and severe tone: "And have you, too, Philip, been cognizant of this affair? Arthur's mother has been the only one, I suppose, left in the dark."

But Nelly answered for me. "Philip has known nothing till this moment of Arthur's attachment to Mrs. Hervey. I," she continued, in a low tone, and blushing very deeply, "was the only one."

"Yes, and you, Eleanor," returned my aunt, bursting into tears, and calling her, as is usual in moments of displeasure, by her name at full length, — "you, Eleanor, the last person, the very last whom I could have suspected of so playing upon one who had stood to you in the place of a mother."

"Playing upon you!" exclaimed Nelly, with a flash of sudden indignation. "What *can* you mean, Aunt Aspinall?"

"I mean," she said, losing for a moment (the single one, I believe, of her whole life) her long-practised, habitual self-command, "that I have been the dupe of a set of children." She rose, and paced up and down the room in violent agitation. My uncle, too, arose, and with his accustomed deliberation, led her to the open window. There was a momentary silence, which Arthur was the first to break. "Mother," he said, quietly, "if you have indeed been deceived, it has not been by us, but by something in your own mind, which has led you to plan for me and for Nelly things which never crossed our own imaginations. It is not her fault," he continued with more vehemence, "I suppose, nor mine, if we are differently constituted to those with whom you have had to do in general. My nature is one which does not easily adapt itself to arrangements. If I am ever to be happy, it must be by following where my heart leads; but to make me miserable, mother, wretched and good-for-nothing for the rest of my life, would not require the exertion of half *your* talents."

Lady Aspinall turned from the window. Her face, though large tears were rolling down it, was calm. "O Arthur," she exclaimed, "that I should live to hear this from the lips of one of my children! I — I use my talents to make you miserable."

She said this with an air of dignity and tenderness that went straight to my heart, even mine, the stander-by, who knew that she was acting, — acting I mean, because, to her, life itself had grown a part not to be gone through in any other fashion, — for this was with her a moment of real feeling. Arthur was penetrated with remorse. "I did not," he broke in, "say so, mean so"; but Nelly stole up to my aunt, put her arms about her neck, and kissed away those last resentful tears. "No, dear aunt," she whispered, "you never made any one among us miserable, only sometimes you may have tried, perhaps, just a little too much to make us happy."

My uncle heard this, and laughed, and turned to



his wife with a soothing, "Come, dear Frances, until at last she smiled, and kissed Arthur, and then Nelly, with a true mother's kiss.

And Arthur shook my hand, and looked at me as no one *could* look but Arthur, but said nothing.

Arthur, I, and Nelly, — we understood each other in that moment, and have done so ever since.

## ON THE NUTRITIVE VALUE OF DIFFERENT SORTS OF FOOD.

BY BARON LIEBIG.

(Second Paper.\*)

It is considered a matter of course that when the albuminates are present, the nutritive salts are so too; but this is not always the case, and usually not in our food.

A striking example in this respect is afforded us in a hen's egg, — in any egg, in short, — the popular opinion about which is that it is at least as nutritious as an equal weight of meat. Physiologists have long since shown that an egg is not to be compared to meat as a means of nutrition. With meat we are able to support the life of a carnivorous animal, but not so with eggs; a dog eats the egg, but does not digest it; and in presence of a dish full of boiled albumen, or boiled yolk of eggs, or of both together, he will die of starvation.

When we consider that, in brooding the egg, the whole animal, with the flesh, blood, vessels, brain, bones, and feathers, is developed from it, it is seemingly incomprehensible that the egg, taken as food, cannot serve for like formations when received in another organization. This is quite simply to be explained by the disproportion of the constituents of the nutritive salts in the egg, — of potash, of lime, and phosphoric acid, &c. The nutritive salts of the egg contain, to 100 parts phosphoric acid, 38 parts potash; meat equivalent to the same quantity of acid contains 140 parts potash, being 102 parts more. The egg contains lime, it is true, but not enough by far for the formation of the skeleton of the animal. In the nutritive salts of meat the phosphoric acid is neutralized; in those of the egg, on the contrary, is 30 per cent. of free phosphoric acid. Now, from the egg blood ought to be formed; but blood is an alkaline fluid. Meat, in the nutritive process, is converted into alkaline blood; the egg, on the contrary, can only form blood of an acid reaction, which is incompatible with the organic process; nevertheless, free phosphoric acid is a necessary condition for the development of the animal. The fact is, that during the brooding-time, the free phosphoric acid dissolves the carbonate of lime of the shell, which thus gets always thinner and thinner, and is at last not thicker than a sheet of letter-paper. Phosphate of lime is thus produced, and with it the material hitherto wanting for the formation of the bony scaffolding of the body — of the skeleton; and, as the free acid is gradually neutralized and used up by the lime, the blood receives the alkaline quality proper to it.

Thus, then, in the egg the building up of the body of the animal is provided for in the wisest manner. By means of the shell, it receives the full nutrition required for the development of the embryo, and is also nutritive for man when taken with other food whose component parts are fitted to neutralize the free acids or to supply the place of the missing alkalis. If we compare the egg with milk, we find the

latter is so composed that we may look upon it as a solution of the egg and the eggshell together.

The correctness of these conclusions is easily proved as regards meat. If raw or boiled meat be well soaked in cold or hot water, it loses with the soluble nutritive salts (phosphates) which the water draws out of it, its nutritive value. The residue of the meat will not be eaten by any animal, though perhaps, if it is mixed with a little fat, an inexperienced young dog, when very hungry, will allow himself to be deceived and eat of it, but a second time he is sure not to do so. In the soaked meat the necessary conditions for its digestiveness (the nutritive salts) are all wanting.

The relations of the nutritive salts to the nutritive process, and the necessity for their presence, are easily intelligible. One principal ingredient of them, phosphoric acid, is a component part of all the tissues, the blood and the juices of the brain, and the nerves, and is quite as important for their formation as their combustible elements; potash, soda, iron, and common salt are preponderating elements of the blood.

Much has been said about the importance of common salt, and it is sufficient to point to the fact that nature has provided for its presence in the egg, thus upholding its indispensability in the vital process. One sixth part of all nutritive salts in the egg is common salt.

Whoever is a little acquainted with nature will hardly doubt that in the organic world all is ordered in the most fitting manner, and has a meaning even when man does not understand it. As soon, however, as man lays his hand on the work, at once all is changed, sometimes for the better, often for the worse. The divine gifts are not unfrequently spoiled; and this may with perfect truth be said of man's various food.

If, in a hospital, the half of the meat-broth be employed as a medicament for convalescents, and we say, for example, that in the used meat-broth the half of the nutritive salts of the meat is present, the meat remaining has only half the nutritive value of the same meat when roasted. If the boiled meat be given as a supplement to the roast joint, it does not add to it a nutritive power, as the meat long soaked in water has no nutritive quality more.\*

In many different kinds of fodder, in order to establish a right proportion between the albuminates and heat-producing substances, the full effect can only be attained if the nutritive salts are present in sufficient quantity and those which are wanting are supplied. With sheep it has been observed that when fodder is given them consisting of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of winter straw and 3 lb. of potatoes, a portion of the latter passes away undigested; but that if  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of peas be added, the starch in the excrements disappears, and the animal gains in weight visibly, which before was not the case. Peas are rich in nutritive salts, and nothing can be more certain than that these contributed to turn to account the starch for the nutrition of the animal.

The very striking fact that in the fodder of animals  $74$  per cent of the albuminates in wheat straw,

\* It is the same as if the meat were divided in two parts, the one roasted, and the other lixiviated with water, and the two afterwards joined together. It will easily be understood that the roasted meat would not gain in nutritive value by the addition of a substance which had lost its nutritive properties. In the manufacture of the different essences of meat, the residue of the meat employed in their fabrication loses likewise a proportion of its nutritive value corresponding to the subtraction of nutritive salts contained in the essence.



51 in oat straw, in clover hay 49, and in meadow hay 40 per cent remain undigested, is to be explained perhaps by the absence of certain nutritive salts, as with these, as is the case with beans and peas, they are the most soluble, or the most easily digestible, of all nutritive substances. We should always keep in view that no single component part of our food acts of itself alone, and that the one missing part makes the others inefficient.\*

In salting meat, about 15 per cent of the meat-juice, and with it a certain quantity of nutritive salts, pass into the brine. Fresh roasted pork has therefore a greater nutritive value than raw ham, and this latter, again, a higher value than boiled ham. It is not easy to satisfy one's hunger with boiled ham. In like manner, the nutritive value of boiled and of fried fish is very different. Fish-broth contains nearly the same component parts as meat-broth, and in some countries fish-soups are as much esteemed as those of meat.

In cooking vegetables a similar wasting process takes place. The water in which they are boiled contains a preponderance of potash and phosphoric acid. It has been calculated that the water in which the fish of London is boiled during one year contains 600,000 lb. of potash and 207,770 lb. of phosphoric acid; and that of the vegetables, 326,548 lb. of potash and 63,161 lb. of phosphoric acid; all of which is lost in the sewers. Vegetables scalded with boiling water before they are cooked are, owing to a portion of the nutritive salts being thus extracted, less nutritious than strained vegetables, of which, as will have been observed, we can eat much less. Roasted potatoes are more nutritious than boiled.

By a correct choice in the mixture of food, the nutritive salts wanting in one thing may be supplied by some other substance which we eat. Groats and milk furnish perfect nourishment even for an adult. The nutritive value of flour may be considerably augmented by the addition of fruit, as in the north of Germany, where oatmeal soup, mixed with fruit, is a favorite dish. Thus, too, potato soup is rendered more nutritious by the addition of peas, and potato food by being mixed with cheese and curds.†

Especially rich in alkalies and phosphoric acid are the fungi — mushrooms, truffles — and cabbage sprouts; the seeds of the vegetabilia, the leek and onions. Wine must abound most in alkalies, one litre containing 2.2 grammes of potash, and 0.5 grammes of phosphoric acid; and also the water in which asparagus has been boiled, and for this reason, and on account of its organic component parts in spring, when there is a scarcity of the juice of plants, deserves to have notice taken of it by physicians, who might apply it as a cure. To these may be added lime-juice, which in the English navy is used as a remedy for scurvy. Twenty-eight lemons yield one litre of juice, containing two grammes of potash and 0.3 grammes of phosphoric acid.

Of all substances used as food for man, corn undergoes the greatest change in its nutritive value when converted into flour. Wheat and rye corn

contain more nutritive salts than meat, but wheaten or rye flour very much less than meat. The nutritive salts in meat are, however, the same as in corn.

It is clear that what is true regarding meat must also be true regarding corn, as well as for every other sort of food, and if the nutritive value of meat be diminished by being deprived of the nutritive salts, that of flour must be so too in the same proportion as it contains a less amount of nutritive salts than corn.

In 1,000 parts of pure meat are contained 13 parts, in weight, of the nutritive salts; in the same quantity of rye and wheat corn, 21 parts, and in a like quantity of rye flour only 12 parts of the nutritive salts, and in wheaten flour only 7. This difference is extraordinarily great, and in the nutritive value the difference is also much greater than is generally believed. One of the most excellent French physicians, Dr. Boudens, informs us that, during the Crimean War, the Russian prisoners, accustomed as they were to a very coarse brown bread, were not sufficiently nourished by the rations of bread which the French soldiers received, and that it was found necessary to increase their rations. It is a scientific fact, which Magendie has proved by experiment, that a dog dies if fed on white bread, while his health does not suffer at all if his food consist of brown bread (bread made of unbolted flour).

All this has been said hundreds of times, but for those who are daily seated at a well-furnished table, and have a choice of dishes, the difference in their relative nutritive value, and the change occasioned in their power of nutrition by the process of cooking, is a matter taken little notice of, and at last it is thought that such difference does not really exist.

Where custom is concerned, the generality of persons are hard-headed; and only when, as on an anvil, some thousand blows have been given, is any impression made. The laws of nutrition are so simple that a child can understand them; nevertheless, it will be still a long time before the general public will turn to account the knowledge which science has obtained.

The conditions are of course very different for those to whom the feeding of a whole class is intrusted; for of them it should be imperiously demanded that they at least understand as much about the nature of food as the farmer does of the fodder he gives his ox, from which he demands work, or the cow to which he looks for milk, or the sheep which is to give him wool, — all of which he would fain maintain in health and good condition.

The great mass of the population is, on the whole, better provided for than formerly; wages are higher; the dwellings and the sanitary arrangements are improved, as the list of deaths shows; and yet, in spite of this, the efficiency of the male population for military service diminishes on the Continent and in the manufacturing districts to an extent that is alarming. The chief source of this can be sought only in a deficiency of nourishment, the ill effects of which are especially great in youth. Then, too, there is the sitting for a long time in school in badly ventilated rooms, and the accumulated head-work, which undoubtedly act unfavorably on the corporeal development. Air is a requisite of life as much as food, and its purity is the most necessary of all conditions if health is to be preserved.

Many millions more men could be daily fed in Germany if it were only possible to persuade the population of the advantage which bread made of

\* Professor Roloff, of Halle, published lately in "Virchow's Archiv," a very remarkable fact relating to nutrition. He found that the foals in a breeding stud grew sick and died in great number. On examination, it was found that the hay used was deficient in nutritive salts.

† In India rice is never prepared alone, but always with the addition of certain pulse (Cicer arietinum, Calamus indicus, Dolichos uniflorus, Dolichos sinensis, Phaseolus acutifolius, and Phaseolus mungo), which abound in albuminates; and, as Dr. Forbes Watson informs us, the mixture is in such proportion as to correspond in nutritive value to that of unbolted wheat-flour.



unbolted flour has over that ordinarily eaten. In taste and in digestiveness it is preferable; yet the attempt to introduce it in Munich failed. The servants and the charwomen refuse to eat it, and only a few families adopt it who are not disconcerted by its darker color. Children like it exceedingly, and their instinct is an excellent pledge for the nutritive value of the bread.

It is clear that we can give back to common flour the full nutritive value of the corn, if, in making bread, we add the missing nutritive salts which, when the corn is ground, pass away in the bran. It is this consideration on which the composition of Horsford's baking powder rests. It supplies the place of leaven and yeast, and in the United States of America is now in general use. It consists principally of the nutritive salts of corn (phosphoric acid, potash, lime, and magnesia), in such a form that, when mixed with the flour, carbonic acid is developed in the kneading, by which the dough and the bread acquire the porous condition which they ought to have. Bread prepared with this baking powder has an excellent flavor, and looks as well as, and is more digestible than, the usual bakers' bread.

As an example of the good effect produced on the digestion and nutrition by supplying the nutritive salts wanting in any food, I may cite the food for infants, the preparation of which I made known four years ago.

The evil effect of the much-used pap given to children, both in the country and in towns, is well known to physicians; for it is quite intelligible that good cows' milk by being mixed with wheaten flour is not improved but depreciated, because wheaten flour, on account of its deficiency of the nutritive salts, is a very incomplete sort of food.

Dr. John Zimmermann, who, ninety years ago, was famous as a physician, says as follows, in his work, "My Experiences in Medicine," on the subject of children's pap: "Pap is a poison, the use of which senseless custom has consecrated. I know very well that many millions of children are nourished with pap, but it has also cost the lives of hundreds of thousands; and I am well aware it were easier to move a mountain than to convince a brainless woman of the disadvantages of pap. . . . The well-known Parisian physician, Dr. Vandermonde, shares my opinion that pap is the worst food for children, — the source of most of their maladies, their deformities, and death."

The same pap made fluid with malt is converted into a perfect nutriment by simply supplying the missing potash, and by a slight increase of other phosphates; and a number of facts show most indubitably that this soup, without any additional food, nourishes children admirably, and that it brings none of the evils in its train which Zimmermann so forcibly puts forward. That the good effect of it depends on the proper preparation is a matter of course.

In the preparation of all victuals, we must bear in mind that, with the exception of milk, they must, to be agreeable to our taste, possess the reaction of the gastric juice, which is acid. Most vegetable aliments — the juices of plants, the flour of the cereals, coffee, meat-broth, tea — change the color of blue litmus into red.

An alkaline food has for the adult a disagreeable, often even a disgusting taste; and hence it may, perhaps, come that the flesh of freshly-slaughtered animals repugns us after a time. Meat, which the butcher says has hung long enough, always has an acid reaction; and the custom of taking lemon-juice with

neutral food — such as oysters, or with others slightly acid, such as fried fish — may possibly arise from this cause.

Vegetable food and milk contain very much more earthy phosphates than meat; and the preference of children, during the period of greatest growth, for bread, puddings, and milk food, which gives most material for the formation of their bones, may be explained by this fact. Carnivorous animals eat, as is well known, a portion of the bones with the meat.

As to the effect of coffee, tea, meat-broth, tobacco, and the betel-nut on the vital processes and on the health, we have till now but suppositions. What we know with certainty is, that they are not nutritive substances, or that they do not contain them in such quantity that they — with the exception of alcoholic drinks, which also act as heat-giving matter — can be taken into account when considering the subject of nutrition. Carnivorous and herbivorous animals live without them; and it would seem, therefore, that they are not a necessary for man. Inexplicable, however, it still is, that among all the people of the old and modern world, among all the wild tribes, enjoyments of this sort, of the most different form and nature, are to be found, and that these enjoyments have grown into necessities.

The poorest factory workman imposes on himself privations in his food and other necessities, in order to spare a few pence for tea, tobacco, or alcohol. There must be a deeper cause for this than mere custom. If by the word health we understand only the normal state of the organs and their right interaction, then all stimulants which disturb this state are hurtful. But the idea of health comprises something more. If we take a family of ten persons living in the same house, who breathe the same air, drink the same water, and enjoy the same food, their bodily state is still not the same. If in the place where the family lives an infectious disease breaks out, — the cholera, for example, — two individuals possibly of the household will be attacked by it, and often not those of whom we say "they are of weak constitution," but just the stronger ones. If we overlook the newest theory, that attributes most diseases to a fungus which finds in the body of the ailing person a fitting soil for its propagation, and in others, who remain healthy, the contrary, and seek for a general term to express whatever is injurious, — change of temperature, &c., — it is clear that healthy individuals oppose a greater resistance to the harmful influences than the weakly, those who remain well greater than those who are attacked.

This resistance may be compared to a force, the degree of which depends on the strength of one party and the weakness of the other. We must not confound it with the force on which the circulation of the blood, or the movement of the intestines, or the power to work, but it would seem as if we ought to look for it in the nervous system.

All stimulants, and herein is but one opinion, act on the nerves, and many of them, perhaps, in such wise that they temporarily increase the power of resistance against outer disturbing influences. No one of them can be compared to another in its effect, for each acts, according to the state of the body and to the quantity, in its own peculiar way; many may serve quite simply to show us the state of things within. Of this inner state man knows nothing. Under certain conditions a chill is felt inwardly without the temperature of the body diminishing on that account, and warmth is experienced without



there being an increase of heat. These sensations point to a state in which certain nerves throw off more warmth than they receive, or receive more than they throw off. The sensation serves only to announce an inequality, which, if it be slight and passing, can, by various stimulants, be easily removed. If it be lasting, it is looked on as a symptom of illness.

A cup of meat-broth has often a strengthening effect, not because its component parts generate strength where there is none, but because it so acts on our nerves that we become conscious of the existing strength, and sensible that this strength may be disposed of. The feeling of weakness, which is again an action of the nerves, then decreases or vanishes. In cases of real weakness the broth does not give strength.

## HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

### CHAPTER I.

REBECCA'S REASONS FOR MARRYING ANYBODY WHO WOULD TAKE HER.

In one of the narrowest and dullest lanes in the neighborhood of Walham Green, lived George Turner, Esq., Solicitor, of Gray's Inn. His house was the largest in the lane, had certainly pretensions to be, or to have been, a "gentleman's" house, for there was a coach-house and stable beside it; and the garden before and behind was full three quarters of an acre.

The other houses in the lane were eight-roomed, semi-detached, brown brick boxes of houses; with long gardens in front, and little back-yards, with a water-butt and a clothes-line, behind. They were miserable little places; yet Rebecca Turner, the youngest daughter, while lolling and yawning, would envy their inhabitants the possession of the key many times a day.

For there was life among them. Those among them who were thrifty, or well-to-do, or childless, or whose children were good, had pretty plots of flowers even; but this was rare, for there were too many children; and so, on a washing-day, the clothes' lines and poles were always up in the front garden, stamped hard and black by a hundred little feet. Nay, there was another reason against flowers. The landlord of that lane did not see his way to new palings; and so, if you wanted flowers, you must keep them in repair yourself. Yet there was life enough there. The neighbors — the women — dawdled into one another's houses, and gossiped; nay, now and then, but very seldom, quarrelled. Once there was a fire, and Miss Turner, the precise elder daughter, seeing them running, hoped it was not *their* house. "No such luck," said Miss Rebecca, with such singular emphasis that her elder sister let her be.

Turner's house, or The Cedars, stood back from the road, in a blotch of mangy grass, and a blotch of mangy soot-stained gravel, and accounted for its apparent usurped title by one miserable stump and one miserable bough of the tree of Lebanon, which solitary bough pointed meekly and sorrowfully to where its brother had once stood. Behind the house was a bit of kitchen-garden, and a bit of grass unmown for years, which would have been something had it been secluded, but even that was denied you. It ended in a wide, wild, waste of market-garden, stretching away acre after acre. The timber on the estate consisted of a broken-down mulberry-tree, and a large quantity of sooty lilac.

The house, though in habitable repair, was in that half state of dilapidation which is sometimes a good deal more melancholy than a really good downright ruin. The ruin says to you, "Here, come here, I belong to you as much as to any one now; come, and I will tell you stories"; and tells them to you accordingly; whereas the half-dilapidated house says only, "We have secrets here yet." Turner's House was dark red brick, with a high tile roof perpendicular to the top of the garret windows, and then sloping like another, — the most hideous of roofs; its door was approached by high steps, and the windows of the living-rooms were long and narrow, with thick wooden frames, and bulgy glass panes; some were with a knob in the middle, which made looking out of window a luxury difficult to indulge in; internally, the furniture was principally of horse-hair and dark mahogany. And Miss Rebecca wished it was burned down.

In this house she lived. Mr. Turner was in religion of the strictest form of Calvinism and Sabbatarianism, forbidding any books except theological ones on a Sunday, and never allowing a novel or a book of poetry into the house. There had been a time once when she had been able to escape all this; before she had grown up; but that was all over. She had, unlike her sister, grown up good-looking. The widower, her father, had consulted religious women of the congregation; they had been unanimous; the girl Rebecca was much too pretty to go out by herself. From that time she was a prisoner, for her father was no man to be trifled with. Can one wonder that a high-spirited girl, capable of any kind of pleasure, should one very wet Sunday evening, after chapel and a sermon of an hour, as she was going to bed, emphatically wish she was dead, wish she had never been born, and most particularly wish she had been ugly.

"If I had been as ugly as I could have gone anywhere I chose, and done as I liked. It was old Mother Russel and Mrs. Soper that put *him* up to my being pretty. I wish *they* were dead with all my heart."

"My dear sister Rebecca! After chapel, too!" said her sister Carry, solemnly.

She did not say she wished *that* was dead; she only clinched her hands and gasped for breath. That was the last of it all; all the dull misery of her life came before her stronger than ever at the mention of chapel, and she cast herself sobbing on the bed.

"I wish somebody would come and marry me," she said; "but there's no chance, — no young men ever come near us. I'd marry Jim Akers, I'd marry anybody — except that beast," she added, suddenly, with a shrill determination which pointed to a small chance in favor of the beast's prospects, and then by degrees she sobbed herself quiet.

### CHAPTER II.

MRS. RUSSEL TELLS MISS SOPER SO MUCH AS SHE KNOWS OF THE FAMILY HISTORY.

The lady so disrespectfully mentioned by Miss Rebecca as old Mother Russel was taking tea with Miss Soper. Mrs. Russel had been, some said, born at Walham Green, but was certainly, with few exceptions, the oldest inhabitant there; Miss Soper, on the other hand, was a comparatively new-comer. These, it will be remembered, were the two ladies who had given poor Rebecca such very dire offence by persuading her father that she was too pretty to walk out by herself; and, having just talked



through some of their other neighbors, in whom we are not interested, and having come to the Turners, in whom we are, we will just make bold to listen a little to them.

Mrs. Russel was a fat, heavy woman, whose fat, unlike that of some people, had become physically distressing to her, and had made her cross. She had discovered the solace of spirits, but used them moderately. It is possible that she may have been a good-natured woman once, but the continual distress of her earthly load had made her ill-natured. Religion with her meant a slight excitement and society, but little more.

Miss Soper was a very different woman, — pale, gaunt, black, rigid, with a face like a Roman-nosed horse. She had been for some years teacher in a small suburban ladies' school, until she came into a little money, when she retired, with no heart and a small annuity, to Walham Green. It was in her capacity as ex-schoolmistress that she voted on Rebecca's not going out alone. She was consulted as an expert, and left no doubt on the minds of Mrs. Russel and Mr. Turner as to her opinion on that score. In her religion she was most deeply sincere, in her duties most rigid; she saw no harm in talking over her neighbors' affairs, and she had a voice like an aged pisan to do it with.

"That's a bright, clever-looking girl, that Rebecca Turner," she said. "Quick to learn."

"A deal too quick," said Mrs. Russel.

"She seems quicker than her sister."

"Caroline is a real good pious girl, and takes after her father."

"Rebecca don't, then?" said Miss Soper.

"No, Rebecca is another sort of girl. She looks so like her mother sometimes that I shake like a mould of jelly" (which was an apt illustration). "She takes after her mother; and Turner is a man who washes his dirty linen at home, but I misdoubt he has trouble with her now. If he has n't, he will."

"Did he have trouble with her mother, then?"

"Do you mean to say you have never heard?" said Mrs. Russel, in solemn *staccato*.

"How could I? I had not come to the Green. Do tell," said Miss Soper, eagerly.

Mrs. Russel took her cup in her hand, and, having stirred her tea, used the spoon for rhetorical purposes, and solemnly and immediately began.

"There's never been murder *done* in that house, my dear, for there's many a slip between cup and lip, but it's been *hollered* often enough. Awful nights have been in that house, my dear, between Turner and his wife," she continued, drawing closer and speaking low — "she yelling at the top of her voice at him, calling him every bad name she could lay her tongue to; he praying at the top of his voice to pray the evil spirit out of her, until he'd lose his temper and fixt hold of her, and you'd hear her trying to bite him; and the little children a screaming, and the maid run away for fear, and all the lane out to listen! Ah, quiet as Turner looks now, he has had something to go through in his time. You may well ask if he had trouble with his wife."

"Was she mad?"

"He never dared say it of her, at all events," said Mrs. Russel. "I'll tell you all I know. She was a lady. Says you, so are we. I mean a real lady. Says you again, so are we. But I mean a real tip-top carriage lady, you know."

So did Miss Soper, who nodded. "And how did she come to marry him, then?"

"Well, Turner is a good figure of a man; though

it was not that. He had got the management of her affairs when she was left a widow, and he managed them well enough to excite her gratitude; and she had been ill-used, and her friends had dropped away, and I fancy she thought she might do worse, and so she had him; and a bad job it was. But if a good sound Protestant marries a papist and a worldling with his eyes open, he must take the consequences."

"A papist!" almost screeched Miss Soper. "Mr. Turner marry a papist!"

"Well, she had a fine penny of money, mind you, and she was a thorough worldling, and careless of religion, and Turner thought he could convert her. We used to have her name down for conversion in the general prayer ever so long, until she found it out, and had words with him. But it all came to nothing; she laughed him to scorn when he spoke to her about it; all of which he has told us at experience-meetings; and she found *that* out, and got furious, and things went on from bad to worse, until Caroline being born put things square for a time. But after that, Rebecca was born, Mrs. Turner fell ill, and asked for a priest to come to her, she having, of course, gone to mass on her own accord; and he made answer that no priest should cross his doors, not if she was on her death-bed. That was the worst scene she made him, for she started up in a shawl and petticoat to run all the way to Cadogan Terrace by Sloane Street, and had to be fetched back by force. Well, then nothing went right any way, and she seemed to lose head. She accused him of taking her money, and insisted that one of the children should be brought up a papist, and used to smuggle off Rebecca continually to mass and confession, and such things, and some say, got the child baptized into the Romish faith."

"It is extremely probable," said Miss Soper; "and how did it end?"

"It was after a worse row than usual," said Mrs. Russel, lowering her voice again. "It was the worst and the last, and there had been violence, — it all came out at the inquest, — and she went out somewhere, some said to the public-house, but I never saw nothing of that, and others will confirm me; and when she came back, he had gone away with little Rebecca, leaving word that she would never see the child no more, for that he had taken it away to save its soul."

"He was a fool to do that," said Miss Soper.

Mrs. Russel eyed her curiously. "You're a sensible woman, ma'am," she said; "though I doubt if we are right religiously, seeing that he saved it from popery. But," added the vulgar old gossip, flushing up scarlet, "if my man had come between me and my children in the old times, I'd have — But, as I was saying, when she hears that, she outs into the lane, and carries on to that extent that Mrs. Akin (the washerwoman, you know, my dear soul, Jim Akin's, the costermonger's, mother, whose mother had been with the barrer for years herself) says she never heard anything like it. There was nothing low in it, — no vulgar language nor swearing, — but just downright awful cursing, like that in the Bible; and it frightened all that heard it. Then she went into the house and up stairs; and the maid had run away. And when he came home, the neighbors told him what they'd seen, and how the child (that's Caroline now) had been a crying all the afternoon. And when they burst in there, she was a lying stone dead at the bottom of the stairs."



"What did the inquest say?"

"Nothing. Whether she fell down, or chucked herself down, there was nothing to show. The child only said that it had found its mamma asleep on her face, and that it wanted its tea, and could n't make her wake. Well, ma'am, and that's the history of that little mystery."

"I'll go and see 'em," said Miss Soper, emphatically. "What time do they have their tea?"

### CHAPTER III.

REBECCA'S LOVER, AND WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF HIM.

Mr. Turner, a man of about sixty, must have been at one time handsome, but now, although his features were good, his complexion was gone; and the continual habit persisted in for so many years, of self-contemplation, had left an expression, which was not very pleasant, on his face, — a look which an ill-natured person might say was something between a scowl and a sneer, as though he was continually saying, "I am George Turner, that is who I am, and who the deuce are you?" His conversation was, like that of many other men of the same standing, entirely about himself; arguing, one would fancy, from a certain feeling of being wanting in the more ornamental business of life, and from a determination that the hearer should know what an exceedingly fine fellow he was.

Partly from religion, and partly from temper, he had been very careful to banish everything graceful from his house, so that there should not be a snare in it. So he had sternly refused poor Rebecca's — who craved for such things — petitions for cocks and hens, for rabbits, nay, even for one poor little tiny bird. However, in an old house, where there are rats and mice, you must have a cat; and you'll not hinder a cat having kittens. And so it came about that Rebecca had two kittens to play with; and her father, letting himself into the house at half-past four on a winter's afternoon, found Rebecca, perfectly happy, lying in the dark before the fire, playing with her two kittens, one of which had a blue ribbon round its neck, and the other a red.

"Get up," he said, "and don't lie there like a hoyden. Get up, and make yourself tidy. There are people coming to tea."

Rebecca never answered: that would only make her father colorably and openly angry, and she would have had the worst of it. But, by long practice in this happy household, she had got the trick of annoying him, and yet of keeping within the law.

"Pretty little darlings," she said with effusion, as she rose with a cat on each arm. "I wonder if you have immortal souls, dears; if so, they don't seem to be much trouble to you."

"Don't talk such nonsense as that. People would say that you were mad, if they heard you. For a grown girl to be kissing cats, too, and a marriageable girl! Bah!"

"Who's coming to tea, pa?"

"Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper."

"Daniel Lambert and the Old Dragoon. Pa, I wonder if Miss Soper was regularly discharged from the army, or whether she deserted. If I was her, I should shave off that mustache, and let my whiskers grow. Who else is coming?"

"Mr. Morley," said Turner, without any open manifestation of anger, for certain reasons; "and also, I believe, Mr. Hagbut."

"O pa!"

"I am at a loss to conceive why you should make an exclamation at Mr. Hagbut's name," said Turner.

"Are you?" said Rebecca. "I am not. If you were as young and as pretty as I am, how would you like such a — minister of the gospel, sitting down beside you the whole evening, quoting texts of Scripture to you which bore on the subject of love and marriage. If he wants to marry me, why don't he say so like a man, — and get his answer?"

"I should feel highly flattered by Mr. Hagbut's attentions," said Mr. Turner; "and, moreover, I should reflect that his suit was backed by your father. Only, mind one thing, Rebecca, — you refuse that good man at your peril. I insist on the match, mind that. You dare refuse him, that is all."

[To be continued.]

### FOREIGN NOTES.

STRAWBERRIES are selling in Covent Garden-market at only three shillings an ounce.

WRITERS of brief biographical notices of the death of notable men, have been lying in wait for Lamartine these ten years.

LITERARY circles in Madrid are lamenting the death of Dr. Gustave A. Bergeurothe, the celebrated Prussian historian and archæologist.

A NEWSPAPER in Florence, which rejoices in the title of *L'Asino* (the Ass), has been seized. Italian journals are singularly candid in their titles. There is a musical periodical which calls itself *Il Pirata*, and is what it professes to be.

THE excavations in Rome, on the banks of the Tiber and at the Wall of Servius Tullius, are progressing rapidly under the care of the British Archæological Society.

MR. BANDMANN, the actor, has married Miss Milly Palmer, and the two have appeared before a Liverpool audience in a new comedy by Mr. T. W. Robertson, entitled "My Lady Clara."

THE King of Saxony, well known as translator and commentator of Dante, has had the order "Pour le Mérite," bestowed on him by the King of Prussia, now his feudal lord and master.

OFFENBACH'S "La Belle Hélène" seems to be making the round of the world. The libretto has been translated in Arabic by command of the Viceroy of Egypt, and the opera is shortly to be given in Cairo.

M. LACKRAY, the humorous contributor to *Figaro*, whose satires on the present Government have led to his imprisonment, has applied for leave to have his dog. The inspector of St. Pelagie replied that he had not been authorized to treat dogs as journalists. Whereupon a Paris paper indulges in the hope that journalists incarcerated at St. Pelagie will not be treated as dogs.

ONE of the *artistes* of the Paris Opera, Morère by name, has a well-assorted collection of singing-birds, which he designates by name, after the manner of Miss Flyte in "Bleak House." Thrushes, larks, blackbirds, canaries, starlings, answer to their names, which are those respectively of celebrated singers. The chief point of the circumstance is that Morère endeavors to teach each feathered *artiste* the song or the manner of its godfather or godmother, and in one or two instances succeeds comically well.

THE family portraits and busts of the late luckless Marquis of Hastings have just been sold at auction



in London. The portraits include those of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Dean Swift, Samuel Butler, Nell Gwynne; and among them is a full length portrait of George, Prince of Wales, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and presented to the first Marquis, when Earl of Moira.

AN amiable old lady who died a short time since in the lunatic asylum of San Neury, left her fortune to his majesty the Emperor. The absurd part of the matter is that his majesty will have to go through no end of legal forms to renounce his right to the fifteen hundred pounds in question, in favor of a poor nephew who for years past has been anxiously awaiting the demise of his aunt.

THE *Gazette de Lausanne* has the following: "In the villages of Meisterschwanden and Fahewangen (Aargau), has just been celebrated, in accordance with ancient custom, the 'Fête des Femmes,' the women taking the place of the men for one day. The girls conduct the youths to the festive board and invite them to dance, paying likewise all expenses. In one word, during the fête the weaker sex have completely the upper hand."

It is said that a manuscript is about to be published which cannot fail to excite great interest, for the sake of its ill-fated author. It is a short history of France, written by Prince Louis XVII. during his captivity in the Temple, and was given, with several other autograph documents, by the Duchess d'Angoulême to the Chanterenne family, from whom it was stolen by a man-servant. In the month of November last this man was tried for the theft and condemned by the police-court of Mans. The de Chanterenne family, having got possession of these important papers again, have sold them with a view to having them published to the world.

THE Empress of Austria, writes the *Gaulois*, appeared at her last State ball at Vienna in a dress composed of the green and golden wings of South American *scarabæi*, sewn with gold thread on a tissue of white silk. A splendid suit of emeralds and diamonds completed this gorgeous costume, which marvellously set off her extraordinary beauty. The wings of the *scarabæi* resemble those of the Indian beetle so frequently employed by Indian embroiderers for the decoration of their gold tissues, but they are of a lighter green, and less bronzed. After the return of the French troops from Mexico, quantities of these bright-winged insects were to be seen in the windows of curiosity-shops.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Star* says in a recent letter to that journal: "A singular anecdote has been revived by the gorgeous appearance of General Dmiki Satsicheff — a descendant, it would seem, of the house of Rurik, and which once reigned at Smolensk — at the last Tuileries ball. His uniform, which attracted immense attention, is that which the Czar, the heir apparent, and the Prince Field Marshal Bariatinsky have the special privilege of wearing. It consists of a crimson dollman, with gold brandenburghs, a white cloak lined with bearskin, trimmed with gold, and made to fasten on the left shoulder. Tight-fitting pantaloons worked with arabesques of gold, boots à la Souvaroff, with gold tassels, a colbac surmounted by a white aigrette. The sabertasche, a perfect marvel of gold embroidery, however, presents one peculiarity. The design is of laurel branches worked in gold, but a branch placed across one in gold, worked in green silk and evidently unfinished, attracts the eye. The Em-

press's mother had undertaken to embroider the Czar's sabertasche for this uniform. Her death, it will be remembered, was sudden at the last, although for years her health had been the constant subject of anxiety to her family. On her embroidery frame lay the unfinished sabertasche. Alexander II. wished it to be mounted precisely as his mother had left it. The officers of his regiment begged for permission to be allowed to have henceforth their sabertasche copied from this incomplete model, and thus it comes that the laurel branch in silk as yet uncovered by gold constantly reminds them of the beautiful Empress, whose Prussian origin was undoubtedly the original cause of the close and unbroken alliance which for so many years has existed between Prussia and Russia."

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Everything has been said and everything has happened. Even the Siamese twins are not original. "According to an old tradition of the village of Biddenden, Kent," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "the Siamese twins are not the only known example of such a union. The tradition is, we are informed by a correspondent, that early in the twelfth century there lived in that parish two sisters, Eliza and Mary Chulkhurst, who from their birth were joined together by a double ligature, at the shoulders and at the hips. 'The Biddenden Maids,' it is said, were born in the year 1100, and lived in this 'twinship' for just thirty-four years, when one of them was taken ill and in a short time died. The survivor was advised to allow herself to be separated from the body of her deceased sister by dissecting the ligaments, but she absolutely refused to permit the severance to be made, saying, 'As we came into the world together, so we will leave it together.' The tradition is that in about six hours afterwards she, too, was taken ill, and died also. The memory of these 'Maids of Biddenden,' no doubt, would have died out long ago if it had not been for the fact that by their will they bequeathed to the churchwardens of their native parish — so, at least, the story goes — certain pieces or parcels of land in Biddenden, containing about twenty acres, and now let at about forty guineas a year, and that every Easter Sunday, at the end of the afternoon service, there are given away to all persons who are present at the church some little rolls, or rather cakes, stamped with an impression of their portraits, while the poor parishioners are regaled with some three hundred quartern loaves and cheese in proportion. The 'maids,' as represented on these cakes, are dressed in stiff robes, apparently of the Tudor times, stiff with buckram, and adorned round the neck with frills, and frilled caps on their heads. On their persons is stamped the legend, 'A(ged) 34 Y(ears) in 1100.' It is only right to add that Hasted, in his 'History of Kent,' says that in his time the lands left to supply these cakes and this annual dole were known as the 'Bread and Cheese Lands,' and adjoined the glebe and the high-road. He is inclined to reject the story of the Chulkhurst Maids as fabulous, and to think that the bequest was the gift of two maiden sisters of the name of Preston; he says that the story of the maids grew out of the cakes, and that the impressions on the cakes do not date farther back than fifty years before his own day, which would carry us back to about 1740; he remarks, too, that the silence of the early historians of Kent upon the subject outweighs the force of the local tradition."



# EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1869.

[No. 169.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LXV.

#### MYSTERIOUS AGENCIES.

WHEN the thirty-first of March arrived, Exeter had not as yet been made gay with the marriage festivities of Mr. Gibson and Camilla French. And this delay had not been the fault of Camilla. Camilla had been ready, and when, about the middle of the month, it was hinted to her that some postponement was necessary, she spoke her mind out plainly, and declared that she was not going to stand that kind of thing. The communication had not been made to her by Mr. Gibson in person. For some days previously he had not been seen at Heavitree, and Camilla had from day to day become more black, gloomy, and harsh in her manners, both to her mother and her sisters. Little notes had come and little notes had gone, but no one in the house, except Camilla herself, knew what those notes contained. She would not condescend to complain to Arabella; nor did she say much in condemnation of her lover to Mrs. French till the blow came. With unremitting attention she pursued the great business of her wedding garments, and exacted from the unfortunate Arabella an amount of work equal to her own, — of thankless work, as is the custom of embryo brides with their unmarried sisters. And she drew with great audacity on the somewhat slender means of the family for the amount of feminine gear necessary to enable her to go into Mr. Gibson's house with something of the *éclat* of a well-provided bride. When Mrs. French hesitated, and then expostulated, Camilla replied that she did not expect to be married above once, and that in no cheaper or more productive way than this could her mother allow her to consume her share of the family resources. "What matter, mamma, if you do have to borrow a little money? Mr. Burgess will let you have it when he knows why. And as I sha' n't be eating and drinking at home any more, nor yet getting my things here, I have a right to expect it." And she ended by expressing an opinion, in Arabella's hearing, that any daughter of a house who proves herself to be capable of getting a husband for herself is entitled

to expect that those left at home shall pinch themselves for a time, in order that she may go forth to the world in a respectable way, and be a credit to the family.

Then came the blow. Mr. Gibson had not been at the house for some days, but the notes had been going and coming. At last Mr. Gibson came himself; but, as it happened, when he came, Camilla was out shopping. In these days she often did go out shopping between eleven and one, carrying her sister with her. It must have been but a poor pleasure for Arabella, this witnessing the purchases made, seeing the pleasant draperies, and handling the real liens, and admiring the fine cambrics spread out before them on the shop counters by obsequious attendants. And the questions asked of her by her sister, whether this was good enough for so august an occasion, or that sufficiently handsome, must have been harassing. She could not have failed to remember that it ought all to have been done for her, — that, had she not been treated with monstrous injustice, with most unsisterly cruelty, all these good things would have been spread on her behalf. But she went on and endured it, and worked diligently with her needle, and folded and unfolded as she was desired, and became as it were quite a younger sister in the house, — creeping out by herself now and again into the purlieus of the city, to find such consolation as she might receive from her solitary thoughts.

But Arabella and Camilla were both away when Mr. Gibson called to tell Mrs. French of his altered plans. And as he asked, not for his lady-love, but for Mrs. French herself, it is probable that he watched his opportunity and that he knew to what cares his Camilla was then devoting herself. "Perhaps it is quite as well that I should find you alone," he said, after sundry preludes, to his future mother-in-law, "because you can make Camilla understand this better than I can. I must put off the day for about three weeks."

"Three weeks, Mr. Gibson?"

"Or a month. Perhaps we had better say the 29th of April." Mr. Gibson had by this time thrown

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



off every fear that he might have entertained of the mother, and could speak to her of such an unwarrantable change of plans with tolerable equanimity.

"But I don't know that that will suit Camilla at all."

"She can name any other day she pleases, of course, — that is, in May."

"But why is this to be?"

"There are things about money, Mrs. French, which I cannot arrange sooner. And I find that unfortunately I must go up to London." Though many other questions were asked, nothing further was got out of Mr. Gibson on that occasion; and he left the house with a perfect understanding on his own part, — and on that of Mrs. French, — that the marriage was postponed till some day still to be fixed, but which could not and should not be before the 29th of April. Mrs. French asked him why he did not come up and see Camilla. He replied — false man that he was — that he had hoped to have seen her this morning, and that he would come again before the week was over.

Then it was that Camilla spoke her mind out plainly. "I shall go to his house at once," she said, "and find out all about it. I don't understand it, — I don't understand it at all; and I won't put up with it. He shall know who he has to deal with, if he plays tricks upon me. Mamma, I wonder you let him out of the house, till you had made him come back to his old day."

"What could I do, my dear?"

"What could you do? Shake him out of it, — as I would have done. But he did n't dare to tell me, — because he is a coward."

Camilla in all this showed her spirit; but she allowed her anger to hurry her away into an indiscretion. Arabella was present, and Camilla should have repressed her rage.

"I don't think he's at all a coward," said Arabella.

"That's my business. I suppose I'm entitled to know what he is better than you."

"All the same I don't think Mr. Gibson is at all a coward," said Arabella, again pleading the cause of the man who had misused her.

"Now, Arabella, I won't take any interference from you; mind that. I say it was cowardly, and he should have come to me. It's my concern, and I shall go to him. I'm not going to be stopped by any shilly-shally nonsense, when my future respectability, perhaps, is at stake. All Exeter knows that the marriage is to take place on the 31st of this month."

On the next day Camilla absolutely did go to Mr. Gibson's house at an early hour, at nine, when, as she thought, he would surely be at breakfast. But he had flown. He had left Exeter that morning by an early train, and his servant thought that he had gone to London. On the next morning Camilla got a note from him, written in London. It affected to be very cheery and affectionate, beginning "Dearest Cammy," and alluding to the postponement of his wedding as though it were a thing so fixed as to require no further question. Camilla answered this letter, still in much wrath, complaining, protesting, expostulating, — throwing in his teeth the fact that the day had been fixed by him, and not by her. And she added a postscript in the following momentous words: "If you have any respect for the name of your future wife, you will fall back upon your first arrangement." To

this she got simply a line of an answer, declaring that this falling back was impossible, and then nothing was heard of him for ten days. He had gone from Tuesday to Saturday week; and the first that Camilla saw of him was his presence in the reading-desk when he chanted the cathedral service as priest-vicar on the Sunday.

At this time Arabella was very ill, and was confined to her bed. Mr. Martin declared that her system had become low from over-anxiety, — that she was nervous, weak, and liable to hysterics, — that her feelings were, in fact, too many for her, — and that her efforts to overcome them, and to face the realities of the world, had been too many for her. This was, of course, not said openly, at the town-cross of Exeter; but such was the opinion which Mr. Martin gave in confidence to the mother. "Fiddle-de-dee!" said Camilla, when she was told of feelings, susceptibilities, and hysterics. At the present moment she had a claim to the undivided interest of the family, and she believed that her sister's illness was feigned in order to defraud her of her rights. "My dear, she is ill," said Mrs. French. "Then let her have a dose of salts," said the stern Camilla. This was on the Sunday afternoon. Camilla had endeavored to see Mr. Gibson as he came out of the cathedral, but had failed. Mr. Gibson had been detained within the building, — no doubt by duties connected with the choral services. On that evening he got a note from Camilla, and quite early on the Monday morning he came up to Heavitree.

"You will find her in the drawing-room," said Mrs. French, as she opened the hall-door for him. There was a smile on her face as she spoke, but it was a forced smile. Mr. Gibson did not smile at all.

"Is it all right with her?" he asked.

"Well, you had better go to her. You see, Mr. Gibson, young ladies, when they are going to be married, think that they ought to have their own way a little, just for the last time, you know." He took no notice of the joke, but went with slow steps up to the drawing-room. It would be inquiring too curiously to ask whether Camilla, when she embraced him, discerned that he had fortified his courage that morning with a glass of curacao.

"What does all this mean, Thomas?" was the first question that Camilla asked when the embrace was over.

"All what mean, dear?"

"This untoward delay? Thomas, you have almost broken my heart. You have been away, and I have not heard from you."

"I wrote twice, Camilla."

"And what sort of letters? If there is anything the matter, Thomas, you had better tell me at once." She paused, but Thomas held his tongue. "I don't suppose you want to kill me."

"God forbid," said Thomas.

"But you will. What must everybody think of me in the city when they find that it is put off? Poor mamma has been dreadful, quite dreadful. And here is Arabella now laid up on a bed of sickness." This, too, was indiscreet. Camilla should have said nothing about her sister's sickness.

"I have been so sorry to hear about dear Bella," said Mr. Gibson.

"I don't suppose she's very bad," said Camilla; "but of course we all feel it. Of course we're upset. As for me, I bear up, because I've that spirit that I won't give way if it's ever so; but, upon my



word it tries me hard. What is the meaning of it, Thomas?"

But Thomas had nothing to say beyond what he had said before to Mrs. French. He was very particular, he said, about money; and certain money matters made it incumbent on him not to marry before the 29th of April. When Camilla suggested to him that as she was to be his wife, she ought to know all about his money matters, he told her that she should, — some day. When they were married, he would tell her all. Camilla talked a great deal, and said some things that were very severe. Mr. Gibson did not enjoy his morning, but he endured the upbraidings of his fair one with more firmness than might perhaps have been expected from him. He left all the talking to Camilla; but when he got up to leave her, the 29th of April had been fixed, with some sort of assent from her, as the day on which she was really to become Mrs. Gibson.

When he left the room, he again met Mrs. French on the landing-place. She hesitated a moment, waiting to see whether the door would be shut; but the door could not be shut, as Camilla was standing in the entrance. "Mr. Gibson," said Mrs. French, in a voice that was scarcely a whisper, "would you mind stepping in and seeing poor Bella for a moment?"

"Why, she is in bed," said Camilla.

"Yes, she is in bed; but she thinks it would be a comfort to her. She has seen nobody these four days except Mr. Martin, and she thinks it would comfort her to have a word or two with Mr. Gibson." Now Mr. Gibson was not only going to be Bella's brother-in-law, but he was also a clergyman. Camilla in her heart believed that the half-clerical aspect which her mother had given to the request was false and hypocritical. There were special reasons why Bella should not have wished to see Mr. Gibson in her bedroom, at any rate till Mr. Gibson had become her brother-in-law. The expression of such a wish at the present moment was almost indecent.

"You'll be there with them?" said Camilla. Mr. Gibson blushed up to his ears as he heard the suggestion. "Of course you'll be there with them, mamma."

"No, my dear, I think not. I fancy she wishes him to read to her, — or something of that sort." Then Mr. Gibson, without speaking a word, but still blushing up to his ears, was taken to Arabella's room; and Camilla, flouncing into the drawing-room, banged the door behind her. She had hitherto fought her battle with considerable skill and with great courage; but her very success had made her imprudent. She had become so imperious in the great position which she had reached, that she could not control her temper or wait till her power was confirmed. The banging of that door was heard through the whole house, and every one knew why it was banged. She threw herself on to a sofa, and then, instantly rising again, paced the room with quick step. Could it be possible that there was treachery? Was it on the cards that that weak, poor creature, Bella, was intriguing once again to defraud her of her husband. There were different things that she now remembered. Arabella, in that moment of bliss in which she had conceived herself to be engaged to Mr. Gibson, had discarded her *chignon*. Then she had resumed it, — in all its monstrous proportions. Since that it had been lessened by degrees, and brought down, through various interesting but abnormal shapes, to a size

which would hardly have drawn forth any anathema from Miss Stanbury. And now, on this very morning, Arabella had put on a clean nightcap, with muslin frills.

It is perhaps not unnatural that a sick lady, preparing to receive a clergyman in her bedroom, should put on a clean nightcap, — but to suspicious eyes small causes suffice to create alarm. And if there were any such hideous wickedness in the wind, had Arabella any colleagues in her villany? Could it be that the mother was plotting against her daughter's happiness and respectability? Camilla was well aware that her mamma would at first have preferred to give Arabella to Mr. Gibson, had the choice in the matter been left to her. But now, when the thing had been settled before all the world, would not such treatment on a mother's part be equal to infanticide? And then as to Mr. Gibson himself! Camilla was not prone to think little of her own charms, but she had been unable not to perceive that her lover had become negligent in his personal attentions to her. An accepted lover, who deserves to have been accepted, should devote every hour at his command to his mistress. But Mr. Gibson had of late been so chary of his presence at Heavitree, that Camilla could not but have known that he took no delight in coming thither. She had acknowledged this to herself; but she had consoled herself with the reflection that marriage would make this all right. Mr. Gibson was not the man to stray from his wife, and she could trust herself to obtain a sufficient hold upon her husband hereafter, partly by the strength of her tongue, partly by the ascendancy of her spirit, and partly, also, by the comforts which she would provide for him. She had not doubted but that it would be all well when they should be married, — but how if, even now, there should be no marriage for her? Camilla French had never heard of Creusa and of Jason, but as she paced her mother's drawing-room that morning she was a Medea in spirit. If any plot of that kind should be in the wind, she would do such things that all Devonshire should hear of her wrongs and of her revenge!

In the mean time Mr. Gibson was sitting by Arabella's bedside, while Mrs. French was trying to make herself busy in her own chamber, next door. There had been a reading of some chapter of the Bible, — of some portion of a chapter. And Mr. Gibson, as he read, and Arabella, as she listened, had endeavored to take to their hearts and to make use of the word which they heard. The poor young woman, when she begged her mother to send to her the man who was so dear to her, did so with some half-formed condition that it would be good for her to hear a clergyman read to her. But now the chapter had been read, and the book was back in Mr. Gibson's pocket, and he was sitting with his hand on the bed. "She is so very arrogant," said Bella, — "and so domineering." To this Mr. Gibson made no reply. "I'm sure I have endeavored to bear it well, though you must have known what I have suffered, Thomas. Nobody can understand it so well as you do."

"I wish I had never been born," said Mr. Gibson, tragically.

"Don't say that, Thomas, — because it's wicked."

"But I do. See all the harm I have done, — and yet I did not mean it."

"You must try and do the best you can now. I am not saying what that should be. I am not dictating



to you. You are a man, and, of course, you must judge for yourself. But I will say this. You should n't do anything just because it is the easiest. I don't suppose I should live after it. I don't indeed. But that should not signify to you."

"I don't suppose that any man was ever before in such a terrible position since the world began."

"It is difficult, — I am sure of that Thomas."

"And I have meant to be so true. I fancy sometimes that some mysterious agency interferes with the affairs of a man and drives him on, — and on, — and on, — almost, — till he doesn't know where it drives him." As he said this in a voice that was quite sepulchral in its tone, he felt some consolation in the conviction that this mysterious agency could not affect a man without embuing him with a certain amount of grandeur, — very uncomfortable, indeed, in its nature, but still having considerable value as a counterpoise. Pride must bear pain, — but pain is recompensed by pride.

"She is so strong, Thomas, that she can put up with anything," said Arabella, in a whisper.

"Strong, — yes," said he, with a shudder, — "she is strong enough."

"And as for love —"

"Don't talk about it," said he, getting up from his chair. "Don't talk about it. You will drive me frantic."

"You know what my feelings are, Thomas; you have always known them. There has been no change since I was the young thing you first knew me." As she spoke, she just touched his hand with hers; but he did not seem to notice this, sitting with his elbow on the arm of his chair and his forehead on his hand. In reply to what she said to him, he merely shook his head, not intending to imply thereby any doubt of the truth of her assertion. "You have now to make up your mind, and to be bold, Thomas," continued Arabella. "She says that you are a coward; but I know that you are no coward. I told her so, and she said that I was interfering. O, that she should be able to tell me that I interfere when I defend you!"

"I must go," said Mr. Gibson, jumping up from his chair. "I must go. Bella, I cannot stand this any longer. It is too much for me. I will pray that I may decide aright. God bless you!" Then he kissed her brow as she lay in bed, and hurried out of the room.

He had hoped to go from the house without further converse with any of its inmates; for his mind was disturbed, and he longed to be at rest. But he was not allowed to escape so easily. Camilla met him at the dining-room door, and accosted him with a smile. There had been time for much meditation during the last half-hour, and Camilla had meditated. "How do you find her, Thomas?" she asked.

"She seems weak, but I believe she is better. I have been reading to her."

"Come in, Thomas; will you not? It is bad for us to stand talking on the stairs. Dear Thomas, don't let us be so cold to each other." He had no alternative but to put his arm round her waist, and kiss her, thinking, as he did so, of the mysterious agency which afflicted him. "Tell me that you love me, Thomas," she said. "Of course I love you." The question is not a pleasant one when put by a lady to a gentleman whose affections towards her are not strong, and it requires a very good actor to produce an efficient answer.

"I hope you do, Thomas. It would be sad, indeed, if you did not. You are not weary of your Camilla; are you?"

For a moment there came upon him an idea that he would confess that he was weary of her, but he found at once that such an effort was beyond his powers. "How can you ask such a question?" he said.

"Because you do not — come to me," Camilla, as she spoke, laid her head upon his shoulder and wept. "And now you have been five minutes with me and nearly an hour with Bella."

"She wanted me to read to her," said Mr. Gibson, — and he hated himself thoroughly as he said it.

"And now you want to get away as fast as you can," continued Camilla.

"Because of the morning service," said Mr. Gibson. This was quite true, and yet he hated himself again for saying it. As Camilla knew the truth of the last plea, she was obliged to let him go; but she made him swear before he went that he loved her dearly. "I think it's all right," she said to herself as he went down the stairs. "I don't think he'd dare make it wrong. If he does — oh!"

Mr. Gibson, as he walked into Exeter, endeavored to justify his own conduct to himself. There was no moment, he declared to himself, in which he had not endeavored to do right. Seeing the manner in which he had been placed among these two young women, both of whom had fallen in love with him, how could he have saved himself from vacillation? And by what untoward chance had it come to pass that he had now learned to dislike so vigorously, almost to hate, the one whom he had been for a moment sufficiently infatuated to think that he loved?

But with all his arguments he did not succeed in justifying to himself his own conduct, and he hated himself.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### OF A QUARTER OF LAMB.

Miss Stanbury, looking out of her parlor window, saw Mr. Gibson hurrying towards the cathedral, down the passage which leads from Southernhay into the Close. "He's just come from Heavitree, I'll be bound," said Miss Stanbury to Martha, who was behind her.

"Like enough, ma'am."

"Though they do say that the poor fool of a man has become quite sick of his bargain already."

"He'll have to be sicker yet, ma'am," said Martha.

"They were to have been married last week, and nobody ever knew why it was put off. It's my belief he'll never marry her. And she'll be served right, — quite right."

"He must marry her now, ma'am. She's been buying things all over Exeter, as though there was no end of their money."

"They have n't more than enough to keep body and soul together," said Miss Stanbury. "I don't see why I might n't have gone to service this morning, Martha. It's quite warm now out in the Close."

"You'd better wait, ma'am, till the east winds is over. She was at Puddock's only the day before yesterday, buying bed-linen, — the finest they had, and that was n't good enough."

"Psha!" said Miss Stanbury.



"As though Mr. Gibson hadn't things of that kind good enough for her," said Martha.

Then there was silence in the room for a while. Miss Stanbury was standing at one window, and Martha at the other, watching the people as they passed backwards and forwards, in and out of the Close. Dorothy had now been away at Nuncombe Putney for some weeks, and her aunt felt her loneliness with a heavy sense of weakness. Never had she entertained a companion in the house who had suited her as well as her niece, Dorothy. Dorothy would always listen to her, would always talk to her, would always bear with her. Since Dorothy had gone, various letters had been interchanged between them. Though there had been anger about Brooke Burgess, there had been no absolute rupture; but Miss Stanbury had felt that she could not write and beg her niece to come back to her. She had not sent Dorothy away. Dorothy had chosen to go, because her aunt had had an opinion of her own as to what was fitting for her heir; and as Miss Stanbury would not give up her opinion, she could not ask her niece to return to her. Such had been her resolution, sternly expressed to herself a dozen times during these solitary weeks; but time and solitude had acted upon her, and she longed for the girl's presence in the house. "Martha," she said at last, "I think I shall get you to go over to Nuncombe Putney."

"Again, ma'am?"

"Why not again? It's not so far, I suppose, that the journey will hurt you."

"I don't think it 'd hurt me, ma'am; — only what good will I do?"

"If you 'll go rightly to work, you may do good. Miss Dorothy was a fool to go the way she did, — a great fool."

"She stayed longer than I thought she would, ma'am."

"I'm not asking you what you thought. I'll tell you what. Do you send Piles to Winslow's, and tell them to send in early to-morrow a nice fore-quarter of lamb. Or it would n't hurt you if you went and chose it yourself."

"It would n't hurt me at all, ma'am."

"You get it nice, — not too small, because meat is meat at the price things are now; and how they ever see butcher's meat at all is more than I can understand."

"People as has to be careful, ma'am, makes a little go a long way."

"You get it a good size, and take it over in a basket. It won't hurt you, done up clean in a napkin."

"It won't hurt me at all, ma'am."

"And you give it to Miss Dorothy with my love. Don't you let 'em think I sent it to my sister-in-law."

"And is that to be all, ma'am?"

"How do you mean all?"

"Because, ma'am, the railway and the carrier would take it quite ready, and there would be a matter of ten or twelve shillings saved in the journey."

"Whose affair is that?"

"Not mine, ma'am, of course."

"I believe you're afraid of the trouble, Martha. Or else you don't like going because they're poor."

"It ain't fair, ma'am, of you to say so, — that it ain't. All I ask is, — is that to be all? When I've give 'em the lamb, am I just to come away straight, or am I to say anything? It will look so odd if

I'm just to put down the basket and come away without e'er a word."

"Martha!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You're a fool."

"That's true, too, ma'am."

"It would be like you to go about in that dummy way, — would n't it? — and you that was so fond of Miss Dorothy."

"I was fond of her, ma'am."

"Of course you'll be talking to her; and why not? And if she should say anything about returning —"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You can say that you know her old aunt would n't — would n't refuse to have her back again. You can put it your own way, you know. You need n't make me find words for you."

"But she won't, ma'am."

"Won't what?"

"Won't say anything about returning."

"Yes, she will, Martha, if you talk to her rightly."

The servant did n't reply for a while, but stood looking out of the window. "You might as well go for the lamb at once, Martha."

"So I will, ma'am, when I've got it out, all clear."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, just this, ma'am. May I tell Miss Dolly straight out that you want her to come back, and that I've been sent to say so?"

"No, Martha."

"Then how am I to do it, ma'am?"

"Do it out of your own head, just as it comes up at the moment?"

"Out of my own head, ma'am?"

"Yes, — just as you feel, you know."

"Just as I feel, ma'am?"

"You understand what I mean, Martha."

"I'll do my best, ma'am, and I can't say no more. And if you scold me afterwards, ma'am, why, of course, I must put up with it."

"But I won't scold you, Martha."

"Then I'll go out to Winslow's about the lamb, at once, ma'am."

"Very nice, and not too small, Martha."

Martha went out and ordered the lamb, and packed it as desired quite clean in a napkin, and fitted it into the basket, and arranged with Giles Hickbody to carry it down for her early in the morning to the station, so that she might take the first train to Lissboro'. It was understood that she was to hire a fly at Lissboro' to take her to Nuncombe Putney. Now that she understood the importance of her mission, and was aware that the present she took with her was only the customary accompaniment of an ambassador intrusted with a great mission, Martha said nothing even about the expense. The train started for Lissboro' at seven, and as she was descending from her room at six, Miss Stanbury, in her flannel dressing-gown, stepped out of the door of her own room. "Just put this in the basket," said she, handing a note to her servant. "I thought last night I'll write a word. Just put it in the basket and say nothing about it." The note which she sent was as follows: —

"THE CLOSE, 8th April, 186—.

"MY DEAR DOROTHY, — As Martha talks of going over to pay you a visit, I've thought that I'd just get her to take you a quarter of lamb, which is coming in now very nice. I do envy her going to see you, my dear, for I had gotten somehow to love



to see your pretty face. I'm getting almost strong again; but Sir Peter, who was here this afternoon, just calling as a friend, was uncivil enough to say that I'm too much of an old woman to go out in the east wind. I told him it did n't much matter, for the sooner old women made way for young ones, the better.

"I am very desolate and solitary here. But I rather think that women who don't get married are intended to be desolate; and perhaps it is better for them, if they bestow their time and thoughts properly,—as I hope you do, my dear. A woman with a family of children has almost too many of the cares of this world, to give her mind as she ought to the other. What shall we say then of those who have no such cares, and yet do not walk uprightly? Dear Dorothy, be not such a one. For myself, I acknowledge bitterly the extent of my short-comings. Much has been given to me; but if much be expected, how shall I answer the demand?"

"I hope I need not tell you that whenever it may suit you to pay a visit to Exeter, your room will be ready for you, and there will be a warm welcome. Mrs. MacHugh always asks after you; and so has Mrs. Clifford. I won't tell you what Mrs. Clifford said about your colors, because it would make you vain. The Heavitree affair has all been put off;—of course you have heard that—dear, dear, dear! You know what I think, so I need not repeat it.

"Give my respects to your mamma and Priscilla, and for yourself, accept the affectionate love of

"Your loving old aunt,

"JEMIMA STANBURY.

"P. S.—If Martha should say anything to you, you may feel sure that she knows my mind."

Poor old soul! She felt an almost uncontrollable longing to have her niece back again, and yet she told herself that she was bound not to send a regular invitation, or to suggest an unconditional return. Dorothy had herself decided to take her departure, and if she chose to remain away, so it must be. She, Miss Stanbury, could not demean herself by renewing her invitation. She read her letter before she added to it the postscript, and felt that it was too solemn in its tone to suggest to Dorothy that which she wished to suggest. She had been thinking much of her own past life when she wrote those words about the state of an unmarried woman, and was vacillating between two minds,—whether it were better for a young woman to look forward to the cares and affections, and perhaps hard usage, of a marriage life, or to devote herself to the easier and safer course of an old maid's career. But an old maid is nothing if she be not kind and good. She acknowledged that, and, acknowledging it, added the postscript to her letter. What though there was a certain blow to her pride in the writing of it! She did tell herself that in thus referring her niece to Martha for an expression of her own mind,—after that conversation which she and Martha had had in the parlor,—she was in truth eating her own words. But the postscript was written, and though she took the letter up with her to her own room in order that she might alter the words if she repented of them in the night, the letter was sent as it was written,—postscript and all.

She spent the next day with very sober thoughts. When Mrs. MacHugh called upon her and told her that there were rumors afloat in Exeter that the marriage between Camilla French and Mr. Gibson would certainly be broken off, in spite of all pur-

chases that had been made, she merely remarked that they were two poor, feckless things, who did n't know their own minds. "Camilla knows hers plain enough," said Mrs. MacHugh, sharply; but even this did not give Miss Stanbury any spirit. She waited, and waited patiently, till Martha should return, thinking of the sweet pink color which used to come and go in Dorothy's cheeks, which she had been wont to observe so frequently, not knowing that she had observed it and loved it.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

### RIVER'S COTTAGE.

Three days after Hugh Stanbury's visit to Manchester Street, he wrote a note to Lady Rowley, telling her of the address at which might be found both Trevelyan and his son. As Bozzle had acknowledged, facts are things which may be found out. Hugh had gone to work somewhat after the Bozzlian fashion, and had found out this fact. "He lives at a house called River's Cottage, at Willesden," wrote Stanbury. "If you turn off the Harrow Road to the right, about a mile beyond the cemetery, you will find the cottage on the left-hand side of the lane, about a quarter of a mile from the Harrow Road. I believe you can go to Willesden by railway, but you had better take a cab from London." There was much consultation respecting this letter between Lady Rowley and Mrs. Trevelyan, and it was decided that it should not be shown to Sir Marmaduke. To see her child was at the present moment the most urgent necessity of the poor mother, and both the ladies felt that Sir Marmaduke in his wrath might probably impede rather than assist her in this desire. If told where he might find Trevelyan, he would probably insist on starting in quest of his son-in-law himself, and the distance between the mother and her child might probably become greater in consequence, instead of less. There were many consultations; and the upshot of these was, that Lady Rowley and her daughter determined to start for Willesden without saying anything to Sir Marmaduke of the purpose they had in hand. When Emily expressed her conviction that if Trevelyan should be away from home, they would probably be able to make their way into the house, so as to see the child, Lady Rowley, with some hesitation, acknowledged that such might be the case. But the child's mother said nothing to her own mother of a scheme which she had half formed of so clinging to her boy that no human power should separate them.

They started in a cab, as advised by Stanbury, and were driven to a point on the road from which a lane led down to Willesden, passing by River's Cottage. They asked as they came along, and met no difficulty in finding their way. At the point on the road indicated, there was a country inn for hay-wagoners, and here Lady Rowley proposed that they should leave their cab, urging that it might be best to call at the cottage in the quietest manner possible; but Mrs. Trevelyan, with her scheme in her head for the recapture of their child, begged that the cab might go on; and thus they were driven up to the door.

River's Cottage was not a prepossessing abode. It was a new building of light-colored bricks, with a door in the middle, and one window on each side. Over the door was a stone tablet bearing the name, — River's Cottage. There was a little garden be-



tween the road and the house, across which there was a straight path to the door. In front of one window was a small shrub, generally called a puzzle-maker, and in front of the other was a variegated laurel. There were two small morsels of green turf, and a distant view round the corner of the house of a row of cabbage-stumps. If Trevelyan were living there, he had certainly come down in the world since the days in which he had occupied the house in Curzon Street. The two ladies got out of the cab, and slowly walked across the little garden. Mrs. Trevelyan was dressed in black, and she wore a thick veil. She had altogether been unable to make up her mind as to what should be her conduct to her husband should she see him. That must be governed by circumstances as they might occur. Her visit was made, not to him, but to her boy.

The door was opened before they knocked, and Trevelyan himself was standing in the narrow passage. Lady Rowley was the first to speak. "Louis," she said, "I have brought your wife to see you."

"Who told you that I was here?" he asked, still standing in the passage.

"Of course a mother would find out where was her child," said Lady Rowley.

"You should not have come here without notice," he said. "I was careful to let you know the conditions on which you should come."

"You do not mean that I shall not see my child!" said the mother. "O Louis, you will let me see him!"

Trevelyan hesitated a moment, still keeping his position firmly in the doorway. By this time an old woman, decently dressed and of comfortable appearance, had taken her place behind him, and behind her was a slip of a girl about fifteen years of age. This was the owner of River's Cottage and her daughter, and all the inhabitants of the cottage were now there, standing in the passage. "I ought not to let you see him," said Trevelyan; "you have intruded upon me in coming here! I had not wished to see you here, — till you had complied with the order I had given you." What a meeting between a husband and a wife who had not seen each other now for many months, — between a husband and a wife who were still young enough not to have outlived the first impulses of their early love! He still stood there guarding the way, and had not even put out his hand to greet her. He was guarding the way lest she should, without his permission, obtain access to her own child! She had not removed her veil, and now she hardly dared to step over the threshold of her husband's house. At this moment, she perceived that the woman behind was pointing to the room on the left, as the cottage was entered, and Emily at once understood that her boy was there. Then at that moment she heard her son's voice, as, in his solitude, the child began to cry. "I must go in," she said; "I will go in!" and rushing on, she tried to push aside her husband. Her mother aided her, nor did Trevelyan attempt to stop her with violence, and in a moment she was kneeling at the foot of a small sofa, with her child in her arms. "I had not intended to hinder you," said Trevelyan, "but I require from you a promise that you will not attempt to remove him."

"Why should she not take him home with her?" said Lady Rowley.

"Because I will not have it so," replied Trevelyan. "Because I choose that it should be understood that I am to be the master of my own affairs."

Mrs. Trevelyan had now thrown aside her bonnet and her veil, and was covering her child with caresses. The poor little fellow, whose mind had been utterly dismayed by the events which had occurred to him since his capture, though he returned her kisses, did so in fear and trembling. And he was still sobbing, rubbing his eyes with his knuckles, and by no means yielding himself with his whole heart to his mother's tenderness, — as she would have had him do. "Louey," she said, whispering to him, "you know mamma; you have n't forgotten mamma?" He half murmured some little infantine word through his sobs, and then put his cheek up to be pressed against his mother's face. "Louey will never, never forget his own mamma; — will he, Louey?" The poor boy had no assurances to give, and could only raise his cheek again to be kissed. In the mean time Lady Rowley and Trevelyan were standing by, not speaking to each other, regarding the scene in silence.

She, Lady Rowley, could see that he was frightfully altered in appearance, even since the day on which she had so lately met him in the City. His cheeks were thin and haggard, and his eyes were deep and very bright, and he moved them quickly from side to side, as though ever suspecting something. He seemed to be smaller in stature, — withered, as it were, as though he had melted away. And, though he stood looking upon his wife and child, he was not for a moment still. He would change the posture of his hands and arms, moving them quickly with little surreptitious jerks; and would shuffle his feet upon the floor, almost without altering his position. His clothes hung about him, and his linen was soiled and worn. Lady Rowley noticed this especially, as he had been a man peculiarly given to neatness of apparel. He was the first to speak. "You have come down here in a cab?" said he.

"Yes, — in a cab, from London," said Lady Rowley.

"Of course you will go back in it? You cannot stay here. There is no accommodation. It is a wretched place, but it suits the boy. As for me, all places are now alike."

"Louis," said his wife, springing up from her knees, coming to him, and taking his right hand between both her own, "you will let me take him with me. I know you will let me take him with me."

"I cannot do that, Emily; it would be wrong."

"Wrong to restore a child to his mother? O Louis, think of it! What must my life be without him, — or you?"

"Don't talk of me. It is too late for that."

"Not if you will be reasonable, Louis, and listen to me. O heavens, how ill you are!" As she said this, she drew nearer to him, so that her face was almost close to his. "Louis, come back; come back, and let it all be forgotten. It shall be a dream, a horrid dream, and nobody shall speak of it." He left his hand within hers and stood looking into her face. He was well aware that his life since he had left her had been one long hour of misery. There had been to him no alleviation, no comfort, no consolation. He had not a friend left to him. Even his satellite, the policeman, was becoming weary of him and manifestly suspicious. The woman with whom he was now lodging, and whose resources were infinitely benefited by his payments to her, had already thrown out hints that she was afraid of him. And as he looked at his wife, he knew that he loved her. Everything for him now was hot, and



dry, and poor, and bitter. How sweet would it be again to sit with her soft hand in his, to feel her cool brow against his own, to have the comfort of her care, and to hear the music of loving words! The companionship of his wife had once been to him everything in the world; but now, for many months past, he had known no companion. She bade him come to her, and look upon all this trouble as a dream not to be mentioned. Could it be possible that it should be so, and that they might yet be happy together, — perhaps in some distant country, where the story of all their misery might not be known? He felt all this truly and with a keen accuracy. If he were mad, he was not all mad. "I will tell you of nothing that is past," said she, hanging to him, and coming still nearer to him, and embracing his arm.

Could she have condescended to ask him not to tell her of the past, — had it occurred to her so to word her request, — she might, perhaps, have prevailed. But who can say how long the tenderness of his heart would have saved him from further outbreak, and whether such prevailing on her part would have been of permanent service? As it was, her words wounded him in that spot of his inner self which was most sensitive, — on that spot from whence had come all his fury. A black cloud came upon his brow, and he made an effort to withdraw himself from her grasp. It was necessary to him that she should in some fashion own that he had been right, and now she was promising him that she would not tell him of his fault! He could not thus swallow down all the convictions by which he had fortified himself to bear the misfortunes which he had endured. Had he not quarrelled with every friend he possessed on this score; and should he now stultify himself in all those quarrels by admitting that he had been cruel, unjust, and needlessly jealous? And did not truth demand of him that he should cling to his old assurances? Had she not been disobedient, ill-conditioned, and rebellious? Had she not received the man, both him personally and his letters, after he had explained to her that his honor demanded that it should not be so? How could he come into such terms as those now proposed to him, simply because he longed to enjoy the rich sweetness of her soft hand, to feel the fragrance of her breath, and to quench the heat of his forehead in the cool atmosphere of her beauty?" "Why have you driven me to this by your intercourse with that man?" he said. "Why, why, why did you do it?"

She was still clinging to him. "Louis," she said, "I am your wife."

"Yes, you are my wife."

"And will you still believe such evil of me without any cause?"

"There has been cause, — horrible cause. You must repent, — repent, — repent."

"Heaven help me," said the woman, falling back from him, and returning to the boy, who was now seated in Lady Rowley's lap. "Mamma, do you speak to him. What can I say? Would he think better of me were I to own myself to have been guilty, when there has been no guilt, no slightest fault? Does he wish me to purchase my child by saying that I am not fit to be his mother?"

"Louis," said Lady Rowley, "if any man was ever wrong, mad, madly mistaken, you are so now."

"Have you come out here to accuse me again, as you did before in London?" he asked. "Is that the way in which you and she intend to let the past

be, as she says, like a dream? She tells me that I am ill. It is true. I am ill, and she is killing me, — killing me by her obstinacy."

"What would you have me do?" said the wife, again rising from her child.

"Acknowledge your transgressions, and say that you will amend your conduct for the future."

"Mamma, mamma, what shall I say to him?"

"Who can speak to a man that is beside himself?" replied Lady Rowley.

"I am not so beside myself as yet, Lady Rowley, but that I know how to guard my own honor, and to protect my own child. I have told you, Emily, the terms on which you can come back to me. You had better now return to your mother's house; and if you wish again to have a house of your own, and your husband and your boy, you know by what means you may acquire them. For another week I shall remain here; after that I shall remove far from hence."

"And where will you go, Louis?"

"As yet I know not. To Italy, I think, — or perhaps to America. It matters little where for me."

"And will Louey be taken with you?"

"Certainly he will go with me. To strive to bring him up so that he may be a happier man than his father is all that there is now left for me in life." Mrs. Trevelyan had now got the boy in her arms, and her mother was seated by her on the sofa. Trevelyan was standing away from them, but so near the door that no sudden motion on their part would enable them to escape with the boy without his interposition. It now again occurred to the mother to carry off her prize in opposition to her husband; but she had no scheme to that effect laid with her mother, and she could not reconcile herself to the idea of a contest with him in which personal violence would be necessary. The woman of the house had, indeed, seemed to sympathize with her, but she could not dare in such a matter to trust to assistance from a stranger. "I do not wish to be uncourteous," said Trevelyan, "but if you have no assurance to give me, you had better — leave me."

Then there came to be a bargaining about time, and the poor woman begged almost on her knees that she might be allowed to take her child up stairs and be with him alone for a few minutes. It seemed to her that she had not seen her boy till she had had him to herself, in absolute privacy, till she had kissed his limbs, and had her hand upon his smooth back, and seen that he was white, and clean, and bright as he had ever been. And the bargain was made. She was asked to pledge her word that she would not take him out of the house, — and she pledged her word, feeling that there was no strength in her for that action which she had meditated. He, knowing that he might still guard the passage at the bottom of the stairs, allowed her to go with the boy to his bedroom, while he remained below with Lady Rowley. A quarter of an hour was allowed to her, and she humbly promised that she would return when that time was expired.

Trevelyan held the door open for her as she went, and kept it open during her absence. There was hardly a word said between him and Lady Rowley, but he paced from the passage into the room and from the room into the passage with his hands behind his back. "It is cruel," he said once. "It is very cruel."

"It is you that are cruel," said Lady Rowley.



"Of course,—of course. That is natural from you. I expect that from you." To this she made no answer, and he did not open his lips again.

After a while Mrs. Trevelyan called to her mother, and Lady Rowley was allowed to go up stairs. The quarter of an hour was of course greatly stretched, and all the time Trevelyan continued to pace in and out of the room. He was patient, for he did not summon them, but went on pacing backwards and forwards, looking now and again to see that the cab was at its place,—that no deceit was being attempted, no second act of kidnapping being perpetrated. At last the two ladies came down the stairs, and the boy was with them,—and the woman of the house.

"Louis," said the wife, going quickly up to her husband, "I will do anything, if you will give me my child."

"What will you do?"

"Anything,—say what you want. He is all the world to me, and I cannot live if he be taken from me."

"Acknowledge that you have been wrong."

"But how,—in what words,—how am I to speak it?"

"Say that you have sinned, and that you will sin no more."

"Sinned, Louis,—as the woman did,—in the Scripture? Would you have me say that?"

"He cannot think that it is so," said Lady Rowley.

But Trevelyan had not understood her. "Lady Rowley, I should have fancied that my thoughts, at any rate, were my own. But this is useless now. The child cannot go with you to-day, nor can you remain here. Go home and think of what I have said. If then you will do as I would have you, you shall return."

With many embraces, with promises of motherly love, and with prayers for love in return, the poor woman did at last leave the house, and return to the cab. As she went there was a doubt in her own mind whether she should ask to kiss her husband; but he made no sign, and she at last passed out without any mark of tenderness. He stood by the cab as they entered it, and closed the door upon them, and then went slowly back to his room. "My poor bairn," he said to the boy, "my poor bairn."

"Why for mamma go?" sobbed the child.

"Mamma goes—O, heaven and earth, why should she go? She goes because her spirit is obstinate, and she will not bend. She is stiff-necked, and will not submit herself. But Louey must love mamma always,—and mamma some day will come back to him, and be good to him."

"Mamma is good,—always," said the child. He had intended on this very afternoon to have gone up to town,—to transact business with Bozzle; for he still believed, though the aspect of the man was bitter to him as wormwood, that Bozzle was necessary to him in all his business. And he still made appointments with the man, sometimes at Stony Walk, in the Borough, and sometimes at the tavern in Foulter's Court, even though Bozzle not unfrequently neglected to attend the summons of his employer. And he would go to his banker's and draw out money, and then walk about the crowded lanes of the City, and afterwards return to his desolate lodgings at Willesden, thinking that he had been transacting business,—and that this business was exacted from him by the unfortunate position of his affairs. But now he gave up his journey. His retreat had been discovered; and there came upon

him at once a fear, that if he left the house his child would be taken. His landlady had already told him that the boy ought to be sent to his mother, and had made him understand that it would not suit her to find a home any longer for one who was so singular in his proceedings. He believed that his child would be given up at once, if he was not there to guard it. He stayed at home, therefore, turning in his mind many schemes. He had told his wife that he should go either to Italy or to America at once; but in doing so he had had no formed plan in his head. He had simply imagined at the moment that such a threat would bring her to submission. But now it became a question whether he could do better than go to America. He suggested to himself that he should go to Canada, and fix himself with his boy on some remote farm,—far away from any city; and would then invite his wife to join him if she would. She was too obstinate, as he told himself, ever to yield, unless she should be absolutely softened and brought down to the ground by the loss of her child. What would do this so effectually as the interposition of the broad ocean between him and her? He sat thinking of this for the rest of the day, and Louey was left to the charge of the mistress of River's Cottage.

"Do you think he believes it, mamma?" Mrs. Trevelyan said to her mother when they had already made nearly half their journey home in the cab. There had been nothing spoken hitherto between them, except some half-formed words of affection intended for consolation to the young mother in her great affliction.

"He does not know what he believes, dearest."

"You heard what he said. I was to own that I had—sinned."

"Sinned,—yes; because you will not obey him like a slave. That is sin—to him."

"But I asked him, mamma. Did you not hear me? I could not say the word plainer,—but I asked him whether he meant that sin. He must have known, and he would not answer me. And he spoke of my—transgression. Mamma, if he believed that, he would not let me come back at all."

"He did not believe it, Emily."

"Could he possibly then so accuse me,—the mother of his child! If his heart be utterly hard and false towards me, if it is possible that he should be cruel to me with such cruelty as that,—still he must love his boy. Why did he not answer me, and say that he did not think it?"

"Simply because his reason has left him."

"But if he be mad, mamma, ought we to leave him like that? And, then, did you see his eyes, and his face, and his hands? Did you observe how thin he is,—and his back, how bent? And his clothes,—how they were torn and soiled! It cannot be right that he should be left like that."

"We will tell papa when we get home," said Lady Rowley, who was herself beginning to be somewhat frightened by what she had seen. It is all very well to declare that a friend is mad when one simply desires to justify one's self in opposition to that friend; but the matter becomes much more serious when evidence of the friend's insanity becomes true and circumstantial. "I certainly think that a physician should see him," continued Lady Rowley.

On their return home Sir Marmaduke was told of what had occurred, and there was a long family discussion in which it was decided that Lady Milborough should be consulted, as being the oldest



friend of Louis Trevelyan himself with whom they were acquainted. Trevelyan had relatives of his own name living in Cornwall; but Mrs. Trevelyan herself had never even met one of that branch of the family.

Sir Marmaduke, however, resolved that he himself would go out and see his son-in-law. He, too, had called Trevelyan mad, but he did not believe that the madness was of such a nature as to interfere with his own duties in punishing the man who had ill-used his daughter. He would, at any rate, see Trevelyan himself; but of this he said nothing either to his wife or to his child.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

### MAJOR MAGRUDER'S COMMITTEE.

Sir Marmaduke could not go out to Willesden on the morning after Lady Rowley's return from River's Cottage, because on that day he was summoned to attend at twelve o'clock before a Committee of the House of Commons, to give his evidence and the fruit of his experience as to the government of British colonies generally; and as he went down to the House in a cab from Manchester Street he thoroughly wished that his friend Colonel Osborne had not been so efficacious in bringing him home. The task before him was one which he thoroughly disliked, and of which he was afraid. He dreaded the inquisitors before whom he was to appear, and felt that though he was called there to speak as a master of his art of governing, he would in truth be examined as a servant,—and probably as a servant who did not know his business. Had his sojourn at home been in other respects happy, he might have been able to balance the advantage against the inquiry; but there was no such balancing for him now. And, moreover, the expense of his own house in Manchester Street was so large that this journey, in a pecuniary point of view, would be of but little service to him. So he went down to the House in an unhappy mood; and when he shook hands in one of the passages with his friend Osborne, who was on the Committee, there was very little cordiality in his manner. "This is the most ungrateful thing I ever knew," said the Colonel to himself; "I have almost disgraced myself by having this fellow brought home; and now he quarrels with me because that idiot, his son-in-law, has quarrelled with his wife." And Colonel Osborne really did feel that he was a martyr to the ingratitude of his friend.

The Committee had been convoked by the House in compliance with the eager desires of a certain ancient pundit of the constitution, who had been for many years a member, and who had been known as a stern critic of our colonial modes of government. To him it certainly seemed that everything that was, was bad,—as regards our national dependencies. But this is so usually the state of mind of all parliamentary critics, it is so much a matter of course that the members who take up the army or the navy, guns, India, our relations with Spain, or workhouse management, should find everything to be bad, rotten, and dishonest, that the wrath of the member for Kilkierankie against colonial speculation and idleness, was not thought much of in the open House. He had been at the work for years, and the Colonial Office were so used to it that they rather liked him. He had made himself free of the office, and the clerks were always glad to see him.

It was understood that he said bitter things in the House; that was Major's Magruder's line of business; but he could be quite pleasant when he was asking questions of a private secretary, or telling the news of the day to a senior clerk. As he was now between seventy and eighty, and had been at the work for at least twenty years, most of those concerned had allowed themselves to think that he would ride his hobby harmlessly to the day of his parliamentary death. But the drop from a house corner will hollow a stone by its constancy, and Major Magruder at last persuaded the House to grant him a Committee of Inquiry. Then there came to be serious faces at the Colonial Office, and all the little pleasantries of a friendly opposition were at an end. It was felt that the battle must now become a real fight, and Secretary and Under-Secretary girded up their loins.

Major Magruder was chairman of his own committee, and being a man of a laborious turn of mind, much given to blue-books, very patient, thoroughly conversant with the House, and imbued with a strong belief in the efficacy of parliamentary questionings to carry a point, if not to elicit a fact, had a happy time of it during this session. He was a man who always attended the House from 4 P. M. to the time of its breaking up, and who never missed a division. The slight additional task of sitting four hours in a committee-room three days a week, was only a delight,—the more especially as during those four hours he could occupy the post of chairman. Those who knew Major Magruder well did not doubt but that the Committee would sit for many weeks, and that the whole theory of colonial government, or rather of imperial control supervising such government, would be tried to the very utmost. Men who had heard the old Major maunder a few years past on his pet subject hardly knew how much vitality would be found in him when his maundering had succeeded in giving him a committee.

A Governor from one of the greater colonies had already been under question for nearly a week, and was generally thought to have come out of the fire unscathed by the flames of the Major's criticism. The Governor had been a picked man, and he had made it appear that the control of Downing Street was never more harsh and seldom less refreshing and beautifying, than a spring shower in April. No other lands under the sun were so blest, in the way of government, as were the colonies with which he had been acquainted; and, as a natural consequence, their devotion and loyalty to the mother country were quite a passion with them. Now the Major had been long of a mind that one or two colonies had better simply be given up to other nations, which were better able to look after them than was England, and that three or four more should be allowed to go clear,—costing England nothing, and owing England nothing. But the well-chosen Governor who had now been before the Committee had rather staggered the Major,—and things altogether were supposed to be looking up for the Colonial Office.

And now had come the day of Sir Marmaduke's martyrdom. He was first requested, with most urbane politeness, to explain the exact nature of the government which he exercised in the Mandarins. Now it certainly was the case that the manner in which the legislative and executive authorities were intermingled in the affairs of these islands did create a complication which it was difficult for any man



to understand, and very difficult indeed for any man to explain to others. There was a Court of Chancery, so called, which Sir Marmaduke described as a little parliament. When he was asked whether the court exercised legislative or executive functions, he said at first that it exercised both, and then that it exercised neither. He knew that it consisted of nine men, of whom five were appointed by the colony and four by the Crown. Yet he declared that the Crown had the control of the court — which, in fact, was true enough no doubt, as all the five open members were not, perhaps, immaculate patriots; but on this matter poor Sir Marmaduke was very obscure. When asked who exercised the patronage of the Crown in nominating the four members, he declared that the four members exercised it themselves. Did he appoint them? No, he never appointed anybody himself. He consulted the Court of Chancery for everything. At last it came out that the chief justice of the islands, and three other officers, always sat in the court, — but whether it was required by the constitution of the islands that this should be so, Sir Marmaduke did not know. It had worked well, — that was to say, everybody had complained of it, but he, Sir Marmaduke, would not recommend any change. What he thought best was that the Colonial Secretary should send out his orders, and that the people in the colonies should mind their business and grow coffee. When asked what would be the effect upon the islands, under his scheme of government, if a Colonial Secretary should change the policy of his predecessor, he said that he did not think it would much matter if the people did not know anything about it.

In this way the Major had a field day, and poor Sir Marmaduke was much discomfited. There was present on the Committee a young parliamentary Under-Secretary, who with much attention had studied the subject of the Court of Chancery in the Mandarins, and who had acknowledged to his superiors in the office that it certainly was of all legislative assemblies the most awkward and complicated. He did what he could, by questions judiciously put, to pull Sir Marmaduke through his difficulties; but the unfortunate Governor had more than once lost his temper in answering the chairman; and in his heavy confusion was past the power of any Under-Secretary, let him be ever so clever, to pull him through. Colonel Osborne sat by the while and asked no questions. He had been put on the Committee as a respectable dummy; but there was not a member sitting there who did not know that Sir Marmaduke had been brought home as his friend, — and some of them, no doubt, had whispered that this bringing home of Sir Marmaduke was part of the payment made by the Colonel for the smiles of the Governor's daughter. But no one alluded openly to the inefficiency of the evidence given. No one asked why a Governor so incompetent had been sent to them. No one suggested that a job had been done. There are certain things of which opposition members of Parliament complain loudly, and there are certain other things of which they are silent. The line between these things is well known; and should an ill-conditioned, a pig-headed, an under-bred, or an ignorant member not understand this line and transgress it, by asking questions which should not be asked, he is soon put down from the Treasury bench, to the great delight of the whole House.

Sir Marmaduke, after having been questioned for an entire afternoon, left the House with extreme

disgust. He was so convinced of his own failure, that he felt that his career as a Colonial Governor must be over. Surely they would never let him go back to his islands after such an exposition as he had made of his own ignorance. He hurried off into a cab, and was ashamed to be seen of men. But the members of the Committee thought little or nothing about it. The Major, and those who sided with him, had been anxious to entrap their witness into contradictions and absurdities, for the furtherance of their own object; and for the furtherance of theirs, the Under-Secretary from the Office and the supporters of Government had endeavored to defend their man. But, when the affair was over, if no special admiration had been elicited for Sir Marmaduke, neither was there expressed any special reprobation. The Major carried on his Committee over six weeks, and succeeded in having his blue-book printed; but, as a matter of course, nothing further came of it; and the Court of Chancery in the Mandarin Islands still continues to hold its own, and to do its work, in spite of the absurdities displayed in its construction. Major Magruder has had his day of success, and now feels that Othello's occupation is gone. He goes no more to the Colonial Office, lives among his friends on the memories of his Committee, — not always to their gratification, and is beginning to think that as his work is done he may as well resign. Killicrankie to some younger politician. Poor Sir Marmaduke remembered his defeat with soreness long after it had been forgotten by all others who had been present, and was astonished when he found that the journals of the day, though they did in some curt fashion report the proceedings of the Committee, never uttered a word of censure against him, as they had not before uttered a word of praise for that pearl of a Governor who had been examined before him.

On the following morning he went to the Colonial Office by appointment, and then he saw the young Irish Under-Secretary whom he had so much dreaded. Nothing could be more civil than was the young Irish Under-Secretary, who told him that he had better of course stay in town till the Committee was over, though it was not probable that he would be wanted again. When the Committee had done its work, he would be allowed to remain six weeks on service to prepare for his journey back. If he wanted more time after that, he could ask for leave of absence. So Sir Marmaduke left the Colonial Office with a great weight off his mind, and blessed that young Irish Secretary as he went.

## CHAPTER LXIX.

### SIR MARMADUKE AT WILLESDEN.

On the next day Sir Marmaduke purposed going to Willesden. He was in great doubt whether or no he would first consult that very eminent man, Dr. Trite Turbury, as to the possibility, and — if possible — as to the expediency, of placing Mr. Trevelyan under some control. But Sir Marmaduke, though he would repeatedly declare that his son-in-law was mad, did not really believe in this madness. He did not at least believe that Trevelyan was so mad as to be fairly exempt from the penalties of responsibility; and he was therefore desirous of speaking his own mind out fully to the man, and, as it were, of having his *bon passant* revenge, before he might be deterred by the interposition of medical advice. He resolved therefore that he would not see Sir Trite



Turbury, at any rate till he came back from Willesden. He also went down in a cab, but he left the cab at the public-house at the corner of the road, and walked to the cottage.

When he asked whether Mr. Trevelyan was at home, the woman of the house hesitated and then said that her lodger was out. "I particularly wish to see him," said Sir Marmaduke, feeling that the woman was lying to him. "But he ain't to be seen, sir," said the woman. "I know he is at home," said Sir Marmaduke. But the argument was soon cut short by the appearance of Trevelyan behind the woman's shoulder.

"I am here, Sir Marmaduke Rowley," said Trevelyan. "If you wish to see me, you may come in. I will not say that you are welcome, but you can come in." Then the woman retired, and Sir Marmaduke followed Trevelyan into the room in which Lady Rowley and Emily had been received; but the child was not now in the chamber.

"What are these charges that I hear against my daughter?" said Sir Marmaduke, rushing at once into the midst of his indignation.

"I do not know what charges you have heard."

"You have put her away."

"In strict accuracy that is not correct, Sir Marmaduke."

"But she is put away. She is in my house now because you have no house of your own for her. Is not that so? And when I came home, she was staying with her uncle, because you had put her away. And what was the meaning of her being sent down into Devonshire? What has she done? I am her father, and I expect to have an answer?"

"You shall have an answer, certainly."

"And a true one. I will have no hocus-pocus, no humbug, no ferocity."

"Have you come here to insult me, Sir Marmaduke? Because, if so, there shall be an end to this interview at once."

"There shall not be an end,—by G—, no, not till I have heard what is the meaning of all this. Do you know what people are saying of you,—that you are mad, and that you must be locked up, and your child taken away from you, and your property?"

"Who are the people that say so? Yourself,—and, perhaps, Lady Rowley? Does my wife say so? Does she think that I am mad. She did not think so on Thursday, when she prayed that she might be allowed to come back and live with me."

"And you would not let her come?"

"Pardon me," said Trevelyan. "I would wish that she should come; but it must be on certain conditions."

"What I want to know is why she was turned out of your house?"

"She was not turned out."

"What has she done that she should be punished?" urged Sir Marmaduke, who was unable to arrange his questions with the happiness which had distinguished Major Magruder. "I insist upon knowing what it is that you lay to her charge. I am her father, and I have a right to know. She has been barbarously, shamefully ill-used, and by G—I will know."

"You have come here to bully me, Sir Marmaduke Rowley."

"I have come here, sir, to do the duty of a parent to his child; to protect my poor girl against the cruelty of a husband; who in an unfortunate hour

was allowed to take her from her home. I will know the reason why my daughter has been treated as though—as though—as though—"

"Listen to me for a minute," said Trevelyan.

"I am listening."

"I will tell you nothing, I will answer you not a word."

"You will not answer me?"

"Not when you come to me in this fashion. My wife is my wife, and my claim to her is nearer and closer than is yours, who are her father. She is the mother of my child, and the only-being in the world, except that child, whom I love. Do you think that with such motives on my part for tenderness towards her, for loving care, for the most anxious solicitude, that I can be made more anxious, more tender, more loving by coarse epithets from you? I am the most miserable being under the sun because our happiness has been interrupted, and is it likely that such misery should be cured by violent words and gestures? If your heart is wrung for her, so is mine. If she be much to you, she is more to me. She came here the other day, almost as a stranger, and I thought that my heart would have burst beneath its weight of woe. What can you do that can add an ounce to the burden that I bear? You may as well leave me,—or at least be quiet."

Sir Marmaduke had stood and listened to him, and he, too, was so struck by the altered appearance of the man that the violence of his indignation was lessened by the pity which he could not suppress. When Trevelyan spoke of his wretchedness, it was impossible not to believe him. He was as wretched a being to look at as it might have been possible to find. His contracted cheeks, and lips always open, and eyes glowing in their sunken caverns, told a tale which even Sir Marmaduke, who was not of nature quick in deciphering such stories, could not fail to read. And then the twitching motion of the man's hands, and the restless shuffling of his feet, produced a nervous feeling that if some remedy were not applied quickly, some alleviation given to the misery of the suffering wretch, human power would be strained too far, and the man would break to pieces,—or else the mind of the man. Sir Marmaduke, during his journey in the cab, had resolved that, old as he was, he would take this sinner by the throat, this brute who had striven to stain his daughter's name, and would make him there and then confess to his own brutality. But it was now very manifest to Sir Marmaduke that there could be no taking by the throat in this case. He could not have brought himself to touch the poor, weak, passionate creature before him. Indeed, even the fury of his words was stayed, and after that last appeal he stormed no more. "But what is to be the end of it?" he said.

"Who can tell? Who can say? She can tell. She can put an end to it all. She has but to say a word, and I will devote my life to her. But that word must be spoken." As he said this, he dashed his hand upon the table, and looked up with an air that would have been comic with its assumed magnificence, had it not been for the true tragedy of the occasion.

"You had better, at any rate, let her have her child for the present."

"No; my boy shall go with me. She may go, too, if she pleases, but my boy shall certainly go with me. If I had put her from me, as you said just now, it might have been otherwise. But she shall be as welcome to me as flowers in May,—as flowers



in May! She shall be as welcome to me as the music of heaven."

Sir Marmaduke felt that he had nothing more to urge. He had altogether abandoned that idea of having his revenge at the cost of the man's throat, and was quite convinced that reason could have no power with him. He was already thinking that he would go away straight to his lawyer, so that some step might be taken at once to stop, if possible, the taking away of the boy to America, when the lock of the door was gently turned, and the landlady entered the room.

"You will excuse me, sir," said the woman, "but if you be anything to this gentleman —"

"Mrs. Fuller, leave the room," said Trevelyan. "I and the gentleman are engaged."

"I see you be engaged, and I do beg pardon. I ain't one as would intrude wilful, and, as for listening, or the likes of that, I scorn it. But if this gentleman be anything to you, Mr. Trevelyan —"

"I am his wife's father," said Sir Marmaduke.

"Like enough. I was thinking perhaps so. His lady was down here on Thursday, — as sweet a lady as any gentleman need wish to sketch by his side."

"Mrs. Fuller," said Trevelyan, marching up towards her, "I will not have this, and I desire that you will retire from my room."

But Mrs. Fuller escaped round the table, and would not be banished. She got round the table, and came closely opposite to Sir Marmaduke. "I don't want to say nothing out of my place, sir," said she, "but something ought to be done. He ain't fit to be left to himself, — not alone, — not as he is at present. He ain't, indeed, and I would n't be doing my duty if I did n't say so. He has them sweats at night as'd be enough to kill any man; and he eats nothing, and he don't do nothing; and as for that poor little boy as is now in my own bed up stairs, if it was n't that I and my Bessy is fond of children, I don't know what would become of that boy."

Trevelyan, finding it impossible to get rid of her, had stood quietly, while he listened to her. "She has been good to my child," he said. "I acknowledge it. As for myself, I have not been well. It is true. But I am told that travel will set me on my feet again. Change of air will do it." Not long since he had been urging the wretchedness of his own bodily health as a reason why his wife should yield to him; but now, when his sickness was brought as a charge against him, — was adduced as a reason why his friends should interfere, and look after him, and concern themselves in his affairs, — he saw at once that it was necessary that he should make little of his ailments.

"Would it not be best, Trevelyan, that you should come with me to a doctor?" said Sir Marmaduke.

"No, — no. I have my own doctor. That is, I know the course which I should follow. This place, though it is good for the boy, has disagreed with me, and my life has not been altogether pleasant; — I may say, by no means pleasant. Troubles have told upon me, but change of air will mend it all."

"I wish you would come with me, at once, to London. You shall come back, you know. I will not detain you."

"Thank you, — no. I will not trouble you. That will do, Mrs. Fuller. You have intended to do your duty, no doubt, and now you can go." Whereupon Mrs. Fuller did go. "I am obliged for your care, Sir Marmaduke, but I can really do very well without troubling you."

"You cannot suppose, Trevelyan, that we can allow things to go on like this."

"And what do you mean to do?"

"Well, I shall take advice. I shall go to a lawyer, and to a doctor, and perhaps to the Lord Chancellor, and all that kind of thing. We can't let things go on like this."

"You can do as you please," said Trevelyan, "but as you have threatened me, I must ask you to leave me."

Sir Marmaduke could do no more, and could say no more, and he took his leave, shaking hands with the man, and speaking to him with a courtesy which astonished himself. It was impossible to maintain the strength of his indignation against a poor creature who was so manifestly unable to guide himself. But when he was in London, he drove at once to the house of Dr. Trite Turbury, and remained there till the doctor returned from his round of visits. According to the great authority, there was much still to be done before even the child could be rescued out of the father's hands. "I can't act without the lawyers," said Dr. Turbury. But he explained to Sir Marmaduke what steps should be taken in such a matter.

Trevelyan, in the mean time, clearly understanding what hostile measures would now be taken against him, set his mind to work to think how best he might escape at once to America with his boy.

## CHAPTER LXX.

SHOWING WHAT NORA ROWLEY THOUGHT ABOUT  
CARRIAGES.

Sir Marmaduke, on his return home from Dr. Turbury's house, found that he had other domestic troubles on hand over and above those arising from his elder daughter's position. Mr. Hugh Stanbury had been in Manchester Street during his absence, and had asked for him, and, finding that he was away from home, had told his story to Lady Rowley. When he had been shown up stairs, all the four daughters had been with their mother; but he had said a word or two signifying his desire to speak to Lady Rowley, and the three girls had left the room. In this way it came to pass that he had to plead his cause before Nora's mother and her elder sister. He had pleaded it well, and Lady Rowley's heart had been well disposed towards him; but when she asked of his house and his home, his answers had been hardly more satisfactory than that of Alan-a-Dale. There was little that he could call his own beyond "the blue vault of heaven." Had he saved any money? No, not a shilling, — that was to say, — as he himself expressed it, — nothing that could be called money. He had a few pounds by him, just to go on with. What was his income? Well, last year he had made four hundred pounds, and this year he hoped to make something more. He thought he could see his way plainly to five hundred a year. Was it permanent; and if not, on what did it depend? He believed it to be as permanent as most other professional incomes, but was obliged to confess that, as regarded the source from whence it was drawn at the present moment, it might be brought to an abrupt end any day by a disagreement between himself and the editor of the D. R. Did he think that this was a fixed income? He did think that if he and the editor of the D. R. were to fall out, he could come across other editors who would gladly employ him. Would he himself



feel safe in giving his own sister to a man with such an income? In answer to this question, he started some rather bold doctrines on the subject of matrimony in general, asserting that safety was not desirable, that energy, patience, and mutual confidence would be increased by the excitement of risk, and that in his opinion it behooved young men and young women to come together and get themselves married, even though there might be some not remote danger of distress before them. He admitted that starvation would be disagreeable, especially for children, in the eyes of their parents, but alleged that children as a rule were not starved, and quoted the Scripture to prove that honest laborious men were not to be seen begging their bread in the streets. He was very eloquent, but his eloquence itself was against him. Both Lady Rowley and Mrs. Trevelyan were afraid of such advanced opinions; and, although everything was of course to be left, nominally, to the decision of Sir Marmaduke, they both declared that they could not recommend Sir Marmaduke to consent. Lady Rowley said a word as to the expediency of taking Nora back with her to the Mandarins, pointing out what appeared to her then to be the necessity of taking Mrs. Trevelyan with them also; and in saying this, she hinted that if Nora was disposed to stand by her engagement, and Mr. Stanbury equally so disposed, there might be some possibility of a marriage at a future period. Only, in such case, there must be no correspondence. In answer to this, Hugh declared that he regarded such a scheme as being altogether bad. The Mandarins were so very far distant that he might as well be engaged to an angel in heaven. Nora, if she were to go away now, would perhaps never come back again; and if she did come back, would be an old woman, with hollow cheeks. In replying to this proposition, he let fall an opinion that Nora was old enough to judge for herself. He said nothing about her actual age, and did not venture to plead that the young lady had a legal right to do as she liked with herself; but he made it manifest that such an idea was in his mind. In answer to this, Lady Rowley asserted that Nora was a good girl, and would do as her father told her; but she did not venture to assert that Nora would give up her engagement. Lady Rowley at last undertook to speak to Sir Rowley, and to speak also to her daughter. Hugh was asked for his address, and gave that of the office of the D. R. He was always to be found there between three and five; and after that, four times a week, in the reporters' gallery of the House of Commons. Then he was at some pains to explain to Lady Rowley that, though he attended the reporters' gallery, he did not report himself. It was his duty to write leading political articles, and, to enable him to do so, he attended the debates.

Before he went Mrs. Trevelyan thanked him most cordially for the trouble he had taken in procuring for her the address at Willesden, and gave him some account of the journey which she and her mother had made to River's Cottage. He argued with both of them that the unfortunate man must now be regarded as being altogether out of his mind, and something was said as to the great wisdom and experience of Dr. Trite Turbury. Then Hugh Stanbury took his leave; and even Lady Rowley bade him adieu with kind cordiality. "I don't wonder mamma, that Nora should like him," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"That is all very well, my dear, and no doubt he

is pleasant, and manly, and all that; but really it would be almost like marrying a beggar."

"For myself," said Mrs. Trevelyan, "if I could begin life again, I do not think that any temptation would induce me to place myself in a man's power."

Sir Marmaduke was told of all this on his return home, and he asked many questions as to the nature of Stanbury's work. When it was explained to him, — Lady Rowley repeating as nearly as she could all that Hugh had himself said about it, he expressed his opinion that writing for a penny newspaper was hardly more safe as a source of income than betting on horse races.

"I don't see that it is wrong," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"I say nothing about wrong. I simply assert that it is uncertain. The very existence of such a periodical must in itself be most insecure." Sir Marmaduke, amidst the cares of his government at the Mandarins, had, perhaps, had no better opportunity of watching what was going on in the world of letters than had fallen to the lot of Miss Stanbury at Exeter.

"I think your papa is right," said Lady Rowley.

"Of course I am right. It is out of the question; and so Nora must be told." He had as yet heard nothing about Mr. Glascock. Had that misfortune been communicated to him, his cup would indeed have been filled with sorrow to overflowing.

In the evening Nora was closeted with her father. "Nora, my dear, you must understand, once and for all, that this cannot be," said Sir Marmaduke. The Governor, when he was not disturbed by outward circumstances, could assume a good deal of personal dignity, and could speak, especially to his children, with an air of indisputable authority.

"What can't be, papa?" said Nora.

Sir Marmaduke perceived at once that there was no indication of obedience in his daughter's voice, and he prepared himself for battle. He conceived himself to be very strong, that his objections were so well founded that no one would deny their truth, and that his daughter had not a leg to stand on. "This that your mamma tells me of about Mr. Stanbury. Do you know, my dear, that he has not a shilling in the world?"

"I know that he has no fortune, papa, — if you mean that."

"And no profession either, — nothing that can be called a profession. I do not wish to argue it, my dear, because there is no room for argument. The whole thing is preposterous. I cannot but think ill of him for having proposed it to you; for he must have known, — must have known that a young man without an income cannot be accepted as a fitting suitor for a gentleman's daughter. As for yourself, I can only hope that you will get the little idea out of your head very quickly; but mamma will speak to you about that. What I want you to understand from me is this, — that there must be an end to it."

Nora listened to this speech in perfect silence, standing before her father, and waiting patiently till the last word of it should be pronounced. Even when he had finished she still paused before she answered him. "Papa," she said at last, and hesitated again before she went on.

"Well, my dear."

"I cannot give it up."

"But you must give it up."

"No, papa. I would do anything I could for you and mamma, but that is impossible."



"Why is it impossible?"

"Because I love him so dearly."

"That is nonsense. That is what all girls say when they choose to run against their parents. I tell you that it shall be given up. I will not have him here. I forbid you to see him. It is quite out of the question that you should marry such a man. I do hope, Nora, that you are not going to add to mamma's difficulties and mine by being obstinate and disobedient." He paused a moment, and then added, "I do not think that there is anything more to be said."

"Papa."

"My dear, I think you had better say nothing further about it. If you cannot bring yourself at the present moment to promise that there shall be an end of it, you had better hold your tongue. You have heard what I say, and you have heard what mamma says. I do not for a moment suppose that you dream of carrying on a communication with this gentleman in opposition to our wishes."

"But I do."

"Do what?"

"Papa, you had better listen to me." Sir Marmaduke, when he heard this, assumed an air of increased authority, in which he intended that paternal anger should be visible; but he seated himself, and prepared to receive, at any rate, some of the arguments with which Nora intended to bolster up her bad cause. "I have promised Mr. Stanbury that I will be his wife."

"That is all nonsense."

"Do listen to me, papa. I have listened to you, and you ought to listen to me. I have promised him, and I must keep my promise. I shall keep my promise if he wishes it. There is a time when a girl must be supposed to know what is best for herself,—just as there is for a man."

"I never heard such stuff in all my life. Do you mean that you'll go out and marry him like a beggar, with nothing but what you stand up in, with no friend to be with you, an outcast, thrown off by your mother,—with your father's—curse?"

"O papa, do not say that. You would not curse me. You could not."

"If you do it at all, that will be the way."

"That will not be the way, papa. You could not treat me like that."

"And how are you proposing to treat me?"

"But, papa, in whatever way I do it, I must do it. I do not say to-day or to-morrow; but it must be the intention and purpose of my life, and I must declare that it is everywhere. I have made up my mind about it. I am engaged to him, and I shall always say so,—unless he breaks it. I don't care a bit about fortune. I thought I did once, but I have changed all that."

"Because this scoundrel has talked sedition to you."

"He is not a scoundrel, papa, and he has not talked sedition. I don't know what sedition is. I thought it meant treason, and I'm sure he is not a traitor. He has made me love him, and I shall be true to him."

Hereupon Sir Marmaduke began almost to weep. There came first a half-smothered oath, and then a sob, and he walked about the room, and struck the table with his fist, and rubbed his bald head impatiently with his hand. "Nora," he said, "I thought you were so different from this! If I had believed this of you, you never should have come to England with Emily."

"It is too late for that now, papa."

"Your mamma always told me that you had such excellent ideas about marriage."

"So I have,—I think," said she, smiling.

"She always believed that you would make a match that would be a credit to the family."

"I tried it, papa,—the sort of match that you mean. Indeed, I was mercenary enough in what I believed to be my views of life. I meant to marry a rich man,—if I could, and did not think much whether I should love him or not. But when the rich man came—"

"What rich man?"

"I suppose mamma has told you about Mr. Glascock."

"Who is Mr. Glascock? I have not heard a word about Mr. Glascock." Then Nora was forced to tell her story,—was called upon to tell it with all its aggravating details. By degrees Sir Marmaduke learned that this Mr. Glascock, who had desired to be his son-in-law, was in very truth the heir to the Peterborough title and estates,—would have been such a son-in-law as almost to compensate, by the brilliance of the connection, for that other unfortunate alliance. He could hardly control his agony when he was made to understand that this embryo peer had in truth been in earnest. "Do you mean that he went down after you into Devonshire?"

"Yes, papa."

"And you refused him then,—a second time?"

"Yes, papa."

"Why,—why,—why? You say yourself that you liked him,—that you thought that you would accept him."

"When it came to speaking the word, papa, I found that I could not pretend to love him when I did not love him. I did not care for him,—and I liked somebody else so much better! I just told him the plain truth,—and so he went away."

The thought of all that he had lost, of all that might so easily have been his, for a time overwhelmed Sir Marmaduke, and drove the very memory of Hugh Stanbury almost out of his head. He could understand that a girl should not marry a man whom she did not like; but he could not understand how any girl should not love such a suitor as was Mr. Glascock. And had she accepted this pearl of men, with her position, with her manners, and beauty, and appearance, such a connection would have been as good as an assured marriage for every one of Sir Marmaduke's numerous daughters. Nora was just the woman to look like a great lady, a lady of high rank,—such a lady as could almost command men to come and throw themselves at her unmarried sisters' feet. Sir Marmaduke had believed in his daughter Nora, had looked forward to see her do much for the family; and, when the crash had come upon the Trevelyan household, had thought almost as much of her injured prospects as he had of the misfortune of her sister. But now it seemed that more than all the good things of what he had dreamed had been proposed to this unruly girl, in spite of that great crash,—and had been rejected! And he saw more than this,—as he thought. These good things would have been accepted, had it not been for this rascal of a penny-a-liner, this friend of that other rascal Trevelyan, who had come in the way of their family to destroy the happiness of them all! Sir Marmaduke, in speaking of Stanbury after this, would constantly call him a penny-a-liner, thinking that the



contamination of the penny communicated itself to all transactions of the Daily Record.

"You have made your bed for yourself, Nora, and you must lie upon it."

"Just so, papa."

"I mean that, as you have refused Mr. Glascock's offer, you can never again hope for such an opening in life."

"Of course I cannot. I am not such a child as to suppose that there are many Mr. Glascocks to come and run after me. And if there were ever so many, papa, it would be no good. As you say, I have chosen for myself, and I must put up with it. When I see the carriages going about in the streets, and remember how often I shall have to go home in an omnibus, I do think about it a good deal."

"I'm afraid you will think when it is too late."

"It is n't that I don't like carriages, papa. I do like them, and pretty dresses, and brooches, and men and women who have nothing to do, and balls, and the opera; but—I love this man, and that is more to me than all the rest. I cannot help myself, if it were ever so. Papa, you mustn't be angry with me. Pray, pray, pray do not say that horrid word again."

This was the end of the interview. Sir Marmaduke found that he had nothing further to say. Nora, when she reached her last prayer to her father, referring to that curse with which he had threatened her, was herself in tears, and was leaning on him with her head against his shoulder. Of course he did not say a word which could be understood as sanctioning her engagement with Stanbury. He was as strongly determined as ever that it was his duty to save her from the perils of such a marriage as that. But, nevertheless, he was so far overcome by her as to be softened in his manners towards her. He kissed her as he left her, and told her to go to her mother. Then he went out and thought of it all, and felt as though Paradise had been opened to his child and she had refused to enter the gate.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

SHOWING WHAT HUGH STANBURY THOUGHT ABOUT THE DUTY OF MAN.

In the conference which took place between Sir Marmaduke and his wife after the interview between him and Nora, it was his idea that nothing further should be done at all. "I don't suppose the man will come here if he be told not," said Sir Marmaduke, "and if he does, Nora, of course, will not see him." He then suggested that Nora would of course go back with them to the Mandarins, and that when once there she would not be able to see Stanbury any more. "There must be no correspondence or anything of that sort, and so the thing will die away." But Lady Rowley declared that this would not quite suffice. Mr. Stanbury had made his offer in due form, and must be held to be entitled to an answer. Sir Marmaduke, therefore, wrote the following letter to the "penny-a-liner," mitigating the asperity of his language in compliance with his wife's counsels.

"GRIGG'S HOTEL, MANCHESTER STREET, April 20, 186—.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Lady Rowley has told me of your proposal to my daughter Nora; and she has told me, also, what she learned from you as to your circumstances in life. I need hardly point out to you that no father would be justified in giving his

daughter to a gentleman upon so small an income, and upon an income so very insecure.

"I am obliged to refuse my consent, and I must, therefore, ask you to abstain from visiting and from communicating with my daughter.

"Yours faithfully,

"MARMADUKE ROWLEY.

"HUGH STANBURY, Esq."

This letter was directed to Stanbury at the office of the D. R., and Sir Marmaduke, as he wrote the penurious address, felt himself injured in that he was compelled to write about his daughter to a man so circumstanced. Stanbury, when he got the letter, read it hastily and then threw it aside. He knew what it would contain before he opened it. He had heard enough from Lady Rowley to be aware that Sir Marmaduke would not welcome him as a son-in-law. Indeed, he had never expected such welcome. He was half ashamed of his own suit because of the lowliness of his position, — half regretful that he should have induced such a girl as Nora Rowley to give up for his sake her hopes of magnificence and splendor. But Sir Marmaduke's letter did not add anything to this feeling. He read it again, and smiled as he told himself that the father would certainly be very weak in the hands of his daughter. Then he went to work again at his article with a persistent resolve that so small a trifle as such a note should have no effect upon his daily work. Of course Sir Marmaduke would refuse his consent. Of course it would be for him, Stanbury, to marry the girl he loved in opposition to her father. Her father, indeed! If Nora chose to take him, — and as to that he was very doubtful as to Nora's wisdom, — but if Nora would take him, what was any father's opposition to him? He wanted nothing from Nora's father. He was not looking for money with his wife, nor for fashion, nor countenance. Such a Bohemian was he that he would be quite satisfied if his girl would walk out to him and become his wife with any morning-gown on and with any old hat that might come readiest to hand. He wanted neither cards, nor breakfast, nor carriages, nor fine clothes. If his Nora should choose to come to him as she was, he having had all previous necessary arrangements duly made, — such as calling of banns or procuring of license, if possible, — he thought that a father's opposition would almost add something to the pleasure of the occasion. So he pitched the letter on one side, and went on with his article. And he finished his article; but it may be doubted whether it was completed with the full strength and pith needed for moving the pulses of the national mind, — as they should be moved by leading articles in the D. R. As he was writing, he was thinking of Nora, and thinking of the letter which Nora's father had sent to him. Trivial as was the letter, he could not keep himself from repeating the words of it to himself. "'Need hardly point out,' — O, need n't he? Then why does he? Refusing his consent! I wonder what the old buffers think is the meaning of their consent, when they are speaking of daughters old enough to manage for themselves? Abstain from visiting or communicating with her! But if she visits and communicates with me; what then? I can't force my way into the house, but she can force her way out. Does he imagine that she can be locked up in the nursery or put into the corner?" So he argued with himself, and by such arguments he brought himself to the conviction that it would be well for him to answer



Sir Marmaduke's letter. This he did at once, — before leaving the office of the D. R.

"703, CHEST STREET, 20th April.

"MY DEAR SIR MARMADUKE ROWLEY, — I have just received your letter, and am indeed sorry that its contents should be so little favorable to my hopes. I understand that your objection to me is simply in regard to the smallness and insecurity of my income. On the first point I may say that I have fair hopes that it may be at once increased. As to the second, I believe I may assert that it is as sure at least as the income of other professional men, such as barristers, merchants, and doctors. I cannot promise to say that I will not see your daughter. If she desires me to do so, of course I shall be guided by her views. I wish that I might be allowed an opportunity of seeing you, as I think I could reverse or at least mitigate some of the objections which you feel to our marriage.

"Yours most faithfully,  
"HUGH STANBURY."

On the next day but one Sir Marmaduke came to him. He was sitting at the office of the D. R., in a very small and dirty room at the back of the house, and Sir Marmaduke found his way thither through a confused crowd of compositors, pressmen, and printers' boys. He thought that he had never before been in a place so foul, so dark, so crowded, and so comfortless. He himself was accustomed to do his work, out in the islands, with many of the appanages of vice-royalty around him. He had his secretary, and his private secretary, and his inner-room, and his waiting-room; and not unfrequently he had the honor of a dusky sentinel walking before the door through which he was to be approached. He had an idea that all gentlemen at their work had comfortable appurtenances around them, — such as carpets, despatch-boxes, unlimited stationery, easy-chairs for temporary leisure, big table-space, and a small world of books around them to give at least a look of erudition to their pursuits. There was nothing of the kind in the miserably dark room occupied by Stanbury. He was sitting at a wretched little table, on which there was nothing but a morsel of blotting-paper, a small ink-bottle, and the paper on which he was scribbling. There was no carpet there, and no despatch-box, and the only book in the room was a little dog-eared dictionary. "Sir Marmaduke, I am so much obliged to you for coming," said Hugh. "I fear you will find this place a little rough, but we shall be all alone."

"The place, Mr. Stanbury, will not signify, I think."

"Not in the least, — if you don't mind it. I got your letter, you know, Sir Marmaduke."

"And I have had your reply. I have come to you because you have expressed a wish for an interview; but I do not see that it will do any good."

"You are very kind for coming, indeed, Sir Marmaduke, — very kind. I thought I might explain something to you about my income."

"Can you tell me that you have any permanent income?"

"It goes on regularly from month to month"; — Sir Marmaduke did not feel the slightest respect for an income that was paid monthly. According to his ideas, a gentleman's income should be paid quarterly, or perhaps half-yearly. According to his view, a monthly salary was only one degree better than weekly wages, — "and I suppose that is permanence," said Hugh Stanbury.

"I cannot say that I so regard it."

"A barrister gets his, you know, very irregularly. There is no saying when he may have it."

"But a barrister's profession is recognized as a profession among gentlemen, Mr. Stanbury."

"And is not ours recognized? Which of us, barristers or men of literature, have the most effect on the world at large? Who is most thought of in London, Sir Marmaduke, — the Lord Chancellor or the editor of the 'Jupiter'?"

"The Lord Chancellor, a great deal," said Sir Marmaduke, quite dismayed by the audacity of the question.

"By no means, Sir Marmaduke," said Stanbury, throwing out his hand before him so as to give the energy of action to his words. "He has the higher rank. I will admit that."

"I should think so," said Sir Marmaduke.

"And the larger income."

"Very much larger, I should say," said Sir Marmaduke, with a smile.

"And he wears a wig."

"Yes, — he wears a wig," said Sir Marmaduke, hardly knowing in what spirit to accept this assertion.

"And nobody cares one brass button for him or his opinions," said Stanbury, bringing down his hand heavily on the little table for the sake of emphasis.

"What, sir?"

"If you'll think of it, it is so."

"Nobody cares for the Lord Chancellor!" It certainly is the fact that gentlemen living in the Mandarin Islands do think more for the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Lieutenant, and the Lord Chamberlain, than they whose spheres of life bring them into closer contact with those august functionaries. "I presume, Mr. Stanbury, that a connection with a penny newspaper makes such opinions as these almost a necessity."

"Quite a necessity, Sir Marmaduke. No man can hold his own in print, nowadays, unless he can see the difference between tinsel and gold."

"And the Lord Chancellor, of course, is tinsel."

"I do not say so. He may be a great lawyer, — and very useful. But his lordship, and his wig, and his woollack, are tinsel in comparison with the real power possessed by the editor of a leading newspaper. If the Lord Chancellor were to go to bed for a month, would he be much missed?"

"I don't know, sir. I'm not in the secrets of the Cabinet. I should think he would."

"About as much as my grandmother; but if the editor of the 'Jupiter' were to be taken ill, it would work quite a commotion. For myself I should be glad, — on public grounds, — because I don't like his mode of business. But it would have an effect, because he is a leading man."

"I don't see what all this leads to, Mr. Stanbury."

"Only to this, — that we who write for the press think that our calling is recognized and must be recognized as a profession. Talk of permanence, Sir Marmaduke, are not the newspapers permanent? Do not they come out regularly every day, — and more of them, and still more of them, are always coming out? You do not expect a collapse among them."

"There will be plenty of newspapers, I do not doubt, — more than plenty, perhaps."

"Somebody must write them, and the writers will be paid."

"Anybody could write the most of them, I should say."



"I wish you would try, Sir Marmaduke. Just try your hand at a leading article to-night, and read it yourself to-morrow morning."

"I've a great deal too much to do, Mr. Stanbury."

"Just so. You have, no doubt, the affairs of your Government to look to. We are all so apt to ignore the work of our neighbors. It seems to me that I could go over and govern the Mandarins without the slightest trouble in the world. But, no doubt, I am mistaken, — just as you are about writing for the newspapers."

"I do not know," said Sir Marmaduke, rising from his chair with dignity, "that I called here to discuss such matters as these. As it happens, you, Mr. Stanbury, are not the Governor of the Mandarins; and I have not the honor to write for the columns of the penny newspaper with which you are associated. It is, therefore, useless to discuss what either of us might do in the position held by the other."

"Altogether useless, Sir Marmaduke, except just for the fun of the thing."

"I do not see the fun, Mr. Stanbury. I came here, at your request, to hear what you might have to urge against the decision which I expressed to you in reference to my daughter. As it seems that you have nothing to urge, I will not take up your time further."

"But I have a great deal to urge, and have urged a great deal."

"Have you, indeed?"

"You have complained that my work is not permanent; I have shown that it is so permanent that there is no possibility of its coming to an end. There must be newspapers, and the people trained to write them must be employed. I have been at it now about two years. You know what I earn. Could I have got so far in so short a time as a lawyer, a doctor, a clergyman, a soldier, a sailor, a Government clerk, or in any of those employments which you choose to call professions? I think that is urging a great deal. I think it is urging everything."

"Very well, Mr. Stanbury. I have listened to you, and in a certain degree I admire you — your — your zeal and ingenuity, shall I say?"

"I did not mean to call for admiration, Sir Marmaduke; but suppose you say good sense and discrimination."

"Let that pass. You must permit me to remark that your position is not such as to justify me in trusting my daughter to your care. As my mind on that matter is quite made up, as is that also of Lady Rowley, I must ask you to give me your promise that your suit to my daughter shall be discontinued."

"What does she say about it, Sir Marmaduke?"

"What she has said to me has been for my ears, and not for yours."

"What I say is for her ears, and for yours, and for her mother's ears, and for the ears of any who may choose to hear it. I will never give up my suit to your daughter till I am forced to do so by a full conviction that she has given me up. It is best to be plain, Sir Marmaduke, of course."

"I do not understand this, Mr. Stanbury."

"I mean to be quite clear."

"I have always thought that when a gentleman was told by the head of a family that he could not be made welcome in that family, it was considered

to be the duty of that gentleman — as a gentleman — to abandon his vain pursuit. I have been brought up with that idea."

"And I, Sir Marmaduke, have been brought up in the idea that when a man has won the affections of a woman, it is the duty of that man — as a man — to stick to her through thick and thin; and I mean to do my duty, according to my idea."

"Then, sir, I have nothing further to say, but to take my leave. I must only caution you not to enter my doors." As the passages were dark and intricate, it was necessary that Stanbury should show Sir Marmaduke out, and this he did in silence. When they parted, each of them lifted his hat, and not a word more was said.

That same night there was a note put into Nora's hands as she was following her mother out of one of the theatres. In the confusion she did not even see the messenger who had handed it to her. Her sister Lucy saw that she had taken the note, and questioned her about it afterwards, — with discretion, however, and in privacy. This was the note: —

"DEAREST LOVE, — I have seen your father, who is stern, — after the manner of fathers. What granite equals a parent's flinty bosom? For myself, I do not prefer clandestine arrangements and ropeladders; and you, dear, have nothing of the hydra about you. But I do like my own way, and like it especially when you are at the end of the path. It is quite out of the question that you should go back to those islands. I think I am justified in already assuming enough of the husband to declare that such going back must not be held for a moment in question. My proposition is that you should authorize me to make such arrangements as may be needed, in regard to license, banns, or whatever else, and that you should then simply walk from the house to the church and marry me. You are of age, and can do as you please. Neither your father nor mother can have any right to stop you. I do not doubt but that your mother would accompany you, if she were fully satisfied of your purpose. Write to me to the D. R."

"Your own, ever and ever, and always,

"H. S."

"I shall try and get this given to you as you leave the theatre. If it should fall into other hands, I don't much care. I'm not in the least ashamed of what I am doing; and I hope that you are not."

## ODDS AND ENDS OF ALPINE LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

§ I.

SINCE the publication, seven years ago, of a little tract entitled "Mountaineering in 1861," I have contributed hardly anything to the literature of the Alps. I have gone to them every year, and found among them refuge and recovery from the work and the worry, which acts with far deadlier corrosion on the brain than real work, of London. Herein consisted the fascination of the Alps for me: they appealed at once to thought and feeling, offering their problems to the one and their grandeurs to the other, while conferring upon the body the soundness and the purity necessary to the healthful exercise of both. There is, however, a natural end to Alpine discipline, and henceforth mine will probably be to me a memory. The last piece of work requiring performance on my part was executed last summer; and, unless temptation of unexpected strength as-



sail me, this must be my last considerable climb. With soberness of mind, but without any approach to regret, I take my leave of the higher Alpine peaks.

And this is why it has occurred to me to throw together these odds and ends of Alpine experience into a kind of cairn to the memory of a life well loved.

Previous to the year 1860, I knew the Matterhorn as others did, merely as a mountain wonder, for up to that time no human foot had ever been placed on its repellant crags. It is but right to state that the man who first really examined the Matterhorn, in company with a celebrated guide, and who came to the conclusion that it was assailable if not accessible, was Mr. Vaughan Hawkins. It was at his invitation that in August, 1860, I took part in the earliest assault upon this formidable peak. We halted midway, stopped less by difficulty, though that was great, than by want of time. In 1862, I made a more determined attack upon the mountain, but was forced to recoil from its final precipice; for time, the great reducer of Alpine difficulties, was not sufficiently at my command. On that occasion I was accompanied by two Swiss guides and two Italian porters. Three of these four men pronounced flatly against the final precipice. Indeed, they had to be urged by degrees along the sharp and jagged ridge—the most savage, in my opinion, on the whole Matterhorn—which led up to its base. The only man of the four who never uttered the word “impossible” was Johann Joseph Bennen, the bravest of brave guides, who now lies in the graveyard of Ernan, in the higher valley of the Rhône. We were not only defeated by the Matterhorn, but were pelted down its crags by pitiless hail.

On the day subsequent to this defeat, while crossing the Cimes Blanches with Bennen, we halted to have a last look at the mountain. Previous to quitting Breuil I had proposed to him to make another attempt. He was adverse to it, and my habit was never to persuade him. On the Cimes Blanches I turned to him and used these words: “I leave Breuil dissatisfied with what we have done. We ought never to have quitted the Matterhorn without getting upon yonder *arête*.” The ridge to which Bennen’s attention was then directed certainly seemed practicable, and it led straight to the summit. There was moisture in the strong man’s eyes as he replied, falling into the *patois* which he employed when his feelings were stirred, “What could I do, sir? not one of them would accompany me.” It was the accurate truth.

To reach the point where we halted in 1862, one particularly formidable precipice had to be scaled. It had also to be descended on our return, and to get down would be much more hazardous than to climb. At the top of the precipice we therefore fastened a rope, and by it reached in succession the bottom. This rope had been specially manufactured for the Matterhorn by Mr. Good, of King William Street, City, to whom I had been recommended by his landlord, Appold, the famous mechanic. In the summer of 1865, the early part of which was particularly favorable to the attempt, one of the Italians (*Carrel dit le Bersagliere*) who accompanied me in 1862, and who proved himself on that occasion a very able cragsman, again tried his fortune on the Matterhorn. He reached my rope, and found it bleached to snowy whiteness. It had been exposed for three years to all kinds of weather, and to the fraying action of the storms which assail the Matter-

horn; but it bore, on being tested, the united weights of three men. By this rope the summit of the precipice which had given us so much trouble in 1862 was easily and rapidly attained. A higher resting-place was thus secured, and more time was gained for the examination of the mountain. Every climber knows the value of time in a case of the kind. The result of the scrutiny was that a way was found up the Matterhorn from the Italian side, that way being the ridge referred to in my conversation with Bennen three years before.

Committed thus and in other ways to the Matterhorn, the condition of my mind regarding it might be fitly compared to one of those uncheerful tenements often seen in the neighborhood of London, where an adventurous contractor has laid the foundations, run up the walls, fixed the rafters, but stopped short through bankruptcy without completing the roof. As long as the Matterhorn remained unsealed, my Alpine life could hardly be said to be covered in, and the admonitions of my friends were premature. But now that the work is done, they will have more reason to blame me if I fail to profit by their advice.

Another defeat of a different character was also inflicted upon me in 1862. Wishing to give my friend Mr. (now Sir John) Lubbock a taste of mountain life, I went with him up the Galenstock. This pleased him so much that Bennen and I wished to make his cup of pleasure fuller by taking him up the Jungfrau. We sent two porters laden with coverlets and provisions from the Eggischhorn to the Faulberg, but on our arrival there found one of the porters in the body of the Aletsch glacier. He had recklessly sought to cross a snow-bridge which spanned a broad and profound chasm. The bridge broke under him, he fell in, and was deeply covered by the frozen *débris* which followed him. He had been there for an hour when we arrived, and it required nearly another hour to dig him out. We carried him more dead than alive to the Faulberg cave, and by great care restored him. As I lay there wet through the long hours of that dismal night I almost registered a vow never to tread upon a glacier again. But like the forces in the physical world, human emotions vary with the distance from their origin, and a year afterwards I was again upon the ice.

Towards the close of 1862 Bennen and myself made “the tour of Monte Rosa,” halting for a day or two at the excellent hostelry of Delapierre, in the magnificent Val du Lys. We scrambled up the Grauhaupt, a point exceedingly favorable to the study of the conformation of the Alps. We also halted at Alagna and Macugnaga. But notwithstanding their admitted glory, the Italian valleys of the Alps did not suit either Bennen or me. We longed for the more tonic air of the northern slopes, and were glad to change the valley of Anasca for that of Saas.

## § II.

The first days of my vacation of 1863 were spent in the company of Mr. Philip Lutley Selater. On the 19th of July we reached Reichenbach, and on the following day sauntered up the valley of Hasli, turning to the left at Imhof into Gadmenthal. Our destination was Stein, which we reached by a grass-grown road through fine scenery. The goatherds were milking when we arrived. At the heels of one quadruped, supported by the ordinary one-legged stool of the *Senner*, bent a particularly wild and dir-



ty-looking individual, who, our guide informed us, was the proprietor of the inn. "He is but a rough Bauer," said Jann, "but he has engaged a pretty maiden to keep house for him." While he thus spoke, a light-footed creature glided from the door towards us, and bade us welcome. She led us up stairs, provided us with baths, took our orders for dinner, helped us by her suggestions, and answered all our questions with the utmost propriety and grace. She had been two years in England, and spoke English with a particularly winning accent. How she came to be associated with the unkempt brute outside was a puzzle to both of us. It is Emerson, I think, who remarks on the benefit which a beautiful face, without trouble to itself, confers upon him who looks at it. And, though the splendor of actual beauty could hardly be claimed for our young hostess, she was handsome enough and graceful enough to brighten a tired traveller's thoughts, and to raise by her presence the modest comforts she dispensed to the level of luxuries.\*

It rained all night, and at 3.30 A. M. when we were called, it still fell heavily. At 5, however, the clouds began to break, and half an hour afterwards the heavens were swept quite clear of them. At 6 we bade our pretty blossom of the Alps good by. She had previously to bring her gentle influence to bear upon her master to moderate the extortion of some of his charges. We were soon upon the Stein glacier, and after some time reached a col, from which we looked down upon the lower portion of the nobler and more instructive Trift glacier. Brown bands were drawn across the ice-stream, forming graceful loops with their convexities turned downwards. The higher portions of the glacier were not in view, still those bands rendered the inference secure that an ice-fall existed higher up, at the base of which the bands originated. We shot down a shingly couloir to the Trift, and looking up the glacier the anticipated cascade came into view. At its bottom the ice, by pressure, underwent that notable change, analogous to slaty cleavage, which caused the glacier to weather in parallel grooves, and thus mark upon its surface the direction of its interior lamination.

The ice-cascade being itself impracticable, we scaled the rocks to the left of it, and were soon in presence of the far-stretching snow-fields, from which the lower glacier derived nutriment. With a view to hidden crevasses, we here roped ourselves together. The sun was strong, its direct and reflected blaze combining against us. The scorching warmth experienced at times by cheeks, lips, and neck, indicated that in my case mischief was brewing; but the eyes being well protected by dark spectacles, I was comparatively indifferent to the prospective disfigurement of my face. Mr. Sclater was sheltered by a veil, a mode of defence which the habit of going into places requiring the unimpeded eyesight has caused me to neglect. There seems to be some specific quality in the sun's rays which produces the irritation of the skin experienced in the Alps. The solar heat may be compared, in point of quantity,

with that radiated from a furnace; and the heat which the mountaineer experiences on the Alpine snows is certainly less intense than that encountered by workmen in many of our technical operations. But the terrestrial heat appears to lack the *quality* which gives the sun's rays their power. The sun is incomparably richer in what are called chemical rays than are our fires, and to these chemical rays the irritation may be due. The keen air of the heights may also have something to do with it. As a remedy for sunburn, I have tried glycerine, and found it a failure. The ordinary lip-salve of the druggists' shops is also worse than useless, but pure cold cream, for a supply of which I have had on more than one occasion to thank a friend, is an excellent ameliorative.

After considerable labor, we reached the ridge, — a very glorious one as regards the view — which forms the common boundary of the Rhône and Trift glaciers.\* Before us and behind us for many a mile fell the dazzling névés, down to the points where the gray ice, emerging from its white coverlet, declared the junction of snow-field and glacier. We had plodded on for hours saddened by the solar heat and parched with thirst. There was —

"Water, water everywhere,  
But not a drop to drink."

For, when placed in the mouth, the liquefaction of the ice was so slow, and the loss of heat from the surrounding tissues so painful, that sucking it was worse than total abstinence. In the midst of this solid water you might die of thirst.

At some distance below the col, on the Rhône side, the musical trickle of the liquid made itself audible, and to the rocks from which it fell we repaired, and refreshed ourselves. The day was far spent, the region was wild and lonely, when, beset by that feeling which has often caused me to wander singly in the Alps, I broke away from my companions, and went rapidly down the glacier. Our guide had previously informed me that before reaching the cascade of the Rhône the ice was to be forsaken, and the Grimsel, our destination, reached by skirting the base of the peak called Nægels Grätli. After descending the ice for some time, I struck the bounding rocks, and, climbing the mountain obliquely, found myself among the crags which lie between the Grimsel pass and the Rhône glacier. It was an exceedingly desolate place, and I soon had reason to doubt the wisdom of being there alone. Still difficulty rouses powers of which we should otherwise remain unconscious. The heat of the day had rendered me weary, but among these rocks the weariness vanished, and I became clear in mind and fresh in body through the necessity of escape before night-fall from this wilderness.

I reached the watershed of the region. Here a tiny stream offered me its company, which I accepted. It received in its course various lateral tributaries, and at one place expanded into a blue lake bounded by banks of snow. The stream quitted this lake augmented in volume, and I kept along its side until, arching over a brow of granite, it discharged itself down the glaciated rocks, which rise above the Grimsel. In fact, this stream was the feeder of the Grimsel lake. I halted on the brow for some time. The hospice was fairly in sight, but the precipices between me and it seemed desperately ugly. Nothing is

\* Thackeray, in his "Peg of Limavady," is perhaps more to the point than Emerson: —

"Presently a maid  
Enters with the liquor, —  
Half-a-pint of ale  
Frothing in a beaker;  
As she came she smiled,  
And the smile bewitching,  
On my word and honor,  
Lighted all the kitchen."

\* Seven years previously Mr. Huxley and myself had attempted to reach this col from the other side.



more trying to the climber than those cliffs which have been polished by the ancient glaciers. Even at moderate inclinations, as may be learned from an experiment on the Hölleplatte, or some other of the polished rocks in Haslithal, they are not easy. I need hardly say that the inclination of the rocks flanking the Grimsel is the reverse of moderate. It is dangerously steep.

How to get down these smooth and precipitous tablets was now a problem of the utmost interest to me; for the day was too far gone, and I was too ignorant of the locality to permit of time being spent in the search of an easier place of descent. Right or left of me I saw none. The continuity of the cliffs below me was occasionally broken by cracks and narrow ledges, with scanty grass-tufts sprouting from them here and there. The problem was to get down from crack to crack and from ledge to ledge. A salutary anger warms the mind when thus challenged, and, aided by this warmth, close scrutiny will dissolve difficulties which might otherwise seem insuperable. Bit by bit I found myself getting lower, closely examining at every pause the rocks below. The grass tufts helped me for a time, but at length a rock was reached, on which no friendly grass could grow. This slab was succeeded by others equally forbidding. A slip was not admissible here. I looked upwards, thinking of retreat, but the failing day urged me on. From the middle of the smooth surface jutted a ledge about fifteen inches long and about four inches deep. Once upon this ledge, I saw that I could work obliquely to the left hand limit of the face of the rock, and reach the grass tufts once more. Grasping the top of the rock, I let myself down as far as my stretched arms would permit, and then let go my hold. The boot nails had next to no power as a brake, the hands had still less, and I came upon the hedge with an energy that shocked me. A streak of grass beside the rock was next attained; it terminated in a small, steep couloir, the portion of which within view was crossed by three transverse ledges.

There was no hold on either side of it, but I thought that by friction the motion down the groove could be so regulated as to enable me to come to rest at each successive ledge. Once started, however, my motion was exceedingly rapid. I shot over the first ledge, an uncomfortable jolt marking my passage. Here I tried to clamp myself against the rock, but the second ledge was crossed like the first. The outlook now became alarming, and I made a desperate effort to stop the motion. Braces gave way, clothes were torn, wrists and hands were skinned and bruised, while hips and knees suffered variously. I however stopped myself, and here all serious difficulty ended. I was greatly heated, but a little lower down discovered a singular cave in the mountain-side, with water dripping from its roof into a clear well. The ice-cold liquid soon restored me to a normal temperature. I felt quite fresh on entering the Grimsel inn, but a curious physiological effect manifested itself when I had occasion to speak. The power of the brain over the lips was so lowered that I could hardly make myself understood.

### § III.

My guide Bennen reached the Grimsel the following morning. Uncertain of my own movements, I had permitted him this year to make a new engagement, which he was now on his way to fulfil. There was a hint of reproach in his tone as he asked

me whether his Herr Professor had forsaken him. There was little fear of this. A guide of proved competence, whose ways you know, and who knows you and trusts you, is invaluable in the Alps, and Bennen was all this, and more, to me. As a mountaineer, he had no superior, and he added to his strength, courage, and skill the qualities of a natural gentleman. He was now ready to bear us company over the Oberraarjoch to the Äggischhorn. On the morning of the 22d we bade the cheerless Grimsel inn good by, reached the Unteraar glacier, crossed its load of uncomfortable *débris*, and clambered up the slopes at the other side. Nestled aloft in a higher valley was the Oberraar glacier, along the unruffled surface of which our route lay.

The morning threatened. Fitful gleams of sunlight wandered with the moving clouds above, over the adjacent ice. The Joch was swathed in mist, which now and then gave way, and permitted a wild radiance to shoot over the col. On the windy summit we took a mouthful of food and roped ourselves together. Here, as in a hundred other places, I sought in the fog for the vesicles of De Saussure, but failed to find them. Bennen, as long as we were on the Berne side of the col, permitted Jann to take the lead; but now we looked into Wallis, or rather into the fog which filled it, and the Wallis guide came to the front. I knew the Viesch glacier well, but how Bennen meant to unravel its difficulties without landmarks, I knew not. I asked him whether, if the fog continued, he could make his way down the glacier. There was a pleasant *timbre* in Bennen's voice, a light and depth in his smile due to the blending together of conscious power and affection. With this smile he turned round and said, "Herr! Ich bin hier zu Hause. Der Viescher Gletscher ist meine Heimath."

Downwards we went, striking the rocks of the Rothorn so as to avoid the riven ice. Suddenly we passed from dense fog into clear air; we had crossed "the cloud-plane," and found a transparent atmosphere between it and the glacier. The dense covering above us was sometimes torn asunder by the wind, which whirled the detached cloud-tufts round the peaks. Contending air-currents were thus revealed, and thunder, which is the common associate, if not the product, of such contention, began to rattle among the crags. At first the snow upon the glacier was sufficiently heavy to bridge the crevasses, thus permitting of rapid motion; but by degrees the fissures opened, and at length drove us to the rocks. These in their turn became impracticable.

Dropping down a waterfall well known to the climbers of this region, we came again upon the ice, which was here cut by complex chasms. These we unravelled as long as necessary, and finally escaped from them to the mountain side. The first big drops of the thunder-shower were already falling when we reached an overhanging crag which gave us shelter. We quitted it too soon, beguiled by a treacherous gleam of blue, and were thoroughly drenched before we reached the Äggischhorn.

This was my last excursion with Bennen. In the month of February of the following year he was killed by an avalanche, on the Haut de Cry, a mountain near Sion.\*

\* A sum of money was collected in England for Bennen's mother and sisters. Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Tuckett, and myself had a small monument erected to his memory in Erian churchyard. The supervision of the work was intrusted to a clerical friend of Bennen's, who, however well intentioned, made a poor use of his trust.



Having work to execute, I remained at the Äggischhorn for nearly a month in 1863. My favorite place for rest and writing was a point on the mountain side about an hour westwards from the hotel, where the mighty group of the Mischabel, the Matterhorn, and the Weisshorn were in full view. One day I remained in this position longer than usual, held there by the fascination of sunset. The mountains had stood out nobly clear during the entire day, but towards evening, upon the Dom, a cloud settled, which was finally drawn into a long streamer by the wind. Nothing can be finer than the effect of the red light of sunset on those streamers of cloud. Incessantly dissipated, but ever renewed they glow with the intensity of flames. By and by the banner broke, as a liquid cylinder is known to do when unduly stretched, forming a series of cloud-balls united together by slender filaments. I watched the deepening rose, and waited for the deadly pallor which succeeded it, before I thought of returning to the hotel.

On arriving there, I found the waitress, a hysterical kind of woman, in tears. She conversed eagerly with the guests regarding the absence of two ladies and a gentleman, who had quitted the hotel in the morning without a guide, and who were now benighted on the mountain. Herr Wellig, the landlord, was also much concerned. "I recommended them," he said, "to take a guide, but they would not heed me, and now they are lost." "But they must be found," I rejoined; "at all events, they must be sought. What force have you at hand?" Three active young fellows came immediately forward. Two of them I sent across the mountain by the usual route to the Märgelin See, and the third I took with myself along the watercourse of the Äggischhorn. After some walking, we dipped into a little dell, where the glucking of cowbells announced the existence of *châlets*. The party had been seen passing there in the morning, but not returning. The embarkment of the watercourse fell at some places vertically for twenty or thirty feet. Here I thought an awkward slip might have occurred, and, to meet the possibility of having to carry a wounded man, I took an additional lithe young fellow from the *châlet*. We shouted as we went along, but the echoes were our only response. Our pace was rapid, and in the dubious light false steps were frequent. We all at intervals mistook the gray water for the gray and narrow track beside it, and stepped into the stream. We proposed ascending to the *châlets* of Märgelin; but previous to quitting the watercourse we halted, and directing our voices down hill, shouted a last shout. And faintly up the mountain came a sound which could not be an echo. We all heard it, though it could hardly be detached from the murmur of the adjacent stream. We went rapidly down the Alp, and after a little time shouted again. More audible than before, but still very faint, came the answer from below. We continued at a headlong pace, and soon assured ourselves that the sound was not only that of a human voice, but of an English voice. Thus stimulated, we swerved to the left, and, regardless, of a wetting, dashed through the torrent which tumbles from the Märgelin See. Close to the Viesch glacier we found the objects of our search, — the two ladies, tired out, seated upon the threshold of a forsaken *châlet*, and the gentleman seated on a rock beside them.

He had started with a sprained ankle, and every visitor knows how bewildering the spurs of the Äggischhorn are, even to those with sound tendons.

He had lost his way, and, in his efforts to extricate himself, had experienced one or two serious tumblers. Finally, giving up the attempt, he had resigned himself to spending the night where we found him. What the consequences of exposure in such a place would have been I know not. To reach the Äggischhorn that night was out of the question; the ladies were too exhausted. I tried the *châlet* door and found it locked, but an ice-axe soon hewed the bolt away, and forced an entrance. There was some pine wood within, and some old hay which, under the circumstances, formed a delicious couch for the ladies. In a few minutes a fire was blazing and crackling in the chimney-corner. Having thus secured them, I returned to the *châlets* first passed, sent them bread, butter, cheese, and milk, and had the exceeding gratification of seeing them return safe and sound to the hotel next morning.

Soon after this occurrence, I had the pleasure of climbing the Jungfrau with Dr. Hornby and Mr. Philpotts. Christian Almer and Christian Lauener were our guides. The rose of sunrise had scarcely faded from the summit when we reached it. I have sketched the ascent elsewhere, and therefore will not refer to it further.

#### § IV.

On my return from the Äggischhorn in 1863, I found Professor Huxley in need of mountain air, and therefore accompanied him to the hills of Cumberland. Swiss scenery was so recent that it was virtually present, and I had therefore an opportunity of determining whether it interfered with the enjoyment of English scenery. I did not find this to be the case. Perhaps it was the adjacent *moral* influence which clothed lake and mountain with a glory not their own, but I hardly ever enjoyed a walk more than that along the ridge of Fairfield, from Ambleside to Grisedale Tarn. We climbed Helvellyn, and, thanks to the hospitality of a party on the top, were enabled to survey the mountain without the intrusion of hunger. We thought it noble. Striding Edge, Swirling Edge, the Red Tarn, and Catbedecam, combined with the summit to form a group of great grandeur. The storm was strong on Striding Edge, which, on account of its associations, I chose for my descent, while the better beaten track of Swirling Edge was chosen by my more conservative companion. At Ulswater we had the pleasure of meeting an eminent church dignitary and his two charming daughters. They desired to cross the mountains to Lodore, and we, though ignorant of the way, volunteered our guidance. The offer was accepted. We made a new pass on the occasion, which we called "the Dean's Pass," the scenery and incidents of which were afterwards illustrated by Huxley. Emerson, who is full of wise saws, speaks of the broad neutral ground which may be occupied to their common profit by men of diverse habits of thought; and on the day to which I now refer there seemed no limit to the intellectual region over which the dean and his guides could roam without severance or collision. In the presence of these peaks and meres, as well as over the oatake of our luncheon, we were sharers of a common joy.

#### A PAPER ABOUT PARROTS.

THE varieties of parrots best known in this country, and generally kept, are six in number, namely, parrots, cockatoos, macaws, parrakeets, love birds,



and lories, though these latter are more rarely kept, on account of their not being so proficient in speaking as most of the other kinds, though their plumage is exceedingly gay and beautiful.\*

It is said that macaws are the best talkers of the whole species, providing they are reared from the nest. And not only are they able to talk, but they also sing in a peculiar, soft voice. Though perhaps not in volume, certainly in sweetness and softness, they are excelled by various kinds of parakeets, particularly the green or grass parakeet. While the cockatoo is the hardest of the parrot tribe, and the most easily tamed, it is at the same time the most difficult to teach to talk at all well. Its disposition is, however, more gentle, and its obedience more implicit than that of the other species. The gray or ash-colored African parrot is very docile, and receives its lesson with great aptitude, hence it is the most general favorite, though the common green Amazon parrot, from the little attention it requires, and being easily taught to speak, shares the favor bestowed upon the gray-colored one.

The writer of this article has in his possession a green parrot which has an extraordinary fluency in its conversation and variety of expressions, so much so that it is hoped the bird will take a prize at the ensuing show at the Crystal Palace. As soon as its owner opens the door of the room in which it is usually kept, in a most natural voice it exclaims, "Pa, dear, come and kiss your pretty green beauty"; or if its master knocks at the door, it immediately shouts, "Come in, come in, pa, and give us a kiss, and a thousand more." This done, the parrot shouts "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! three cheers for the Queen"; and instantly begins to dance to the tune, "Polly put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea," repeating, or rather singing the words perfectly. Again, she frequently says, "Let the dear waiter bring pretty Polly a pot of beer, for she really wants her dinner," and numbers of similar observations, such as "Who'll give thirty guineas for the pretty green beauty, then she will ride in her carriage, the dear?" or again, "O, you cookey rough, why did you promise to marry me, and did n't?" This bird is most affectionate, and never allows its master to leave the room without giving it a kiss or shaking its foot. It has a lovely green plumage and belongs to that variety which is not commonly supposed to talk, namely, the parakeets, but it is said when they do talk they excel all the rest of the tribe.

My brother-in-law, captain of a large sailing vessel, which frequently touched at the ports on the western coast of Africa, at different times possessed two gray parrots, one of which, from having had some hot water thrown on its head accidentally, lost all its feathers permanently. Being frequently asked what was the cause of his strange bald pate, he used to reply, "I was scalded"; but whenever he saw an old gentleman passing by in the street or enter into the room with a bald head, he would be sure to shout out, with a correct changing of the grammar, "You have been scalded," and then turning to the company, he would add, "He's been scalded."

\* The parrots of Asia and Africa were known to the Greeks and Romans more than two thousand years ago, and we find frequent mention of their powers of mimicry in such writers as Plutarch and Euripides; and we have occasional mention also that they were favorites in the palaces of kings and princes. About the time of our Saviour's birth, frequent notice is found in the writers of that day of parrots and macaws. Ovid, for instance, speaks of the emerald hue of their plumage, while Pliny draws attention to their rose-colored collar and brilliant green plumage.

Another of his parrots had been brought up by one of the sailors, but unfortunately had been taught to swear in a most horrible manner. My brother-in-law had him ducked in water well whenever he heard him swear. This tended to cure him of the habit; but one day a man was washed overboard, and upon the body being recovered and placed on the deck, the parrot hopped round it several times, shaking its head from side to side gravely, and saying, "You've been swearing, you've been swearing."

This reminds me of what once occurred in a clergyman's family. The bishop of the diocese had been holding a confirmation in the neighborhood, and was lunching at a rectory with several of his clergy. In the middle of lunch, one of those dreadful pauses in the conversation took place. No one seemed able to break it, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, a most horrible swearing tongue poured forth a torrent of blasphemy and abuse upon the assembled guests. Every one looked aghast at these unusual sounds, and for a minute or two the cursing and swearing continued uninterrupted; for though every one looked at his neighbor, the mystery was not cleared until the hostess, hastily rising from the table, and drawing aside a muslin curtain from the window, discovered the offender in the person of a gray parrot, whom that morning she had purchased at the door from a travelling bird-dealer, and, thinking to show off her new acquisition, had hung in the room.

I have recently found an extremely good story of a parrot, which is vouched for as true in the strictest sense. A tradesman occupying a shop in the Old Bailey, just opposite to the prison (Newgate), possessed two parrots, a gray and a green one, which had been taught to speak. When a knock was heard at the street-door the green parrot used to speak; but when the street-bell was rung, then the gray parrot answered. Now the house in which their owner lived had one of those old-fashioned projecting porches, so that when a person stood on the same side of the street as the door he could not see the first-floor. One day the parrots had been hung outside the first-floor window, and so hidden from a person approaching the door. A person knocked at the street-door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot. A reply was made, "The man with the leather." The bird answered, "O! O!" and then became silent. After waiting some time, and not finding the door opened, the person knocked a second time. "Who's there?" repeated the green parrot. "Who's there!" cried the man outside, "why don't you come and open the door?" "O! O!" repeated the parrot. This so enraged the man that he furiously rang the bell! "Go to the gate," shouted out a new voice, which proceeded from the gray parrot. "To the gate!" repeated the man, not seeing one. "What gate?" "Newgate!" responded the gray parrot; which so enraged the man that, stepping back into the road to have a view of his mockers, he saw for the first time he had been outwitted and teased simply by a couple of parrots.

A great friend of mine, captain of a merchant vessel trading between East India and England, had several parrots of different kinds. He told me the other day that one of his cockatoos was his constant companion when writing, that it never disturbed him or tore his papers as parrots are apt to do, but, sitting by the inkstand on the table, watched with evident attention each movement of



the pen. From some accidental cause, my friend thought by paint poisoning, it lost its feathers one by one, until it became quite naked, and gradually wasted away.

One day, while my friend was writing, it suddenly hopped on to the paper, and pressing its face against his cheek said, "Your cookey's so very ill, your cookey's so very ill." This quite affected my friend, who, wrapping up the bird in flannel, tried to preserve its life, but in vain. After murmuring "Your cookey's so very ill" several times, it died. And the more extraordinary part of the story is that my friend had no recollection of ever having used these words before the bird, nor could he learn that any of the sailors had taught it to repeat them. It seemed as if the parrot was enabled to give utterance to his feelings at the right time, in words heard previously in the ship or on shore.

Another person of my acquaintance was very fond of pets, and had a number of rabbits, guinea pigs, and other pets confined on a large grass-plot. Among these animals a fine rose-crested cockatoo used to wander, not only fearlessly, but without inflicting any injury to the rest of the animals. One day my friend procured a large white Angola rabbit, which he placed with the others on the grass-plot. The new arrival attracted the attention of the cockatoo, who straightway walked towards the rabbit. It did not seem afraid of the approach, as, being white like itself, perhaps it thought there was some affinity between them. When the cockatoo had drawn quite close to the rabbit, he put his beak to the ear of the animal, and shouted out "Who are you?" My friend roared at the consternation such a salute caused to the rabbit, who bounded off at full speed to the farther end of the enclosure.

Parrots are very particular about their food. An old lady once told me that the servant whose place it was to supply the bird with oatmeal porridge neglected to do so one morning; accordingly, the mistress put in its cup some soaked bread. He looked at it for some time, tasted it once or twice, sat and apparently considered the matter; and then, dashing his bill in, he threw it all out, first on one side and then on the other, saying between each sputtered mouthful, "Nasty mess, nasty mess." The same bird heard its mistress say one day, "O dear! I have lost my purse!" and immediately exclaimed, "How very provoking!"

Perhaps, after all, the parrot that belonged to O'Keefe, the actor, was the most remarkable ever known in England. Among other accomplishments, it would sing "God save the king," through, without missing a single word or losing the tune. While doing so it would also keep time, moving its head from side to side in a perfect manner. This bird could never be induced to sing on Sunday. Various tricks were played it to effect this purpose: it was kept in confinement, placed in darkness, etc., etc., but all devices failed. It was never known to sing on the Lord's day. King George III. heard of the fame of this parrot, and of its proficiency in singing the national anthem, and resolved to witness its performance in person. This was arranged, but not a note would the bird utter in the presence of the king. Disconcerted and disappointed, the king turned away; but no sooner had his Majesty reached the threshold, than the parrot, in a peculiarly sweet tenor voice, commenced "God save the king." His Majesty turned, and with hand raised to keep silence among the attendants, listened in rapt attention to the bird's song, which is said to

have been perfect. He offered O'Keefe a large sum of money for the parrot, but it was refused. Its owner was often in difficulties, being of an extravagant disposition, and resorted to the strange expedient for raising money by pawning poor Poll. He always redeemed it, however, and regained possession. It is said when this bird died its skin was purchased by the trustees of the British Museum, while the skeleton is preserved in the museum at Oxford.

Another friend of mine possesses a parrot who always discriminates between the sexes and condition of life of its master's visitors. If a gentleman comes well dressed, he is invariably saluted with, "What a get up! what a swell you are!" If an old lady, "O, what a fright! what a pair of nut-crackers!" If a young lady, he begins to kiss and fondle, and says, in a most soothing tone, "Is she not nice? Is she not nice?" but when a clergyman appears, he instantly, in the gravest and most solemn tones, such as forbid, at the moment, any feeling of levity, addresses him with the words, "Let us pray; let us pray," with a pause between the sentences.

The anecdotes about parrots are so extremely numerous that it is difficult to decide which are the best and most likely to please, but at the risk of plagiarism I must transcribe the following, which I have lately met with: "An American parrot that had been taught to whistle in the way which generally attracts the notice of dogs was sitting in his cage one day at the shop-door, whistling with all his might. By chance a large dog passed by. The animal, imagining that he heard the call of his master, turned suddenly about and ran towards the cage of the parrot. This movement rather alarmed the bird, who instantly screamed out, 'Get out, you brute,' which caused the astonished dog to hastily retreat, leaving those in the shop convulsed with laughter at the joke."

In a country town in the centre of England, before the railway passed through it, enabling the inhabitants to reach the metropolis and seaside places of amusement, many little card parties were formed during the winter evenings. An old lady, aged eighty-five, tells me the following story. One night her mother had one of these parties. A parrot which they had (it only died a few years ago, certainly nearly one hundred years old) had been noisily calling for cake and bun all tea-time, and at last settled itself to sleep, as it was thought. The whist-tables were placed, and during the game little was said. When the supper tray arrived, the time came for settling the winnings and losings. There was a dispute about some points, and the stakes being high, one or two of the party lost their temper. Suddenly they were astonished to hear the supposed asleep parrot exclaim, "Curse your cards, ladies, curse your cards." Instantly a feeling of awe spread over the party, differences of opinion were smoothed, and the whole company parted better friends. My aged informant told me that as the story spread it became exaggerated, but nevertheless it produced a very beneficial result among the card-playing community, who ever after observed more decorum in their parties.

Some of these anecdotes seem to imply the existence of more than merely imitative power. I do not discuss puzzling questions about instinct or reason in animals, but I expect that my anecdotes are but specimens of well-attested facts concerning parrots.



HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER III. (*Continued.*)

REBECCA'S LOVER, AND WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF HIM.

NOT one word did Rebecca say to this, but left her father secretly fuming with anger. She went up stairs to her room, and began her toilet very slowly and very thoughtfully, and as she thought the face grew darker and darker, until the muscles in it began to quiver, and there grew upon it a look of deep horror and deep loathing, terrible to see. She arose stealthily, and went with her candle to a box in the corner of the room, and secretly taking out a book, began reading with shaking hands; the book came open easily at the place she wanted, and she was deep in the passage, when she was utterly scared by her sister's voice in the room, crying petulantly, "Why, Rebecca, you'll never be ready in time! Mr. Hagbut's come already."

"I'll be ready directly, dear Carry; just tell on me. It is only one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and it is so interesting at the end."

"So it seems," said matter-of-fact Carry. "Why, you are as pale as a ghost, and all of a tremble? Now I can see why the ministers forbid us to read such godless rant."

One of Sir Walter Scott's novels, she said. Could it have been the *Bride of Lammermoor*? Heaven forbid!

Although she was going into company, which she disliked, and although there was, at least, one man there whom she hated, and whom she wished to hate her, yet in the irresistible instinct of beauty, she dressed herself prettily, and coming calmly and proudly into the room with a bow, sat down by her sister.

Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper was there, and two ministers, one of whom she had never seen before, but one of whom was only known too well.

He was a very large, stout man, with a head the color and shape of an addled egg, with the small end uppermost. He had a furze of gray hair, and whiskers shaved close in the middle of his cheeks; he had large, pale blue, almost opaque, eyes, very large ears, and a continual smile on a mouth made for talking. Probably black dress clothes and a white tie was as becoming a dress as exists,—on certain people; on him they were hideous; his collarless cravat was a wisp, the lapels of his coat were like elephants' ears, and the coat itself was perfectly straight down the back, so as to set off his great stomach better in profile. His cuffs nearly concealed his great fat hands, and his short, ill-made trousers scarce met his clumsy shoes. The whole man was a protest against beauty, or grace of life in any way; to Rebecca, he was loathsome, hideous beyond measure; and she was to marry him—unless she herself, alone and unaided, could fight a battle against all her little world. Poor thing! it was hard for her; it was, indeed. Forgive her desperation.

This horrible great moon-calf rose from his chair when she entered, and with a leering conscious smile on his face stood there, following her with his pale eyes, until she sat down. Mrs. Russel looked "arch,"—a horrible thing for anybody to do off the stage of a third-rate theatre, still more horrible in the case of a fat old woman. Miss Soper, *au fait* at things of this kind, moved from her seat and gave

it up to the Rev. Mr. Hagbut, so that he now sat next poor shuddering Rebecca.

"Will you ask a blessing, Mr. Hagbut?"

Smooth came the easy words from that mouth, in the well-practised, whining falsetto; dexterously quoted were the well-known texts of Scripture, so dexterously that he brought in the Marriage in Cana, and made through that an allusion to earthly marriages. "He has not asked me yet," she thought; "and if I am firm, they can't kill me."

His style of talking was what one may be allowed to call spondaic; that is, he lengthened every syllable, and even when he came across one which was unavoidably short he lengthened it as much as possible. Then again he put the emphasis of his sentence just where no one else would have put it, and on the whole was one of the most painfully labored masses of artificiality and affectation ever seen. That the man may have been a good man I do not deny, I have only to do with his effect on Rebecca.

He gave himself, if not the airs of an accepted lover, at least of a man who was sure of his game.

"You heard my discourse the last Sabbath evening, Miss Turner?" he said, bringing his head as near hers as he could.

"I heard it," said Rebecca; "but I did not attend to it."

"The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," said he, smiling.

"I don't think that the spirit was willing," she answered. "I hate sermons."

This was very confusing, but under these circumstances one must say something.

"The prayer, or the hymn, pleases you better, doubtless?"

"I hate the prayer worse than the sermon, but I like some of the hymns,—nay, most of them. I should like the service to be all music, light, and ornament, as it was at the Catholic church where I used to go with my poor mother."

"Vanity, my dear daughter, vanity."

"I don't see any particular vanity about it. Why, when you are praying extempore before a large congregation, and take pains, you are thinking all the time how it will succeed with the congregation. I have watched you."

Really it was very up-hill work with this young lady; but see how beautiful she was, and besides, she would have a little property. Mr. Hagbut drew nearer still to the shrinking hot form that held the ice-cold heart.

"Are you cold, dear Miss Turner?" he drawled.

"No, I am uncomfortably hot," she snapped out. "I think that I am not well. I think that I shall go nearer the door, if you will let me pass."

He was forced to do so, and with a great gasp she went and sat beside Mr. Morley and her father; her father seeing the Rev. Hagbut, his future son-in-law, looking exceedingly foolish, went to his assistance, and bound up the cracks in that savory vessel, leaving Rebecca sitting with Mr. Morley.

Now Rebecca knew Mr. Morley to be a Dissenting minister, as her father described him, of "great unction"; consequently, she regarded him in the light of her natural enemy, and was prepared to do battle with him on the very smallest provocation. She could not, however, avoid confessing that he was a considerable improvement on that other horrible fat man with a head like an egg.

Indeed she might have said, a very great im-



provement, indeed. Mr. Morley was a man with a well-shaped head, good and singularly amiable features, hair but slightly grizzled, curling all over his head, a fine deep brown complexion, and a beautiful set of regular white teeth, which contrasted well with the complexion, and which were frequently shown by a manly, kindly smile. He looked a man every inch of him, although his face was gentle even to softness.

He had been watching Rebecca and her troubles. He had been brought here as the friend of Mr. Hagbut, he having to-day preached a sermon for him. He had of course been welcomed heartily by Mr. Turner, who in the openness of his heart towards a minister, and a friend of Mr. Hagbut, had let him know the high honor which was in store for Rebecca. So Mr. Morley had watched while talking to Mr. Turner: and he had seen brutish, low, calculating admiration on the one side; and on the other a depth of loathing aversion which was terrible to him. He said to Mr. Turner—

"They will be happy you think?"

"Any woman would be happy with such a man of God as Mr. Hagbut." And when he had said it, he scorned himself. Yet for mere decency's sake, seeing that Morley knew, he put in the rider, "If she does not love him in the way of the world now, she will get to do so. Hundreds of girls would give ten years of their life to be in her place."

"That is, doubtless, true," said Morley, quietly, and the conversation went on to other matters, until it so chanced that the beautiful girl, with rage and fury in her heart, came and sat beside him.

He had a pleasantly modulated voice, a voice of cultivation too, and he spoke to her.

"The wind has quite gone down," he said.

"Has it?" she answered. "I have not noticed."

"Yes, it has quite gone down. But it blew hard down at our place last night: I expected some of my chimney-pots down, several times. The Eliza, in the outside tier broke from her moorings, and has stove the bows of one of the screw colliers; yes, it blew very hard from east, shifting to southeast. Are you a sailor at all?"

"I know nothing of the sea."

"Pity, you should. I am half a sailor myself. I should know something about it, for half my work lies among sailors. Have you never been to sea at all, then?"

"I have never left this most utterly abominable spot in all my life."

"Well, I don't want to flatter you," said Morley, "and so I will say that it is intolerably dull. My place is considered almost the very worst and most wretched in London. I am surrounded with sin, crime, and occasionally fury and murder; but I would sooner be there than here."

"Where do you live then, Mr. Morley?" said Rebecca, becoming interested.

"At Limehouse."

"Is it uglier there than here?"

"Very far uglier. This place is, in all that the eye desires, a paradise to it. If an educated man, like myself, were doomed to live in Limehouse in idleness, he would break his heart."

"You have not broken yours."

"No; I am too busy," he replied, laughing.

"Where is it?" asked Rebecca.

"Down the river,—down where the ships are."

"Where do the ships go to?"

"All parts of the world. You can get on board a ship there, and go anywhere."

"Do any of them go to countries where there are no chapels?"

"Plenty, I am sorry to say."

"Where you can do exactly as you please, and not be called to account for it afterwards?"

"Certainly not. No such ships sail, because there is no country such as you describe. Not in all the countless millions of stars which you see on a frosty night is there any such country. Such ships would have plenty of passengers, though."

"It is a weary world, then," said Rebecca. "Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Certainly I do."

"Some do not. Is it not so?" asked Rebecca.

"Scarcely any," said Mr. Morley.

"Yet it is such a comfortable doctrine, I should have thought it would be popular. To think, to believe, that death *did* end it all, and that there was to be no more trouble, no more headache, no more anger. It is really not so, then?"

"Assure yourself of that. Ask yourself, Is it conceivable that the *will* which causes you so mysteriously, by acting on your muscles, to raise your hand to your head, the will which may prompt you to a noble deed, or save you from a shameful fate, — can *die*? I could speak at length of these things to you, but there is your father beckoning."

She rose without another word, and went towards her father, who was sitting beside Mr. Hagbut; he moved away and pointed to his seat.

She, however, stood, and Mr. Hagbut, rising, took her right hand between his two fat ones, and looked her in the face with his sweetest smile.

She was deadly pale. There was too much fat covering the nerves of Mr. Hagbut's hand, or he would have felt, surely, the creeping horror in hers. It shrunk so from between his palms that it slid out and fell dead and pale by her side before he had time to speak.

"I was going to ask," said the unconscious nobody, "a little favor of my sweet Christian sister. I was going to ask if I might see her to-morrow morning for half an hour, just to ask one little question, to which I think I shall have a favorable answer. May I come?"

"O Lord, yes," gasped Rebecca. "Come to-morrow and let us get it over," and so left the room abruptly.

"She has taken him," said Miss Soper to Mrs. Russel, as they blundered home together in the fog.

"Lucky girl, of course she has," replied Mrs. Russel.

"He will have trouble with her," said Miss Soper.

"I know girls. I've had girls throw themselves out of window before now, and he will have trouble with her."

"Well, if you come to that, Henrietta," said Mrs. Russel, growing confidential in the dark, and in anticipation of the little hot supper which Miss Soper and she were about to partake of together, and blundering up against Miss Soper in her fat walk, "she will have trouble with him. For although he is a Saint, he keeps his saint's temper pretty much in the cupboard; she'll have to manage him, that's what she'll have to do. I know men, and the management of them. I've *had* to manage them."

Mrs. Russel's knowledge of men was confined to two, — her husband, whom she had managed into death by worry and *delirium tremens*; and her son, whom she had managed into enlisting into the 40th



regiment, now in New Zealand, from which island he had dutifully written, saying "that now the water was betwixt 'em, he could express his mind more free." Which he proceeded to do.

Morley and Hagbut walked eastward together through the fog, and Morley was the first to speak.

"Hagbut," he said, "are you going to marry that girl?"

"Assuredly, my brother," said Hagbut.

"Have you thought of what you are doing?" asked Morley.

"Indeed, yes, with prayer," said Hagbut.

"But, see here, Hagbut. You are as shrewd as another. Let us speak as though we were of the world, worldly. Are you not making a great fool of yourself?"

"I think not, Brother Morley," answered Hagbut, far too shrewd to give up such advantages as a religious phraseology gave him. "I think, looking at the matter even as one unredeemed and still of this world, that it promises well. The girl is fair to look upon, and she will have a little property."

"But do you think she cares for you?"

"Undoubtedly. No constraint has been put upon her, and she has as good as taken me. Our roads diverge here, dear brother. Good-night."

Omnibus after omnibus passed Mr. Morley, yet somehow he preferred to walk, and set his head steadily for Fenchurch Street, dark as the night was. And as he walked he thought, and thought of one thing only,—this approaching marriage. It seemed to him so monstrous a proceeding altogether. If the girl consented, it would have been bad enough, but against her will—

Why, the girl's beauty alone ought to insure her a good match, an excellent provision with any one of a dozen young men of her own age; and she had fortune too, he heard; and for the whole of it to be offered up at the shrine of that ugly, windy donkey, with the education of a charity-school boy, and the manners of a boor. How pitiful a case for one so beautiful! And then he went on thinking of her beauty, and pitying her all the way home. Which was not good for the peace of mind of the Rev. Alfred Morley.

#### CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH REBECCA LETS HER SENTIMENTS BE KNOWN, NOT ONLY TO HER LOVER, BUT TO THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

And, alas! for poor Rebecca. She was in very evil case indeed. She would have cried aloud for help from man, but there was none to help her; as for prayer, religion had been for a long time hateful to her, so that way out of her trouble was denied her.

The phase of anger and scorn in which her soul had stayed so long was gone now she was alone. The reaction from it was a feeling of plaintive, pathetic loneliness, infinitely mournful. This in its turn produced silent tears; they in their turn produced calm, and calm thought.

Thought sadly lame, incoherent, unconsecutive, but thought still. Here was an evil, to her most real and horrible, to be escaped from. What were her chances alone against the world?

Sheer angry persistent defiance and wrath? How would that do? Well enough as long as it lasted; but could she depend on it to last forever? Would they not beat her by sheer perseverance? Hagbut and her father were uncompressible men of

strong physical capacity: could they not wear her out? merely *tire* her out? For look at her now; tired out in body by her long effort, as weak as a child, sitting on the floor crying and calling on her dead mother, without even energy to go to bed. A fortnight's fight with her father would reduce her to this state permanently, and they would be able to do as they liked with her. *That* would not do.

Craft, procrastination? No, that would not do with her father. She knew him too well for that. It would only weaken her hand, and the end would be just the same. No, try again, poor Rebecca!

The Roman Catholics! Her face brightened, and her breath came fast as she thought of that. If she ran away to the Roman Catholics, they would take her in for her mother's sake, and shelter her behind their altars. She believed that she had been baptized into their Church; if so, they would know in Cadogan Street, and that would give them a right over her. It seemed for a moment a brilliant idea, but it was soon dulled. The case of Miss T— was fresh then, and she knew that, as a minor (she was but nineteen), a policeman had only to trace her, her father to demand her, and she would be brought back a culprit, in a worse case than before.

Evils fairly faced vanish away one half of them into thin air. She had found no solution as yet, yet she felt if she could only go on thinking, that one would come. It made her almost glad in her desperation, when she first got the faith, that she certainly should find a way out of her trouble if she only thought long enough. So that, when some wandering fiend said to her, "If the worst comes to the worst, Putney bridge is close by; and when the tide is ebbing strong, there is an undersuck there which gives back nothing alive," she rose, laughed, and shaking out her black sharply curled hair before the glass, looked at her beauty, and said: "Not for him. I will bed in no Thames ouse for such as he."

"Suicide, no!" she said, proudly; and all in a moment, as she said the words, a crude, shapeless idea came rolling into her brain, dazing her, and making her gasp.

Whence came it, this frightful amorphous idea? Was it only the last result of some mental sorites, tangled beyond the possibility of reduction; or was it a direct suggestion from the unseen powers, in which we all believe in one way or another? It was so shapeless at first that it made her head whirl; but as she, in her desperation, steadily faced it, it crystallized itself, and took form. The form it took was ugly enough, yet it looked beautiful to her beside the hideous fate to which she was to be condemned to-morrow.

Suicide! Why did lost women commit physical suicide? Why did weak, cowardly women gather courage to leap off dizzy places into dark water,—off places which they shuddered to look at with their protecting lovers' arms round their waist? What gave them this preternatural courage? Why, they had committed suicide before. They had done that which left them no place in this English world. Done that which made them a loathing and a scorn to father, brother, sister,—to every one save mother,—and she had none. What if she were to pretend to do that which would make it at all events utterly impossible for this horrible old man to marry her. What then? Was there no escape there? There was.

For her father she had no pity whatever. He had brought it on himself, and it would do him good. Her mother had been her only friend, and he had



ill-treated her mother. She knew the whole of the old story, partly from memory and partly from cross-examining her foolish sister Caroline. She had no pity for him. He knew well her hatred for this match, and had pitilessly thrust it on. Let him look to himself.

But here came a difficulty. How was she, after she had gained her own object, to rehabilitate herself? What means should she use to prove herself utterly stainless and innocent before the world, whenever it should suit her to do so? She walked up and down an hour thinking over this. Without holding in her hand irrefragable proofs of her own innocence, she would have played her part too well, and would have made it impossible for her, at the proper time, to hurl back the scorn of their miserable little world upon itself. The way out of this difficulty came on her suddenly, like a clear flash of light; and she laughed at her own stupidity in not thinking of it before.

The night wore on, and she packed away her clothes in her drawers, putting a few necessities in a carpet-bag. She counted out her money, — £18 odd, — more than sufficient for her purpose. Then she sat down and wrote a short letter to her father: —

"SIR, — It has pleased you, in spite of my frequently expressed repugnance, to urge on my marriage with Mr. Hagbut.

"As I desire to remain single, I have chosen, between two evils, to disgrace myself and my family sooner than contract such a monstrous alliance.

"Your daughter,

"REBECCA."

It was now broad daylight until half-past six. At which time Jim Akin, the costermonger, and Mr. Spicer, the sweep, saw her come out of the door with her carpet-bag, close it behind her, and walk straight away, apparently in the direction of Putney bridge.

"Off at last," said Jim Akin.

"Wonder she had n't gone afore," said Mr. Spicer. "She's a' stood it a drafted sight longer ner I thought she would. Who's the young man, then?"

"Doubt there ain't nerry one," said Jim Akin.

"I aint seen none round."

"She is off to the Catholics, then," said Mr. Spicer. "Her mother was one, and so is my wife. They'll take good care on her."

"I am glad of that," said Jim Akin, the costermonger; "for she is a gallus kindly, good wench. She's got what I call a young 'art, that gal has. She nigh kep' my old girl when I was in — in the 'orspital."

Mr. Spicer, possibly from a habit of regarding the world from his early youth out of the tops of chimneys, very early in the morning, when there was little smoke, was a philosopher. This, also, was one of his clean days; he had had his bath overnight, having sent one of his assistants to the "black bed," and was a respectable tradesman instead of a grimy ruffian. He philosophized thus: —

"Gals is much the same as boys is. I've hammered and leathered a boy into a cross flue, and he has choked himself for spite. I've coaxed another boy into that selfsame flue, and he has gone through it like a ferret. That gal has been leathered too much morally. I hope she will do no worse than going to the Catholics. Meanwhile it ain't

neither for you nor for me to give the office on her."

Mr. Hagbut, coming for his answer at ten o'clock, found a scared household. Turner had not gone to business. He received Mr. Hagbut in the parlor.

Turner's state of mind was fury, nothing short of it. His daughter had utterly disgraced him, and perhaps it was fortunate for her that she was beyond his reach. At work in Turner's mind just then there were all the elements which, boiled in a caldron together, produce a thorough hell-broth of blind anger.

His religion was very precious to him. I cannot say why, for it gave him no comfort, but one sees it every day; and his pet scheme had been to increase his influence in this sect by the marriage of his daughter to their most popular and most *répandu* ministers. It was to him like a marriage with a duke: here his vanity was touched. Again, he prided himself on being master in his own house and had been defied and beaten. Once again, as a man of the world, he knew that he had been an utter fool in trying to force that beautiful, self-willed daughter of his on this dreadful, crawling old imbecile; here his self-love was touched. Once more, he saw now that he had acted like a fool throughout; and here was the *auctor mali*, the dreadful, unctuous old man, with a head like a bladder of lard, turning his hands over and over before him, and asking how his sweet sister was this bright morning.

Turner, who was a man, saw the utter folly of the whole thing in one moment.

"If by your sweet sister you mean my daughter," he said, "she is utterly ruined and lost. She has run away, God knows whither and with whom."

"Our dear sister fled?" said Mr. Hagbut.

A man cannot, however religious, continually sit in law courts without knowing something of the ordinary language of his fellow-men. Mr. Turner was excited and angry, and, in his language at least, fell away from grace.

"I speak plainly. She has run away; and upon my soul and body, I admire her for it. I wish I could get the wench back again, though. There were worse wenches than she. You and I are two fools, I doubt, Hagbut."

Mr. Hagbut began, "Peradventure —"

"Say perhaps," said Turner, testily.

"Perhaps, then," said Mr. Hagbut, solemnly, "your other daughter is at home, likewise the handmaiden?"

"What do you want with them?"

"Only, in the presence of Christian witnesses, to say that it cannot be with me and your daughter as it was before. The few sheep in the wilderness —"

"What do you mean, man?" said Turner, sternly. "Do you mean that it is all over between you and my daughter?"

"Doubtless," said Mr. Hagbut. "The flock —"

"Hang the flock!" snapped Turner. "Can't you see that my poor girl would not touch you with a pair of tongs; that she would sooner ruin her reputation (and she is a high-spirited girl), than have anything to do with you? Of course it is all over. We were fools to think of it."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Hagbut.

"Look here, man," said Turner, speaking as the man and the lawyer; "there must be one thing understood about my girl. She has left her father's roof, and I don't know where she is gone. But if



you, or any of your good women, dare to say one word against her character, without legal proof, by the living Lord I'll make you sweat for it, or I'm no lawyer! Perhaps I've been wrong with the wench, perhaps I was wrong with her mother; but you mind what I tell you."

So Rebecca had won her first move. She would have laughed had she known it, but she did not. She had taken down a tress of gray hair, and had twisted it in one of her own black curls, and had said: "How long will it be, Elizabeth, before they make my hair as gray as yours with their nonsense?" And old Elizabeth had said: "Well, we shall see the sea at the next station, and I have not seen it for forty years."

That was not a lucky day for Mr. Hagbut. He could not go near any one without being sympathized with, which was very terrible. Some lamented with him, some piously congratulated him on his escape; while the more influential of his congregation, those who could not be well refused, made him tell them all about it. A jilted man always looks more or less of a fool. The world has always put in force its penalty of contempt against those who are unsuccessful in love or war; and Mr. Hagbut knew that he was undergoing it, and, using his vast powers of looking foolish, he really succeeded in doing so. A most unsuccessful day!

Meanwhile, one thing was certain. Whatever had become of Rebecca, she would be persecuted by no more offers of marriage.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### TWO LITTLE FRIENDS.

Leader Street, Chelsea, is one of those streets which utterly and entirely belong to the poor. It is a place where you may see the very poor at home in person, and looking at the stalls and shops where they traffic for their daily bread, may guess how hard it is for them to live.

The largest and most frequented shop in one street, was the coal and greengrocery shop, dealing also in potatoes, bundles of fire-wood, and ginger-beer. The grocer's was a Saturday-night shop, as was also the butcher's. The greengrocer's, however, supplied some littler want, which might arrive at any moment. Half-a-hundred of coals, a bundle of wood, a couple of pounds of potatoes, were things in demand all the week round. Tibbeys were seldom still.

Tibbey himself was a very little man, like an innocent little bird, with a little hop, and a twittering way of serving in his shop that reminded you of a robin or some other soft-billed bird. Mrs. Tibbey was much larger, blond, stout, and gray, and she looked as though she might have been something of a beauty in her youth; and indeed, she was beautiful now, as far as an expression of gentle goodness could make her so.

This couple were perfectly devoted to one another, and were uneasy at the absence of either. In religion they were Primitive Methodists; and they were childless.

Except, indeed, by adoption, as it were. One child, whom Mrs. Tibbey had nursed, was very near to both their hearts, and always remembered in their prayers night and morning. They had risen from their knees, and almost had her name in their mouths, when the door opened and she stood before them.

Rebecca, ready dressed for travelling. Before they had time to ejaculate, she said, "Libber, dear, I have run away to you." Whereupon Mrs. Tibbey, as a preliminary measure, folded her in her arms.

"And I want my breakfast, please; I am so hungry. Please put some more tea in, Mr. Tibbey, for I shall want a deal, and I hate it weak. And could you let me have the cat? Then I will tell you all about it."

She was as wilful with these good souls as she was at home; but, ah! with what a different wilfulness.

"Yes," she said, as they began bustling about, "I have run right away, Mr. Tibbey. They were going to marry me to Mr. Hagbut."

"My pretty bird," said Mrs. Tibbey, pausing in her preparations, to swell in pigeon-like indignation, and cool out her wrath, "my pretty love, how dared they?"

"Like their impudence, was it not?" replied Rebecca, very anxious not to make the matter look too serious. "Well, you know I was not going to stand *that*, — far from it, — and so I have run away to you, Libber, to make my terms from a distance. And you will lend her to me for three days, won't you, Mr. Tibbey, just to take care of me?"

"Miss Rebecca," said the little man, "you may I think, depend on Elizabeth, as heretofore, always doing what is right. And what is right in this case, my dear young lady, is that she should go with you where you will, so that hereafter the finger — Do I use too strong an expression, and give offence?"

"Just what I mean," cried Rebecca.

"Then I will use that strong expression, — that the finger of scorn may never be pained. And, indeed," continued the good little man, with the ferocious air of that most pugnacious bird, the robin, "I should like to see the man who would dare."

What could Rebecca do but kiss him? She did it, however; and Mr. Tibbey toasted a muffin with many ominous shakes of the head, as though he would say, "I shall have to look some of these folks up some day, if they don't mind their manners."

It was a dingy little parlor enough (though scrupulously neat), and smelt of the stock in trade, in addition to the smell which I have smelt elsewhere, but have always, from early association, associated with Leader Street, underlying the whiff of red-hering, cabbage, and coal, with perhaps a whiff of turpentine from the bundles of fire-wood; there was the true, low-London odor of soot and confined humanity. Yet what a free little paradise it was to Rebecca! The inevitable going home was days off in the dim distance as yet. She was free, and with those who loved her; her heart was so light that she could have sung aloud.

These simple, gentle Methodists, primitive in more than their methodism, saw nothing very extraordinary in the step which Rebecca had taken. It seemed to them that she had acted with singular discretion in coming straight to them. Living there as they did, in perfect purity and innocence, with sin, and vice, and poverty all around them, they were well used to far more terrible things than the mere fact of a young lady, sore-bested by an uncongenial marriage, taking refuge with them. Only one remark did Mrs. Tibbey make on the subject during breakfast.

"Why, my dear soul, your good pa must be mad to think of such a thing! Why, he is sixty!"

"He is very rich," said Mr. Tibbey, blowing a



saucer of tea. "He is the richest minister in that communion. He got no less than twenty—five—thousand—pound with his last wife. She was the widder Ackerman of Cheyne Walk, and he convinced her of sin, and married her."

"Law!" said Mrs. Tibbey, evidently not disinclined to hear more. "That would be a great snare for a minister. Got all her money, did he?"

"Every shilling," said Mr. Tibbey, holding out his cup for some more tea. "It was thought down the river-side way, that her cousin, Mrs. Morley, would have had some of it, for she brought him into the house. But she did n't."

"What Mrs. Morley was that?" asked Rebecca, interested.

"Minister Morley's wife of Lime-us 'ole, my dear. She is dead some years now. Overworked herself, trapesing round after him, among the poor of his communion, as lives round the 'ole, and up Ratcliff 'ighway, and all along shore there to Wapping. And she died, poor dear. Ah! the folks in their communion say that she was never truly awakened, and fell away from grace to the extent of refusing the ordinances altogether. But he loved her as I love Elizabeth. And she died."

"I know Mr. Morley," said Rebecca, eagerly.

"Then, my dear, you know a man who is as a sweet savor in God's nostrils. He is not of our communion on this earth; but we shall know him in heaven, and her, too, maybe."

"What was Mr. Morley?" asked Rebecca.

"A gentleman, my dear."

"I thought so," said Rebecca.

"Yes, a gentleman and a scholar," said Mr. Tibbey; "with more of the knowledge of this world, and of science,—falsely so called,—than is good for a true Christian; for the knowledge of this world is vanity."

"I should like to judge for myself about that," thought Rebecca.

"He *was* a doctor, but he got converted, and joined their communion. He was from Cambridge College,—one of the Simonites, I think they call 'em,—but he pitched it all up when he got converted. There is the shop. Now you and Elizabeth see what you are going to do." And so the good man went out to weigh coals.

"Elizabeth," said Rebecca, "we must go from here this morning. Are you afraid to go to Broadstairs?"

"Not in the least. Would, indeed, very much like it."

"Then get ready," was all that Rebecca said; and the good woman departed to do so. The simple woman was entirely at the girl's disposal. She dreaded nothing but sin, and as far as that was concerned, would have trusted her darling anywhere. But she knew, also, that as long as she kept by the girl, her fair fame could not be touched; and she went with cheerful recklessness.

It was not long before they had found an omnibus in the King's Road. An hour and a half afterwards, they were whirling along through the chalk pits of Kent, towards the sea. In the evening they were having tea together, at an open window in a little cottage, with the sea gossiping to them at their feet; the Foreland a dim black wall, close on their right, and the white winged ships creeping away to happy lands, where there was no chapel and no Sundays.

So said Rebecca. "It is good for me to be here," she said; "I could stand everything, except that

man, if they would let me come here three days in the year. I could live six months in the recollection, and the next six on the anticipation. Libber, dear, let us run away again next year."

It was pleasant enough by daylight, it was pleasant enough by moonlight; but in the dark, dark morning, when the moon was down, and she awoke in the dark in a strange room, how was it then? Ghastly, horrible! What frightful machinery was this she had put in motion for the temporary destruction of her own good name and her father's? And how was it at that weary, ghostly old house at Walham Green? What were they saying of her? And she must go back to it in three days,—a ruined girl. Would she dare do so? or would she die of fright, of sheer terror, as she approached it? There was the horrible old house, and there waited her angry father at the door. She had only taken the sole means to save herself from a fate worse than death; and now, in the darkness, she felt like a murderer and an outcast. What had she done that God should plague her so?

She could lie no longer in her horror. She rose and went to the window. The very blessed sea talked no longer under her windows, but had gone far out on to the sands, and was whispering there. There was no light in the sky, and there was darkness and terror in her soul.

Darkness and terror! The crowning horror in Frankenstein is the closed room where the monster must be. Her crowning horror was the old house at Walham Green, to which she must return and meet her father. The men who study a certain kind of wickedness say that what is wanted with women is opportunity. I believe that if the Rev. Mr. Hagbut had been able to take advantage of his opportunity, and had pressed his suit just then, poor Rebecca would have accepted him and thanked him. As she was in the dark, in the strange room, that man, coarse brute as he was, would have been a release from the closed, dull, disgraced house at home, with all its traditions and respectabilities violated in her wildly audacious person.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RETURN.

THESE were night thoughts, how different were those of the day! The sea had come back, and was rippling and plashing crisply at her feet. The bright sun was overhead, and a brisk east wind was driving the ships past the downs and down the channel. A pleasant sight. The outward-bound ones, full-breasted, crowded with canvas, gay; the home-going ones, sailless, melancholy, towed by steamers against the wind: however, one need only look at the outward-bound ones just now, in three days' time one may think of the others.

Many ships went to and fro before Rebecca was tired of looking at them. She got more and more interested in them as time went on, asking all manner of questions about them from the boatmen and others on the beach; simple cockney questions, which puzzled those she asked in her very simplicity; even when her weary head was turned homeward they were still in her mind's eye.

Her despair at going back was so dull that it was nearly painless. "What signifies a little agony more or less?" Here, however, had been three days from which they could not deprive her; they would last her a long time, these three days.



She came home about nine o'clock on the Saturday night. Her father opened the door, and she passed in quite silently, and taking off her bonnet, sat down, whereupon her sister Caroline began to cry, which assisted Mr. Turner in opening the conversation.

"You may well cry, my poor child," he began; "you must be worn out with this three days' anxiety, my dear; your sister seems none the worst for her disgraceful escapade."

"I am hungry, and I want my supper," was all she said. "You can scold while I eat it. Only make a finish, and end of it as soon as you can."

[To be continued.]

### FOREIGN NOTES.

PARIS eats 30,000,000 pounds of fish every year.

THE Prince Imperial has ordered twelve velocipedes for his young friends.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has been elected President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

MRS. S. C. HALL, in the dedication of "The Fight of Faith," says that this volume is to be her last work of fiction.

THE wealthiest Russian heiress is Anna Gagarin, the daughter of a Moscow merchant. She will come into a fortune of over 100,000 000 roubles.

COUNT CHARLES WALEWSKI has, it is said, brought back to Paris from Greece numerous vine-cuttings from the plants of Corinth and Cyprus, which the Empress is about to try and acclimatize in the gardens belonging to the Palace of St. Cloud.

A FRENCH chemist asserts that he can so cleanse printed paper as to make it suitable for receiving a fresh impression. He states that by immersing the printed sheet in a slight alkaline solution the ink disappears, and leaves the sheet of a pure, spotless white.

MR. GEORGE TOWNSEND, the author of the "Manual of Dates," "Men of the Time," and other well-known works of reference, died recently in London. Mr. Townsend was a most laborious and conscientious literary worker, and his death was doubtless induced by over-taxation of the brain.

It is stated that Auber is about to be made a senator. Upon this rumor the Daily News makes the following comments: The composer of "Martha" is a count, the composer of "Don Desiderio" is a prince, the composer of "Santa Chiara" a royal duke; but considering that Count Flotow, and Prince Poniatowski, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg could not altogether have written an act of "Masetto," "Fra Diavolo," or the "Crown Diamonds," what, in the world of art, do their titles avail them?

NEXT August will be awarded to the finest work of French art produced within the last five years, the Emperor's prize of four thousand pounds. The jury will consist of ten painters, ten sculptors, and ten architects. These members will be selected from the Academy of Fine Arts and the Imperial Institute of France. The prize will be awarded at a full meeting of the five academies. Felicien David's

biennial prize of eight hundred pounds will be awarded at the same time to the Academy of Moral and Political Science.

WE learn from an amusing dialogue in *La Vie Parisienne* that the necessity of classifying French novels has at last been recognized. A lady entering a circulating library asks for a novel: "I don't know how to tell you exactly the kind I want," she says. "O, I think we shall be able to suit you," was the reply. "I mean something lively," explains the intending reader; "the sort of book that would not be precisely suitable for the library of a young girl." "Marie," cries the keeper of the book-shop to her assistant, "novel for a woman of thirty-five."

MADAME VICTOR HUGO has left in her will the pen with which her illustrious husband wrote the first volume of the "Contemplations" to Jules Janin, with the following message: "To our friend in sunshine and in shade, to the valiant defender of all exiles and of all courage, I bequeath the pen with which my husband wrote the first volume of the 'Contemplations.' It will be found in one of the small drawers of my lemon-wood secretary, which is in my bedroom." The pen with which Victor Hugo wrote "Les Châtiments" was given by him to Camille Berru, the secretary of the *Indépendance Belge*, who has had it carefully placed beneath a glass and preserved in his library, with a note from the author to certify the fact.

THE *Gaulois* tells a curious story apropos of the exclusion of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas" from the Parisian stage. It says that Marshal Vaillant, who, as Ministre de la Maison de l'Empereur et des Beaux-arts, controls the censorship of plays, was at first disposed to sanction the performance, and spoke of his intention to M. Camille Doucet, the director of theatres. Upon this M. Doucet quietly took a copy of "Ruy Blas" out of his pocket, and read out to the Minister the following lines:—

"Bon appétit, Messieurs! O ministres intègres,  
Conseillers vertueux! voilà votre façon  
De servir, serviteurs qui pillez la maison!  
Donc vous n'avez pas honte, et vous choisissez l'heure,  
L'heure sombre où l'Espagne agonisante pleure,—  
Donc vous n'avez ici pas d'autres intérêts  
Que d'emplir votre poche et vous enfuir après!  
Soyez fêtés devant votre pays qui tombe,  
Fossoyeurs qui venez le voler dans sa tombe!"

"This would make a terrible scandal," said the Marshal; "we can't allow it." And "Ruy Blas" was condemned accordingly. The *Gaulois* adds that a fortnight after M. Camille Doucet obtained the cross of a commander of the Legion of Honor. |

EVERY one knows Charles Lamb's illustration of Scotch obtuseness in his anecdote of Burns. It seems then an odd fate that should give to Lamb a biographer whose more than Scotch obtuseness would have driven the eccentric Elia raving mad. What would he have said to this stroke in his memoir from the pen of Mr. G. A. Sala?—

"The subject of this notice was accustomed playfully to observe that the productions which had gained him celebrity were mere trifles thrown out in his leisure, and that his real works, in countless volumes folio, must be looked for in the offices of that East India Company to which he was for so many years a faithful servant. In this remark Charles Lamb was doubtless jesting; for he must have known that just as there are 'books which are not books,' so are there works which are not works. An essay of Elia's written on a fly-leaf of a ledger would not



have been work in Leadenhall Street; and a bulky statement of the sums paid to bribe the Rajah of Juggapore's Wazeer would have been the reverse of work in the Temple!"

And still Mr. Sala continues, for several lines, to prove that Lamb was only jesting!

SPEAKING of the life-preserver swindle, concerning which we published an interesting paper in the last number of this journal, the editor of Punch remarks: "We thought that no form of rascality could surprise us much; but this revelation has more nearly produced astonishment than any atrocity of which we have read for years. Yet why be astonished? For 'buthiness is buthiness' as the Jew slop-shop keeper would say; and 'business is business,' as his Christian rival would remark. But, but — would it not be pleasant to fling a gang of the vendors of these accursed things into the sea off Brighton pier on a blowy day, and pitch them a choice assortment of their own buoys and belts to save them? We doubt whether a purer pleasure could be suggested to us, unless we could hand them to the unfriendly Maories about dinner-time. We may not have either happiness; but we may call upon all our contemporaries to do their best to spread the knowledge that such are among the devilish tricks of trade; and we may among us save a good many poor fellows from the deep. Can't the Sailors' Home, among other channels, send about the facts? And if Jack inquires into the matter, and, breaking open a buoy at a slop-shop, finds straw or shavings, we hope that he will not be so hard as to pull the Jew's nose off, — that is, not quite off."

SAVAGES have an awkward way, sometimes, of arguing on first principles. The London Review gives the following instance. A Maori chief has been lecturing Colonel Whitmore, the commander of the force sent against the rebel natives in New Zealand, on the abstract rights of the case. Two men belonging to this chief's party rode into the British camp at Woodalls, and delivered a letter from their great man (who bears the high-sounding name of Tito Kowaru), in which, after the terse little exordium, "This is a piece of earnest and sound advice for Whitmore," and the courteous form, "Salutations to you!" the writer asks: "Whom does England belong to, and to whom belongs the land or country you are now standing upon?" And he then goes on: "I will tell you; the heavens and the earth were made at one time. In one day was man created, and all productions of any kind that are in the world; and if you think or are aware that God created all, it is well, we are equal thereon. You were formed a European; and England was formed as your country; we are Maories, in New Zealand. There has been placed between you and me a wide barrier, — an ocean. Why did you not consider, or take thought before you crossed over here? I did not go from here over to you. Stand away from my place to your own country in the middle of the ocean; go away from the town to some other place." Tito's cosmogony seems a little old-fashioned and out of date; but his reasoning on national rights has a very awkward cogency. His final advice to the Colonel, "Arise, and be baptized," is hardly so pertinent, because there can be little doubt that the gallant officer was long ago subjected to that religious ceremonial. But, on the whole, there is something about Tito Kowaru which one cannot help respecting.

## FOUR SONNETS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

### I. A SNOW MOUNTAIN.

CAN I make white enough my thought for thee,  
Or wash my words in light? Thou hast no mate  
To sit aloft in the silence silently  
And twin those matchless heights undesecrate.  
Reverend as Lear, when, lorn of shelter, he  
Stood, with his old white head, surprised at fate;  
Alone as Galileo, when, set free,  
Before the stars he mused disconsolate.  
Ay, and remote, as the dead lords of song,  
Great masters who have made us what we are,  
For thou and they have taught us how to long  
And feel a sacred want of the fair and far:  
Reign, and keep life in this our deep desire, —  
Our only greatness is that we aspire.

### II. SLEEP.

(A WOMAN SPEAKS.)

O SLEEP, we are beholden to thee, sleep,  
Thou bearest angels to us in the night,  
Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by thy light  
Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;  
Love is a pouting child. Once I did sweep  
Through space with thee, and lo, a dazzling sight, —  
Stars! They came on, I felt their drawing and  
might;  
And some had dark companions. Once (I weep  
When I remember that) we sailed the tide,  
And found fair isles, where no isles used to bide,  
And met there my lost love, who said to me,  
*That 't was a long mistake; he had not died.*  
Sleep, in the world to come how strange 't will be  
Never to want, never to wish for thee!

### III. PROMISING.

(A MAN SPEAKS.)

ONCE, a new world, the sunswart marinere  
Columbus, promised, and was sore withstood,  
Ungraced, unhelped, unheard for many a year;  
But let at last to make his promise good.  
Promised and promising I go, most dear,  
To better my dull heart with love's sweet feud,  
My life with its most reverent hope and fear,  
And my religion, with fair gratitude.  
O we must part; the stars for me contend,  
And all the winds that blow on all the seas.  
Through wonderful waste places I must wend,  
And with a promise my sad soul appease.  
Promise then, promise much of far-off bliss;  
But — ah, for present joy, give me one kiss.

### IV.

WHO veileth love should first have vanquished fate.  
She folded up the dream in her deep heart,  
Her fair full lips were silent on that smart,  
Thick fringed eyes did on the grasses wait  
What good? one eloquent blush, but one, and straight  
The meaning of a life was known; for art  
Is often foiled in playing nature's part,  
And time holds nothing long inviolate.  
Earth's buried seed springs up — slowly, or fast;  
The ring came home, that one in ages past  
Flung to the keeping of unfathomed seas;  
And golden apples on the mystic trees  
Were sought and found, and borne away at last,  
Though watched of the divine Hesperides.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

## A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1869.

[No. 170.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LXXII.

#### THE DELIVERY OF THE LAMB.

It is hoped that a certain quarter of lamb will not have been forgotten, — a quarter of lamb that was sent as a peace-offering from Exeter to Nuncombe Putney by the hands of Miss Stanbury's Martha, not with purposes of corruption, not intended to buy back the allegiance of Dorothy, folded delicately and temptingly in one of the best table-napkins with no idea of bribery, but sent as presents used to be sent of old in the trains of great ambassadors as signs of friendship and marks of true respect. Miss Stanbury was, no doubt, most anxious that her niece should return to her, but was not herself low-spirited enough to conceive that a quarter of lamb could be efficacious in procuring such return. If it might be that Dorothy's heart could be touched by mention of the weariness of her aunt's solitary life; and if, therefore, she would return, it would be very well; but it could not be well so, unless the offer should come from Dorothy herself. All of which Martha had been made to understand by her mistress, considerable ingenuity having been exercised in the matter on each side.

On her arrival at Lissboro', Martha had hired a fly, and been driven out to Nuncombe Putney; but she felt, she knew not why, a dislike to be taken in her carriage to the door of the cottage; and was put down in the middle of the village, from whence she walked out to Mrs. Stanbury's abode with the basket upon her arm. It was a good half-mile, and the lamb was heavy, for Miss Stanbury had suggested that a bottle of sherry should be put in under the napkin, — and Martha was becoming tired of her burden when, — whom should she see on the road before her but Brooke Burgess? As she said herself afterwards, it immediately occurred to her "that all the fat was in the fire." Here had this young man come down, gaping through Exeter, without even a visit to Miss Stanbury, and had clandestinely sought out the young woman whom he was n't to marry; and here was the young woman herself flying in her aunt's face, when one scratch of a pen might ruin

them both! Martha entertained a sacred, awful, overcoming feeling about her mistress's will. That she was to have something herself she supposed, and her anxiety was not on that score; but she had heard so much about it, had realized so fully the great power which Miss Stanbury possessed, and had had her own feeling so rudely invaded by alterations in Miss Stanbury's plans, that she had come to entertain an idea that all persons around her should continually bear that will in their memory. Hugh had undoubtedly been her favorite, and, could Martha have dictated the will herself, she would still have made Hugh the heir; but she had realized the resolution of her mistress so far as to confess that the bulk of the property was to go back to a Burgess; but there were very many Burgesses; and here was the one who had been selected flying in the very face of the testatrix! What was to be done? — Were she to go back and not tell her mistress that she had seen Brooke Burgess at Nuncombe, then — should the fact be found out — would the devoted anger of Miss Stanbury fall upon her own head. It would be absolutely necessary that she should tell the story, let the consequences be what they might; but the consequences, probably, would be very dreadful. "Mr. Brooke, that is sent you?" she said, as she came up to him, putting her basket down in the middle of the dusty road.

"Then who can it be?" said Brooke, giving her his hand to shake.

"But what do bring you here, Mr. Brooke? Goodness me, what will the missus say?"

"I shall make that all straight. I'm going back to Exeter to-morrow." Then there were many questions and many answers. He was sojourning at Mrs. Crockett's, and had been there for the last two days. "Dear, dear, dear," she said over and over again. "Deary me, deary me!" and then she asked him whether it was "all along of Miss Dorothy" that he had come. Of course, it was all along of Miss Dorothy. Brooke made no secret about it. He had come down to see Dorothy's mother and sister, and to say a bit of his own mind about future

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



affairs,—and to see the beauties of the country. When he talked about the beauties of the country, Martha looked at him as the people of Lissboro' and Nuncombe Putney should have looked at Colonel Osborne, when he talked of the church porch at Cockchaffington. "Beauties of the countries, Mr. Brooke,—you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said Martha.

"But I ain't,—the least in the world," said Brooke.

Then Martha took up her basket, and went on to the cottage, which had been close in sight during their conversation in the wood. She felt angry with Dorothy. In such matters, a woman is always angry with the woman, who has probably been quite passive, and rarely with the man, who is ever the real transgressor. Having a man down after her at Nuncombe Putney! It had never struck Martha as very horrible that Brooke Burgess should feel in love with Dorothy in the city; but this meeting, in the remoteness of the country, out of sight even of the village, was almost indecent; and all, too, with Miss Stanbury's will just, as one might say, on the balance! Dorothy ought to have buried herself rather than have allowed Brooke to see her at Nuncombe Putney; and Dorothy's mother and Priscilla must be worse. She trudged on, however, with her lamb, and soon found herself in the presence of the three ladies.

"What! Martha!" said Dorothy.

"Yes, miss,—here I am. I'd have been here half an hour ago a'most if I had n't been stopped on the road."

"And who stopped you?" asked Priscilla.

"Why,—Mr. Brooke, of course."

"And what did Mr. Brooke say to you?" asked Dorothy.

Martha perceived at once that Dorothy was quite radiant. She told her mistress that she had never seen Miss Dorothy look half so comely before. "Laws, ma'am, she brightened up and shickled about, till it did your heart good to see her in spite of all." But this was some time afterwards.

"He did n't say very much," replied Martha, gravely.

"But I've got very much to tell you," continued Dorothy. "I'm engaged to be married to Mr. Brooke, and you must congratulate me. It is settled now, and mamma and my sister know all about it."

Martha, when she was thus asked directly for congratulation, hardly knew at once how to express herself. Being fully aware of Miss Stanbury's objection to the marriage, she could not venture to express her approbation of it. It was very improper, in Martha's mind, that any young woman should have a follower, when the "missus" did n't approve of it. She understood well enough that, in that matter of followers, privileges are allowed to young ladies which are not accorded to maid-servants. A young lady may do things,—have young men to walk and talk with them, to dance with them and embrace them, and perhaps even more than this,—when for half so much a young woman would be turned into the streets without a character. Martha knew all this, and knew also that Miss Dorothy, though her mother lived in a very little cottage, was not altogether debarred, in the matter of followers, from the privileges of a lady. But yet Miss Dorothy's position was so very peculiar! Look at that will,—or, rather, at that embryo will,—which might be made any day, which now probably

would be made, and which might affect them both so terribly! People who have not got money should not fly in the face of those who have. Such at least was Martha's opinion, very strongly. How could she congratulate Miss Dorothy under the existing circumstances. "I do hope you will be happy, miss,—that you knows," said Martha, in her difficulty. "And now, ma'am,—miss, I mean," she added, correcting herself, in obedience to Miss Stanbury's direct orders about the present,— "missus has just sent me over with a bit of lamb, and a letter as is here in the basket, and to ask how you is,—and the other ladies."

"We are very much obliged," said Mrs. Stanbury, who had not understood the point of Martha's speech.

"My sister is, I'm sure," said Priscilla, who had understood it.

Dorothy had taken the letter and had gone aside with it, and was reading it very carefully. It touched her nearly, and there had come tears into both her eyes, as she dwelt upon it. There was something in her aunt's allusion to the condition of unmarried women which came home to her especially. She knew her aunt's past history, and now she knew or hoped that she knew, something of her own future destiny. Her aunt was desolate, whereas upon her the world smiled most benignly. Brooke had just informed her that he intended to make her his wife as speedily as possible,—with her aunt's consent if possible, but if not, then without it. He had ridiculed the idea of his being stopped by Miss Stanbury's threats, and had said all this in such fashion that even Priscilla herself had only listened and obeyed. He had spoken not a word of his own income, and none of them had dreamed even of asking him a question. He had been as a god in the little cottage, and all of them had been ready to fall down and worship him. Mrs. Stanbury had not known how to treat him with sufficient deference, and, at the same time, with sufficient affection. He had kissed them all round, and Priscilla had felt an elation which was hardly intelligible to herself. Dorothy who was so much honored had come to enjoy a status in her mother's estimation very different from that which she had previously possessed, and had grown to be quite beautiful in her mother's eyes.

There was once a family of these ancient maiden ladies, much respected and loved in the town in which they lived. Their manners of life were well known among their friends, and excited no surprise; but a stranger to the locality once asked of the elder why Miss Matilda, the younger, always went first out of the room? "Matilda once had an offer of marriage," said the dear simple old lady, who had never been so grand, and who felt that such an episode in life was quite sufficient to bestow brevet rank. It was believed by Mrs. Stanbury that Dorothy's honors would be carried further than those of Miss Matilda, but there was much of the same feeling in the bosom of her mother towards the fortunate daughter, who, in the eyes of a man, had seemed goodly enough to be his wife.

With this swelling happiness round her heart, Dorothy read her aunt's letter, and was infinitely softened. "I had gotten somehow to love to see your pretty face," Dorothy had thought little enough of her own beauty, but she liked being told by her aunt that her face had been found to be pretty. "I am very desolate and solitary here," her aunt said; and then had come those words about the state of maiden women, and then those other



words, about women's duties, and her aunt's prayer on her behalf. "Dear Dorothy, be not such an one." She held the letter to her lips and to her bosom, and could hardly continue its perusal because of her tears. Such prayers from the aged addressed to the young are generally held in light esteem, but this adjuration was valued by the girl to whom it was addressed. She put together the invitation, — or rather the permission accorded to her to make a visit to Exeter, — and the intimation in the postscript that Martha knew her mistress's mind; and then she returned to the sitting-room, in which Martha was still seated with her mother, and took the old servant apart. "Martha," she said, "is my aunt happy now?"

"Well, — miss."

"She is strong again; is she not?"

"Sir Peter says she is getting well; and Mr. Martin; but Mr. Martin is n't much account."

"She eats and drinks again?"

"Pretty well; not as it used to be, you know, miss. I tell her she ought to go somewhere, — but she don't like moving nohow. She never did. I tell her if she'd go to Dawlish, — just for a week. But she don't think there's a bed fit to sleep on nowhere, except just her own."

"She would go if Sir Peter told her."

"She says that these movings are new-fangled fashions, and that the air did n't use to want changing for folk when she was young. I heard her tell Sir Peter herself, that if she could n't live at Exeter, she would die there. She won't go nowheres, Miss Dorothy. She ain't careful to live."

"Tell me something, Martha; will you?"

"What is it, Miss Dorothy?"

"Be a dear good woman now, and tell me true. Would she be better if I were with her?"

"She don't like being alone, miss. I don't know nobody as does."

"But now, about Mr. Brooke, you know."

"Yes, Mr. Brooke! That's it."

"Of course, Martha, I love him better than anything in all the world. I can't tell you how it was, but I think I loved him the very first moment I saw him."

"Dear, dear, dear."

"I couldn't help it, Martha, — but it's no good talking about it, for of course I sha'n't try to help it now. Only this, — that I would do anything in the world for my aunt, — except that."

"But she don't like it, Miss Dorothy. That is the truth, you know."

"It can't be helped now, Martha; and of course she'll be told at once. Shall I go and tell her? I'd go to-day, if you think she would like it."

"And Mr. Brooke?"

"He is to go to-morrow."

"And will you leave him here?"

"Why not? Nobody will hurt him. I don't mind a bit about having him now. But I can tell you this. When he went away from us once, it made me very unhappy. Would Aunt Stanbury be glad to see me, Martha?"

Martha's reserve was at last broken down, and she expressed herself in strong language. There was nothing on earth her mistress wanted so much as to have her favorite niece back again. Martha acknowledged that there were great difficulties about Brooke Burgess, and she did not see her way clearly through them. Dorothy declared her purpose of telling her aunt boldly, — at once. Martha shook her head, admiring the honesty and courage, but

doubting the result. She understood better than did any one else the peculiarity of mind which made her mistress specially anxious that none of the Stanbury family should enjoy any portion of the Burgess money, beyond that which she herself had saved out of the income. There had been moments in which Martha had hoped that this prejudice might be overcome in favor of Hugh; but it had become stronger as the old woman grew to be older and more feeble, — and it was believed now to be settled as Fate. "She'd sooner give it all to old Barty over the way," Martha had once said, "than let it go to her own kith and kin. And if she do hate any human creature, she do hate Barty Burgess." She assented, however, to Dorothy's proposal; and, though Mrs. Stanbury and Priscilla were astounded by the precipitancy of the measure they did not attempt to oppose it.

"And what am I to do?" said Brooke, when he was told.

"You'll come to-morrow, of course," said Dorothy.

"But it may be that the two of us together will be too many for the dear old lunatic."

"You sha'n't call her a lunatic, Brooke. She is n't so much a lunatic as you are, to run counter to her, and disobey her, and all that kind of thing."

"And how about yourself?"

"How can I help it, Brooke? It is you that say it must be so."

"Of course it must. Who is to be stayed from doing what is reasonable because an old woman has a bee on her bonnet? I don't believe in people's wills."

"She can do what she likes about it, Brooke."

"Of course she can, and of course she will. What I mean is that it never pays to do this or that because somebody may alter his will, or may make a will, or may not make a will. You become a slave for life, and then your dead tyrant leaves you a mourning-ring, and grins at you out of his grave. All the same she'll kick up a row, I fancy, and you'll have to bear the worst of it."

"I'll tell her the truth; and if she be very angry, I'll just come home again. But I think I'll come home to-morrow any way, so that I'll pass you on the road. That will be best. She won't want us both together. Only then, Brooke, I sha'n't see you again."

"Not till June."

"And is it to be really in June?"

"You say you don't like May."

"You are such a goose, Brooke. It will be May almost to-morrow. I shall be such a poor wife for you, Brooke. As for getting my things ready, I shall not bring hardly any things at all. Have you thought what it is to take a body so very poor?"

"I own I have n't thought as much about it, Dolly, — as I ought to have done, perhaps."

"It is too late now, Brooke."

"I suppose it is."

"Quite too late. A week ago I could have borne it. I had almost got myself to think that it would be better that I should bear it. But you have come and banished all the virtue out of my head. I am ashamed of myself, because I am so unworthy; but I would put up with that shame rather than lose you now. Brooke, Brooke, I will so try to be good to you."

In the afternoon Martha and Dorothy started together for Exeter, Brooke and Priscilla accompanying them as far as Mrs. Crocket's, where the Lissboro' fly was awaiting them. Dorothy said little or nothing during the walk, nor, indeed, was



she very communicative during the journey into Exeter. She was going to her aunt, instigated simply by the affection of her full heart; but she was going with a tale in her mouth which she knew would be very unwelcome. She could not save herself from feeling that, in having accepted Brooke, and in having not only accepted him, but even fixed the day for her marriage, she had been ungrateful to her aunt. Had it not been for her aunt's kindness and hospitality, she would never have seen Brooke Burgess. And as she had been under her aunt's care at Exeter, she doubted whether she had not been guilty of some great fault in falling in love with this man, in opposition as it were to express orders. Should her aunt still declare that she would in no way countenance the marriage, that she would still oppose it and use her influence with Brooke to break it off, then would Dorothy return on the morrow to her mother's cottage at Nuncombe Putney, so that her lover might be free to act with her aunt as he might think. And should he yield,—she would endeavor, she would struggle hard, to think that he was still acting for the best. "I must tell her myself, Martha," said Dorothy, as they came near to Exeter.

"Certainly, miss,—only you'll do it to-night."

"Yes, at once. As soon after I get there as possible."

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### DOROTHY RETURNS.

Miss Stanbury perfectly understood that Martha was to come back by the train reaching Exeter at 7 P. M., and that she might be expected in the Close about a quarter of an hour after that time. She had been nervous and anxious all day,—so much so that Mr. Martin had told her that she must be very careful. "That's all very well," the old woman had said, "but you have n't got any medicine for my complaint, Mr. Martin." The apothecary had assured her that the worst of her complaint was in the east wind, and had gone away begging her to be very careful. "It is not God's breezes that are hard to any one," the old lady had said to herself, "but our own hearts."

After her lonely dinner she had fidgeted about the room, and had rung twice for the girl, not knowing what order to give when the servant came to her. She was very anxious about her tea, but would not have it brought to her till after Martha should have arrived. She was half-minded to order that a second cup and saucer should be placed there, but she had not the courage to face the disappointment which would fall upon her, should the cup and saucer stand there for no purpose. And yet, should she come, how nice it would be to show her that her old aunt had been ready for her. Thrice she went to the window after the cathedral clock had struck seven, to see whether her ambassador was returning. From her window there was only one very short space of pathway on which she could have seen her,—and, as it happened, there came the ring at the door, and no ambassador had as yet been viewed. Miss Stanbury was immediately off her seat, and out upon the landing. "Here we are again, Miss Dorothy," said Martha. Then Miss Stanbury could not restrain herself,—but descended the stairs, moving as she had never moved since she had first been ill. "My bairn," she said, "my dearest bairn. I thought that perhaps it might be so. Jane, another tea-cup and saucer up

stairs." What a pity that she had not ordered it before! "And get a hot cake, Jane. You will be ever so hungry, my darling, after your journey."

"Are you glad to see me, Aunt Stanbury?" said Dorothy.

"Glad, my pretty one!" Then she put up her hands, and smoothed down the girl's cheeks, and kissed her, and patted Martha on the back, and scolded her at the same time for not bringing Miss Dorothy from the station in a cab. And what is the meaning of that little bag?" she said. "You shall go back for the rest yourself, Martha, because it is your own fault." Martha knew that all this was pleasant enough; but then her mistress's moods would sometimes be changed so suddenly! How would it be when Miss Stanbury knew that Brooke Burgess had been left behind at Nuncombe Putney?

"You see I did n't stay to eat any of the lamb," said Dorothy, smiling.

"You shall have a calf instead, my dear," said Miss Stanbury, "because you are a returned prodigal."

All this was very pleasant, and Miss Stanbury was so happy dispensing her tea, and the hot cake, and the clotted cream, and was so intent upon her little methods of caressing and petting her niece, that Dorothy had no heart to tell her story while the plates and cups were still upon the table. She had not perhaps cared much for the hot cake, having such a weight upon her mind, but she had seemed to care, understanding well that she might so best conduce to her aunt's comfort. Miss Stanbury was a woman who could not bear that the good things which she had provided for a guest should not be enjoyed. She could taste with a friend's palate, and drink with a friend's throat. But when debarred these vicarious pleasures by what seemed to her to be the caprice of her guests, she would be offended. It had been one of the original sins of Camilla and Arabella French, that they would declare at her tea-table that they had dined late and could not eat tea-cake. Dorothy knew all this,—and did her duty, but with a heavy heart. There was the story to be told, and she had promised Martha that it should be told to-night. She was quite aware, too, independently of her promise, that it was necessary that it should be told to-night. It was very sad, very grievous that the dear old lady's happiness should be disturbed so soon; but it must be done. When the tea-things were being taken away, her aunt was still purring round her, and saying gentle, loving words. Dorothy bore it as well as she could,—bore it well, smiling and kissing her aunt's hand, and uttering now and then some word of affection. But the thing had to be done; and as soon as the room was quiet for a moment, she jumped up from her chair and began. "Aunt Stanbury, I must tell you something at once. Who, do you think, is at Nuncombe Putney?"

"Not Brooke Burgess?"

"Yes, he is. He is there now, and is to be here with you to-morrow."

The whole color and character of Miss Stanbury's face was changed in a moment. She had been still purring up to the moment in which this communication had been made to her. Her gratification had come to her from the idea that her pet had come back to her from love of her,—as in very truth had been the case; but now it seemed that Dorothy had returned to ask for a great favor for herself.



And she reflected at once that Brooke had passed through Exeter without seeing her. If he was determined to marry without reference to her, he might, at any rate, have had the grace to come to her and say so. She, in the fulness of her heart, had written words of affection to Dorothy, and both Dorothy and Brooke had at once taken advantage of her expressions for their own purposes. Such was her reading of the story of the day. "He need not trouble himself to come here now," she said.

"Dear aunt, do not say that."

"I do say it. He need not trouble himself to come now. When I said that I should be glad to see you, I did not intend that you should meet Mr. Burgess under my roof. I did not wish to have you both together."

"How could I help coming, when you wrote to me like that?"

"It is very well, but he need not come. He knows the way from Nuncombe to London without stopping at Exeter."

"Aunt Stanbury, you must let me tell it you all."

"There is no more to tell, I should think."

"But there is more. You knew what he thought about me, and what he wished."

"He is his own master, my dear, and you are your own mistress."

"If you speak to me like that you will kill me. Aunt Stanbury. I did not think of coming, — only when Martha brought your dear letter I could not help it. But he was coming. He meant to come to-morrow, and he will. Of course he must defend himself, if you are angry with him."

"He need not defend himself at all."

"I told them, and I told him, that I would only stay one night, if you did not wish that we should be here together. You must see him, Aunt Stanbury. You would not refuse to see him."

"If you please, my dear, you must allow me to judge whom I will see."

After that the discussion ceased between them for a while, and Miss Stanbury left the room that she might hold a consultation with Martha. Dorothy went up to her chamber, and saw that everything had been prepared for her with most scrupulous care. Nothing could be whiter, neater, cleaner, nicer, than was everything that surrounded her. She had perceived while living under her aunt's roof, how, gradually, small delicate feminine comforts had been increased for her. Martha had been told that Miss Dorothy ought to have this, and that Miss Dorothy ought to have that; till at last she, who had hitherto known nothing of the small luxuries that come from an easy income, had felt ashamed of the prettiness that had been added to her. Now she could see at once that infinite care had been used to make her room bright and smiling, — only in the hope that she would return. As soon as she saw it all, she sat down on her bed and burst out into tears. Was it not hard upon her that she should be forced into such ingratitude? Every comfort prepared for her was a coal of hot fire upon her head. And yet what had she done that she ought not to have done? Was it unreasonable that she should have loved this man, when they two were brought together? And had she even dared to think of him otherwise than as an acquaintance till he had compelled her to confess her love? And after that had she not tried to separate herself from him, so that they two — her aunt and her lover — might be divided by no quarrel? Had not Priscilla told her that she was right in all that she was doing? Nevertheless, in

spite of all this, she could not refrain from accusing herself of ingratitude towards her aunt. And she began to think it would have been better for her now to have remained at home, and have allowed Brooke to come alone to Exeter than to have obeyed the impulse which had arisen from the receipt of her aunt's letter. When she went down again, she found herself alone in the room, and she was beginning to think that it was intended that she should go to bed without again seeing her aunt; but at last Miss Stanbury came to her, with a sad countenance, but without that look of wrath which Dorothy knew so well. "My dear," she said, "it will be better that Mr. Burgess should go up to London to-morrow. I will see him, of course, if he chooses to come, and Martha shall meet him at the station and explain it. If you do not mind, I would prefer that you should not meet him here."

"I meant only to stay one night, aunt."

"That is nonsense. If I am to part with either of you, I will part with him. You are dearer to me than he is. Dorothy, you do not know how dear to me you are."

Dorothy immediately fell on her knees at her aunt's feet, and hid her face in her aunt's lap. Miss Stanbury twined round her fingers the soft hair which she loved so well, — because it was a grace given by God, and not bought out of a shop, — and caressed the girl's head and muttered something that was intended for a prayer. "If he will let me, aunt, I will give him up," said Dorothy, looking up into her aunt's face. "If he will say that I may, though I shall love him always, he may go."

"He is his own master," said Miss Stanbury. "Of course he is his own master."

"Will you let me return to-morrow, — just for a few days, — and then you can talk to him as you please. I did not mean to come to stay. I wished him good by because I knew that I should not meet him here."

"You always talk of going away, Dorothy, as soon as ever you are in the house. You are always threatening me."

"I will come again, the moment you tell me. If he goes in the morning, I will be here the same evening. And I will write to him, Aunt Stanbury, and tell him — that he is — quite free — quite free — quite free."

Miss Stanbury made no reply to this, but sat, still playing with her niece's hair. "I think I will go to bed," she said at last. "It is past ten. You need not go to Nuncombe, Dorothy. Martha shall meet him, and he can see me here. But I do not wish him to stay in the house. You can go over and call on Mrs. MacHugh. Mrs. MacHugh will take it well of you that you should call on her." Dorothy made no further opposition to this arrangement, but kissed her aunt, and went to her chamber.

How was it all to be for her? For the last two days she had been radiant with new happiness. Everything had seemed to be settled. Her lover, in his high-handed way, had declared that in no important crisis of life would he allow himself to be driven out of his way by the fear of what an old woman might do in her will. When Dorothy assured him that not for worlds would she, though she loved him dearly, injure his material prospects, he had thrown it all aside, after a grand fashion, that had really made the girl think that all Miss Stanbury's money was as nothing to his love for her. She and Priscilla and her mother had been carried away so entirely by Brooke's oratory as to feel for the time



that the difficulties were entirely conquered. But now the aspect of things was so different! Whatever Brooke might owe to Miss Stanbury, she, Dorothy, owed her aunt everything. She would immolate herself,—if Brooke would only let her. She did not quite understand her aunt's stubborn opposition; but she knew that there was some great cause for her aunt's feeling on the matter. There had been a promise made, or an oath sworn, that the property of the Burgess family should not go into the hands of any Stanbury. Dorothy told herself that, were she married, she would be a Stanbury no longer,—that her aunt would still comply with the obligation she had fixed for herself; but, nevertheless, she was ready to believe that her aunt might be right. Her aunt had always declared that it should be so; and Dorothy, knowing this, confessed to herself that she should have kept her heart under better control. Thinking of these things, she went to the table, where paper and ink and pens had all been prepared for her so prettily, and began her letter to Brooke. "Dearest, dearest Brooke." But then she thought that this was not a fair keeping of her promise, and she began again. "My dear Brooke." The letter, however, did not get itself written that night. It was almost impossible for her to write it. "I think it will be better for you," she had tried to say, "to be guided by my aunt." But how could she say this when she did not believe it? It was her wish to make him understand that she would never think ill of him, for a moment, if he would make up his mind to abandon her; but she could not find the words to express herself, and she went, at last, to bed, leaving the half-covered paper upon the table.

She went to bed, and cried herself to sleep. It had been so sweet to have a lover,—a man of her own, to whom she could say what she pleased, from whom she had a right to ask for counsel and protection, a man who delighted to be near her, and to make much of her. In comparison with her old mode of living, her old ideas of life, her life with such a lover was passed in an elysium. She had entered from barren lands into so rich a paradise! But there is no paradise, as she now found, without apples which must be eaten, and which lead to sorrow. She regretted in this hour that she had ever seen Brooke Burgess. After all, with her aunt's love and care for her, with her mother and sister near her, with the respect of those who knew her, why should the lands have been barren, even had there been no entrance for her into that elysium? And did it not all result in this, that the elysium to be looked to should not be here; that the paradise without the apples must be waited for till beyond the grave? It is when things go badly with us here, and for most of us only then, that we think that we can see through the dark clouds into the joys of heaven. But at last she slept, and in her dreams Brooke was sitting with her in Niddon Park, with his arm tight clasped round her waist.

She slept so soundly, that when a step crept silently into her room, and when a light was held for a while over her face, neither the step nor the light awakened her. She was lying with her head back upon her pillow, and her arm hung by the bedside, and her lips were open, and her loose hair was spread upon the pillow. The person who stood there with the light thought that there never had been a fairer sight. Everything there was so pure, so sweet, so good! She was one whose only selfish happiness could come to her from the belief that

others loved her. The step had been very soft, and even the breath of the intruder was not allowed to pass heavily into the air, but the light of the candle shone upon the eyelids of the sleeper, and she moved her head restlessly on the pillow. "Dorothy, are you awake? Can you speak to me?"

Then the disturbed girl gradually opened her eyes and gazed upwards, and raised herself in her bed, and sat wondering. "Is anything the matter, aunt?" she said.

"Only the vagaries of an old woman, my pet,—of an old woman who cannot sleep in her bed."

"But what is it, aunt?"

"Kiss me, dearest." Then, with something of slumber still about her, Dorothy raised herself in her bed, and placed her arm on her aunt's shoulder and embraced her. "And now for my news," said Miss Stanbury.

"What news, aunt? It is n't morning yet; is it?"

"No,—it is not morning. You shall sleep again presently. I have thought of it, and you shall be Brooke's wife, and I will have it here, and we will all be friends."

"What!"

"You will like that; will you not?"

"And you will not quarrel with him? What am I to say? What am I to do?" She was, in truth, awake now, and, not knowing what she did, she jumped out of her bed, and stood holding her aunt by the arm.

"It is not a dream," said Miss Stanbury.

"Are you sure that it is not a dream? And may he come here to-morrow?"

"Of course he will come to-morrow."

"And may I see him, Aunt Stanbury?"

"Not if you go home, my dear."

"But I won't go home. And will you tell him? O dear, O dear! Aunt Stanbury, I do not think that I believe it yet."

"You will catch cold, my dear, if you stay there trying to believe it. You have nothing on. Get into bed and believe it there. You will have time to think of it before the morning." Then Miss Stanbury went back to her own chamber, and Dorothy was left alone to realize her bliss.

She thought of all her life for the last twelve months,—of the first invitation to Exeter, and the doubts of the family as to its acceptance, of her arrival and of her own doubts as to the possibility of her remaining, of Mr. Gibson's courtship and her aunt's disappointment, of Brooke's coming, of her love and of his,—and then of her departure back to Nuncombe. After that had come the triumph of Brooke's visit, and then the terrible sadness of her aunt's displeasure. But now everything was good and glorious. She did not care for money herself. She thought that she never could care much for being rich. But had she made Brooke poor by marrying him, that must always have been to her matter of regret, if not of remorse. But now it was all to be smooth and sweet. Now a paradise was to be opened to her, with no apples which she might not eat,—no apples which might not, but still must, be eaten. She thought that it would be impossible that she should sleep again that night; but she did sleep, and dreamed that Brooke was holding her in Niddon Park, tighter than ever.

When the morning came, she trembled as she walked down into the parlor. Might it not still be possible that it was all a dream? or what if her aunt should again have changed her purpose? But the



first moment of her aunt's presence told her that there was nothing to fear. "How did you sleep, Dorothy?" said the old lady.

"Dear aunt, I do not know. Was it all sleep?"

"What shall we say to Brooke when he comes?"

"You shall tell him."

"No, dearest, you must tell him. And you must say to him that if he is not good to my girl, and does not love her always, and cling to her, and keep her from harm, and be in truth her loving husband, I will hold him to be the most ungrateful of human beings." And before Brooke came, she spoke again. "I wonder whether he thinks you as pretty as I do, Dolly?"

"He never said that he thought me pretty at all."

"Did he not? Then he shall say so, or he shall not have you. It was your looks won me first, Dolly,—like an old fool as I am. It is so pleasant to have a little nature after such a deal of foul artifice." In which latter remarks it was quite understood that Miss Stanbury was alluding to her enemies at Heavitree.

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

### THE LIONESS AROUSED.

Brooke Burgess had been to Exeter, and had gone,—for he only remained there one night,—and everything was apparently settled. It was not exactly told through Exeter that Miss Stanbury's heir was to be allowed to marry Miss Stanbury's niece; but Martha knew it, and Giles Hickbody guessed it, and Dorothy was allowed to tell her mother and sister, and Brooke himself, in his own careless way, had mentioned the matter to his Uncle Bart. As Miss Stanbury had also told the secret in confidence to Mrs. MacHugh, it cannot be said that it was altogether well kept. Four days after Brooke's departure the news reached the Frenches at Heavitree. It was whispered to Camilla by one of the shopmen with whom she was still arranging her marriage trousseau, and was repeated by her to her mother and sister with some additions which were not intended to be good-natured. "He gets her and the money together as a bargain, of course," said Camilla. "I only hope the money won't be found too dear."

"Perhaps he won't get it, after all," said Arabella.

"That would be cruel," replied Camilla. "I don't think that even Miss Stanbury is so false as that."

Things were going very badly at Heavitree. There was war there, almost everlastingly, though such little playful conversations as the above showed that there might be an occasional lull in the battle. Mr. Gibson was not doing his duty. That was clear enough. Even Mrs. French, when she was appealed to with almost frantic energy by her younger daughter, could not but acknowledge that he was very remiss as a lover. And Camilla, in her fury, was very impudent. That very frantic energy which induced her to appeal to her mother was, in itself, proof of her impudence. She knew that she was foolish, but she could not control her passion. Twice had she detected Arabella in receiving notes from Mr. Gibson, which she did not see, and of which it had been intended that she should know nothing. And once, when she spent a night away at Ottery St. Mary with a friend,—a visit which was specially prefatory to marriage, and made in

reference to bridesmaids' dresses,—Arabella had had—so at least Camilla was made to believe—a secret meeting with Mr. Gibson in some of the lanes which lead down from Heavitree to the Topsham road.

"I happened to meet him, and spoke two words to him," said Arabella. "Would you have me cut him?"

"I'll tell you what it is, Bella,—if there is any underhand game going on that I don't understand, all Exeter shall be on fire before you shall carry it out."

Bella made no answer to this, but shrugged her shoulders. Camilla was almost at a loss to guess what might be the truth. Would not any sister, so accused on such an occasion, rebut the accusation with awful wrath? But Arabella simply shrugged her shoulders, and went her way. It was now the 15th of April, and there wanted but one short fortnight to their marriage. The man had not the courage to jilt her. She felt sure that he had not heart enough to do a deed of such audacity. And her sister, too, was weak and a coward, and would lack the power to stand on her legs and declare herself to be the perpetrator of such villany. Her mother, as she knew well, would always have preferred that her elder daughter should be the bride; but her mother was not the woman to have the hardihood, now, in the eleventh hour, to favor such an intrigue. Let her wish be what it might, she would not be strong enough to carry through the accomplishment of it. They would all know that that threat of hers of setting Exeter on fire would be carried out after some fashion that would not be inadequate to the occasion. A sister, a mother, a promised lover, all false,—all so damnably, cruelly false! It was impossible. No history, no novel of most sensational interest, no wonderful villany that had ever been wrought into prose or poetry, would have been equal to this. It was impossible. She told herself so a score of times a day. And yet the circumstances were so terribly suspicious! Mr. Gibson's attribute as a lover was simply disgraceful to him as a man and a clergyman. He was full of excuses, which she knew to be false. He would never come near her if he could help it. When he was with her, he was as cold as an archbishop both in word and in action. Nothing would tempt him to any outward manifestation of affection. He would talk of nothing but the poor women of St. Peter-cum-Pumpkin in the city, and the fraudulent idleness of a certain colleague in the cathedral services, who was always shirking his work. He made her no presents. He never walked with her. He was always gloomy,—and he had indeed so behaved himself in public that people were beginning to talk of "poor Mr. Gibson." And yet he could meet Arabella on the sly in the lanes, and send notes to her by the greengrocer's boy! Poor Mr. Gibson, indeed! Let her once get him well over the 29th of April, and the people of Exeter might talk about poor Mr. Gibson if they pleased. And Bella's conduct was more wonderful almost than that of Mr. Gibson. With all her cowardice, she still held up her head,—held it perhaps a little higher than was usual with her. And when that grievous accusation was made against her,—made and repeated,—an accusation the very thought and sound of which would almost have annihilated her had there been a decent feeling in her bosom, she would simply shrug her shoulders and walk away. "Camilla," she had once said, "you will drive that man mad before you



have done." "What is it to you how I drive him?" Camilla had answered in her fury. Then Arabella had again shrugged her shoulders and walked away. Between Camilla and her mother, too, there had come to be an almost internecine quarrel on a collateral point. Camilla was still carrying on a vast arrangement which she called the preparation of her trousseau, but which both Mrs. French and Bella regarded as a spoliation of the domestic nest for the proud purposes of one of the younger birds. And this had grown so fearfully that in two different places Mrs. French had found herself compelled to request that no further articles might be supplied to Mi's Camilla. The bride elect had rebelled, alleging that as no fortune was to be provided for her, she had a right to take with her such things as she could carry away in her trunk and boxes. Money could be had at the bank, she said; and, after all, what were fifty pounds more or less on such an occasion as this? And then she went into a calculation to prove that her mother and sister would be made so much richer by her absence, and that she was doing so much for them by her marriage, that nothing could be more mean in them than that they should hesitate to supply her with such things as she desired to make her entrance into Mr. Gibson's house respectable. But Mrs. French was obdurate, and Mr. Gibson was desired to speak to her. Mr. Gibson, in fear and trembling, told her that she ought to repress her spirit of extravagance, and Camilla at once foresaw that he would avail himself of this plea against her, should he find it possible at any time to avail himself of any plea. She became ferocious, and, turning upon him, told him to mind his own business. Was it not all for him that she was doing it? "She was not," she said, "disposed to submit to any control in such matters from him till he had assumed his legal right to it by standing with her before the altar." It came, however, to be known all over Exeter that Miss Camilla's expenditure had been checked, and that, in spite of the joys naturally incidental to a wedding, things were not going well with the ladies at Heavittree.

At last the blow came. Camilla was aware that on a certain morning her mother had been to Mr. Gibson's house, and had held a long conference with him. She could learn nothing of what took place there, for at that moment she had taken upon herself to place herself on non-speaking terms with her mother in consequence of those disgraceful orders which had been given to the tradesmen. But Bella had not been at Mr. Gibson's house at the time, and Camilla, though she presumed that her own conduct had been discussed in a manner very injurious to herself, did not believe that any step was being then arranged which would be positively antagonistic to her own views. The day fixed was now so very near that there could, she felt, be no escape. But she was wrong.

Mr. Gibson had been found by Mrs. French in a very excited state on that occasion. He had wept, and pulled his hair, and torn open his waistcoat, had spoken of himself as a wretch, — pleading, however, at the same time, that he was more sinned against than sinning, had paced about the room with his hands dashing against his brows, and at last had flung himself prostrate on the ground. The meaning of it all was, that he had tried very hard, and had found at last that "he could n't do it." "I am ready to submit," said he, "to any verdict that you may pronounce against me, but I should deceive

you and deceive her if I did n't say at once that I can't do it." He went on to explain that since he had unfortunately entered into his present engagement with Camilla, — of whose position he spoke in quite a touching manner, — and since he had found what was the condition of his own heart and feelings, he had consulted a friend, — who, if any merely human being was capable of advising, might be implicitly trusted for advice in such a matter, — and that this friend had told him that he was bound to give up the marriage, let the consequences to himself or to others be what they might. "Although the skies should fall on me, I cannot stand at the hyemeneal altar with a lie in my mouth," said Mr. Gibson, immediately upon his rising from his prostrate condition on the floor. In such a position as this a mother's fury would surely be very great! But Mrs. French was hardly furious. She cried, and begged him to think better of it, and assured him that Camilla, when she should be calmed down by matrimony, would not be so bad as she seemed; but she was not furious. "The truth is, Mr. Gibson," she said through her tears, "that, after all, you like Bella best." Mr. Gibson owned that he did like Bella best, and although no bargain was made between them then and there, — and such making of a bargain then and there would hardly have been practicable, — it was understood that Mrs. French would not proceed to extremities if Mr. Gibson would still make himself forthcoming as a husband for the advantage of one of the daughters of the family.

So far Mr. Gibson had progressed towards a partial liberation from his thralldom with a considerable amount of courage; but he was well aware that the great act of daring still remained to be done. He had suggested to Mrs. French that she should settle the matter with Camilla; but this Mrs. French had altogether declined to do. It must, she said, come from himself. If she were to do it, she must sympathize with her child; and such sympathy would be obstructive of the future arrangements which were still to be made. "She always knew that I liked Bella best," said Mr. Gibson, — still sobbing, still tearing his hair, still pacing the room with his waistcoat torn open. "I would not advise you to tell her that," said Mrs. French. Then Mrs. French came home, and early on the following morning it was thought good by Arabella that she also should pay a visit at Ottery St. Mary's. "Good by, Cammy," said Arabella as she went. "Bella," said Camilla, "I wonder whether you are a serpent. I do not think you can be so base a serpent as that." "I declare, Cammy, you do say such odd things that no one can understand what you mean." And so she went.

On that morning Mr. Gibson was walking at an early hour along the road from Exeter to Cowley, contemplating his position and striving to arrange his plans. What was he to do, and how was he to do it? He was prepared to throw up his living, to abandon the cathedral, to leave the diocese, — to make any sacrifice rather than take Camilla to his bosom. Within the last six weeks he had learned to regard her with almost a holy horror. He could not understand by what miracle of self-neglect he had fallen into so perilous an abyss. He had long known Camilla's temper. But in those days in which he had been beaten like a shuttlecock between the Stanburys and the Frenches, he had lost his head and had done, — he knew not what. "Those whom the gods choose to destroy, they first



madden," said Mr. Gibson to himself of himself, throwing himself back upon early erudition and pagan philosophy. Then he looked across to the river Exe, and thought that there was hardly water enough there to cover the multiplicity of his sorrows.

But something must be done. He had proceeded so far in forming a resolution, as he reached St. David's church on his return homewards. His sagacious friend had told him that as soon as he had altered his mind, he was bound to let the lady know of it without delay. "You must remember," said the sagacious friend, "that you will owe her much, — very much." Mr. Gibson was perplexed in his mind when he reflected how much he might possibly be made to owe her if she should decide on appealing to a jury of her countrymen for justice. But anything would be better than his home at St. Peter's-cum-Pumkin with Camilla sitting opposite to him as his wife. Were there not distant lands in which a clergyman, unfortunate but still energetic, might find work to do? Was there not all America? and were there not Australia, New Zealand, Natal, all open to him? Would not a missionary career among the Chinese be better for him than St. Peter's-cum-Pumkin with Camilla French for his wife? By the time he had reached home his mind was made up. He would write a letter to Camilla at once; and he would marry Arabella at once, — on any day that might be fixed, — on condition that Camilla would submit to her defeat without legal redress. If legal redress should be demanded, he would put in evidence the fact that her own mother had been compelled to caution the tradesmen of the city in regard to her extravagance.

He did not write his letter, — in an agony of spirit. "I sit down, Camilla, with a sad heart and a reluctant hand," he said, "to communicate to you a fatal truth. But truth should be cowardly to prevail, and there is nothing in man so cowardly, so detrimental, and so unmanly as its concealment. I have looked into myself, and have inquired of myself, and have assured myself, that were I to become your husband, I should not make you happy. It would be of no use for me now to dilate on the reasons which have convinced me; but I am convinced, and I consider it my duty to inform you so at once. I have been closeted with your mother, and have made her understand that it is so.

"I have not a word to say in my own justification but this, — that I am sure I am acting honestly in telling you the truth. I would not wish to say a word animadverting on yourself. If there must be blame in this matter, I am willing to take it all on my own shoulders. But things have been done of late, and words have been spoken, and habits have displayed themselves, which would not, I am sure, conduce to our mutual comfort in the world, or to our assistance to each other in our struggles to reach the happiness of the world to come.

"I do not know that I need add anything further. What can I add further? Only this, — that I am inflexible. Having resolved to take this step, and to bear the evil things that may be said of me, — for your happiness and for my own tranquillity, — I shall not now relinquish my resolution. I do not ask you to forgive me. I doubt much whether I shall ever be quite able to forgive myself. The mistake which I have made is one which should not have been committed. I do not ask you to forgive me; but I do ask you to pray that I may be forgiven.

"Yours, with feelings of the truest friendship,  
"THOMAS GIBSON."

The letter had been very difficult, but he was rather proud of it than otherwise when it was completed. He had felt that he was writing a letter which not improbably might become public property. It was necessary that he should be firm, that he should accuse himself a little in order that he might excuse himself much, and that he should hint at causes which might justify the rupture, though he should so veil them as not to appear to defend his own delinquency by ungenerous counter-accusation. When he had completed the letter, he thought that he had done all this rather well, and he sent the despatch off to Heavitree by the clerk of St. Peter's church, with something of that feeling of expressible relief which attends the final conquest over some fatal and all but insuperable misfortune. He thought that he was sure now that he would not have to marry Camilla on the 29th of the month, — and there would probably be a period of some hours before he would be called upon to hear or read Camilla's reply.

Camilla was alone when she received the letter, but she rushed at once to her mother. "There," said she, "there, — I knew that it was coming." Mrs. French took the papers into her hands, and gasped, and gazed at her daughter without speaking. "You knew of it, mother."

"Yesterday, — when he told me, I knew of it."

"And Bella knows it."

"Not a word of it."

"She does. I am sure she does. But it is all nothing. I will not accept it. He cannot treat me so. I will drag him there; but he shall come."

"You can't make him, my dear."

"I will make him. And you would help me, mamma, if you had any spirit. What, a fortnight before the time, when the things are all bought! Look at the presents that have been sent! Mamma, he doesn't know me. And he never would have done it, if it had not been for Bella, — never. She had better take care, or there shall be such a tragedy that nobody ever heard the like. If she thinks that she is going to be that man's wife, she is — mistaken." Then there was a pause for a moment. "Mamma," she said, "I shall go to him at once. I do not care in the least what anybody may say. I shall — go to him — at once." Mrs. French felt that at this moment it was best that she should be silent.

[To be continued.]

## ODDS AND ENDS OF ALPINE LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

(Second Paper.)

### § V.

THE gorges of the Alps interested me in 1864, as the question of their origin was then under discussion. Having heard much of the Via Mala as an example of a crack produced by an earthquake, I went there, and afterwards examined the gorge of Pfeffers, that of Bergun, the Finsteraarschlucht, and several others of minor note. In all cases I arrived at the same conclusion, — namely, that earthquakes had nothing to do with the production of these wonderful chasms, but that they had been one and all sawn through the rocks by running water. From Tüsis I crossed the beautiful Schien Pass to Tiefenaksten, and went thence by diligence over the Julier to Pontresina.

The scenery of the Engadin stands both in char-



acter and position between that of Switzerland and the Tyrol, combining in a high degree the grandeur of the one and the beauty of the other. Pontresina occupies a fine situation on the Bernina road, at about 6,000 feet above the sea. From the windows of the hotel you look up the Rosegg valley. The pines are large and luxuriant below, but they dwindle in size as they struggle up the heights, until they are cut off finally either by the inclemency of the air or the scantiness of their proper atmospheric food. From the earth itself these trees derive but an infinitesimal portion of their supplies, as may be seen by the utter barrenness of the rocks on which they flourish, and which they use simply as supports to lift their branches into the nutritive atmosphere. The valley ends in the Rosegg glacier, which is fed by the snows of one of the noblest mountain-groups in the whole of Switzerland.

The baths of St. Moritz are about an hour distant from Pontresina. Here every summer, hundreds of Swiss and Germans, and an increasing number of English, aggregate. The water contains carbonic acid (the gas of soda water) and a trace of sulphate of iron (copperas); this the visitors drink, and in elongated tubs containing it they submerge themselves. A curious effect is produced by the collection and escape of innumerable bubbles of carbonic acid from the skin. Every bubble on detaching itself produces a little twitch, and hence a sort of prickly sensation experienced in the water. The patients at St. Moritz put me in mind of that Eastern prince whose physician induced him to kick a football under the impression that it contained a charm. The sagacious doctor knew that *faith* has a dynamic power unpossessed by *knowledge*. Through the agency of this power he stirred the prince to action, caused him to take wholesome exercise, and thus cured him of his ailments. At St. Moritz the water is probably the football,—the air and exercise on these windy heights being in most cases the real curative agents. The dining-room of the Kurhaus, when my friend Professor Hirst and I were there, was filled with guests; every window was barred, while down the chilled panes streamed the condensed vapor of respiration. The place and company illustrated the power of habit to modify the human constitution; for it was through habit that these people extracted a pleasurable existence out of an atmosphere which threatened with asphyxia the better ventilated Englishman.

There was a general understanding between my friend Hirst and myself, that we should this year meet at Pontresina, and without concert as to the day both of us reached the village within the same quarter of an hour. Some theoretic points of glacier motion requiring elucidation, we took the necessary instruments with us to the Engadin; we also carried with us a quantity of other work, but our first care was to dissipate the wrecked tissues of our bodies, and to supply their place by new material.

Twenty-four years ago Mayer, of Heilbronn, with that power of genius which breathes large meanings into scanty facts, pointed out that the blood was "the oil of life," and that muscular effort was, in the main, supported by the combustion of this oil. The recent researches of eminent men completely prove the soundness of Mayer's induction. The muscles are the machinery by which the dynamic power of the food is brought into action. Nevertheless, the whole body, though more slowly than the blood, wastes also. How is the sense of personal identity maintained across this flight of molecules?

To man as we know him, *matter* is necessary to consciousness, but the matter of any period may be all changed, while consciousness exhibits no solution of continuity. The oxygen that departs seems to whisper its secret to the oxygen that arrives, and thus, while the Non-ego shifts and changes, the Ego remains intact. Constancy of *form* in the grouping of the molecules, and not constancy of the molecules themselves, is the correlative of this constancy of perception. Life is a *wave* which in no two consecutive moments of its existence is composed of the same particles.

The ancient lake-beds of the Alps bear directly upon those theories of erosion and convulsion which, in 1864, were subjects of geologic discussion. They are to be found in almost every Alpine valley, each consisting of a level plain formed by sediment, with a barrier below it, which once constituted the dam of the lake. These barriers are now cut through, a river in each case flowing through the gap. *How* cut through? was one of the problems afloat five or six years ago. Some supposed that the chasms were cracks produced by earthquakes; and if only one or two of them existed, this hypothesis might perhaps postpone that closer examination which infallibly explodes it. But such chasms exist by hundreds in the Alps, and we could not without absurdity invoke in each case the aid of an earthquake to split the dam and drain the waters. Near Pontresina there is a good example of a rocky barrier with a lake-bed behind it, while, within hearing of the village, a river rushes through a chasm which intersects the barrier. In company with Professor Hirst, I have often stood upon the bridge which spans this gorge, and we have both clearly seen the marks of aqueous erosion from its bottom to its top. The rock is not of a character to preserve the finer traces of water action, but the larger scoopings and hollowings are quite manifest. Like all others that I have seen, it is a chasm of erosion.

The same idea may be extended to the Alps themselves. This land was once beneath the sea, and from the moment of its first emergence from the waters until now, it has felt incessantly the tooth of erosion. No doubt the strains and pressures brought into play when the crust was uplifted produced in some cases fissures and contortions, which gave direction to ice and water, the real moulders of the Alps. When the eye has been educated on commanding eminences to take in large tracts of the mountains, and when the mind has become capable of resisting the tendency to generalize from exceptional cases, conjecture grows by degrees into conviction that no other known agents than ice and water could have given the Alps their present forms. The plains at their feet, moreover, are covered by the chips resulting from their sculpture. Were they correctly modelled, so as to bring their heights and inclinations in just proportions immediately under the eye, this undoubtedly is the conviction that would first force itself upon the mind. An inspection of some of the models in the Jermyn Street Museum will in part illustrate my meaning.

In connection with this question of mountain sculpture, the sand-cones of the glaciers are often exceedingly instructive. The Unteraar glacier and the Görner glacier present numerous cases of the kind. On the 20th of July, 1864, I came upon a fine group of such cones upon the Morteratsch glacier. They were perfect models of the Alps. I could find among them a reduced copy of almost every moun-



tain with which I am acquainted. One of them showed the peaks of the Mischabel to perfection. How are these miniature mountains produced? Thus: sand is strewn by a stream upon the glacier, and begins immediately to protect the ice underneath it from the action of the sun. The surrounding ice melts away, and the sand is relatively elevated. But the elevation is not mathematically uniform, for the sand is not of the same depth throughout. Some portions rise higher than others. Down the slopes little rills trickle, partially removing the sand, and allowing the sun to act to some extent upon the ice.

Thus the highest point is kept in possession of the thickest covering, and it rises continually in reference to the circumjacent ice. All round it however, as it rises, the little rills are at work cutting the ice away themselves, or aiding the action of the sun, until finally the elevated hump is wrought into hills and valleys which seem a mimicry of the Alps themselves.

There is a grandeur in this secular integration of small effects almost superior to that involved in the idea of a cataclysm. Think of the ages which must have been consumed in the execution of this colossal sculpture. The question may, of course, be pushed to further limits: Think of the ages, it may be asked, which the molten earth required for its consolidation. But these vaster epochs lack sublimity through our inability to grasp them. They bewilder us, but they fail to make a solemn impression. The genesis of the mountains comes more within the scope of the intellect, and the majesty of the operation is enhanced by our partial ability to conceive it. In the falling of a rock from a mountain-head, in the shoot of an avalanche, in the plunge of a cataract, we often see a more impressive illustration of the power of gravity than in the motions of the stars. When the intellect has to intervene, and calculation is necessary to the building up of the conception, the expansion of the feelings ceases to be proportional to the magnitude of the phenomena.

The Piz Languard is a ladies' mountain, though 11,000 feet high. But why should this language be employed? There is one Miss Walker in the world who has climbed most of the noted mountains of Switzerland, and this fact overthrows every conclusion regarding man's superior climbing power, just as surely as the existence of one George Eliot and of several Miss Beckers upsets his claim to intellectual superiority. If I might parenthetically say one word upon this subject, it would be to remind the lords of creation that, though it is true that women have for ages permitted men not only the privilege of voting at elections, and of writing the best philosophy and mathematics, but also of producing the best poetry, the best music, and even the best cookery, it is not to be forgotten how the woman is weighted in the race.

No mother can wash or suckle her baby without having a set towards washing and suckling impressed upon the molecules of her brain; and this set, according to the laws of hereditary transmission, is passed on to her daughter. Not only, therefore, does the woman at the present day suffer deflection from intellectual pursuits through her proper motherly instincts, but inherited proclivities act upon her mind, like a multiplying galvanometer, to augment indefinitely the force of the deflection. Even our spinsters are not free from the inherited disturbance. *Tendency* is immanent within them, to warp them from intellect to baby love. But let me not seem

to trifle with a grave question. While feeling, in common with the true womanhood of England, a hearty antipathy to the modern developments of Amazonism, I would express my belief in the capacity of women to grasp and to enjoy whatever the brains of men have achieved. To those who are striving to give this capacity healthy exercise I would in all heartiness say "good speed." But the ladies themselves are warping me aside from the ladies' mountain, — the Piz Languard. I climbed it on the 25th of July, and a very grand outlook it affords. The heavens overhead were clear, but in some directions the scowl of the infernal regions seemed to fall upon the hills. The group of the Bernina was in sunshine, and its glory and beauty were not to be described. The depth of impressions upon consciousness is measured by the quantity of *change* which they involve. It is the intermittent current, not the continuous one, that tetanizes the nerve, and half the interest of the Alps depends upon the caprices of the air.

The Morteratsch glacier is a very noble one to those who explore it in its higher parts. Its middle portion is troubled and crevassed, but the calm beauty of its upper portions is rendered doubly impressive by the turbulence encountered midway.

Into this region, without expecting it, Hirst and myself entered one Sunday in July, and explored it up to the riven and chaotic snows which descend from the Piz Bernina and its companions. The mountains themselves were without a cloud, and, set in the blue heaven, touches of tenderness were mingled with their strength. We spent some hours of perfect enjoyment upon this fine ice-plain, listening to the roar of its moulins and the rush of its streams.

Along the centre of the Morteratsch glacier runs a medial moraine, a narrow strip of debris in the upper portions, but overspreading the entire glacier towards its end. How is this widening of the moraine to be accounted for? Mr. Hirst and I set out three different rows of stakes across the glacier, — one of them high up, a second lower down, and a third still nearer to the end of the glacier. In 100 hours the central points of these three lines had moved through the following distances: —

- No. 1, highest line, 56 inches.
- No. 2, middle line, 47 inches.
- No. 3, lowest line, 30 inches.

Had we taken a line still lower than No. 3, we should have found the velocity still less.

Now these measurements prove that the end, or as it is sometimes called the *snot*, of the glacier, moves far less than its upper portions. A block of stone, or a patch of debris, for example, on the portion of the glacier crossed by line No. 1, approaches another block or patch at No. 3 with a velocity of 26 inches per 100 hours. Hence such blocks and patches must be more and more crowded together as the end of the glacier is approached, and hence the greater accumulation of stones and debris near the end.

And here we meet point-blank an objection raised by that very distinguished man, Professor Studer, of Berne, to the notion that the glacier exerts an erosive action on its bed. He urges that at the ends of the glaciers of Chamouni, of Arolla, Ferpècle, and the Aar, we do not see any tendency exhibited by the glacier to bury itself in the soil. The reason is, that at the point chosen by Professor Studer the glacier is almost stationary. To observe the plough-



ing or erosive action of the ice, we must observe it where the share is in motion, and not where it is comparatively at rest. Indeed, the snout of the glacier often rests upon the rubbish which its higher portions have dug away.

### § VI.

While I was staying at Pontresina, Mr. Hutchinson, of Rugby, Mr. Lee Warner, and myself joined in a memorable expedition up the Piz Morteratsch. This is a very noble mountain, and nobody had previously thought of associating the idea of danger with its ascent. The resolute Jenni, by far the boldest man in Pontresina, was my guide; while Walter, the official *guide chef*, was taken by my companions. With a dubious sky overhead, we started on the morning of the 30th of July, a little after four A. M. There is rarely much talk at the beginning of a mountain excursion: you are either sleepy or solemn so early in the day. Silently we passed through the pine woods of the beautiful Rosegg valley; watching anxiously at intervals the play of the clouds around the adjacent heights. At one place a spring gushed from the valley bottom, as clear and almost as copious as that which pours out the full-formed river Albula. The traces of ancient glaciers were present everywhere, the valley being thickly covered with the *débris* which the ice had left behind. An ancient moraine, so large that in England it might take rank as a mountain, forms a barrier across the upper valley. Once probably it was the dam of a lake, but it is now cut through by the river which rushes from the Rosegg glacier. These works of the ancient ice are to the mind what a distant horizon is to the eye. They give to the imagination both pleasure and repose.

The morning, as I have said, looked threatening, but the wind was good; by degrees the cloud-scowl relaxed, and broader patches of blue became visible above us. We called at the Rosegg chalets, and had some milk. We afterwards wound round a shoulder of the hill, at times upon the moraine of the glacier, and at times upon the adjacent grass slope; then over shingly inclines, covered with the shot rubbish of the heights. Two ways were now open to us, the one easy but circuitous, the other stiff but short. Walter was for the former, and Jenni for the latter, their respective choices being characteristic of the two men. To my satisfaction Jenni prevailed, and we scaled the steep and slippery rocks. At the top of them we found ourselves upon the rim of an extended snow-field. Our rope was here exhibited, and we were bound by it to a common destiny. In those higher regions the snow-fields show a beauty and a purity of which those who linger low down have no notion. We crossed crevasses and bergschrunds, mounted vast snow-basses, and doubled round walls of ice with long stalactites pendent from their eaves. One by one the eminences were surmounted. The crowning rock was attained at half past twelve. On it we uncorked a bottle of champagne; mixed with the pure snow of the mountain, it formed a beverage, and was enjoyed with a gusto, which the sybarite of the city could neither imitate nor share.

We spent about an hour upon the warm gneiss-blocks on the top. Veils of cloud screened us at intervals from the sun, and then we felt the keenness of the air; but in general we were cheered and comforted by the solar light and warmth. The shiftings of the atmosphere were wonderful. The white peaks were draped with opalescent clouds

which never lingered for two consecutive minutes in the same position. Clouds differ widely from each other in point of beauty, but I had hardly seen them more beautiful than they appeared to-day, while the succession of surprises experienced through their changes were such as rarely fall to the lot even of a practised mountaineer.

These clouds are for the most part produced by the chilling of the air through its own expansion. When thus chilled, the aqueous vapor diffused through it, which is previously unseen, is precipitated in visible particles. Every particle of the cloud has consumed in its formation a little polyhedron of vapor, and a moment's reflection will make it clear that the size of the cloud-particles must depend, not only on the size of the vapor polyhedron, but on the relation of the density of the vapor to that of its liquid. If the vapor were light and the liquid heavy, other things being equal, the cloud-particle would be *smaller* than if the vapor were heavy and the liquid light. There would evidently be more *shrinkage* in the one case than in the other. Now there are various liquids whose weight is not greater than that of water, while the weight of their vapor, bulk for bulk, is five or six times that of aqueous vapor. When those heavy vapors are precipitated as clouds, which is easily done artificially, their particles are found to be far coarser than those of an aqueous cloud. Indeed, water is without a parallel in this particular. Its vapor is the lightest of all vapors, and to this fact the soft and tender beauty of the clouds of our atmosphere is mainly due.

After an hour's halt, our rope, of which we had temporarily rid ourselves, was reproduced, and the descent began. Jenni is the most daring man and powerful character among the guides of Pontresina. The manner in which he bears down all the others in conversation, and imposes his own will upon them, shows that he is the dictator of the place. He is a large and rather an ugly man, and his progress up hill, though resistless, is slow. He had repeatedly expressed a wish to make an excursion with me, and I think he desired to show us what he could do upon the mountains. To-day he accomplished two daring things,—the one successfully, while the other was within a hair's breadth of a very shocking end.

In descending, we went straight down upon a bergschrund, which had compelled us to make a circuit in coming up. This particular kind of fissure is formed by the lower portion of a snow-slope falling away from the higher, a crevasse being thus formed between both, which often surrounds the mountain as a fosse of terrible depth. Walter was here the first of our party, and Jenni was the last. It was quite evident that Walter hesitated to cross the chasm; but Jenni came forward, and half by expostulation, half by command, caused him to sit down on the snow at some height above the fissure. I think, moreover, he helped him with a shove. At all events the slope was so steep that the guide shot down it with an impetus sufficient to carry him clear over the schrund. We all afterwards shot the chasm in this pleasant way. Jenni was behind. Deviating from our track, he deliberately chose the widest part of the chasm, and shot over it, lumbering like behemoth down the snow-slope at the other side. It was an illustration of that practical knowledge which long residence among the mountains can alone impart, and in the possession of which our best English climbers fall far behind their guides.

The remaining steep slopes were also descended



by glissade, and we afterwards marched cheerily over the gentler inclines. We had ascended by the Rosegg glacier, and now we wished to descend upon the Morteratsch glacier and make it our highway home. It was while attempting this descent that we were committed to that ride upon the back of an avalanche, a description of which is given in the Times newspaper for the 1st of October, 1864.\*

## § VII.

In July, 1865, my excellent friend Hirst and myself visited Glarus, intending, if circumstances favored us, to climb the Tödi. We had, however, some difficulty with the guides, and therefore gave the expedition up. Crossing the Klausen pass to Altdorf, we ascended the Gotthardt Strasse to Wassen, and went thence over the Susten Pass to Gadmen, which we reached late at night. We halted for a moment at Stein, but the blossom of 1863 was no longer there, and we did not tarry. On quitting Gadmen next morning, I was accosted by a guide, who asked me whether I knew Professor Tyndall. "He is killed, sir," said the man, — "killed upon the Matterhorn." I then listened to a somewhat detailed account of my own destruction, and soon gathered that, though the details were erroneous, something serious if not shocking had occurred. At Imhof the rumor became more consistent, and immediately afterwards the Matterhorn catastrophe was in every mouth, and in all the newspapers. My friend and myself wandered on to Mürren, whence, after an ineffectual attempt to cross the Petersgrat, we went by Kandersteg and the Gemmi to Zermatt.

Of the four sufferers on the Matterhorn one remained behind. But expressed in terms either of mental torture or physical pain, the suffering in my opinion was *nil*. Excitement during the first moments left no room for terror, and immediate unconsciousness prevented pain. No death has probably less of agony in it than that caused by the shock of gravity on a mountain side. *Expected* it would be terrible, but unexpected, not. I had heard, however, of other griefs and sufferings consequent on the accident, and this prompted a desire on my part to find the remaining one and bring him down. I had seen the road-makers at work between St. Nicholas and Zermatt, and was struck by the rapidity with which they pierced the rocks for blasting. One of these fellows could drive a hole a foot deep into hard granite in less than an hour. I was therefore determined to secure in aid of my project the services of a road-maker. None of the Zermatt guides would second me, but I found one of the Lochmatters of St. Nicholas willing to do so. Him I sent to Geneva to buy 3,000 feet of rope, which duly came on heavily-laden mules to Zermatt. Hammers and steel punches were prepared; a tent was put in order, and the apparatus was carried up to the chapel by the Schwartz-See. But the weather would by no means smile upon the undertaking. I waited in Zermatt for twenty days, making, it is true, pleasant excursions with pleasant friends, but they merely spanned the brief intervals which separated one rain-gush or thunder-storm from another. Bound by an engagement to my friend Professor De la Rive, of Geneva, where the Swiss *savans* had their annual assembly in 1865, I was forced to leave Zermatt. My notion was to climb to the point where the men slipped, and to fix there suitable irons in

the rocks. By means of ropes attached to these, I proposed to scour the mountain along the line of the glissade. There were peculiarities in the notion which need not now be dwelt upon, inasmuch as the weather rendered them all futile.

## § VIII.

In the summer of 1866, I first went to Engsteln, one of the most charming spots in the Alps. It had at that time a double charm, for the handsome young widow who kept the inn supplemented by her kindness and attention within doors the pleasures extracted from the outer world. A man named Maurer, of Meyringen, was my guide for a time. We climbed the Tidis, going straight up it from the Joch Pass, in the track of a scampering chamois, which showed us the way. The Tidis is a very noble mass, — one of the few which, while moderate in height, bear a lordly weight of snow. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, and on it I repeated with a hand spectroscope the observations of M. Janssen on the absorption bands of aqueous vapor. On the day after this ascent I quitted Engsteln, being drawn towards the Wellhorn and Wetterhorn, both of which, as seen from Engsteln, came out with inexpressible nobleness. The upper dome of heaven was of the deepest blue, while only the faintest lightening of the color towards the horizon indicated the augmented thickness of the atmosphere in that direction.

The sun was very hot, but there was a clear rivulet at hand, deepening here and there into pebbled pools, into which I plunged at intervals, causing my guide surprise, if not anxiety. For he shared the common superstition that plunging, when hot, into cold water is dangerous. The danger, and a very serious one it is, is to plunge into cold water when *cold*. The strongest alone can then bear immersion without damage.

This year I subjected the famous Finsteraarschlucht to a closer examination than ordinary. The earthquake theory already adverted to was prevalent regarding it, and I wished to see whether any evidences existed of aqueous erosion. It will be remembered that the Schlucht or gorge is cut through a great barrier of limestone rock called the Kirchet, which throws itself across the valley of Hali, about three quarters of an hour's walk above Meyringen. The plain beyond the barrier, on which stands the hamlet of Imhof, is formed of the sediment of an ancient lake of which the Kirchet constituted the dam. This dam is now cut through for the passage of the Aar, forming one of the noblest gorges in Switzerland. Near the summit of the Kirchet is a house with a signboard inviting the traveller to visit the *Aarenschlucht*, a narrow lateral gorge which runs down to the very bottom of the principal one. The aspect of this smaller chasm from its bottom to its top proves to demonstration that water had in former ages worked there as a navigator. But it was regarding the sides of the great chasm that I needed instruction, and from its edge I could see nothing to satisfy me. I therefore stripped and waded until a point was reached in the centre of the river, which commanded an excellent view of both sides of the gorge. Below me, on the left-hand side, was a jutting cliff, which caused the Aar to swerve from its direct course, and had to bear the thrust of the river. From top to bottom this cliff was polished, rounded, and scooped. There was no room for doubt. The river which now runs so deeply down had once been above. It has been the

\* See also *Alpine Journal*, vol. i. p. 437.



delver of its own channel through the barrier of the Kirchet.

I went on to Rosenlani, proposing to climb the neighboring mountains in succession. In fact, I went to Switzerland in 1866 with a particular hunger for the heights. But the weather thickened before Rosenlani was reached, and on the night following the morning of my departure from Engsteln I lay upon my plaid under an impervious pine, and watched as wild a thunder-storm and as heavy a down-pour of rain as I had ever seen. Most extraordinary was the flicker on cliffs and trees, and most tremendous was the detonation succeeding each discharge. The fine weather came thus to an end, and next day I gave up the Wetterhorn for the ignoble Faulhorn. Here the wind changed, the air became piercingly cold, and on the following morning heavy snow-drifts buttressed the doors, windows, and walls of the inn. We broke away, sinking at some places to the hips in snow. A thousand feet made all the difference; a descent of this amount carrying us from the bleakest winter into genial summer. My companion held on to the beaten track, while I sought a rougher and more direct one to the Scheinigeplatte. We were solitary visitors there, and I filled the evening with the "Story of Elizabeth," which some benevolent traveller had left at the hotel.

Thence we dropped down to Lauterbrunnen, went up the valley to the little inn at Trechslawinen, and crossed the Petersgrat the following day. The recent precipitation had cleared the heavens and reloaded the heights. It was, perhaps, the splendor of the weather and purity of the snows, aided by the subjective effect due to contrast with a series of most dismal days, that made me think the Petersgrat so noble a standpoint for a view of the mountains. The horizontal extent was vast, and the grouping magnificent. The undoubted monarch of this unparagoned scene was the Weisshorn, and this may have rendered me partial in my judgment, for men like to see what they love exalted. At Platten we found shelter in the house of the curé. Next day we crossed the Lotschsattel, and swept round by the Aletsch glacier to the Eggischhorn.

Here I had the pleasure of meeting a very ardent climber, who entertains peculiar notions regarding guides. He deems them, and rightly so, very expensive, and he also feels pleasure in trying his own powers. I would admonish him that he may go too far in this direction, and probably his own experience has by this time forestalled the admonition. Still, there is much in his feeling which challenges sympathy; for if skill, courage, and strength are things to be cultivated in the Alps, they are, within certain limits, best exercised and developed in the absence of guides. And if the real climbers are ever to be differentiated from the crowd, it is only to be done by dispensing with professional assistance. But no man without natural aptitude and due training would be justified in undertaking anything of this kind, and it is an error to suppose that the necessary knowledge can be obtained in one or two summers in the Alps. Climbing is an art, and those who wish to cultivate it on their own account ought to give themselves sufficient previous practice in the company of first-rate guides. This would not shut out expeditions of minor danger now and then without guides. But whatever be the amount of preparation, real climbers must still remain select men. Here, as in every other sphere of human action, whether intellectual or physical, as indeed among

the guides themselves, real eminence falls only to the lot of few.

From the Bel Alp, in company with Mr. Girdlestone, I made an attack upon the Aletschhorn. We failed. The weather as we started was undecided, but we hoped the turn might be in our favor. We first kept along the Alp, with the Jaggi glacier to our right, then crossed its moraine, and made the trunk glacier our highway until we reached the point of confluence of its branches.

Here we turned to the right, the Aletschhorn, from base to summit, coming into view. We reached the true base of the mountain, and without halting breasted its snow. But, as we climbed, the atmosphere thickened more and more. About the Nesthorn the horizon deepened to pitchy darkness, and on the Aletschhorn itself hung a cloud, which we at first hoped would melt before the strengthening sun, but which, instead of melting, became denser. Now and then an echoing rumble of the wind warned us that we might expect rough handling above. We persisted, however, and reached a considerable height, unwilling to admit that the weather was against us; until a more savage roar and a ruder shake than ordinary by the wind caused us to halt, and look more earnestly and anxiously into the darkening atmosphere. Snow began to fall, and we felt that we must yield. The wind did not increase, but the snow thickened, and fell in heavy flakes. Holding on in the dimness to the medial moraine, we managed to get down the glacier, and cleared it at a practicable point; whence, guided by the cliffs which flanked our right, and which became visible only when we came almost into contact with them, we cut the proper track to the hotel.

Though my visits to the Alps already numbered thirteen, I had never gone as far southward as the Italian lakes. The perfectly unmanageable weather of July, 1866, caused me to cross with Mr. Girdlestone into Italy, in the hope that a respite of ten or twelve days might improve the temper of the mountains. We walked across the Simplon to the village of the same name, and took thence the diligence to Domo d'Ossola and Baveno. The atmospheric change was wonderful; and still the clear air which we enjoyed below was the self-same air that heaped clouds and snow upon the mountains. It came across the heated plains of Lombardy charged with moisture, but the moisture was in the transparent condition of true vapor, and hence invisible. Tilted by the mountains, the air rose, and as it expanded it became chilled, and as it became chilled it discharged its vapor as visible cloud, the globules of which swelled by coalescence into raindrops on the mountain flanks, or were frozen to ice-particles on their summits, the particles collecting afterwards to form flakes of snow.

At Baveno we halted on the margin of the Lago Maggiore. I could hear the lisp of the waters on the shingle far into the night. My window looked eastward, and through it could be seen the first warming of the sky at the approach of dawn. I rose, and watched the growth of color all along the east. The mountains, from mere masses of darkness projected against the heavens, became deeply empurpled. It was not as a mere wash of color overspreading their surfaces. They blent with the atmosphere as if their substance was a condensation of the general purple of the air. Nobody was stirring at the time, and the very lap of the lake upon its shore only increased the sense of silence.



"The holy time was quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration."

In my subsequent experience of the Italian lakes, I met with nothing which affected me so deeply as this morning scene on the Lago Maggiore.

From Baveno we crossed the lake to Luino, and went thence to Lugano. At Bellagio, on the junction of the two branches of the Lake of Como, we halted a couple of days. Como itself we reached in a small sailing-boat, — the sail being supplemented by oars. There we saw the statue of Volta, — a prophet justly honored in his own country. From Como we went to Milan. The object of greatest interest there is, of course, the cathedral; a climber could not forego the pleasure of getting up among the statues which crowd its roof, and of looking thence towards Monte Rosa. The distribution of the statues magnified the apparent vastness of the pile; still the impression made on me by this great edifice was one of disappointment. Its front seemed to illustrate an attempt to cover meanness of conception by profusion of adornment. The interior, however, notwithstanding the cheat of the ceiling, is exceedingly grand.

From Milan we went to Orta, where we had a plunge into the lake. We crossed it subsequently, and walked on to Varallo: thence by Fobello over a country of noble beauty to Ponte Grande in the Val Anasca. Thence again by Macugnaga, over the deep snow of the Monte Moro, reaching Mattmark in drenching rain. The temper of the northern slopes did not appear to have improved during our absence. We returned to the Bel Alp, fitful triumphs of the sun causing us to hope that we might still have fair play upon the Aletschhorn. But the day after our arrival snow fell so heavily as to cover the pastures for 2,000 feet below the Bel Alp, introducing a partial famine among the herds. They had eventually to be driven below the snow line. Avalanches were not unfrequent on slopes which a day or two previously had been covered with grass and flowers. In this condition of things Mr. Milman, Mr. Girdlestone, and myself climbed the Sparrenhorn, and found its heavy-laden Kamm almost as hard as that of Monte Rosa. Occupation out of doors was, however, insufficient to fill the mind, so I wound my plaid around my loins, and in my cold bedroom studied "Mozley upon Miracles."

## A WHIST REMINISCENCE.

BY AN OLD HAND.

THE tyrannies through which we have passed in our youth — I do not speak of mere boyhood, — unquestionably leaven our dispositions in after life, engendering stores of resentment in this man, crushing some high aspiration here, and sowing seeds of oppression and severity there.

Which of us cannot recall from the nursery, the schoolroom, the play-ground, and, later on, from the quadrangle, the lecture-room, the "eleven," or the examination-hall, down to the very day when we made our first bow to the Speaker, some one — there may have been many, but some especial one — whose force of ability, or, oftener still, of will, gained over us an ascendancy that amounted to despotism, so that his mere approach, his cough heard at a distance, his footstep, his merest word of salutation, had a direct and palpable effect on us, — just as in chemistry some strong ingredient will have, evoking new combinations, or neutralizing those already in existence?

Be of what mould we may, these people exert a wonderful influence over us. They arouse resistance in this one, temper down disobedience in that, and to all they shadow forth something of that stern taskmaster, the world, whose teachings are rarely imparted without their price in suffering.

I have a lively recollection of one such tyrant in my school-days, — it seems as if I was removing a weight from my heart as I record him: he was a writing-master. At this moment — and I will not say how many years have filled up the interval — I can recall him as he stood behind me watching the up-and-downward course of a pen that trembled as I held it; and whenever a thickened hair-stroke or an unfinished *o* occurred, I feel, even now, the sharp point of that ivory-tipped penknife as it pierced into my scalp, and as I, in my ignorance of anatomy, believed into some tender part of my brain, maddening me alike with anger and with agony.

He was a cruel — a constitutionally cruel — old monster, and felt actual pleasure in the pain he inflicted. If I have been the curse of such friends as correspond with me, and the misery of my printer, I owe it all to this man and his penknife.

There are people who think these things are good for us, — that all these early sufferings and miseries are wholesome exercises, and an admirable preparation for that "rough and tumble game" we call Life. The same order of people are they who tell us not to venture near a fire before going out into the cold, — an ignorant dictum we hear even to this day, though it has been proved over and over again that the greater the amount of heat imbibed, the longer will the organization repel the access of cold; and so, in morals, we may rest assured the more of good, of all that is noble, worthy, trustful, and kind, we can imbibe in youth, the longer will our stock last us on our way through the world.

It is a fact — not a very flattering or consolatory fact — that our dispositions are greatly at the mercy of the people who gain a certain ascendancy over us. We are not what we might be by nature, but what the accident of the association makes us. When we see a man trusting to some very weak faculty, or some very poor trait of his character, we may rest assured that he owes the misdirection to extraneous influence; and some unconscious imitation of a quality that would not harmonize with the rest of his nature is not uncommonly the destruction of many an honest fellow.

Half of what we stigmatize as affectation, are nothing more than these attempts at imitation. Some man gains a power over us by a quality, either attractive in itself or covetable by us, because very unlike any we possess. He is witty and ready-minded, while we are dull and slow-thinking; he is clear-headed and logical where we are addle-headed and unreasoning; he is prompt and rapid where we hesitate and ponder: and without ever asking ourselves if such gifts would suit us, or if we should know how to employ them, we straightway set to work to ape and assume them.

What is a bore but an abject, ill-discriminating imitator of some agreeable talker who once captivated him in conversation? He fancied he saw how the trick was done, and they amongst whom he tried it perhaps believed him. Very poor conjuring is "high magic" for the mass of mankind; and he whom you or I would deem an intolerable nuisance has a set where he is regarded as a man of original mind and an able talker. The Indians who love



spangles and brass buttons are not confined to the South Seas; or if they were, it would be an evil day for monthly magazines.

I believe that the age we live in is remarkably characterized by this vice of imitation. There is not a popular actor, preacher, artist, or author who has not his scores of followers, treasuring up every mannerism that disfigures, and every trick of style that betrays, him. Spurgeonism, Buckstoneism, are general; and half the flippancy of our lighter literature is an attempt to rival the wit of an incomparable humorist.

I have a right to speak on this theme, for never was a man so cursed by this demon of imitation. It is not merely that I pick up every detestable peculiarity around me, but I catch every mood and every accent. Just as there are people who never pass the precincts of an infected district without taking the prevailing epidemic, so is it with me as regards any trick of manner or any trait of style. If I walk with a lame man, I invariably limp; and I once came home from a visit to an ophthalmic hospital with an obliquity of vision that terrified my whole family.

Of how I have suffered from this tendency the following incident shall tell: Having somewhat overtaxed my strength in reading for honors, by the advice of my doctor, I gave up work, and set out for North Wales. His counsel was to select some quiet spot unfrequented by strangers, where I might be certain to keep easy hours, and suffer no impairment to my strength by the habits of society. "Bored you may be," said he, "but bear that; take plenty of walking exercise, live simply, let your mind lie fallow, and I'll answer for it, in two months you'll be perfectly yourself again."

I fixed on Bettws. It was a beautiful spot, with a neat little country inn, close by a trout-stream, — Snowden in front and Cader Idris in the distance. It had also another quality, not without its charm for me, — it was a miracle of cheapness. For five shillings a day I was to be "taken in and done for," the only condition not to my taste being, that I should take my dinner in company with two other guests, who, though absent when I arrived, were daily expected to return.

They were, I learned, a retired major and his daughter, whose habit it was to repair to this place every year, attracted by its complete seclusion.

After all, thought I, my doctor could scarcely demur to this small amount of human intercourse, which threatens neither late hours nor dissipation; nor am I likely to catch up any new trick of manner from people I simply see at dinner.

They arrived at last. The major, a tall, upright, stern, testy old soldier, with white hair brushed rigidly back, and two enormous and bushy black eyebrows. These white-haired men with black eyebrows have something very significant about them. I don't know what it is, but they certainly "impose," and I have always felt a certain awe as regards them. His daughter I should have pronounced decidedly handsome had I never seen the father, but the likeness recalled him so perfectly and so painfully as to spoil the effect of her face. They were both well-bred and well-mannered, but the stiffest and most unbending people I had ever met. Though we dined together every day, our intimacy made no progress. A formal salutation was exchanged as we met, a few words followed, and we would take our seats at table, Major Crossley at the head, his daughter at one side, I at the other. Too polite to

conduct a conversation between themselves to my exclusion, the father and daughter seldom spoke, except in some direction to the servant who waited on us; and I, equally guarded not to obtrude, preserved a similar silence; so that the meal passed off often without a word uttered amongst us.

"I have the honor to wish you a very good evening, sir," would say the Major.

"Good evening, sir," softly spoke the daughter; and I, faithfully following the stern example set me, would bow with great deference as I held the door for them to pass out, faintly muttering what was intended to express a reciprocity of "good evenings."

If this reserve pained me, and almost offended me, it was not quite without reason. Precaution at first was all natural and justifiable, but surely when meeting a man every day, and having the testimony of their own senses that he was not obtrusive and unmannerly, really, thought I, without any compromise of their dignity, they might vouchsafe some show of that courtesy which makes intercourse easier, and yet involves no future responsibility.

If I inwardly resented their manner towards me, that did not prevent my imitating it to the most minute degree; and I found myself unfolding my napkin, filling my wine-glass, and dividing my cheese, with a most absurd likeness to the Major's performance of these acts. To such an extent did I carry my rivalry of their coldness, that when one evening a terrific thunder-storm broke forth at dinner-time, and prevented their usual stroll, the old soldier, after seeing his daughter withdraw, offered me a cigar. I stiffly declined the politeness, and actually deprived myself of a smoke rather than be his debtor.

"Perhaps you object to tobacco, sir," said he, hesitating to light his cigar.

"By no means; I am an inveterate smoker, — that is," said I, hastening to correct the rudeness of my speech, "when in my usual health."

"I will, in that case, avail myself of your permission," said he, seating himself at a window and pouring forth a volume of blue vapor that tortured me with envy.

In my impatience I arose and walked the room up and down, down and up, after the manner of those caged creatures who probably fancy they are exhibiting patience and self-control while nursing and fomenting the rage that is consuming them.

"When the weather breaks, the place is dull here," said he, slowly.

"Infernally dull," said I, with a half-savage energy.

"And when the rain once sets in, it never knows when to leave off," said he, not noticing the emphasis of my remark.

"The only thing to do then is to get away," said I, curtly.

"As you observe, sir, it is the one resource."

"They told me to come down here without books, without fishing-tackle, without anything," said I, maddened by I know not what impulse to talk of myself; "told me it was the way to regain health and strength and spirits: and so it might if I had been born a goat and was sent back to my native mountains; but as a man with human feelings, human wants, and human sympathies, what I am to do in such a place is more than I can imagine."

"You are bored, perhaps," said he, brushing the ash off his cigar and looking lovingly at the stump of it.



"Bored! I should think I am bored," exclaimed I, boiling over, as a man will when provoked by an unsympathizing coldness,—"bored to the last limit of a long endurance. And if I live through it,"—here the young lady entered with shawls on her arm, but I was too much excited to arrest my eloquence,—"if I live through it, it will be to preserve the hideous memory of these misty mountains as a terrible nightmare,—a thing of shadowy depression only, wanting force to become temptation, and yet strong enough to be the source of misery for a life long."

"Does n't that remind you of Jacob, Margaret?" said the Major, coldly.

"Very like Jacob," was the cold rejoinder.

"And who the—I mean, who might Jacob be? I suppose not the Biblical of that name?" said I, in a tone of sarcasm.

"Jacob was a nephew of mine," resumed the major. "Eccles Jacob of the 8th Fusiliers. Had an attack very like yours. Never much of a reader,—education sadly neglected,—and something wrong with the spine."

"And a chronic ophthalmia," chimed in the daughter.

"I remember now,—so he had. It was for that they stopped the lessons. Never took to field-sports. Could not be taught to ride. Would always tumble over, off-side,—no taste for anything."

"Only Berlin wool, papa; he was fondest of worsted-work."

"Berlin wool!" cried I; "the fellow was an idiot."

"He rather liked the accordion, sir," said she, mildly. "He played 'Bells upon the Wind,' and 'The Ratcatcher's Daughter.'"

"An accomplished man, on the whole," said I, with a sneer.

"One could scarcely say that; but not without abilities."

"And his case, you remarked, resembled mine," said I, trying to suppress any show of anger.

"Well, sir, in a measure—in a measure—his state was like yours; he had his days of silent depression and his paroxysms of strong passion. He had his delusions. He thought at one time—I forget what he thought he was."

"The Sphinx, papa,—the Sphinx of Egypt," said she, sharply.

"To be sure, I remember him, now,—how he would sit with his legs under him, and resting on his hands in front."

"That is, he was insane,—a madman!" cried I, angrily.

"No, there was no madness,—there were delusions, only delusions. When there was a question of selling out, they found he knew to a shilling what he ought to get for a company in a depot-battalion. But for all that, without our treatment of him, he'd never have rejoined the regiment in Canada."

"It was, then, through your treatment he recovered?"

"Papa has cured twenty-three," said the young lady; "one of them had long believed himself a sheep, and was regularly shorn every autumn; and they now look on him as one of the safest in the Portland."

"The Portland! Is it the club or the penitentiary?"

"The club, sir, and at the four game."

"Whist?"

"Of course, sir,—whist."

I will not follow out the dialogue that ensued; enough if I say that the Major was an enthusiastic on the subject of whist. According to him, whist was to the mind what pleasurable exercise was to the body. It was the wholesome employment of faculties which should neither be overtaxed by severe application, nor suffered to rust by indolence and neglect. To supply his own words, whist rests the weary, distracts the over-concentrated, elevates the hopeless, stirs the apathetic, making the grave light-hearted and the frivolous serious. Not only will the whist-player be a man of forethought and prudence, but a man of promptitude and action. Logical in all he does, he will reason on what he has to do in life, and on the means wherewith to do it: he will weigh well the benefits of co-operation and the merits of independent action, and will know when to be trustful and when suspicion means safety. So eloquently did he plead for his favorite pursuit, and such an elevation did he claim for its pretensions, that though I thought I had played the game, at least as men play it at college, I really began to feel myself a mere pretender,—one of the base multitude at the door of the temple, but who had never been beneath the fane!

"I will not enter at large into your case, Mr. Keppel," said he; "I will simply take it that you find life dull and distasteful,—your time drags heavily and the hours are wearisome. Come up stairs and try a rubber; we play the dummy game, and as you said you had played at the University, I believe I know the measure of your skill. Whist, as played by Oxford dons," added he, in a reflective tone, "is the last remnant of mediævalism left in England." There was a solemn pomposity in his tone that amused me much, and I accepted his invitation to see more of it.

As for our game, it went over without anything remarkable. Once or twice, indeed, the Major's eyebrows went up very high at some card I led, and he took snuff impatiently as I hesitated about trumping a trick; but, on the whole, he preserved a grand dignity of manner that would have been very becoming on the Equity Bench.

I mention these traits *en passant*, for already had I begun, but without being aware of it, to imitate them. At tea we talked whist, and nothing but whist. I do not know on what authority he asserted it, but he said the Great Napoleon never could become a good player,—he never could forgive his partner not having the precise card he needed: "and as for the present Emperor," said he, "he cannot be kept from peeping into the adversary's hand."

All English play he pronounced lamentable, French a shade better. The Poles were the great masters of the game. "Lemberg," said he, "is the Mecca of whist-players."

From that day forth, from rosy morn to dewy evening, my life was whist. The dawning of morning, the daylight sinking, the night's sad hours still found me thinking of whist, whist, only whist.

We played three games, a sort of exercising canter, every day after breakfast; and I must say that, though my education at school and college revives many passages of sorrow, and shame, and suffering, putting them all together into one would not have equalled the misery of one of these mornings. The courtesy of the Major at our first performance was never renewed. It was the bland politeness of the schoolmaster to his "young friend" when he first entered the establishment. It was no longer, "Re-



flect a little, Mr. Keppel; would not your queen have been the better lead?" or, "Don't you think you might have advantageously passed that card to your partner?" — it was now, "What in the name of all that is addle-headed, made you trump there? Was it defect of eyesight or intellect led you to take my king? Do you always walk into a well if it is open?" or, "Why did you fall into that blunder with your ace?" Then he would tear his hair and rend his choker. I have seen him twice very close on apoplexy, and his voice was once actually thick and stertorous, as he begged me "Not to do that" — I forget what — "for the love of mercy."

In his virulent abuse of me he would not limit himself to my indiscretion at whist. It was my whole nature, moral and intellectual, he assailed. It was, had I no sense of compassion, — was I even bereft of all pity, — did I forget the luckless individual who was linked to me as a partner, — was I so engulfed in selfishness that I could not see his sufferings, or how had I managed to arrive at man's estate with the faculties of an infant? Could I not be taught the fact, that if eleven trumps were played out of thirteen, two, not six, remained? How did I hope to get through life with an intelligence of this order? Why would I persist in regarding my partner as my greatest enemy?

From the faults of my card-playing to the defects of my character was an easy transition. If I trumped high, I was a reckless spendthrift, or an ostentatious snob, eager to create an effect; if I trumped low, I was a mean-spirited, poor devil, who had n't heart to spend his income. If I took a trick I should have left to my partner, I was narrow-minded and distrustful, dead to every sense of companionship, and a mere egotist; and once, when I put an ace on my partner's king, he cried out, "If you should ever marry, sir, you will beat your wife!"

Why did I not pitch the cards out of the window, and the Major after them? is possibly the question the reader is asking himself; and I answer it for him. Margaret was there! Margaret's eyes were upon me, so beautifully tender, so imploring, so trustful, — I was almost saying so lovely, — that I felt I was enduring all these trials for her sake. Just as knight-errants of old went forth to slay their dragon in honor of their lady-love, so was I, figuratively, slaying my dragon; and a more terrible dragon than the demon of my own temper I cannot picture to my mind.

It is true, when I gained my own room and found myself alone, I could not lie down to sleep: my temples throbbing; my hands tingled; I felt I had a debt of vengeance to acquit, and that even delay dishonored me. It was only by recalling that sweet face, so much sweeter by the expression of tender solicitude it expressed, that I could at last compose myself to slumber. These hours of self-examination were as terrible tortures as I can conceive. Over and over have I asked myself what privilege lay in some pieces of painted pasteboard and a green baize cloth, that a man might utter over them what he would be shot for if he ventured on elsewhere.

Would I have permitted, on any other pretext than the paltry one of a game, that this old prig should reflect on my mind, my memory, my reasoning faculty, or my judgment? On what other issue would I have sat still to hear myself reviled, ridiculed, and derided?

Of course I did not conceal these sufferings from Margaret. I told them all. I told her, too, how

one consolation alone carried me through my misery, and that her sympathy and her affection it was that, like an angel leading through fire, brought me scathless through a conflict that all but mastered me.

"But you have got over the worst, dear Harry," — 't was dear Harry by this time, — "don't show impatience now; don't give way when the goal is already within sight. Mind what he says of a long suit, don't be afraid of leading trumps from a weak hand, and we shall be happy yet."

Then we would read "Evangeline" down beside the river, or "Genevieve" under the beech-trees; and she would bring out her guitar, and warble in her own delicious contralto little snatches of Mendelssohn or Spohr, — tender, plaintive, deep-sinking melodies, that left more in the heart after them than all the florid brilliancies of Verdi.

My education had now made such progress that we only played of an evening, so that my days were passed in perfect bliss; for while the Major sat over a "problem," or sat engaged with his great book, "Whist in its Ethical Relations," Margaret was always with me. She walked, rode, and fished with me. She was one of those frank natures that are eminently companionable: perhaps I can convey a clearer notion of her when I say that she was one a man could be deeply in love with, and yet talk to of other things than his love.

She would bring me at times some message from papa, — as, he would be glad if I would think over that fourth trick of the ninth rubber, and what would have come of it if I had not taken the trick; or a request that I should give him in writing my reason for "finessing" my knave of hearts; but she would utter these so sweetly, so smilingly, that I longed to whisper the answer on the lips that put the question. I'm not quite sure that I did n't do so on one occasion!

I had fully made up my mind to propose for Margaret; my courage was all the stronger that the Major had begun to compliment me on my play. He had said, "That shows attention, sir. There was memory there"; and limited as this eulogy was, I am ashamed to say with what delight I heard it.

I made the pretence of its being my birthday, — I know no more about my birthday than I know of Hannibal's, — but I made that the pretext for giving a little dinner with a display of long-necked bottles and flowers that were not common in our daily life. We were extremely jolly. Cliquot has some peculiar influence on the heart's action, and we all felt it. The Major had just told me that after a winter at Nice and an autumn at Lemberg I might conceive my education finished.

"You'll not be a Deshappelles, nor even a Kargi," said he, "but with Grammont, or Clay, or men of that stamp, you'll hold your own." And O, was I not pressing Madge's hand as he said it? and did I not whisper in her ear, "My own! my own!" with a heartfelt significance? I knew she was mine, — yes, I knew it. You ask me how, by what evidence, I knew this? and I answer you, How did Columbus know that, when daybreak came, he should see outlines of mountains that were not "fog-banks"? How did Nelson know that the French would come out from Cadiz, though his signal-lieutenant persisted in saying there were no ships of war there? How did Speke know, when he beheld Lake Nyanza, that he was gazing on the source of the Nile? What is that moral consciousness, higher than all evidence of testimony, that tells you your



partner *must* hold a particular card? Explain these to me, and I will tell you why I knew Margaret's heart was mine, and mine only.

We sat late over our wine. It was some choice Bra Mouton that I got down from my club by special favor, and the Major pronounced it matchless. Margaret kept us company, even while we smoked our cigars, and made our coffee — most delicious coffee it was — afterwards. I cannot recall such happiness. I know I shall never taste such again. "What if we have one rubber more, — 'one rubber at parting,' as the song says," cried the Major, who was not always correct at a quotation. "You shall be Madge's partner, Keppel, and I'll take dummy." If I did not like the proposition at first, this turn to it delighted me; for, strangely enough, in all my course of instruction I had never played with Margaret yet as my partner.

"What shall we have on the game?" cried the Major, flushed with wine and jollity together. "Let it be something splendid." I need scarcely say that up to this we had never played for a stake. "If you lose, Keppel, you shall give me, — what shall you give me?"

"Name your stake," said I, "and I'll name mine."

"Well, you shall give me your salmon-rod, landing-net, and all," said he, with a tone of elation.

"I'll claim my stake when I have won it," said I, coloring deeply; for I saw that he glanced at Margaret, whose face was now crimson.

"You shall have that privilege, sir," said he, quietly; and I felt a tremor run through me as I fancied he read my meaning.

We now took our places at the table in perfect silence, for there was a sense of solemnity over us all. The Major dealt, and turned a ten of diamonds. My heart bounded within me as he turned the dummy's cards. It was a miserable hand. Three low trumps, a queen third in spades, two insignificant clubs, the ace, and five small hearts.

My own cards were almost enough to win the game, and I led out a heart through his ace, saying, "Win your one trick, Major, and let me score the rest." Nothing but the very intoxication of success could exceed this ill-judged bravado.

"Do me the favor, sir, to play your own game, and spare me your comments on mine," said the old man, whose hands trembled as he arranged his cards. I was well accustomed to the intense and eager attention he was wont to bestow on the game, but never had I seen anything approaching to the eagerness he now displayed: he threw away the cigar he was smoking, and scrutinized each trick before it was turned, though a mere glance always sufficed with him to tell him what was played.

Margaret watched him with intense anxiety. She could not take her eyes from his face, and I saw that she was terrified lest the unusual strain should be hurtful to him. Once only did she glance at me, and then her look was painful in its expression of entreaty. Though all this troubled me, the triumphant joy at my heart rose above all, — I already felt a victor, and what had I not won?

Margaret's agitation was now extreme. She had to be reminded when it was her turn to play, and then she threw her card down almost unconsciously. She trembled from head to foot, and at last her hand shook so violently that her cards escaped her grasp, and fell about the floor. She stooped to pick them up, and I, not less eager to help her than to

have the opportunity of crouching down beside her, stooped down too, and we both met beneath the table. We must have been very awkward at gathering up the cards, for at last the Major cried out, "Is that operation not completed yet?" In my confusion at this rebuke, or perhaps in my agitation, I managed to let one of my own cards drop from my hand, and did not detect the loss as I took my place at the table.

"It is your turn to play, sir," said the Major to me, pointing to the card he had just led.

I looked hurriedly through my hand; he had played a heart, and I had none. To be quite certain, I looked again, and, now reassured, trumped his card. The old man seemed as if something had stung him. He won the trick that came next, and, to my astonishment, again returned to the suit I had trumped. And as he did so, I cried out, "Further struggle is needless. Two by honors, and three tricks make five; the game is won."

Margaret grew pale as death, as she watched her father's face.

"You have — how many tricks do you say, sir?" said he, trembling at every word.

"Three tricks and two by honors, — five in all."

"Three and two certainly make five, sir, there is no question of that. Will you now do me the favor to let me see them?" and not awaiting my reply, he turned the cards out upon the table, and inspected them one by one. "Your score is all correct, sir; may I now see the cards in your hand?"

"There they are," said I, half defiantly, for I was somewhat vexed at all the distrust and hesitation. "There they are!"

"No, sir; I should say there they are not. There are but four cards, — you should have five."

"How is that — how can that be?" said I, in amazement.

"Simply this way, sir," said he, as, taking a candle, he stooped down and picked up a card from the floor, — "here is the explanation!" And now his voice swelled into a note of triumph. "This is the five of hearts, — the suit you have trumped, sir, not once, but twice. A more audacious revoke I never witnessed."

I lay back on my chair, sick, and almost fainting.

"A revoke," continued he, "has its penalty, and costs three tricks. Two revokes make six; the game is, therefore, mine. I have the honor to wish you a very good night." I turned to look at Margaret, she was gone; when and how, I know not. I was stunned and stupefied to such a degree that I could not speak as he moved away.

Whether I sat there three minutes or three hours, I cannot tell; I have some vague recollection of having gone down to the river and taken a cold plunge, dressed as I was; after which I was collected enough to go to bed, and desire that I should not be disturbed till I rang my bell.

"What's the hour, waiter?" asked I, after a long, dreamless sleep.

"A quarter past one, sir."

"Have they breakfasted? The Major, I mean, and Miss Crossley."

"They breakfasted at eight, sir; they were off by nine. The young lady told me to give you this."

I clutched the envelope; it felt hard and solid. I glowed with delight. I guessed it was her photograph. I turned round hurriedly to the wall and



tore it open. It was a card with the words, "Count your hand before you score the game. — M," and on the reverse side was the fatal five of hearts.

I have lived to get over my passion, but have never touched a card since.

It often grieves me to think of all the indignities I submitted to for a wife, and how ignobly I lost her afterwards.

### LAMARTINE.

ONE-AND-TWENTY years ago the death of Lamartine would have been an event of European importance. At that time, a week after the beginning of the February Revolution, he was already considered as the representative of order and moderation among colleagues who held various shades of opinion, from the decorous Republicanism of Marrast and Garnier Pages to the Jacobinism of Ledru Rollin. The respectable classes of France were thoroughly frightened by a revolution effected by an extemporized city mob, and organized by an audacious minority chiefly consisting of the writers in two newspapers. It might possibly have been in the power of Lamartine, who, down to the very eve of the Revolution, had never joined the Republican party, to save constitutional government by supporting a regency when the high-spirited Duchess of Orleans took her son to the Chamber of Deputies. In another mood of mind the sentimental and impulsive orator might not have been disinclined to meditate between the Republic and the Monarchy; but he had lately written a romantic history or eulogy of the great Revolution, and at the moment it pleased him better to be a Republican leader than to become the protector and representative of an infant prince. If he had maintained the Orleans family on the throne, a responsible or free Constitution might perhaps have taken permanent root. It was in consequence of Lamartine's decision that the country was frightened into the acceptance, three years later, of the Imperial system against which educated Frenchmen struggled in vain. The temporary supremacy of the rabble was odious to all other classes of the community; but after the collapse of parliamentary government the only alternative was to rely on the peasantry, who preferred an absolute ruler to an Assembly. During the anarchy which followed the flight of the King, respectable Frenchmen who had long associated the Republic with the Reign of Terror were to some extent reassured by the presence in the Provisional Government of an accomplished gentleman who had been a supporter of Royalty and a champion of the Church.

The opposition to Guizot had included Legitimists like Berryer, and dynastic Liberals such as Thiers and Berryer, as well as the Republicans of the *National* and *Réforme*, who ultimately made their moderate allies the instruments of their own unexpected triumph. Lamartine's eloquence had been employed in the promotion of the common cause; but his admirers scarcely understood, as he had perhaps himself never decided, which of many factions had attracted his sympathy. The part which he had taken in the establishment of the Republic was imperfectly known, and it was justly assumed that his instincts and sympathies would be opposed to the coarse violence of his more dangerous associates. Although he was but imperfectly trusted by his Jacobinical colleagues, he had given recent pledges to the Revolution; and in the Provisional Government itself there was a moderate party which need-

ed a leader. Among the nine or ten bold adventurers who had appointed themselves to exercise supreme power, Lamartine alone possessed any considerable personal distinction. Louis Blanc, then a young man, had never shared in public life, except as a journalist; and of the other members of the Government not one rose above mediocrity. Lamartine also derived great power from the confidence of the defeated party, which, as it afterwards appeared, formed the great majority of the population. While the Republicans were flattered by the accession of their brilliant convert, the bulk of the community regarded him as the sole representative in the Government of their interests and opinions.

The hopes of those who trusted to Lamartine were partially justified by his subsequent conduct; and where performance fell short of expectation, prophecy, according to a well-known mythological law, has converted itself into history. For two or three months he floated on the surface of the popular tide, and sometimes he checked by an eloquent appeal the noisy violence of the mob.

The common tradition that he saved France from Jacobinism is almost wholly fabulous. On one occasion he pacified a blatant mob which demanded a change of the national colors, by informing them, with doubtful accuracy, that the red flag had only been connected with the massacres of Paris, while the tricolor had made the victorious circuit of Europe. If his authority as a historian is sufficient to discredit his sincerity as an orator, he was in the habit of calming the people with solemn assurances entirely opposite to his practical intentions. In his characteristic history of the Revolution and of himself, he quotes at great length a speech in which he deprecated the injurious suspicion that the Provisional Government meditated the employment of the army to coerce the people. It was impossible, he declared, that a government issuing from the victory of the people over the soldiery of Bugeaud should disgrace itself by relying on military force against the founders of its power. Having satisfactorily illustrated his own eloquence, the historian in the following pages proves his statesmanlike sagacity by the statement that he was at the time concentrating a large force in the Northern departments, with the purpose of throwing himself and his colleagues on the protection of the army, if the people of Paris proved themselves too insubordinate. Those who are acquainted with Lamartine's habitual use of language will believe either assertion according to their estimate of its comparative probability; or by a judicious compromise, they may still more confidently infer that when he addressed the people he had neither renounced the thought of employing military force, nor made any definite arrangement for restoring order with the aid of the army.

When it was found that the dreaded Provisional government practised neither murder nor confiscation, reviving confidence took the form of unqualified gratitude to the only minister who was known to disapprove of the precedents of 1793. The most prudent act of the government had been the formation of the so-called Movable Guard, which, absorbing into its ranks the young ruffians and reprobates who had made the Revolution, turned their energies into a regular and useful channel.

In after years many of the street rioters distinguished themselves as gallant soldiers in Africa and in the Crimea, and in the mean time they not only abstained from mischief, but were ready at the word



of command to shoot any troublesome person who might follow their own recent example. There was, nevertheless, much cause for the alarm which was afterwards justified by the terrible insurrection of June. Large numbers of workmen were maintained almost in idleness at the public expense, and although Louis Blanc always denounced the national workshops, he loudly promulgated equally impracticable and perilous devices of socialism. Ledru Rollin, as Minister of the Interior, sent Commissioners to manage the elections in the Departments, with instructions drawn, according to common rumor, by Madame Dadevant, which recalled the memory of the famous emissaries of the Convention. Lamartine and his more moderate colleagues deserve credit for convoking the Constituent Assembly, against the wish of Louis Blanc, who desired to prolong the provisional dictatorship until the country was educated into Republicanism. A dozen electoral divisions returned Lamartine to the Assembly; and when it met, he was designated by common consent as its leader, and as the chief of the future Government. His administration of the Foreign Office derived a factitious lustre from his personal popularity, and he was supposed to have maintained peace, which had in truth never been endangered. The English Government had, in accordance with its habitual policy, accepted the Revolution as a fact; and the sovereigns of the Continent were trembling for the security of thrones which had been rudely shaken.

If Lamartine had been an original and resolute statesman, he might have anticipated Napoleon III. by seconding the heroic adventure of Charles Albert, who had pushed the Austrians from Lombardy into the territory of Venice. The French Minister received coldly the overtures of the Piedmontese agents, only hinting that it might be possible to purchase the French alliance by the surrender of Savoy. His more daring successor in power may boast that, if he made a bargain with Italy, he performed the stipulated service before he demanded the price. A foreign policy at once tortuous and timid did nothing to redeem the domestic blunder which precipitated Lamartine forever from the summit to which he had been casually lifted.

When the Provisional Government resigned its functions into the hands of the Assembly, the moderate majority determined to exclude the extreme Republicans from the Executive Commission which was to administer the Government. By common consent Lamartine was chosen as the principal member of the Commission; but with incredible perversity he refused to accept office unless the obnoxious name of Ledru Rollin were added to the list. The Assembly unwillingly acquiesced; but from that moment it withdrew all confidence from Lamartine, and the entire nation shared its change of opinion. The Republic and its founders were discredited by the scandalous riot of May, when Louis Blanc was carried on the shoulders of the mob into the Assembly; and the helplessness of the Government, and, perhaps, the complicity of one of its members, were reflected in the desperate civil war which raged for two or three days in the midst of Paris. When the insurrection of June was at last repressed, the inglorious career of the Government was summarily terminated, and Lamartine subsided for the rest of his life into a not unpitied obscurity. His biography, as far as it is a portion of history, begins and ends with the first three or four months of the ill-starred Republic. Before it was founded, he was

only an accomplished declaimer; and after June, 1848, he exercised no greater influence in France than the humblest elector. It is more surprising that he should have retained a legendary reputation than that his political importance should have wholly collapsed.

The conclusive judgment of competent French critics confirms Lamartine's title to the character of a poet, nor has a certain morbid languor of tone prevented him from securing many foreign admirers. No reader of the "History of the Girondists" can doubt his literary genius, which, like the kindred muse of Chateaubriand, was better suited to romance than to history. In composing his brilliant narratives, he is so utterly indifferent to truth that he sometimes describes in ample detail events which, if they ever occurred, can by no possibility have been known. It is scarcely credible that he should have heard that Rouget de L'Isle, author of the bloodthirsty and bad verses which have been set to the national air, was everywhere pursued in his flight from the guillotine by the sound of the Marseillaise. It is impossible that any historian can know the details of the last hours of Petion and Barbaroux, before they perished in their solitude by starvation, or by the attacks of wolves. In far more important matters Lamartine's authority is absolutely worthless, as when, in an account of the battle of Waterloo, he kills eight horses under the Duke of Wellington, and makes the Highlanders rip up the horses of the French cuirassiers with their national weapon, the *claymore*. Even in recording his own experience, he is not less indifferent to fact. Many statements in his history of the Revolution of 1848 are positively contradicted by Louis Blanc, who is both a practised historian and a man of honor. Probably it was in matters relating to himself that Lamartine was most thoroughly incapable of distinguishing between truth and falsehood. His vanity was marvellous in its extent and in its candor. In the account of his travels in the East he relates how Lady Hester Stanhope deduced from the beauty of his arched instep, which to uninspired observers seemed prosaically flat, the prophecy that he would be the first man in France.

In a later work, writing of himself in the third person, he describes his own face and figure with complacent admiration; and his history of the Revolution in which he took part is almost exclusively occupied with his own speeches and intentions. Although he was not considered orthodox, he declares that "M. de Lamartine had been created religious as the air is created transparent." "The political principles of Lamartine were those of the eternal truth of which the Gospel is a page." "His sole apostle was Liberty." It is true that he had a genuine love for liberty, and that he consistently denounced both Imperial tyranny and Jacobinical violence. The tenderness for Robespierre which he exhibits in the "History of the Girondists" proceeds from the interest of an artist in the central figure of his composition rather than from any tendency to sympathy with the pedantic and sentimental forms of murder. In personal appearance Lamartine bore some resemblance to Wordsworth, though his face was less rugged and weather-beaten. In look and manner he might have been mistaken for an Englishman, especially as he spoke the language with correctness and fluency. His genius and temperament were essentially and entirely French; and his place in literature has been most fitly determined by the judgment of his countrymen.



## HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER VI. (*Continued.*)

## THE RETURN.

"REBECCA, where have you been, and what have you been doing?" said her father.

"I am not going to tell you," she replied; "I am not going to say one word."

"Are you aware that Mr. Hagbut's visits have permanently ceased, in consequence of your extraordinary conduct, and that your character is not worth that?"

"It was you who drove me to this course by your cruel abetting of that most unnatural marriage. If my mother had been alive, you would not have dared to do it. Have you anything more to say?"

"I have," said Turner, getting thoroughly angry, "your sister's character and position are affected."

"What, old Carry! Why, what has she been doing?"

"I mean that her position is affected through you. Are you aware that young Mr. Vergril seemed exceedingly likely to pay attention to your sister, and that your behavior has rendered such a course impossible on the part of any member of such an exceedingly strict family?"

"Give Carry the money you were going to give me, in addition to her own, and he will come fast enough, I'll warrant you. My poor old Carry," she went on, kissing her sister, "I hope I have not lost you your sweetheart. They drove me to it, you know."

Carry only introduced an imbecile whimper into her crying, as though she had been playing the organ, and pulled out another stop. The stop would not go in again, and so she arose swiftly and went hysterically up stairs.

"Poor Carry," said Rebecca, dolefully, "I am very sorry for her; she would have liked the persistent self-inflicted misery of that Vergril family, and would have enjoyed herself thoroughly." So saying, she rose and rang the bell, and when the maid came, ordered supper.

When the maid was gone, Mr. Turner had a few more words to say. "You are carrying matters coolly, Rebecca. But there is one thing I wish you distinctly to understand. The next time you leave my house without my permission, you leave it for good."

"I quite understand that! You drove me out of it, and I went for my own purposes. I shall not go again. Have you anything more to say?"

"Nothing at present."

"This may seem an unpropitious time to say what I am going to say, but I will say it, nevertheless," resumed Rebecca, very quietly and calmly. "Father, I remember something, and I know more. I know that this has always been a miserable and most unhappy house. I know that you and my mother were bitter enemies, instead of being as husband and wife should be. I know that all your recollections of my poor mother are painful, revolting, shocking; and I know that I, being like her in person and temper, have kept them alive. We have never been friends. Say that it has been my fault. I say that I am tired of it, and wish to be friends; I am sick of this everlasting antagonism of will between us; it has done no good. I have resisted you, but you are as obstinate as ever; you have tried to coerce me, with what success I leave the last three days to tell

Why should this battle, this unnatural battle go on? Cannot you let me love you? Such a little yielding on your part would make a heaven out of this most miserable world. Will you answer?"

Not one word would he answer, except to say, "Have you anything more to advance?"

"Yes. I left here three days ago, a desperate, hardened woman, casting my good name to the winds, to save myself from a fate worse than death, which you had prepared for me. During those three days I have been lapped in love,—a love abundant and never failing, and surrounded by a religion purer and gentler than yours, father,—a religion which hopeth all things, and believeth all things. And in spite of my bold bearing and my hard words, I have come back softened and purified. Father, life is not so very long, and we shall, I suppose, never part again. If I have said hard and bitter things since I came into the house, will you forgive them me as I forgive what you have said, and let us learn to love one another?"

No. His heart was dumb to it. He had never yielded to the mother, was it likely he would yield to the daughter? He told her in a surly voice to show her repentance and amendment by duty and obedience, and then began his supper, as she did also, feeling obstinate, angry, and humiliated, but also having "a mighty disposition to cry."

She spoke next, hard as iron. "My health will suffer if I am entirely confined to this house, and you would scarcely wish that. May I walk up and down the lane, if I promise not to go out of it? You may set Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper to watch me, if you like; or, if you think it worth having, I will give you my word of honor."

"You may go from one end of the lane to the other, but no further. I'll have no scandals any more. I ain't so rich as some think, but I'm well trusted,—very few dream how much. And my good name is more precious to me than any money. And I've tried to keep it good," he went on, in a loud, excited manner. "And any other would have made thousands, where I've made hundreds; and no one has ever dragged my name in the dirt except your mother and you. And I served God faithfully," he went on, now beginning to weep, poor fellow. "And I tried to keep my name clean; the greatest in the land have said to me, 'Turner, you are not a lawyer you know, you are a friend, we can trust you here, your name is unspotted'; and God has afflicted, me like this. First your mother, and then you."

Rebecca's bolder and more generous nature, which indeed was ill-directed, the main cause of her petulance, was thoroughly aroused. She went to him and took both his hands, saying, quickly, —

"Father! father! your good name shall not suffer from me. I am as innocent as the day. I can prove my innocence at any moment. Do you think that I have done anything unworthy of you? Do you think that I did not leave my proofs behind me as clear as noon?"

"Proofs! silly girl, yes, but who will believe them? You little know this wretched world and its tongues. Do you think that anything will ever quiet old Russel's and old Soper's tongues? You are a fool if you do."

"And who are they?" asked Rebecca, loftily.

"The tongues of the world we live in,—the tongues which would turn against me first of all, and ruin me in our religious connection, if anything went wrong. You don't know the world, and are a fool."



"I wish you had been away with me these three days, father; you might have got to despise this little squalid world of ours."

But he remained sulky and silent. Yet in a surly strange manner he took her into his confidence before he went to bed.

"You are a bold, courageous, girl," he growled. "I need n't ask that; this week's experience shows that."

"I believe that I have good courage, father."

"That's lucky, because your sister Carry is a nervous fool. And you are a light sleeper, too, I know."

"Yes, the slightest thing awakes me."

"Then see if you can make yourself useful. If you hear the very slightest noise in the night, you run to my bedroom just as you are, shake me, and pull me out of bed. You will find a light burning. I am apt to be mazed and stupid when first awakened. Are you afraid of fire-arms?"

"I never saw any. I will do what you tell me. I will trust you thoroughly."

He went to a drawer in the sideboard, and came back with a Deane and Adams revolver in his hand.

"See here," he said. "If I am not fairly awake, you will find this on the stand by my bed's head. If any man comes into my room before I am ready, take it, — so — hold the barrel towards him — so — and keep pulling the trigger back — so. . . And screech murder, the while. Can you do that?"

"I will try. But why is this? Have you much money in the house?"

"Money and worse."

"Could you not pay it into the banker's?"

"No, I dare n't. I know too much. You would not be fool enough to talk of this?"

"Is it likely," she said, smiling. "Will you say good night?"

"Yes, I will say good night. But mind, your treatment depends on your behavior. If you think you are forgiven, you will find yourself mistaken. I'll have obedience."

And so he went. And she began putting away the consumable portions of the banquet, that portion of the family supplies, which by a fiction current in such houses, the little servant is supposed habitually to pick and steal (their little servant would as lief have eaten molten lead). She had put away the cheese, the sugar, the whiskey, and had locked the cupboard. She had got the ham, the loaf, and the lettuce on a tray, and was starting down stairs to lock them up in the larder away from the cat, who was all the time playing a game combined of cat's cradle, and puss in the corner, between her feet, mewing in a bland whisper, when she drove the tray into her father's chest, and brought him up short.

"Ho!" he said. "Putting the things away. That's right."

The cat at once intertwined herself between his legs and amicably tripped him up.

"Bother the cat!" he exclaimed; "but she reminds me, though. I don't want to make it any duller than I can for you, Rebecca; only I will have order kept. You asked me last year if you might have a dog. And I said, no."

"You did."

"I say yes, now. You can have a dog, if it is a pleasure to you —"

"May I have a large one, or a little one?"

"Any size, but let him be a barker, a tearer, a

dog that never sleeps. Silcox has got dogs that would tear the heart's life out of a man, if he bent his black brows at them, and the other day I saw his grandchildren playing at horses with them. Get a dog like that, if you can; but get a barker."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NEW LIFE.

In the whole history of insurrections I honestly believe that comparatively few are entirely unsuccessful. The position of the insurgent party is, in most instances, after a short time, bettered. The fact is, one would fancy that no government is strong enough to stand many serious insurrections, and therefore, as soon as its stomach or its safety will allow, gives magnanimously what it would be dangerous to refuse to a high-spirited and well-organized minority — like Rebecca.

Her insurrection was not entirely without its fruits. If you come to consider, a daughter, who has shown herself able and willing, under provocation, to absent herself promptly and secretly from home, — making you look like a fool, and harassing you with inexorable terrors, — is by no means a young lady to be trifled with. I once, in the range of my own personal experience, knew a young lady of tender years, in a certain school, who had the singular physical power of being very ill under the slightest contradiction; I mean, ill as people are ill off the North Foreland. That child ruled the school, and learnt just what she chose, — which was nothing.

Turner was going to have no more escapades in his house. If Rebecca had only known her power, she might have done pretty much as she liked, but she did *not* know it. Her feeling was, that she had utterly overstepped natural bounds, and had been on the whole, for her father, kindly received home. Her feeling about her escapade was one of sheer terror, now that the old manner of life was all around her. It would take a still more dreadful provocation to make her take such a step again.

Women, trained for so many centuries to entire dependence, are not good at a long, steady defiance to association and habit. That they are capable of it, the whole world knows; but if it is forced on them, the sustained effort which it costs them makes them coarse, fierce, and unwomanly. This continual effort of defiance will soon make, from habit, a woman's voice hoarse and man-like.

Rebecca happily escaped this. Her father had yielded, grudgingly, indeed, yet still had yielded; more than she had hoped for. Her condition was improved. The heretofore forbidden lane, with all its wonders, was at all events hers now. With fresh, healthy vitality, with the curiosity towards the world and its ways of a child in a wood, this lane, with its swarming, dirty population, was as a deeply interesting book to her, which she was eager to read.

She was the first moving in the household on Monday morning; the intervening Sunday she had passed in bed. She roused the maid, and left the others sleeping. When they came down, there was breakfast ready, the Bible set by his plate, her father's boots in their place, the newspaper warmed and ready for him, and his rasher of bacon hot in the fender. These facts, being taken by the allied powers as denoting contrition on her part, were received by her father in dumb silence, and by good Carry, who always trumped her father's trick, by a wondering sniff or two.



She did not care. She was to go into the lane, and have a dog of her own. Hagbut was a thing of the past; she would soon win these two over.

The portion of Scripture which Mr. Turner had to read that morning was rather unpropitious to his purpose of twisting a moral out of it to hurl at Rebecca's head. It was the journey of Jonah to Nineveh. He thought that he should have to leave her moral exertion to the prayer, when, stumbling on, he came to the fact that Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, exactly the time which Rebecca had been away. He emphasized this point so strongly, and paused so long, that Carry groaned, and the little maid — aroused suddenly from the orthodox religious coma, into which she always fell on the celebration of any form of worship, public or private — exclaimed, "Laws a mercy me!"

It was a great, although unforeseen point or hit, this suggested parallel between Jonah and Rebecca; but Mr. Turner was too old a hand not to see that it would not hold water too far. Rebecca thought that he would have twisted it into the prayer; but he knew better. He started from an entirely new basis of operations. "It don't matter," said Rebecca; "I shall catch it somehow." And so, when her father said, "Let us pray," she knelt down, wondering how he was going to do it.

He led up to his theme in the most masterly manner. It was feebly like some Scotch sermons, which one dimly remembers. You know the preacher's theme from his text and you hear him go away into subjects apparently irrelevant, possibly three vague themes, which seem to have no relation to his text. You sit puzzled and yet pleased, while he spins his first crude mass of yarn off into a single thread and leaves it. Then he spins you another heap of yarn into a thread; and leaving that, another; and then, taking his three threads, he spins them into a cord, which brings you back to his original proposition, and his text. Then you take out your watch, and find that you have been sitting, with your intellect at its highest power, for one hour or so, and have thought it twenty minutes. A good Scotch sermon is not a thing to be despised. The Scotch are not considered to be devoid of brains, and they like them.

Turner's prayer had no similarity to a good Scotch sermon more than this. Rebecca knew that she would be his theme, and wondered how he would handle it. He handled it well enough for an Englishman. A Scotchman or a French preaching priest would have done it better; but it was creditable in a mere amateur.

Turner began by airing the old question of the permission of evil. The higher power doubtless knew best, he wished that there might be no mistake about that; but, at the same time, he, Turner, did beg and pray the First Cause to reconsider his opinions, and take to governing the universe more in accordance with his, Turner's, ideas than heretofore. He proceeded to offer a singular number of practical suggestions to the First Cause, which he hoped might be practically attended to on the first opportunity. And then he began to draw up to Rebecca who knelt with her head on one side, wondering what he was going to say.

It was in the thanksgiving part of the prayer that he overthrew and demolished Rebecca, to her great admiration and wonder. She had begun to think that he was going to leave her alone altogether, for she was at a loss to understand how he could have

any great thanksgiving to make on her account; but when he began to thank the First Cause for such afflictions as had been sent him, and also for the strength which had been given to him in bearing them, she saw how he was going to do it, — and admired.

She wondered much at his ingenuity in attacking her under a form of thanksgiving to the Deity. She wondered still more at the ingenuity of the details; but what she admired most of all was the singular self-complacent egotism which underlay his whole prayer, and which cropped up at every point. She knew of old her father's habit, common enough to men who live in a little world, of talking of himself to other men; but to hear him, while attacking her, point out his manifest excellences to the Deity, and then compare himself to a miserable worm, filled her with pure astonishment. She had never before seen how entirely her father was given to self-worship. Abraham's pleading was reasonable; her father's was utterly unreasonable. When he came to the ultimate point of summing up his utterly blameless life, and thanking Providence for afflicting him with an undutiful and rebellious daughter to keep him from the sin of self-glorification, she was pained and dazed. She wanted to love him; how could she when he was so far from all else that she loved? Her father's religious exercise this morning had by no means a good effect on her. She was angry and sulky when she rose from her knees.

And she had meant to be so good. She left Carry to administer the little cares of domestic life which she, in the warmth of her heart, had prepared. She was silent and angry, and her father congratulated himself on having brought her to a sense of sin. He had brought her to a deep hatred of his form of religion.

She ate her breakfast in silence, but, keeping in mind the admissions of last night, saw that they must be kept before him. Towards the end of breakfast she said, —

"I am to have a dog; and I am to walk up and down the lane; that is allowed. I wish that some arrangement might be come to under which I was not to be prayed at by pa before the maid; but that I suppose is hopeless. I can only say that, if it happens again, I shall rise from my knees and walk in the lane. I hate it."

"My dearest Rebecca!" said poor Carry.

"You may well say your dearest Rebecca, you two," said Rebecca, sullenly. "I meant to be as good as gold this morning, and submit, and be cheerful, and all that sort of thing. But I wish it understood that I will not be prayed at by pa, and thanksgiving for by pa, or by any one else. I may as well state my intentions at once. It is more than probable that very shortly I shall join the communion of the Primitive Methodists."

This was not quite such a dreadful threat to Mr. Turner as it was to Carry. Certainly, Mr. Turner reflected, the poor little Primitives were a low and poor sect, and the secession of one of the members of his household from a sect so rich as his, small though it was, — a sect which nearly rivalled the National Church, would be as sad a thing as the secession of an ultra-evangelical in the National Church to Wesleyanism, or the Baptists. Yet, after all, if she did go, it would be one way of accounting for her eccentricity. He put on his boots, and went to business in tolerable humor. If she did not do worse than go to the Primitive Methodists, and if



that abominably sleepy policeman would keep his eye on the house for a few months, matters would right themselves.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LORD DUCETOY.

The moment that Turner had shaken the dust of his own house off his feet, the little anxieties of that house were cast in the background, and he was in another world. For, to tell the truth, at this very time Turner's religion, and Turner's domestic troubles, were actually swamped in another great matter, — had become for a time, as it were, relaxations. The man was living two disconnected lives (unless Rebecca could connect them), and the least disagreeable was to him almost a relaxation. This great matter shall develop itself.

On Walham Green he caught the white Putney omnibus as usual; but not as usual did it drop him at the bottom of Chancery Lane. He got out at Arlington Street, Piccadilly, and made his way quickly to a private house in Duke Street, St. James.

"Is Lord Ducetoy up?" he asked of the quiet-looking servant in black who came to the door.

Lord Ducetoy was up, had finished breakfast, and was ready for Mr. Turner. He was shown up stairs into Lord Ducetoy's presence, and he looked on him with very great curiosity.

A handsome, well-made young man enough, light in hair, blonde in mustache, with the deep brown of the Western prairies still on his face; standing, with his back against the chimney-piece, and lovingly wiping a gun with his handkerchief.

"How d'ye do, my dear Mr. Turner?" said Lord Ducetoy. "Thanks for coming so promptly, for I am in trouble."

"In trouble, my lord?" said Turner, very seriously. "Please tell me how."

"Well, it seems that I have not got any money."

"Your lordship has plenty of money. I can let your lordship have a thousand pounds at this moment."

"Then I wish you would. I wrote a check for a hundred pounds on my uncle, Sir Gorham Philpott, yesterday, and they have cashed it certainly. But they have written to me to say, as there is only £37 10s. in their hands, they request, either that more money may be paid in, or that our account may be closed."

"O, that is their move; is it?" said Mr. Turner.

"That is their move, my dear Mr. Turner," said Lord Ducetoy. "Rather a disagreeable one for me. You must know, as my uncle's old man of business, that I never expected to come into this earldom, and this money. My uncle's death was utterly unexpected; my cousin's death at Madeira, equally so. I was hammering about in Canada, trying to invest a certain thousand pounds I had, so as to bring me in a living; when I suddenly found myself an earl, with a considerable income. Coming home I find my check nearly dishonored, at my own uncle's, for one hundred pounds. I am a quiet fellow, but must live. I should be glad of some money."

"There is plenty of money," said Turner.

"I should like to see some of it," said Lord Ducetoy.

Turner sat musing and looking at Lord Ducetoy for some little time. At last he said: —

"I suppose you know that your estates are rather heavily mortgaged?"

"I have heard as much."

"And that the mortgages are held by Sir Gorham Philpott & Co.?"

Lord Ducetoy had not heard that.

"Do you know that Sir Gorham Philpott & Co. are now Sir Gorham Philpott & Co., Limited?"

Lord Ducetoy laughed, and said, "that he was not aware of the fact; but that their ideas of credit were certainly limited."

"They are, my lord," said Turner. "For limited liability is only another name for unlimited irresponsibility. Do you know nothing of the family jewels, of the family papers?"

"I know that there are great jewels, and cash, and papers. I suppose they are at the banker's."

"My lord, they are nothing of the kind. They are at my house. My lord, the limited bank, long really bankrupt, which has been trading under the name, once respectable, of Sir Gorham Philpott, holds the mortgages on your estates, about the only asset they have. It has not seemed to me expedient to break with them, and bank with another house, lest they should inconveniently foreclose. But I have kept all out of their hands that I could. I, as executor under your uncle's will, have received the plate, the jewels, the deeds, under my own roof; and the responsibility of them is turning me gray."

"Could we not send them to Child's, or to Drummond's?"

"My lord, we owe Philpott's money, — a great deal, I doubt."

"Can we pay it?"

"Yes, we can pay it. But their name is — and when the smash comes we must take our chance with the others. I don't want our jewels and plate to be put into their bankruptcy."

"Then keep them where they are," said Lord Ducetoy. "I can trust you." And he whistled as he rubbed his gun, and said laughing: "Well, I suppose now I have got money, I shall never be happy again. There is one thing I wish to say, in our prairie way, Mr. Turner. My mother says that I can trust you through thick and thin; and so I mean to, for *she* never was wrong in her life. So, if you find it possible, I should like to make our relations as friendly as possible. There is, by the way, a touch of New England in that, because I can't do without you. I don't mean that we are to rush into one another's arms; but if we try, we may get friendly in time. I don't think it will take long." Here he got very red. "I only just remember my cousin. I hope to know her husband better. Will you dine with my mother and me to-day?"

Turner went up to him, and taking his hand, looked him frankly in the face, said, "Did she ask me?"

Lord Ducetoy nodded.

"Then tell her *No*. It is best all over and done with. Tell her also, that the trouble we thought past has begun again in my daughter. Good by. You may trust me."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SKYE TERRIER.

Rebecca's good-humor came back the instant she was outside the garden and into the lane. She had tempted Carry to come, but Carry would n't. "You had better come," said Rebecca, "we shall have some amusement. I am going to Jim Akin about a dog, and it will be very pleasant." Carry



would have liked to have gone very much, but she had said that she would n't in the first instance; and consistency, or, as some low people call it, obstinacy, is the brightest jewel in the British female's crown; so she declined to enjoy herself with her sister; and visited her self-imposed querulousness on the little maid.

Neither Jim Akin nor Mr. Spicer the sweep was out. With Akin it was always a slack day on Mondays, having worked Chelsea, principally Jews-row and Turke-row, with periwinkles, whelks, and shrimps the Sunday afternoon, and resting before going out to buy stock from the market gardeners. With Mr. Spicer, also, it was a "clean" day, few owners of houses of sufficient respectability to require their chimneys swept by the hand of a master caring to make preparations for the sweep on Sunday night.

Very respectable Mr. Spicer looked, in his off-duty clothes, comically unlike the hideous, fiendlike figure he was when on duty. Rebecca had the advantage of the respectful counsel of these two excellent people on this occasion.

"If you please, Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer," she said, after the usual salutation, "I want to get a dog; pa is going to let me keep a dog."

They were both deeply interested at once. Mr. Akin, being professionally more accustomed to conversation, dashed into the subject at once.

"Warmint or general, miss?"

"I don't quite understand," said Rebecca; and so Mr. Spicer, a sententious man, much looked up to in the row, leant against the fence and defined after the Aristotelian method:—

"A warmint dog, miss, as his name implies, is a dog as is kept for the killing of warmint. Now there's a many kinds of 'em: bull-dog, bull terrier, fox terrier, black-and-tan terrier, toy, dandy, and Skye. Similarly there's varieties in the nature of warmint, as badger, pole-cat, weasel, and rat. Of badgers there is country badgers and old hands. Of pole-cats there is wild and tame. Of rats, why, there's as much difference in rate, lor bless you, as what there is in Christians. I've seen big rats as a newborn kitten could kill; and contrariwise, one of my young men went to enter a well-bred year old toy with an old rat, and I am blessed if the dog did n't cut and run for his life, howling, round the lanes, and the rat after him."

"I seen it," said Jim Akin.

"But I don't want a dog to kill anything," said Rebecca.

"Miss wants a general dog, I expect, miller," said Jim Akin, to the master chimney-sweep. "Tip her some of your advice now."

"General dogs, miss," said the miller, complacently, "is like warmint dogs, various; and I never seen none that was much count, takin' into consideration what dogs was made for. Still, Providence made 'em, and the fancy gives prizes for 'em, similarly as they do for fantails and pouters, and other rubbish, that were only created for showing and dealing. If I had my will, miss, there should be no prizes for any pigeons except carriers, and none for any dogs except real warmint."

"Greyhounds," murmured Jim Akin.

"And you may add pointers and setters," said Mr. Spicer; "but they're gentry dogs. When you are a gentleman with a moor in the 'lands, talk about 'em; not now."

"Miss would n't want a fighting dog?" suggested Jim Akin, accepting the rebuke.

"Do she look like it, neighbor?" said Mr. Spicer, almost severely.

"A fighting dog ain't half a bad thing to mind a young lady, if she wanted to go a walking far by herself," said Jim Akin, not to be entirely driven from his point.

Mr. Spicer was very fond of his neighbor, but he had to ignore him, he was getting low.

"With regard to general dogs, miss, which were your views?"

"Well," said Rebecca, "I should like a dog which would bark if it heard a noise, and a dog I should be fond of. I think I should like a little dog the best. I think I should like a little hairy dog, like the Queen's in the picture, you know which is begging to the Macaw for its biscuit; if it did not cost too much."

I know nothing of the private life of Mr. Spicer, or Mr. Akin; when I am thrown against gentlemen in that particular circle of society, I ask few questions. If any of ourselves had no education, and associated with, bought and sold with, ay, and intermarried with the criminal classes, should we look on the lighter crimes with the same detestation we do now? A man whose wife's brother has been transported, and yet who gets treated as a respectable and trustworthy person by the district inspector, seems to me to be in his way meritorious. If a little stray dog follows him home, or if a strange pigeon come into his trap, why, he is possibly not so chivalrously particular as you or I should be; when you get to the very verge of the criminal class, you must make allowances.

Jim Akin and Mr. Spicer interchanged a glance and then Jim Akin spoke. "I have got a little dog in my back yard, miss, which you might care to look at."

"Undeniable character," said Mr. Spicer. "Never 'tized, but character un-de-niable, against all the Pleece in creation."

Rebecca assented at once, and they went in through Jim Akin's close-smelling house, which had a mingled scent of washing, dirt, children, cabbage-stalks, baby, and cheese; and out into the little back yard, separated from the neighbors' back yards by a low, broken paling. There was no vegetation in it, except, at the farther corner, an elder-tree. And at the foot of the elder-tree there was an American flour-barrel, and at the entrance of the flour-barrel, sat a little tiny innocent dog, chained up and looking very unhappy.

It was a very beautiful little Skye terrier, a dog worth money, but grimed with ashes and soot, unkempt, unwashed, utterly and entirely miserable and woe-begone. It was a dog which had been cared for, and loved, and tended in its time, so carefully tended, that it had lost its instinct of self-care, and had lost its mistress, or let itself be stolen, and had come to this. It cowered when it saw Jim Akin and Mr. Spicer; but when it saw a lady with them, it looked up at her with its light hazel eyes, and held up its poor innocent little paw.

Her father might well call her a fool. I suppose she was a fool according to his light. Her heart seemed to swell suddenly within her, and her eyes not all unready for tears, for the little dog, out of its misery, had appealed to her, as Friday did to Crusoe. She went straight to the barrel, undid the dog, and took it to her bosom.

"I will buy this dog of you, Mr. Akin," she said, without turning round. "My father will pay for it. Send in a moderate price to him, or he will not let



me have it. I will pay the difference. I will have this dog."

"Will you let me give you the little dog?" said a voice, close at her elbow.

She turned quickly round. It was Mr. Morley, the dissenting minister, who stood close beside her.

## CHAPTER X.

MR. MORLEY.

Nobody likes to be caught suddenly in a sentimental mood. Every true-born Briton hates it, almost as much as he hates being caught in (respectable) sin. Rebecca had just been caught in a sentimental mood, over a grimy Skye terrier, in company with a chimney-sweep and a costermonger, by a dissenting minister. In the revulsion brought on by a nearly strange face, the situation, instead of being really beautiful, as it was one minute ago, was in the highest degree ridiculous — as she thought.

"How did you come here, Mr. Morley?" she asked. "I am surprised."

"I came to see you; and I saw you come in here, and I followed you."

"I am much obliged. My father's house is over the way. I think you asked me if you might pay for this dog? My answer is, No."

"There ain't nothing to pay," said Jim Akin. "Miss has took a fancy to the dog, and she is welcome to her."

"Do you mean to say that you will give me the dog as a present?"

"Certainly, miss, and will swear to her agin all Christendom."

"I'll take it, Jim Akin," she said. "And I'll never pay one farthing for it, except in good-will. If I don't pay you in cash, I will pay you in kind. Let me give you one more chance, I will give you a five-pound note for this dog; I will go across the street and get it now."

"Won't take it, miss. I'll take it out in good-will. The mistake as you gentry makes," continued Jim Akin, speaking sententiously, and looking at Mr. Morley, who certainly looked like a gentleman, "is this. You thinks we're for cash, and all cash; and it ain't so. I've got as much money as I want. You gentlemen as studies has got good words. Why can't you give us some of your good words now and again, in a friendly way, the same as I give she the little dog?"

"Well," said Rebecca, turning homewards with her new treasure in her arms, "all I can say is that you shall always have good words from me; and so good by. Mr. Morley, I have just been so cross with you. I am afraid you must think me very silly."

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds of being very nearly crying for pity over a poor lonely little dog. If your life were as lonely as mine —"

"What then?" said Mr. Morley, as they crossed the street.

"Why, then, I fancy, I may be wrong, but I do fancy that you are the sort of person who would be just as likely to make a goose of yourself over such a matter as me."

"That is not grammar, you know, as it stands," said Mr. Morley.

"Then let it be grammar as it sits," said Rebecca.

"You know what I mean."

"I am afraid I do; and what is more and worse, I am afraid it is true."

"Then you *do* sometimes make a goose of yourself?"

"Have I not come to see you?"

"That is true enough. Talking of geese, what is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning water-fowl?"

"That a minister of the gospel had better mind his own business, and not come to visit houses where common stage plays are read habitually."

"Only one single number of Knight's Illustrated, I give you my honor," said Rebecca. "You have read it, you know; at least, you seem pretty familiar with it. Did you *really* come to see me?"

"I did, indeed."

"I have leave to walk up and down the lane. Will you walk with me?"

Mr. Morley consented gladly.

"I want to talk to you very much, but about very many things. You seem to have had an education different to — to the men I have seen here. For instance, you know Shakespeare?"

"I know Shakespeare very well."

"I know nothing of him but this one play. And that is so wonderful, — so utterly unlike, both in thought and diction, to anything I have ever seen before, that I can nearly say it by heart. Are the other plays to be compared in goodness to this one?"

"Certainly. In perfect dexterity and elegance, I rank *Twelfth Night* as high as any; but for no other qualities. *Hamlet* is the finest of them all."

"And what is that about?"

"The old Calvinist business, — the business without beginning and without end, — which keeps so many preachers on their legs, for the simple reason that, let them turn it inside out as often as they will, there is no answer to it. *Hamlet*, with its beautiful language and deep thought, runs mainly on predestination, the permission of evil, and the responsibility in this world and in the next of bad or careless actions, committed, as it would seem, almost unavoidably."

"And how does Shakspeare get us out of the old difficulty, familiar enough to me, I am sure?" asked Rebecca.

"The characters all stab and poison one another," said Mr. Morley.

"Mark my words, Mr. Morley," said Rebecca, stopping short, and stroking the head of her little dog, who, under the impression that it had only been stolen once more in a different sort of way, was low in its little mind, — "mark my words, Mr. Morley, that Shakespeare was a man not entirely deprived of understanding. I am aware that you people hate him, curse him from your pulpits, and so on. But there is something in the man."

"I never cursed him," said Morley. "I love him."

"You!" said Rebecca. "I never sat under you. The man whom you call your brother, — the man whose opinions you are bound to indorse, does, though. I mean the man Hagbut, for I have heard him."

## CHAPTER XI.

HETTY'S LOVER.

"It is not so pleasant in here as in the lane," said Rebecca, leading the way in to their dull, narrow-windowed sitting-room. "This is the place where I am scolded and admonished. I sit here, do you see, and you sit there. Now, will you please begin and get it over."



"Can you suppose that I mean to scold you?" he said.

"I suppose that you have come commissioned by my father to see after my spiritual state," she replied. "Are you not Mr. Hagbut's successor? If so, I am afraid that you will have a thankless task."

"I assure you, on my honor," he said, eagerly, "that my visit is solely and entirely to you; that I dislike Mr. Hagbut; that I have no commission from your father whatever. May I go on? I am much older than you, and, God knows, I wish you well."

"If you put matters on those friendly grounds, I am sure that you may say what you like. If you intend to be truly my friend in a worldly point of view, I can meet you half-way, for I am sure I want one badly."

"We will sign no compact of friendship," he answered; "but you shall try me. I am an old widower of forty-two, and have a daughter nearly as old as you are."

"A daughter!" said Rebecca. "I never heard of that before."

She blushed scarlet as she said it, for she betrayed the fact that he was interesting to her, and that she had inquired about him.

"Yes, I have a daughter," said Morley, stroking his chin. "Yes; quite so. Hetty (that is short for Hephsibah, not for Esther, you will understand) is nearly as old as you are, I should say."

"I suppose she is very fond of you?" said Rebecca, still in confusion.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Morley, still stroking his chin, "Hetty is very fond of me indeed. But I will show you how much I am inclined to put confidence in you, Miss Turner, by telling you that my dear daughter is not a popular person."

"Is she cross?" asked Rebecca.

"No, she's not cross. When I say that she is unpopular, I mean that she is unpopular among our religious connection, and — well — is a great stumbling-block with them."

"She seems to be very much in my condition, then," said Rebecca.

"Very much indeed," said Mr. Morley, the truth being far too great to be kept back. "Very much so."

"Did she ever run away and hide for three days, as I did?" said Rebecca.

Mr. Morley did not answer in speech at all, neither did he look at Rebecca at all. He only looked at space, with a compound expression in which there was, simply in a very slight movement of the mouth, a touch of humor, but no anger or sorrow. Rebecca began to have an intense desire to know the young lady, and said so.

"She would be highly flattered, I am sure," said Mr. Morley, "if I told her so; but I shall not do it, however. By the by, may I presume to be sufficiently in your confidence to ask a favor?"

"Provided it is not a guilty secret, of course," said Rebecca.

"But it is," said Mr. Morley. "Don't say anything about my daughter up here. This part of our connection does not know anything about her. Even Hagbut keeps the dreadful secret, knowing that if anything of her ways was known here, Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper would at once find out or invent quite enough about her to make me perfectly useless as a minister to this congregation, when he wanted my services, as he pretty often does. Besides, the girl is a connection of his. You will not mention her?"

"I will not, indeed," said Rebecca, pleased very much at being taken into any one's confidence and treated like a woman. "I am sure she is good."

"There is good in her somewhere," replied Morley, slightly showing his white teeth; "you will keep my secret, then, from your Russel and Soper; now let us talk of other matters. Your father looks very ill and worn."

"I have been behaving very ill, and have given him trouble. I ran away for three days to avoid doing something he had set his heart on my doing. I am very truly penitent for having given him anxiety, but I would do it again to-morrow, and so would your daughter."

"People don't run away from me," said Mr. Morley; "they are more apt to come after me, I think. While I have been sitting here, and looking out of the window, I have noticed one; he has found the house at last; he rings the bell; he asks for me; yes, and here your little maid shows him in."

And into the room came a magnificent young sailor, with the fresh, wild vitality of the sea shining in his bold brown eyes, showing in his noble free gait and bright free smile. A splendid apparition just risen from the ocean, in his ocean's garb, — such a youth as Rebecca had never seen before. As one looked at him with travelled eyes, there came on one dim memories of peaceful seas among soft blue islands far away; of angry, cruel icebergs; of wild, horrible, staggering nights when ruin was abroad, and death looked with pale face over the steersman's shoulder at the dim lit reeling binnacle. A youth who had looked steadily on death often, and would look again and yet again without terror, and die at the last fighting fiercely. Still young, handsome, and gentle.

The old narrow-windowed parlor seemed the darker and the dingier for his presence. With the exception of Rebecca herself, there had been nothing there so splendid for many years. Rebecca had never seen anything like this; she had seen youth and vitality before, in Jim Akin and the like, but never anything like this young man. She looked at him with keen curiosity and admiration; and Mr. Morley watched her.

"I have run you to earth, sir," said the young sailor, who, by his dress, seemed of the superior mate class. "Hetty told me that you would be here."

"Chapter of accidents," said Mr. Morley. "What business was it of Hetty's, or of yours?"

"Hetty said that you were to come home to dinner; and, indeed, we want you."

"You want me a great deal, I have no doubt," said Mr. Morley.

"Indeed, we do want you very much," said the young sailor; "in fact, Hetty would not let me into the house until you come. She only —"

"Never mind that, sir."

"Well, I won't," he said, laughing; "but you know that she will not take her pleasure without your sharing it. And if Miss Turner," he added, with a bright smile, "will spare you to us this one evening, we will try to make amends in future. May I be introduced to Miss Turner?"

"This, Miss Turner," said Mr. Morley, "is young Leonard Hartop. He is of the salt-water persuasion. The remarkable fact about him is that he never sails in any kind of ship, but what that ship meets with a very serious accident. Likewise, on the occasion of these accidents, some one else is always on the watch. I introduce him."



"I am delighted, I am sure," said Leonard Hartop, "to make Miss Turner's acquaintance. In what you may be allowed to call, on an occasion of this kind, the flowering vale of tears, there is little doubt that our acquaintance will be improved to mutual satisfaction. For you must not believe *him* about me, Miss Turner. His bark is worse than his bite. Nobody cares twopence-halfpenny for him. Now, Mr. Morley, are you coming home to dinner?"

"Wait for me at the lane's end, boy, and I will come," said Mr. Morley; and the young sailor bowed and departed.

"What do you think of him?" he said to Rebecca, when he had gone.

"He is very splendid," said Rebecca, dreamily. "I have never seen any one like him."

"He is a splendid sailor," said Morley. "May I tell you a secret which would ruin us all if it was known?"

"There would be a little excitement about it," said Rebecca; "I think you had better tell me."

"Well, then, I will trust you. He is Hetty's lover."

"She must have good taste, then. I should not entirely break my heart if he was mine."

"No?" said Mr. Morley.

"Well, I don't know," said Rebecca. "That young man and I should never hit it off, you know. He seems as if he liked his own way."

"The most biddable lad going," said Mr. Morley.

"Then he would n't suit me. Hetty may have him. I want ordering about, I can't take care of myself. But, speaking to you as a minister, or, as the Papists call it, a father confessor, Mr. Morley, I confess to you that I could, with very small effort, have fallen in love with that young man. If Hetty has got him, let her keep him. I shall know Hetty one day, I see. For the present I have made my arrangements for marriage."

"I dare not ask what arrangements."

"I will save your cowardice, then; I have, for my own purposes, made it impossible for any man to marry me; and I am going to marry old Tibbey."

"Tibbey, the Primitive Methodist, in Leader Street? He is married already."

"Not him, but his wife. I am going to marry her. At all events, I am going to get out of this house in some way. I would to heaven that I could turn Roman Catholic. They find a life and a business for women like me. If I could swallow their miserable superstitions, I could join them to-morrow. Why do not you extreme Protestants make provision for women who are willing to devote their love to God and to the poor, as do the Papists? You cry out at the Papists getting so many converts among women; what is the real reason? These Papists, with a false, low, and I hope moribund form of Christianity, are the only sect which offers a career to an ordinary and ill-educated woman. Whose fault is it that we are ill-educated? You have refused us education, and we are as clever as you. You teach us to play the piano. The Papists show us a suffering Christ through a suffering humanity. They find a sphere for a woman —"

"Which you would occupy for possibly a week."

## CHAPTER XII.

### HAGBUT'S NEW INTENTIONS.

She saw no more of her two new acquaintances for nearly a fortnight, and the old life came back again with almost the old misery and dulness. Yet Rebecca was never exactly as she had been any

more. She was more desperately unhappy, — that I do not disguise, — but her unhappiness now was of a different kind. It was active. Her old unhappiness was as that of one imprisoned in a living tomb from her birth, hopeless, and without any room for fancy, which is one of the greatest mitigators of human ills. She was very miserable again now, but only because dreams, now become possible to her, seemed unattainable. Before this she had no dreams at all; her life was merely a painful sleep. And now, also, she had a companion and a confidant, her little dog.

The man who has never known a woman who will confide to a baby or a dog matters which she would not confide to an intelligent being, must be unfortunate in his experiences. Poor Rebecca told her little Skye terrier a great many things about herself, in which she scarcely believed as to herself, and which she would have denied with the extremest scorn to any person in the world, unless possibly in deep distress to old Mrs. Tibbey.

She had broken all bounds for the first time in her life. In her desperation regarding her marriage to Mr. Hagbut, she had been forced into arms, into a thoroughly successful revolution. True, she had in her weariness come back, as it were, to Caesarism; but it rests with the politicians to tell us whether the individual or the nation ever gets back into its old frame of mind again after one good taste of liberty. What has been done once, may be done twice. The ruler of a once thoroughly revolutionized kingdom sits uneasy on his throne; and what is more to the purpose, the subject knows it. At least Rebecca did. And so now, when the house was duller, and her father most disagreeable, instead of "wishing she was dead," or declaring that she would marry a costermonger, if he would only take her out of this, used milder formulas; only told her little dog that he would drive her to it again, he would; and that Mab and she and Mrs. Tibbey would go to Ramsgate, and stay there altogether their time; and live on shrimps, and keep a nice little oyster-shop, and never go to chapel any more. And if that nasty, tiresome Hetty was near, Mab should bark at her.

This babyish nonsense was very good for her. She had had too little of it in her childhood; books like Hans Andersen's had never been seen in that house. It was well for her that she had still child enough left in her after her embittered life, only to talk to her little innocent dog in a petulant, childish way about Hetty; for she might have talked in a very different one a little time before. Yet one thing she told her dog now, but which she never confessed to herself, was that she hated Hetty.

Hetty the unknown, Hetty the innocent. It was surely unreasonable.

It would be merely confusion of counsel to try and account for it as she did. That Hetty was free; that she could come and go; that she had a father who loved her; and was not watched by two pernicious old trots (meaning Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper); she did not believe in all that herself. Hetty was welcome to all that. She had been inclined to admire Hetty, until Mr. Morley, for reasons of his own, had told her that the young sailor Hartop was her lover.

She had not cared at the time; if he and Hetty had come arm in arm, the next day, and made love before her, she would not have cared much, more particularly if Mr. Morley had come too. But this grand young sailor had left his image on a late awakened and fully developed mind, and it would



not go. He was the first really splendid man she had ever seen.

And he had appeared, only to draw her only friend, Mr. Morley, away from her. They had left her at once, to go after this Hetty, and all their schemes, and goings on down at Limehouse, the gate of freedom: for you might get on board a ship, in Limehouse, and you might sail away anywhere, — to the happy islands, in the Western Sea, where there was no chapel-going, or tea-meeting, or Sunday-school, all of which Mr. Morley wished to establish there; or even further, to those islands where you could do as you pleased, and escape the consequences of your own actions; in which islands Mr. Morley did not believe. (This was, of course, only said to the little dog.) But even to her sister Carry she grumbled, after a few days. She told her that she thought Mr. Morley had whisked himself off with his young friend rather unceremoniously.

"I am glad to hear that he has been here," said Carry.

"Yes; he came to see me. And I should like him to come again. But the young sailor, to whom his daughter is engaged, came and carried him off."

"Mr. Morley has no daughter," said Carry.

"Indeed, but he has thought," said Rebecca. "And I wish he had n't."

"Dearest Rebecca," said Caroline, with just such tact as she had gathered from her station, and her school, "believe a tender sister, when she tells you that Mr. Morley has no family."

"But I tell you he has. Hetty was alive a week ago; bother her."

"You are in a perfect dream, my dear sister," said Carry. "Mr. Morley is perfectly unencumbered, and his prospects are, in a pecuniary point of view, very good indeed. I give you my *honor* he has no daughter. I tell you, you have been dreaming."

"That is true enough," said Rebecca. "I have been dreaming, a deal too much. But who told you he had no daughter?"

"Mr. Hagbut to-night, at Miss Soper's."

"How did he come to say it there?" said Rebecca, who was beginning to get a little uneasy about this mysterious Hetty's legal relation to Mr. Morley.

Carry was a certain kind of British woman, who when she saw occasion would walk clean through half a dozen quickset hedges, without, as vulgar people say, winking her eye. She did so on this occasion, as on many others.

"The fact of the matter is, my dear Rebecca, that Mr. Hagbut has announced his intention to several mutual friends, of paying his addresses to me. He has not committed himself to me in any way as yet; he has not sufficiently studied my character. But he has said, with a view of my hearing it at second hand, that if I should be found worthy of his great position, and if he sees hopes of forming my character to his standard, he will overlook the disgrace which one member of our family has brought on it; and —"

"He is rapid in his determinations," said Rebecca, quietly.

"He is very determined. He is a man to be obeyed. But this is a little past the matter. His opinion is that Mr. Morley is very much inclined to marry you, in spite of all that has happened."

"Yes," said Rebecca, very quietly.

"Indeed, he thinks so," said Carry; "and we all rejoiced with a great joy. I consider, that if you

are careful, such a thing might be. And in the course of conversation I asked if he had any family; and he said that there was a daughter, but that she was dead."

"He meant dead in trespasses and sins, you know," said Rebecca.

"He said dead," said Carry. "Now you know the whole truth, my dear."

Burning lava over boiling water makes a good explosion, as geologists tell us. There were all the elements of it in Rebecca's heart. She could have killed them all with burning words. For them to *dare*, after her resolution, to buy and sell her like this! The way in which the crust of respectability forms quickly over the lava of revolution is what drives some men, who will not look to the great cyclical advance of matters, mad. And really, Charles II. and Dryden, as successors and apparently results of Cromwell and Milton, is a bitter pill for a Whig. Men, maddened with this view of things, try to assassinate innocent sovereigns. Can we wonder that Rebecca felt a strong inclination to box her sister's ears?

Only for one moment. She was a clear-hearted woman, with all her faults. She saw her own sister before her, and all her little petty woes and wrongs were forgotten. Easily forgotten, for she had freed herself. Instead of giving way to ill-temper, she gave way to good, and, kneeling before her sister, said: —

"Carry, sister! we have always been good friends. In Heaven's name, have nothing to do with that man. Are you forced? I was forced; but I beat them, the mean tattlers and time-servers. Do as I did if you hate it. Come away as I did, sister; and see what the world is out of this miserable lane. I will never leave you, dear; no more will Elizabeth Tibbey; no more will Mab. Fly from it, dear, with me. We could keep a little shop, or anything; Mr. Tibbey would tell us. Or we would go to Mr. Morley, and he would tell us what to do. But O that man, Carry! There is time to save yourself: in Heaven's name think what you are doing."

Rebecca's wild appeal failed absolutely. Carry's mind was too well formed. Rebecca's appeal to her, beautiful in its affectionate unselfishness, if in nothing else, was to her hideous and amorphous, — shapeless to her; her sister was a woman with a wild, ill-regulated mind, an object of pity. Yet, in her reply, she unconsciously allowed that there was reason in Rebecca's wild plea to her; for, instead of showing pity, she showed resentment. And Rebecca had so nearly won, that this resentment took the form of anger, — anger expressed as she had heard it expressed in her family, a little coarsely.

"You fool, get up, and don't kneel to me; kneel to your Maker. You are the plague of our lives. When I am married to him, you will always be held over my head like a whip. The old business was just hushed up, when you must break out. Get up."

She got up at once, but she smiled kindly, too. "You will be sorry for these words, Carry dear, long after I have forgotten them."

"I know I shall, you wicked thing," said Carry, sobbing bitterly. "Why did you tempt me to say them?"

"Because I did not like to see one I love marry a man utterly beneath her, and utterly unworthy of her."

Whereupon, poor old Carry gathered up her skirts, and walked through another quickset hedge, consisting of Mr. Hagbut's virtues, through which we will not follow her.



CHAPTER XIII.

A FRANK EXPLANATION.

When the sisters had parted, Rebecca was very angry again. For them to have dared to use her name like this once more. "Still the question arises," she said, "is it not all their own inconceivable folly? Mr. Morley is far too much of a gentleman to have spoken to any of *them*, at all events, before he spoke to me. He is inclined to like me, and I am fond enough of him; but he does not admire me."

Her father came in, and without looking at him, she said: "Has Mr. Morley spoken to you about any intentions of his with regard to me, sir?"

"Certainly not!" said her father. "Do you mean matrimonial intentions? Why, you have scarcely seen him; and if Morley had any such intentions, he, with his breeding, would most surely have made himself safe with you in the first instance. Tell us the story, Rebecca; do not let us mistake one another again. Has he shown you any attentions?"

"None whatever, except those of an interested friend. He has been very kind to me."

"Then how has this report come about?" asked her father. And Rebecca simply told him what Carry had told her.

"So you see," she added, "that my name is the common talk of Miss Soper's tea-table in connection with his."

"What an abominable shame! *Who* said it?"

"Mr. Hagbut."

"O, I see," said Mr. Turner. "Yes, yes! quite so. My dear daughter, I have reason to believe *now* that Mr. Morley does really more or less admire you, and that Mr. Hagbut has remarked it."

"Am I never to be let alone?" cried Rebecca.

"Do not interrupt; listen,—open your eyes. I have reason now to believe that Hagbut at least suspects that, in course of time, Mr. Morley may come to admire you, and that he has, knowing your proud and uncontrollable temper, put this report about in such a way as may set you utterly against Mr. Morley."

"What on earth is it to him?" said Rebecca.

"Between five and six thousand pounds, my dear. If you marry so well as Morley,—marry in fact, a gentleman of respectability and strength of character, like him,—you will have the same fortune as your sister. If you remain single at my death, you will have one hundred a year; if you make a foolish match, you will have eighteen shillings a week, tied up to you, and payable weekly. Hagbut thinks that if he can in any way get rid of this match, he will net certainly five, and possibly seven thousand pounds."

"He is a villain," said Rebecca, with singular emphasis; "and I always told you so."

"This is rather sharp practice, certainly," said Mr. Turner. "Now, I may have made such sharp practice, or I may not. I can't say. I meet and am friendly with men who would do such things, and I am never angry with them. But I am angry now. For him to put his pudding brains against mine! O, Master Hagbut, the Pope shall be the richer for that odd money sooner than you. For him to come lawyer. And over me!"

"Why is my sister to be sacrificed to such a wretch?"

"He is not a wretch. She will lick his feet, and he will let her, and be kind to her. It is the same

between priests and women in all churches. I myself would lick the dust of the shoes of any man who could assure me of heaven,—still more will a frightened and ignorant woman. He will be very kind to her, and she will adore him. Have you been saying anything to her against him?"

"I fear a great deal," said Rebecca, in downright honesty, expecting an outburst.

"Do not do so again, my dear Rebecca. Nothing can prevent their being husband and wife, and so sow no seeds of discord. Remember that, child. This has not been a happy house; do not use your power to make another such."

What between her father's kindness, and her ideal future of poor Carry, it was through tears that she promised that she would not.

[To be continued.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE late Madame Prevost Paradol is said to have been a superb musician.

FAILURES among Parisian managers have been of frequent occurrence during the winter season.

THE latest speculative stroke is a proposition to utilize a portion of the banks of the Suez Canal for advertising purposes.

MR. T. W. ROBINSON is provokingly clever. He writes the best light plays now going, but they all just miss being perfect. A play entitled "Dreams," in five acts, is his latest production.

"THE Girl of the Period" has got on the stage at last. We knew she would eventually. A new burletta, entitled "The Girls of the Period," has been played at the Drury Lane Theatre.

MR. MARK FIRTH, the Master Cutler at Sheffield, England, has devoted £ 26,000 to the building of thirty-five almshouses in that town. Mr. Firth must have been grinding his own axes these several years past to be able to be so generous.

A DRAMA in six acts, showing the hardship sometimes inflicted by the French laws concerning divorce, is now being played at the Théâtre du Prince Impérial. It is by MM. Jules Dornay and Maurice Coste, and has the curious title of "Les Forçats du Mariage."

ROSSINI's mass is to be executed under the superintendence of M. Ulmann, at Milan and in other Italian capitals. M. Strakosch has granted this right on M. Ulmann's payment of one thousand pounds and a promissory note for another thousand in six months.

THE last number of the Saturday Review makes merry over the bad grammar and chronic puerility of the author of "Daisy Swain." The Review quotes from American papers several laudatory notices of the poem in question, and does not see that the said notices are what Artemus Ward would have called "sarkastical."

M. EMILE OLLIVIER's new book is the event of the day in French literary circles. It appears that Louis Napoleon sent for a copy to M. Lacroix, the editor, two or three days before its sale. The editor's reply was, that he was sorry to be unable to gratify the Emperor, but that it was illegal to dis-



pose of a copy of any work until two specimens thereof had been deposited at the Ministère de l'Intérieur. This formality not having as yet been accomplished, M. Lacroix could not expose himself to a chance of spending a month at St. Pélagie to please his Majesty.

THE highest mine in the world is the Potosi silver mine, in the Andes of Peru, which is 11,375 feet above the level of the sea. The deepest mine is the new Salz Werk, a salt mine in Westphalia. It is 2,050 feet below the surface of the ocean. The average depths of the coal mines of Great Britain greatly exceeds that of a like number of any other kinds of mines in the world.

THE Pall Mall Gazette says: "We have read 'Cast Away in the Cold,' by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes with great interest. It is intended to interest boys, and we do not doubt that it will succeed in that as well. It is a yarn spun by Captain John Hardy, mariner, for the amusement of a family of children, relating how two boys were left alone for three years on a small island in the Arctic Seas. The idea seems to us a new one, and what is especially striking in it is the desolation of winter darkness, in which so much of their time is spent. They procure firing, food, and light, by highly interesting devices. Their later life among the Esquimaux is picturesquely described, and their rescue fully answers our expectations. It is impossible not to like the author, so manly and gentle at once is the tone of his book."

GENERAL GRANT'S address has pleased the Paris *Constitutionnel*, which commends it as straightforward in spirit, and enlightened in form. General Grant's inauguration was celebrated by a grand dinner at the United States Ministry at Berlin. Mr. Bancroft proposed the health of the King, and Count Bismarck that of the President, and the utmost cordiality prevailed on both sides. The London Star characterizes the inaugural address as "peculiarly modest in all its personal allusions, and, at the same time, strong and emphatic in its declarations of policy. The brevity of the speech is characteristic of the man. It is a model of concise and well-turned expression, and differs widely from those ponderous deliverances in which the mediocre order of Presidents literally revelled."

A CORRESPONDENT at Rome addresses the following to *La Liberté*: "M. Gounod is in a state of health by no means satisfactory, and, as I am informed, seriously contemplates taking 'minor orders,' after the example set by Liszt. Since his arrival at Rome, M. Gounod's piety has been edifying. He frequently goes to confession, and attends communion every Sunday. On Wednesday (*Dies Cinerum*) he received ashes from the hands of his Holiness, and it is said that he has registered an oath to write no more for the theatre, intending to devote his remaining days exclusively to the service of religion. He is now employed in putting the last touches to a sacred cantata, entitled 'Calvary,' the first hearing of which is reserved for Rome." Another French paper, quoting the above, reminds its readers that on each approaching revival of some opera by M. Gounod efforts are made to impart a peculiar interest to it by the spreading about of all kinds of absurd reports. Just before the revival of "Phlémon et Baucis," M. Gounod was visited with mental aberration; on another occasion he was taken to the establishment of the well-known

Dr. Blanche, who immediately prescribed the strait-waistcoat; and on the third he fell down in ecstasy on the stage, and implored the protection of the Holy Virgin. Thus, adds the French print (*L'Art Musical*), "do his adulators endeavor to create a sympathy for M. Gounod, 'qui se porte, en somme, fort bien; ses opéras étant beaucoup plus malades que lui.'"

THE Paris correspondent of the Morning Star relates, upon the authority of Emile Ollivier, an anecdote of M. de Lamartine. "Lamartine," says the narrator, "being at the Hotel de Ville, received the announcement that a deputation of Vesuviennes demanded an interview. These women in type and brutality strongly resembled the famous *poissardes* of the first revolution. The doors of his cabinet were thrown open, and the apartment was presently filled by these fierce-looking dames, whose dishevelled locks and uncouth garb presented anything but an attractive spectacle. M. de Lamartine bowed, and begged to know whether he could be of any service to his visitors. 'Citizen,' replied the foremost amongst them, standing with arms akimbo in front of her comrades, 'the Vesuviennes have resolved to send you a deputation to express their admiration of your conduct. There are fifty of us, and, in the name of all the Vesuviennes, we, fifty in number, have come to kiss you.' The poet gave one glance at the forest of unkempt hair and the rubicund cheeks of the fifty unwashed Venuses, and thus replied: 'Citoyennes, I thank you for the sentiments you inspire me with; but allow me to remark that patriots of your stamp are more than women, — they are men. Men do not embrace each other. We shake hands.' And thus by a stroke of the most subtle flattery did the author of the 'Méditations' escape the fifty kisses of the Megæras of the Revolution of '48."

THE room in which Lamartine expired in his chalet at Passy, presented to him by the city of Paris, was small, and furnished with but few traces of his former splendor. The window looks on the surrounding gardens. On reaching the top of the staircase, a corridor, decorated by the bust of Annè Martin, leads to his apartment. Opposite the door of his room is a press with glass doors, and adorned by incrustations of painted porcelain and sculptures in wood. The furniture is of brown reps. On the white marble chimney-piece is a clock of marble, and at each side of the mirror a miniature, — one being of his mother, and another of the Virgin, sent to him from Italy. Opposite his bed hangs the portrait of his beloved child, Julia, and near it that of his wife. His bed, like the press, is adorned by medallions in porcelain, and round the twisted columns are torsades of brown reps. He may truly be said to have fallen asleep in death, so peaceful were his last moments. The day when the Chambers voted the gift of £16,000 to Lamartine, he said to his niece, "When one has creditors, one must bear everything; but, remember, it is as though France had shot me through the heart"; and, in truth, from that day he evidently declined. He imposed upon his relations the promise that no funeral honors should be paid to him. "Let no one, at the moment when eternity and the future will at last be unveiled to me, disturb my ecstasy by the noise of the idle words and the miserable thoughts of the world." He had been residing at Passy since the 28th of December.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

## A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1869.

[No. 171.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LXXV.

#### THE ROWLEYS GO OVER THE ALPS.

By the thirteenth of May the Rowley family had established itself in Florence, purposing to remain either there or at the Baths of Lucca till the end of June, at which time it was thought that Sir Marmaduke should begin to make preparations for his journey back to the islands. Their future prospects were not altogether settled. It was not decided whether Lady Rowley should at once return with him, whether Mrs. Trevelyan should return with him,—nor was it settled among them what should be the fate of Nora Rowley. Nora Rowley was quite resolved herself that she would not go back to the Islands, and had said as much to her mother. Lady Rowley had not repeated this to Sir Marmaduke, and was herself in doubt as to what might best be done. Girls are understood by their mothers better than they are by their fathers. Lady Rowley was beginning to be aware that Nora's obstinacy was too strong to be overcome by mere words, and that other steps must be taken if she were to be weaned from her pernicious passion for Hugh Stanbury. Mr. Glascock was still in Florence. Might she not be cured by further overtures from Mr. Glascock? The chance of securing such a son-in-law was so important, so valuable, that no trouble was too great to be incurred, even though the probability of success might not be great.

It must not, however, be supposed that Lady Rowley carried off all the family to Italy, including Sir Marmaduke, simply in chase of Mr. Glascock. Anxious as she was on the subject, she would have been too proud, too well-conditioned to have suggested to herself such a journey with such an object. Trevelyan had escaped from Willesden with the child, and they had heard,—again through Stanbury,—that he had returned to Italy. They had all agreed that it would be well that they should leave London for a while, and see something of the Continent; and when it was told to them that little Louis was probably in Florence, that alone was reason enough for them to go thither. They would

go to the city till the heat was too great and the mosquitoes too powerful, and then they would visit the baths of Lucca for a month. This was their plan of action, and the cause for their plan; but Lady Rowley found herself able to weave into it another little plan of her own, of which she said nothing to anybody. She was not running after Mr. Glascock; but if Mr. Glascock should choose to run after them,—or her, who could say that any harm had been done?

Nora had answered that proposition of her lover's to walk out of the house in Manchester Street and get married at the next church, in a most discreet manner. She had declared that she would be true and firm, but that she did not wish to draw upon her the displeasure of her father and mother. She did not, she said, look upon a clandestine marriage as a happy resource. But,—this she added at the end of a long and very sensible letter,—she intended to abide by her engagement,—and she did not intend to go back to the Mandarins. She did not say what alternative she would choose in the event of her being unable to obtain her father's consent before his return. She did not suggest what was to become of her when Sir Marmaduke's leave of absence should be expired. But her statement that she would not go back to the Islands was certainly made with more substantial vigor, though, perhaps, with less of reasoning, than any other of the propositions made in her letter. Then, in her postscript, she told him that they were all going to Italy. "Papa and mamma think that we ought to follow poor Mr. Trevelyan. The lawyer says that nothing can be done while he is away with the boy. We are therefore all going to start to Florence. The journey is delightful. I will not say whose presence will be wanting to make it perfect."

Before they started there came a letter to Nora from Dorothy, which shall be given entire, because it will tell the reader more of Dorothy's happiness than would be learned from any other mode of narrative.

"THE CLOSE, Thursday.

"DEAREST NORA,—I have just had a letter from Hugh, and that makes me feel that I should like to

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



write to you. Dear Hugh has told me all about it, and I do so hope that things may come right and that we may be sisters. He is so good that I do not wonder that you should love him. He has been the best son and the best brother in the world, and everybody speaks well of him, except my dear aunt, who is prejudiced because she does not like newspapers. I need not praise him to you, for I dare say you think quite as well of him as I do. I cannot tell you all the beautiful things he says about you, but I dare say he has told them to you himself.

"I seem to know you so well because Priscilla has talked about you so often. She says that she knew that you and my brother were fond of each other, because you growled at each other when you were together at the Clock House, and never had any civil words to say before people. I don't know whether growling is a sign of love, but Hugh does growl sometimes when he is most affectionate. He growls at me, and I understand him, and I like to be growled at. I wonder whether you like him to growl at you.

"And now I must tell you something about myself,—because if you are to be my sister, you ought to know it all. I also am going to be married to a man whom I love,—O, so dearly! His name is Mr. Brooke Burgess, and he is a great friend of my aunt's. At first she did not like our being engaged, because of some family reason; but she has got over that, and nothing can be kinder and nicer than she is. We are to be married here, some day in June,—the 11th, I think it will be. How I do wish you could have been here to be my bridesmaid.

"It would have been so nice to have had Hugh's sweetheart with me. He is a friend of Hugh's, and no doubt you will hear all about him. The worst of it is that we must live in London, because my husband as will be—you see I call him mine already—is in an office there. And so poor Aunt Stanbury will be left all alone. It will be very sad, and she is so wedded to Exeter, that I fear we shall not get her up to London.

"I would describe Mr. Burgess to you, only I do not suppose you would care to hear about him. He is not so tall as Hugh, but he is a great deal better looking. With you two the good looks are to be with the wife, but, with us, with the husband. Perhaps you think Hugh is handsome. We used to declare that he was the ugliest boy in the country. I don't suppose it makes very much difference. Brooke is handsome, but I don't think I should like him the less if he were ever so ugly.

"Do you remember hearing about the Miss Frenches when you were in Devonshire? There has come up such a terrible affair about them. A Mr. Gibson, a clergyman, was going to marry the younger, but has changed his mind and wants to take the elder. I think he was in love with her first." Dorothy did not say a word about the little intermediate stage of attachment to herself, "All this is making a great noise in the city, and some people think he should be punished severely. It seems to me that a gentleman ought not to make such a mistake; but if he does, he ought to own it. I hope they will let him marry the elder one. Aunt Stanbury says it all comes from their wearing *chignons*. I wish you knew Aunt Stanbury, because she is so good. Perhaps you wear a *chignon*. I think Priscilla said that you did. It must not be large, if you come to see Aunt Stanbury.

"Pray write to me,—and believe that I hope to be your most affectionate sister,

"DOROTHY STANBURY.

"P. S.—I am so happy, and I do so hope that you will be the same."

This was received only a day before the departure of the Rowleys for Italy, and was answered by a short note, promising that Nora would write to her correspondent from Florence.

There could be no doubt that Trevelyan had started with his boy, fearing the result of the medical or legal interference with his affairs which was about to be made at Sir Marmaduke's instance. He had written a few words to his wife, neither commencing nor ending his note after any usual fashion, telling her that he thought it expedient to travel, that he had secured the services of a nurse for the little boy, that during his absence a certain income would, as heretofore, be paid to her. He said nothing as to his probable return, or as to her future life; nor was there anything to indicate whither he was going. Stanbury, however, had learned from the faithless and frightened Bozzle, that Trevelyan's letters were to be sent after him to Florence. Mr. Bozzle, in giving this information, had acknowledged that his employer was "becoming no longer quite himself under his troubles," and had expressed his opinion that he ought to be "looked after." Bozzle had made his money; and now, with a grain of humanity mixed with many grains of faithlessness, reconciled it to himself to tell his master's secrets to his master's enemies. What would a counsel be able to say about his conduct in a court of law? That was the question which Bozzle was always asking himself as to his own business. That he should be abused by a barrister to a jury, and exposed as a spy and a fiend, was, he thought, a matter of course. To be so abused was a part of his profession. But it was expedient for him in all cases to secure some loop-hole of apparent duty by which he might in part escape from such censures. He was untrue to his employer. Now, however, he thought that his employer ought to be "looked after." He did, no doubt, take a five-pound note from Hugh Stanbury; but then it was necessary that he should live. He must be paid for his time. In this way Trevelyan started for Florence, and within a week afterwards the Rowleys were upon his track.

Nothing had been said by Sir Marmaduke to Nora as to her lover since that stormy interview in which both father and daughter had expressed their opinions very strongly, and very little had been said by Lady Rowley. Lady Rowley had spoken more than once of Nora's return to the Mandarins, and had once alluded to it as a certainty. "But I do not know that I shall go back," Nora had said. "My dear," the mother had replied, "unless you are married, I suppose your home must be with your parents." Nora, having made her protest, did not think it necessary to persevere, and so the matter was dropped. It was known, however, that they must all come back to London before they started for their seat of government, and therefore the subject did not at present assume its difficult aspect. There was a tacit understanding among them that everything should be done to make the journey pleasant to the young mother who was in search of her son; and, in addition to this, Lady Rowley had her own little understanding, which was very tacit indeed, that in Mr. Glascock might be found an escape from one of their great family difficulties.

"You had better take this, papa," Mrs. Trevelyan had said, when she received from the office of Mr.



Bideawhile a check payable to her order for the money sent to her by her husband's direction.

"I do not want the man's money," said Sir Marmaduke.

"But you are going to this place for my sake, papa,—and it is right that he should bear the expense for his own wife. And, papa, you must remember always that though his mind is distracted on this horrible business, he is not a bad man. No one is more liberal or more just about money." Sir Marmaduke's feelings on the matter were very much the same as those which had troubled Mr. Outhouse on the matter; and he, personally, refused to touch the money; but his daughter paid her own share of the expenses of the journey.

They travelled at their ease, stopping at Paris, and at Geneva, and at Milan. Lady Rowley thought that she was taken very fast, because she was allowed to sleep only two nights at each of these places, and Sir Rowley himself thought that he had achieved something of a Hannibalian enterprise in taking five ladies and two maids over the Simplon and down into the plains of Lombardy, with nobody to protect him but a single courier. He had been a little nervous about it, being unaccustomed to European travelling, and had not at first realized the fact that the journey is to be made with less trouble than one from Marble Arch to Mile End. "My dears," he said to his younger daughters, as they were rattling round the steep downward twists and turns of the great road, "you must sit quite still on these descents, or you do not know where you may go. The least thing would upset us." But Lucy and Sophy soon knew better, and became so intimate with the mountain, under the friendly guidance of their courier, that before the plains were reached, they were in and out, and here and there, and up and down, as though they had been bred among the valleys of the Pass. There would come a ringing laugh from some rock above their head, and Lady Rowley, looking up, would see their dresses fluttering on a pinnacle which appeared to her to be fit only for a bird; and there would be the courier behind them, with two parasols, and a shawl, and a cloak, and an eye-glass, and a fine pair of grizzled whiskers. They made an Alpine club of their own, refusing to admit their father because he would not climb up a rock, and Nora thought of the letters about it which she would write to her lover,—only that she had determined that she would not write to him at all without telling her mother,—and Mrs. Trevelyan would for moments almost forget that she had been robbed of her child.

From Milan they went on to Florence, and though they were by that time quite at home in Italy, and had become critical judges of Italian inns and Italian railways, they did not find that journey to be quite so pleasant. There is a romance to us still in the name of Italy which a near view of many details in the country fails to realize. Shall we say that a journey through Lombardy is about as interesting as one through the fens of Cambridgeshire and the fens of Norfolk? And the station of Bologna is not an interesting spot in which to spend an hour or two, although it may be conceded that provisions may be had there much better than any that can be procured at our own railway stations. From thence they went, still by rail, over the Apennines, and unfortunately slept during the whole time. The courier had assured them that if they would only look out, they would see the castles of which they had read in novels; but the day had been very hot, and Sir

Marmaduke had been cross, and Lady Rowley had been weary, and so not a castle was seen. "Pesta, me lady, this," said the courier, opening the door,— "to stop half an hour." "O, why was it not Florence?" Another hour and a half! So they all went to sleep again, and were very tired when they reached the beautiful city.

During the next day they rested at their inn, and sauntered through the Duomo, and broke their necks looking up at the inimitable glories of the campanile. Such a one as Sir Marmaduke had, of course, not come to Florence without introductions. The Foreign Office is always very civil to its next-door neighbor of the colonies,—civil and cordial, though perhaps a little patronizing. A minister is a bigger man than a governor; and the smallest of the diplomatic fry are greater swells than even secretaries in quite important dependencies. The attaché, though he be unpaid, dwells in a capital, and flirts with a countess. The governor's right-hand man is confined to an island, and dances with a planter's daughter. The distinction is quite understood, but is not incompatible with much excellent good feeling on the part of the superior department. Sir Marmaduke had come to Florence fairly provided with passports to Florentine society, and had been mentioned in more than one letter as the distinguished Governor of the Mandarins, who had been called home from his seat of government on a special mission of great importance. On the second day he went out to call at the embassy and to leave his cards. "Have you been able to learn whether he is here?" asked Lady Rowley of her husband in a whisper, as soon as they were alone.

"Who,—Trevelyan?"

"I did not suppose you could learn about him, because he would be hiding himself. But is Mr. Glascock here?"

"I forgot to ask," said Sir Marmaduke.

Lady Rowley did not reproach him. It is impossible that any father should altogether share a mother's anxiety in regard to the marriage of their daughters. But what a thing it could be! Lady Rowley thought that she could compound for all misfortunes in other respects, if she could have a daughter married to the future Lord Peterborough. She had been told in England that he was faultless,—not very clever, not very active, not likely to be very famous; but as a husband, simply faultless. He was very rich, very good-natured, easily managed, more likely to be proud of his wife than of himself, addicted to no jealousies, afflicted by no vices, so respectable in every way that he was sure to become great as an English nobleman by the very weight of his virtues. And it had been represented also to Lady Rowley that this paragon among men had been passionately attached to her daughter! Perhaps she magnified a little the romance of the story; but it seemed to her that this greatly endowed lover had rushed away from his country in despair, because her daughter Nora would not smile upon him. Now they were, as she hoped, in the same city with him. But it was indispensable to her success that she should not seem to be running after him. To Nora, not a word had been said of the prospect of meeting Mr. Glascock at Florence. Hardly more than a word had been said to her sister Emily, and that under injunction of strictest secrecy. It must be made to appear to all the world that other motives had brought them to Florence,—as, indeed, other motives had brought them. Not for worlds would Lady Rowley have run after a man for her daughter;



but still, still, — still, seeing that the man was himself so unutterably in love with her girl, seeing that he was so fully justified by his position to be in love with any girl, seeing that such a maximum of happiness would be the result of such a marriage, she did feel that, even for his sake, she must be doing a good thing to bring them together. Something, though not much of all this, she had been obliged to explain to Sir Marmaduke, — and yet he had not taken the trouble to inquire whether Mr. Glascock was in Florence!

On the third day after their arrival, the wife of the British minister came to call upon Lady Rowley and the wife of the British minister was good-natured, easy-mannered, and very much given to conversation. She preferred talking to listening, and in the course of a quarter of an hour had told Lady Rowley a good deal about Florence; but she had not mentioned Mr. Glascock's name. It would have been so pleasant if the requisite information could have been obtained without the asking of any direct question on the subject! But Lady Rowley, who from many years practice of similar, though perhaps less distinguished, courtesies on her part, knew well the first symptom of the coming end of her guest's visit, found that the minister's wife was about to take her departure without an allusion to Mr. Glascock. And yet the names had been mentioned of so many English residents in Florence, who neither, in wealth, rank, nor virtue, were competent to hold a candle to that phoenix! She was forced, therefore, to pluck up courage, and to ask the question. "Have you had a Mr. Glascock here this spring?" said Lady Rowley.

"What, — Lord Peterborough's son. O, dear, yes. Such a singular being!"

Lady Rowley thought that she could perceive that her phoenix had not made himself agreeable at the embassy. It might perhaps be that he had buried himself away from society because of his love. "And is here now?" asked Lady Rowley.

"I cannot say at all. He is sometimes here and sometimes with his father at Naples. But when here, he lives chiefly with the Americans. They say he is going to marry an American girl, their minister's niece. There are three of them, I think, and he is to take the eldest." Lady Rowley asked no more questions, and let her august visitor go, almost without another word.

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

"WE SHALL BE SO POOR."

Mr. Glascock at that moment was not only in Florence, but was occupying rooms in the very hotel in which the Rowleys were staying. Lady Rowley, when she heard that he was engaged to marry an American lady, became suddenly very sick at heart, — sick with a sickness that almost went beyond her heart. She felt ill, and was glad to be alone. The rumor might be untrue. Such rumors generally are untrue. But then, as Lady Rowley knew very well, they generally have some foundation in truth. Mr. Glascock, if he were not actually engaged to the American girl, had probably been flirting with her; and, if so, where was that picture which Lady Rowley had been painting for herself of a love-lorn swain to be brought back to the pleasures and occupations of the world only by the girl of whom he was enamored? But still

she would not quite give up the project. Mr. Glascock, if he was in Italy, would no doubt see by the newspapers that Sir Marmaduke and his family were in Florence, and would probably come to them. Then, if Nora would only behave herself, the American girl might still be conquered.

In two or three days beyond nothing was seen or heard of Mr. Glascock. Had Lady Rowley thought of mentioning the name to the waiter at the hotel, she would have heard that he was living in the next passage; but it did not occur to her to seek information in that fashion. Nor did she ask direct questions in other quarters about Mr. Glascock himself. She did, however, make inquiry about Americans living in Florence, — especially about the American minister, — and, before a week had passed overhead, had been introduced to the Spaldings. Mrs. Spalding was very civil, and invited Lady Rowley, and all the girls, and Sir Marmaduke to come to her on her "Fridays." She received her friends every Friday, and would continue to do so till the middle of June. She had nieces, who would, she said, be so happy to make the acquaintance of the Miss Rowleys.

By this time the picture-galleries, the churches, and the palaces in Florence had nearly all been visited. Poor Lady Rowley had dragged herself wearily from sight to sight, hoping always to meet with Mr. Glascock, ignorant of the fact that residents in a town do not pass their mornings habitually in looking after pictures. During this time, inquiries were being made, through the police, respecting Trevelyan; and Sir Marmaduke had obtained information that an English gentleman, with a little boy, had gone on to Siena, and had located himself there. There seemed to be but little doubt that this was Trevelyan, though nothing had been learned with certainty as to the gentleman's name. It had been decided that Sir Marmaduke, with his courier, and Mrs. Trevelyan, should go on to Siena, and endeavor to come upon the fugitive, and they had taken their departure on a certain morning; on that same day Lady Rowley was walking with Nora and one of the other girls through the hall of the hotel, when they were met in full face — by Mr. Glascock. Lady Rowley and Lucy were in front, and they, of course, did not know the man. Nora had seen him at once, and in her confusion hardly knew how to bear herself. Mr. Glascock was passing by her without recognizing her, — had passed her mother and sister, and had so far gone on that Nora had determined to make no sign, when he chanced to look up and see who it was that was so close to him. "Miss Rowley," he said, "who thought of meeting you in Florence?" Lady Rowley, of course, turned round, and there was an introduction. Poor Nora, though she knew nothing of her mother's schemes, was confused and ill at ease. Mr. Glascock was very civil, but at the same time rather cold. Lady Rowley was all smiles and courtesy. She had, she said, heard his name from her daughters, and was very happy to make his acquaintance. Lucy looked on somewhat astonished to find that the lover whom her sister had been blamed for rejecting, and who was spoken of with so many encomiums, was so old a man. Mr. Glascock asked after Mrs. Trevelyan, and Lady Rowley, in a low, melancholy whisper, told him that they were now all in Florence, in the hope of meeting Mr. Trevelyan. "You have heard the sad story, I know, Mr. Glascock, — and therefore I do not mind telling you." Mr. Glascock acknowledged that he



did know the story, and informed her that he had seen Mr. Trevelyan in Florence within the last ten days. This was so interesting, that, at Lady Rowley's request, he went with them up to their rooms, and in this way the acquaintance was made. It turned out that Mr. Glascock had spoken to Mr. Trevelyan, and that Trevelyan had told him that he meant for the present to take up his residence in some small Italian town. "And how was he looking, Mr. Glascock?"

"Very ill, Lady Rowley, — very ill, indeed."

"Do not tell her so, Mr. Glascock. She has gone now with her father to Siena. We think that he is there, with the boy, — or, at least, that he may be heard of there. And you, — you are living here?" Mr. Glascock said that he was living between Naples and Florence, — going occasionally to Naples, a place that he hated, to see his father, and coming back at intervals to the capital. Nora sat by, and hardly spoke a word. She was nicely dressed, with an exquisite little bonnet, which had been bought as they came through Paris; and Lady Rowley, with natural pride, felt that if he was ever in love with her child, that love must come back upon him now. American girls, she had been told, were hard, and dry, and sharp, and angular. She had seen some at the Mandarins, with whom she thought it must be impossible that any Englishman should be in love. There never, surely, had been an American girl like her Nora. "Are you fond of pictures, Mr. Glascock?" she asked. Mr. Glascock was not very fond of pictures, and thought that he was rather tired of them. What was he fond of? Of sitting at home and doing nothing. That was his reply, at least; and a very unsatisfactory reply it was, as Lady Rowley could hardly propose that they should come and sit and do nothing with him. Could he have been lured into churches or galleries, Nora might have been once more thrown into his company. Then Lady Rowley took courage, and asked him whether he knew the Spaldings. They were going to Mrs. Spalding's that very evening, — she and her daughters. Mr. Glascock replied that he did know the Spaldings, and that he also should be at their house. Lady Rowley thought that she discovered something like a blush about his cheekbones and brow, as he made his answer. Then he left them, giving his hand to Nora as he went; but there was nothing in his manner to justify the slightest hope.

"I don't think he is nice at all," said Lucy.

"Don't be so foolish, Lucy," said Lady Rowley, angrily.

"I think he is very nice," said Nora. "He was only talking nonsense when he said that he liked to sit still and do nothing. He is not at all an idle man, — at least, I am told so."

"But he is as old as Methuselah," said Lucy.

"He is between thirty and forty," said Lady Rowley. "Of course we know that from the peerage." Lady Rowley, however, was wrong. Had she consulted the peerage, she would have seen that Mr. Glascock was over forty.

Nora, as soon as she was alone and could think about it all, felt quite sure that Mr. Glascock would never make her another offer. This ought not to have caused her any sorrow, as she was very well aware that she would not accept him, should he do so. Yet, perhaps, there was a moment of some feeling akin to disappointment. Of course she would not have accepted him. How could she? Her faith was so pledged to Hugh Stanbury that she would

be a byword among women forever, were she to be so false. And, as she told herself, she had not the slightest feeling of affection for Mr. Glascock. It was quite out of the question, and a matter simply for speculation. Nevertheless, it would have been a very grand thing to be Lady Peterborough, and she almost regretted that she had a heart in her bosom.

She had become fully aware during that interview that her mother still entertained hopes, and almost suspected that Lady Rowley had known something of Mr. Glascock's residence. She had seen that her mother had met Mr. Glascock almost as though some such meeting had been expected, and had spoken to him almost as though she had expected to have to speak to him. Would it not be better that she should at once make her mother understand that all this could be of no avail? If she were to declare plainly that nothing could bring about such a marriage, would not her mother desist? She almost made up her mind to do so; but as her mother said nothing to her before they started for Mr. Spalding's house, neither did she say anything to her mother. She did not wish to have angry words if they could be avoided, and she felt that there might be anger and unpleasant words, were she to insist upon her devotion to Hugh Stanbury while this rich prize was in sight. If her mother should speak to her, then, indeed, she would declare her own settled purpose; but she would do nothing to accelerate the evil hour.

There were but few people in Mrs. Spalding's drawing-room when they were announced, and Mr. Glascock was not among them. Miss Wallachia Petrie was there, and in the confusion of the introduction was presumed by Lady Rowley to be one of the nieces introduced. She had been distinctly told that Mr. Glascock was to marry the eldest, and this lady was certainly older than the other two. In this way Lady Rowley decided that Miss Wallachia Petrie was her daughter's hated rival, and she certainly was much surprised at the gentleman's taste. But there is nothing — nothing in the way of an absurd matrimonial engagement — into which a man will not allow himself to be entrapped by pique. Nora would have a great deal to answer for, Lady Rowley thought, if the unfortunate man should be driven by her cruelty to marry such a woman as this one now before her.

It happened that Lady Rowley soon found herself seated by Miss Petrie, and she at once commenced her questionings. She intended to be very discreet, but the subject was too near her heart to allow her to be altogether silent. "I believe you know Mr. Glascock," she said.

"Yes," said Wallachia, "I do know him." Now the peculiar nasal twang which our cousins over the water have learned to use, and which has grown out of a certain national instinct to express themselves with self-assertion; — let the reader go into his closet and talk through his nose for a while with steady attention to the effect which his own voice will have, and he will find that this theory is correct; — this intonation, which is so peculiar among intelligent Americans, had been adopted *con amore*, and, as it were, taken to her bosom by Miss Petrie. Her ears had taught themselves to feel that there could be no vitality in speech without it, and that all utterance unsustained by such tone was effeminate, vapid, useless, unpersuasive, unmusical, and English. It was a complaint frequently made by her against her friends Caroline and Olivia that they debased their voices, and taught themselves



the puling British mode of speech. "I do know the gentleman," said Wallachia; and Lady Rowley shuddered. Could it be that such a woman as this was to reign over Monkham, and become Lady Peterborough?

"He told me that he is acquainted with the family," said Lady Rowley. "He is staying at our hotel, and my daughter knew him very well when he was living in London."

"I dare say. I believe that in London the titled aristocrats do hang pretty much together." It had never occurred to poor Lady Rowley, since the day in which her husband had been made a knight at the advice of the Colonial Minister, in order that the inhabitants of some island might be gratified by the opportunity of using the title, that she and her children had thereby become aristocrats. Were her daughter Nora to marry Mr. Glascock, Nora would become an aristocrat, — or would, rather, be ennobled, — all which Lady Rowley understood perfectly.

"I don't know that London society is very exclusive in that respect," said Lady Rowley.

"I guess you are pretty particular," said Miss Petrie, "and it seems to me you don't have much regard to intellect or erudition, but fix things up straight according to birth and money."

"I hope we are not quite so bad as that," said Lady Rowley. "I do not know London well myself, as I have passed my life in very distant places."

"The distant places are, in my estimation, the best. The further the mind is removed from the contamination incidental to the centres of long-established luxury, the more chance it has of developing itself according to the intention of the Creator, when he bestowed his gifts of intellect upon us." Lady Rowley, when she heard this eloquence, could hardly believe that such a man as Mr. Glascock should really be intent upon marrying such a lady as this who was sitting next to her.

In the mean time, Nora and the real rival were together, and they also were talking of Mr. Glascock. Caroline Spalding had said that Mr. Glascock had spoken to her of Nora Rowley, and Nora acknowledged that there had been some acquaintance between them in London. "Almost more than that, I should have thought," said Miss Spalding, "if one might judge by his manner of speaking of you."

"He is a little given to be enthusiastic," said Nora, laughing.

"The least so of all mankind, I should have said. You must know he is very intimate in this house. It began in this way: Olivia and I were travelling together, and there was, — a difficulty, as we say in our country when three or four gentlemen shoot each other. Then there came up Mr. Glascock and another gentleman. By the by, the other gentleman was your brother-in-law."

"Poor Mr. Trevelyan!"

"He is very ill; is he not?"

"We think so. My sister is with us, you know. That is to say, she is at Siena to-day."

"I have heard about him, and it is so sad. Mr. Glascock knows him. As I said, they were travelling together, when Mr. Glascock came to our assistance. Since that, we have seen him very frequently. I don't think he is enthusiastic, — except when he talks of you."

"I ought to be very proud," said Nora.

"I think you ought, — as Mr. Glascock is a man whose good opinion is certainly worth having.

Here he is. Mr. Glascock, I hope your ears are tingling. They ought to do so, because we are saying all manner of fine things about you."

"I could not be well spoken of by two, on whose good word I should set a higher value," said he.

"And whose do you value the most?" said Caroline.

"I must first know whose eulogium will run the highest."

Then Nora answered him. "Mr. Glascock, other people may praise you louder than I can do, but no one will ever do so with more sincerity." There was a pretty earnestness about her as she spoke, which Lady Rowley ought to have heard. Mr. Glascock bowed, and Miss Spalding smiled, and Nora blushed.

"If you are not overwhelmed now," said Miss Spalding, "you must be so used to flattery that it has no longer any effect upon you. You must be like a drunkard, to whom wine is as water, and who thinks that brandy is not strong enough."

"I think I had better go away," said Mr. Glascock, "for fear the brandy should be watered by degrees." And so he left them.

Nora had become quite aware, without much process of thinking about it, that her former lover and this American young lady were very intimate with each other. The tone of the conversation had shown that it was so; and, then, how had it come to pass that Mr. Glascock had spoken to this American girl about her, — Nora Rowley? It was evident that he had spoken of her with warmth, and had done so in a manner to impress his hearer. For a minute or two they sat together in silence after Mr. Glascock had left them, but neither of them stirred. Then Caroline Spalding turned suddenly upon Nora, and took her by the hand. "I must tell you something," said she, "only it must be a secret for a while."

"I will not repeat it."

"Thank you, dear. I am engaged to him, — as his wife. He asked me this very afternoon, and nobody knows it but mamma. When I had accepted him, he told me all the story about you. He had very often spoken of you before, and I had guessed how it must have been. He wears his heart so open for those whom he loves, that there is nothing concealed. He had seen you just before he came to me. But perhaps I am wrong to tell you that now. He ought to have been thinking of you again at such a time."

"I did not want him to think of me again."

"Of course, you did not. Of course, I am joking. You might have been his wife if you wished it. He has told me all that. And he especially wants us to be friends. Is there anything to prevent it?"

"On my part? O dear, no; — except that you will be such grand folk, and we shall be so poor."

"We!" said Caroline, laughing. "I am so glad that there is a 'we.'"

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

### THE FUTURE LADY PETERBOROUGH.

"If you have not sold yourself for British gold, and for British acres, and for British rank, I have nothing to say against it," said Miss Wallachia Petrie that same evening to her friend Caroline Spalding.

"You know that I have not sold myself, as you call it," said Caroline. There had been a long friendship between these two ladies, and the younger one



knew that it behoved her to bear a good deal from the elder. Miss Petrie was honest, clever, and in earnest. We in England are not usually favorably disposed to women who take a pride in a certain antagonism to men in general, and who are anxious to show the world that they can get on very well without male assistance; but there are many such in America who have noble aspirations, good intellects, much energy, and who are by no means unworthy of friendship. The hope in regard to all such women, — the hope entertained not by themselves, but by those who are solicitous for them, — is, that they will be cured at last by a husband and half a dozen children. In regard to Wallachia Petrie, there was not, perhaps, much ground for such hope. She was so positively wedded to women's rights in general, and to her own rights in particular, that it was improbable that she should ever succumb to any man. And where would be the man brave enough to make the effort? From circumstances Caroline Spalding had been the beloved of her heart since Caroline Spalding was a very little girl; and she had hoped that Caroline would through life have borne arms along with her in that contest which she was determined to wage against man, and which she always waged with the greatest animosity against men of the British race. She hated rank; she hated riches; she hated monarchy; — and with a true woman's instinct in battle, felt that she had a specially strong point against Englishmen, in that they submitted themselves to dominion from a woman monarch. And now the chosen friend of her youth, — the friend who had copied out all her poetry, who had learned by heart all her sonnets, who had, as she thought, reciprocated all her ideas, was going to be married, — and to be married to an English lord! She had seen that it was coming for some time, and had spoken out very plainly, hoping that she might still save the brand from the burning. Now the evil was done; and Caroline Spalding, when she told her news, knew well that she would have to bear some heavy reproaches.

"How many of us are there who never know whether we sell ourselves or not," said Wallachia. "The senator, who longs for office, and who votes this way instead of that in order that he may get it, thinks that he is voting honestly. The minister, who calls himself a teacher of God's word, thinks that it is God's word that he preaches when he strains his lungs to fill his church. The question is this, Caroline, — would you have loved the same man, had he come to you with a woodman's axe in his hand or a clerk's quill behind his ear? I guess not."

"As to the woodman's axe, Wally, it is very well in theory; but —"

"Things good in theory, Caroline, will be good also when practised. You may be sure of that. We dislike theory simply because our intelligences are higher than our wills. But we will let that pass."

"Pray let it pass, Wally. Do not preach me sermons to-night. I am so happy, and you ought to wish me joy."

"If wishing you joy would get you joy, I would wish it you while I lived. I cannot be happy that you should be taken from us whither I shall never see you again."

"But you are to come to us. I have told him so, and it is settled."

"No, dear; I shall not do that. What should I be in glittering halls of an English baron? Could there be any visiting less fitting, any admixture less appropriate? Could I who have held up my voice

in the Music Hall of Lacedæmonia, amidst the flow-ers of the West, in the great and free State of Illinois, against the corruption of an English aristocracy, — could I, who have been listened to by two thousand of my countrywomen, — and men, — while I spurned the unmanly, inhuman errors of primogeniture, — could I, think you, hold my tongue beneath the roof of a feudal lord!" Caroline Spalding knew that her friend could not hold her tongue, and hesitated to answer. There had been that fatal triumph of a lecture on the joint rights of men and women, and it had rendered poor Wallachia Petrie unfit for ordinary society.

"You might come there without talking politics, Wally," said Caroline.

"No, Caroline, — no. I will go into the house of no man in which the free expression of my opinion is debarr'd me. I will not sit even at your table with a muzzled tongue. When you are gone, Caroline, I shall devote myself to what, after all, must be the work of my life, and I shall finish the biographical history of our great hero in verse, — which I hope may at least be not ephemeral. From month to month I shall send you what I do, and you will not refuse me your friendly criticism, — and, perhaps, some slight meed of approbation, — because you are dwelling beneath the shade of a throne. O, Caroline, let it not be a upas-tree."

The Miss Petries of the world have this advantage, — an advantage which rarely if ever falls to the lot of a man, — that they are never convinced of error. Men, let them be ever so much devoted to their closets, let them keep their work ever so closely veiled from public scrutiny, still find themselves subjected to criticism, and under the necessity of either defending themselves or of succumbing. If, indeed, a man neither speaks nor writes, — if he be dumb as regards opinion, — he passes simply as one of the crowd, and is in the way neither of convincing nor of being convinced; but a woman may speak, and almost write, as she likes, without danger of being wounded by sustained conflict. Who would have the courage to begin with such a one as Miss Petrie, and endeavor to prove to her that she is wrong from the beginning? A little word of half-dissent, a smile, a strong and an ambiguous compliment, which is misunderstood, are all the forms of argument which can be used against her. Wallachia Petrie, in her heart of hearts, conceived that she had fairly discussed her great projects from year to year with indomitable eloquence and unanswerable truth, — and that none of her opponents had had a leg to stand upon. And this she believed because the chivalry of men gave to her sex that protection against which her life was one continued protest.

"Here he is," said Caroline, as Mr. Glascock came up to them. "Try and say a civil word to him, if he speaks about it. Though he is to be a lord, still he is a man and a brother."

"Caroline," said the stern monitress, "you are already learning to laugh at principles which have been dear to you since you left your mother's breast. Alas, how true it is! 'You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled.'"

The further progress of these friendly and feminine amenities was stopped by the presence of the gentleman who had occasioned them. "Miss Petrie," said the hero of the hour, "Caroline was to tell you of my good fortune, and no doubt she has done so."

"I cannot wait to hear the pretty things he has



to say," said Caroline, "and I must look after my aunt's guests. There is poor Signor Beranarosci without a soul to say a word to him, and I must go and use my ten Italian words."

"You are about to take with you to your old country, Mr. Glascock," said Miss Petrie, "one of the brightest stars in our young American firmament." There could be no doubt, from the tone of Miss Petrie's voice, that she now regarded this star, however bright, as one of a sort which is subjected to falling."

"I am going to take a very nice young woman," said Mr. Glascock.

"I hate that word woman, sir, uttered with the half-hidden sneer which always accompanies its expression from the mouth of a man."

"Sneer, Miss Petrie!"

"I quite allow that it is involuntary, and not analyzed or understood by yourselves. If you speak of a dog, you intend to do so with affection, but there is always contempt mixed with it. The so-called chivalry of man to woman is all begotten in the same spirit. I want no favor, but I claim to be your equal."

"I thought that American ladies were generally somewhat exacting as to those privileges which chivalry gives them."

"It is true, sir, that the only rank we know in our country is in that precedence which man gives to woman. Whether we maintain that, or whether we abandon it, we do not intend to purchase it at the price of an acknowledgment of intellectual inferiority. For myself, I hate chivalry,—what you call chivalry. I can carry my own chair, and I claim the right to carry it whithersoever I may please."

Mr. Glascock remained with her for some time, but made no opportunity for giving that invitation to Monkham, of which Caroline had spoken. As he said afterwards, he found it impossible to expect her to attend to any subject so trivial; and when, afterwards, Caroline told him, with some slight mirth,—the capability of which on such a subject was coming to her with her new ideas of life,—that, though he was partly saved as a man and a brother, still he was partly the reverse as a feudal lord, he began to reflect that Wallachia Petrie would be a guest with whom he would find it very difficult to make things go pleasantly at Monkham. "Does she not bully you horribly?" he asked.

"Of course she bullies me," Caroline answered; "and I cannot expect you to understand as yet how it is that I love her and like her; but I do. If I were in distress to-morrow, she would give everything she has in the world to put me right."

"So would I," said he.

"Ah, you,—that is a matter of course. That is your business now. And she would give everything she has in the world to set the world right. Would you do that?"

"It would depend on the amount of my faith. If I could believe in the result, I suppose I should do it."

"She would do it on the slightest hope that such giving would have any tendency that way. Her philanthropy is all real. Of course she is a bore to you."

"I am very patient."

"I hope I shall find you so,—always. And, of course, she is ridiculous in your eyes. I have learned to see it, and to regret it; but I shall never cease to love her."

"I have not the slightest objection. Her lessons will come from over the water, and mine will come from—where shall I say?—over the table. If I can't talk her down with so much advantage on my side, I ought to be made a woman's-right man myself."

Poor Lady Rowley had watched Miss Petrie and Mr. Glascock during those moments that they had been together, and had half believed the rumor, and had half doubted, thinking in the moments of her belief that Mr. Glascock must be mad, and in the moments of unbelief that the rumors had been set afloat by the English minister's wife, with the express intention of turning Mr. Glascock into ridicule. It had never occurred to her to doubt that Wallachia was the eldest of that family of nieces. Could it be possible that a man who had known her Nora, who had undoubtedly loved her Nora,—who had travelled all the way from London to Nuncombe Putney to ask Nora to be his wife,—should, within twelve months of that time have resolved to marry a woman whom he must have selected simply as being the most opposite to Nora of any female human being that he could find? It was not credible to her; and if it were not true, there might still be a hope. Nora had met him, and had spoken to him, and it had seemed that for a moment or two they had spoken as friends. Lady Rowley, when talking to Mrs. Spalding, had watched them closely; and she had seen that Nora's eyes had been bright, and that there had been something between them which was pleasant. Suddenly she found herself close to Wallachia, and thought that she would trust herself to a word.

"Have you been long in Florence?" asked Lady Rowley, in her softest voice.

"A pretty considerable time, ma'am,—that is, since the fall began."

What a voice, what an accent, and what words! Was there a man living with sufficient courage to take this woman to England, and show her to the world as Lady Peterborough?

"Are you going to remain in Italy for the summer?" continued Lady Rowley.

"I guess I shall,—or, perhaps, locate myself in the purer atmosphere of the Swiss mountains."

"Switzerland in summer must certainly be much pleasanter."

"I was thinking at the moment of the political atmosphere," said Miss Petrie; "for although, certainly, much has been done in this country in the way of striking off shackles and treading sceptres under foot, still, Lady Rowley, there remains here that pernicious thing,—a king. The feeling of the dominion of a single man—and that of a single woman is, for aught I know, worse—with me so clouds the air, that the breath I breathe fails to fill my lungs." Wallachia, as she said this, put forth her hand, and raised her chin, and extended her hand. She paused, feeling that justice demanded that Lady Rowley should have a right of reply. But Lady Rowley had not a word to say, and Wallachia Petrie went on. "I cannot adapt my body to the sweet savors and the soft luxuries of the outer world with any comfort to my inner self, while the circumstances of the society around me are oppressive to my spirit. When our war was raging all around me, I was light-spirited as the lark that mounts through the morning sky."

"I should have thought it was very dreadful," said Lady Rowley.

"Full of dread, of awe, and of horror, were those



fiery days of indiscriminate slaughter; but they were not days of desolation, because hope was always there by our side. There was a hope in which the soul could trust, and the trusting soul is ever light and buoyant."

"I dare say it is," said Lady Rowley.

"But apathy, and serfdom, and kinghood, and dominion, drain the fountain of its living springs, and the soul becomes like the plummet of lead, whose only tendency is to hide itself in subaqueous mud and unsavory slush."

Subaqueous mud and unsavory slush! Lady Rowley repeated the words to herself as she made good her escape, and again expressed to herself her conviction that it could not possibly be so. The "subaqueous mud and unsavory slush," with all that had gone before it about the soul, was altogether unintelligible to her; but she knew that it was American Buncombe of a high order of eloquence, and she told herself again and again that it could not be so. She continued to keep her eyes upon Mr. Glascock, and soon saw him again talking to Nora. It was hardly possible, she thought, that Nora should speak to him with so much animation, or he to her, unless there was some feeling between them, which, if properly handled, might lead to a renewal of the old tenderness. She went up to Nora, having collected the other girls, and said that the carriage was then waiting for them. Mr. Glascock immediately offered Lady Rowley his arm, and took her down to the hall. Could it be that she was leaning upon a future son-in-law? There was something in the thought which made her lay her weight upon him with a freedom which she would not otherwise have used. Oh!—that her Nora should live to be Lady Peterborough! We are apt to abuse mothers for wanting high husbands for their daughters;—but can there be any point in which the true maternal instinct can show itself with more affectionate enthusiasm. This poor mother wanted nothing for herself from Mr. Glascock. She knew very well that it was her fate to go back to the Mandarins, and probably to die there. She knew, also, that such men as Mr. Glascock, when they marry beneath themselves in rank and fortune, will not ordinarily trouble themselves much with their mothers-in-law. There was nothing desired for herself. Were such a match accomplished, she might, perhaps, indulge herself in talking among the planters' wives of her daughter's coronet; but at the present moment there was no idea even of this in her mind. It was of Nora herself, and of Nora's sisters, that she was thinking,—for them that she was plotting,—that the one might be rich and splendid, and the others have some path opened for them to riches and splendor. Husband-hunting mothers may be injudicious; but surely they are maternal and unselfish. Mr. Glascock put her into the carriage, and squeezed her hand; and then he squeezed Nora's hand. She saw it, and was sure of it. "I am so glad you are going to be happy," Nora had said to him before this. "As far as I have seen her, I like her so much." "If you do not come and visit her in her own house, I shall think you have no spirit of friendship," he said. "I will," Nora had replied,—"I will." This had been said up stairs, just as Lady Rowley was coming to them, and on this understanding, on this footing, Mr. Glascock had pressed her hand.

As she went home, Lady Rowley's mind was full of doubt as to the course which it was best that she should follow with her daughter. She was not unaware how

great was the difficulty before her. Hugh Stanbury's name had not been mentioned since they left London, but at that time Nora was obstinately bent on throwing herself away upon the "penny-a-liner." She had never been brought to acknowledge that such a marriage would be even inappropriate, and had withstood gallantly the expression of her father's displeasure. But with such a spirit as Nora's, it might be easier to prevail by silence than by many words. Lady Rowley was quite sure of this,—that it would be far better to say nothing further of Hugh Stanbury. Let the cure come, if it might be possible, from absence and from her daughter's good sense. The only question was whether it would be wise to say any word about Mr. Glascock. In the carriage she was not only forbearing but flattering in her manner to Nora. She caressed her girl's hand and spoke to her,—as mothers know how to speak when they want to make much of their girls and to have it understood that those girls are behaving as girls should behave. There was to be nobody to meet them to-night, as it had been arranged that Sir Marmaduke and Mrs. Trevelyan should sleep at Siena. Hardly a word had been spoken in the carriage; but up stairs, in their drawing-room, there came a moment in which Lucy and Sophy had left them, and Nora was alone with her mother. Lady Rowley almost knew that it would be most prudent to be silent,—but a word spoken in season, how good it is! And the thing was so near to her that she could not hold her peace. "I must say, Nora," she began, "that I do like your Mr. Glascock."

"He is not my Mr. Glascock, mamma," said Nora, smiling.

"You know what I mean, dear." Lady Rowley had not intended to utter a word that should appear like pressure on her daughter at this moment. She had felt how imprudent it would be to do so. But now Nora seemed to be leading the way herself to such discourse. "Of course, he is not your Mr. Glascock. You cannot eat your cake and leave it, nor can you throw it away and have it."

"I have thrown my cake away altogether, and certainly I cannot have it." She was still smiling as she spoke, and seemed to be quite merry at the idea of regarding Mr. Glascock as the cake which she had declined to eat.

"I can see one thing quite plainly, dear."

"What is that, mamma?"

"That, in spite of what you have done, you can still have your cake whenever you choose to take it."

"Why, mamma, he is engaged to be married."

"Mr. Glascock?"

"Yes, Mr. Glascock. It's quite settled. Is it not sad?"

"To whom is he engaged?" Lady Rowley's sad solemnity as she asked this question was piteous to behold.

"To Miss Spalding,—Caroline Spalding."

"The eldest of those nieces?"

"Yes, the eldest."

"I cannot believe it."

"Mamma, they both told me so. I have sworn an eternal friendship with her already."

"I did not see you speaking to her."

"But I did talk to her a great deal."

"And he is really going to marry that dreadful woman!"

"Dreadful, mamma!"

"Perfectly awful! She talked to me in a way



that I have read about in books, but which I did not before believe to be possible. Do you mean that he is going to be married to that hideous old maid, that bell-clapper?"

"O, mamma, what slander! I think her so pretty."

"Pretty!"

"Very pretty. And, mamma, ought I not to be happy that he should have been able to make himself so happy? It was quite, quite, quite impossible that I should have been his wife. I have thought about it ever so much, and I am so glad of it. I think she is just the girl that is fit for him."

Lady Rowley took her candle and went to bed, professing to herself that she could not understand it. But what did it signify? It was, at any rate, certain now that the man had put himself out of Nora's reach, and if he chose to marry a republican virago, with a red nose, it could now make no difference to Nora. Lady Rowley almost felt a touch of satisfaction in reflecting on the future misery of his married life.

[To be continued.]

## THE GIRLS OF THE PERIOD IN COUNCIL.

[The following paper is the initial article in the first number of a new monthly magazine entitled "The Girl of the Period Miscellany."]

The enormous success which rewarded the publication of the "Girl of the Period Almanack" has struck with such overwhelming surprise the sensitive minds of its fair contributors, that in two cases, reason for a brief period succumbed to the dazzle of triumph.

The elegant and lively Gus Pomeroy, for days, labored under the impression that he were indebted to her in a heavy amount, but dishonesty being our policy, we were averse to a cash settlement. Although carefully watched, she artfully managed to escape from the custody of her (own) maid, and rushing from the house in a simple *robe matinée à la Pompadour*, presented herself at our office, where with frenzied courage, she sprang upon our errand-boy, and having made him confess to a sale of nearly a quarter of a million of copies, ordered him (although the lad has but twelve shillings a week) to fill her up a check for £ 500. The timely arrival of her fond mamma, with both the footmen and an Indian shawl, restored the lovely maniac to temporary consciousness, and, with a smile of heart-rending mildness, she allowed herself to be escorted to the brougham.

The next case was that of the captivating *savante*, Miss Polly Glott, whose hallucination consisted in a belief that she was surrounded by robbers, acting under the captaincy of that most respectable and amiable matron, Mrs. Roseneath, whose potent and caustic remarks on the "get up" and behavior of "the girls" had no doubt originated the malady. Her suspicions of an intended attack upon her wardrobe deprived her of all rest. Twenty times a day she would count over her lovely bonnets, to assure herself they had not been tampered with: and presently unlocking a massive chest, she would check off the number of her chignons, and, in sweet melancholy, admire their proportions. Her doting father, Herr Glott (of the firm of Glott & Schlott, Barbican and Japan), acting under the very best advice, allowed the fair patient to receive the visits of Mr. Matthew Matticks, who, by judicious quotations from Horace and Cicero, eventually calmed the agi-

tated mind, and restored to her the blessing of sleep. She is now pronounced to be nearly rational, and not dangerous, though somewhat spiteful in familiar converse.

The other young ladies, whose brilliant genius contributed to the success of the Almanack, have not entirely escaped the intoxicating effects of glory. Sad to confess, the stimulant, instead of increasing their good-humor, has disagreed with their vanities, and rendered them pugnacious. Each fair contributor is firmly convinced that the enormous sale is solely due to her individual labors, and this painful difference of opinions has led to disputes and strong expressions. The dashing Miss Flora Gardens has declined to admit the existence of such "a party" as the *distinguée* Miss Georgie Shelley, and the brilliant Miss Willie Luxmore has with unpardonable warmth taunted the fascinating Miss Lilly White with being a "contemptible midge."

To restore order and harmony among this cluster of loveliness and merit, to save them from settling down to anonymous letter-writing, a suggestion was humanely ventured that a Miscellany, to which all "the girls" might contribute their startling outpourings, should be presented to the world; a Miscellany, in which they might display the gorgeous infoldings of their private opinions,—whether, with poetic warble, they preferred to encourage stylish refinement, or with trenchant satire to mow down presuming vulgarities,—a Miscellany whose mission it should be to crush upstart pomposity, or with a gentle hand to lift the bushel from the hidden light of bashful genius; in which, in the hour of sadness, they might seek consolation by mutual calumny, or in happier moments cement friendship by mutual praise.

Our endeavors to promote sisterly love met with a favorable response. Each lady consented to lend her active assistance, provided none of the others were permitted to contribute. Under the circumstances, we considered it would be better to convene a meeting of the termagant beauties, where over a costly little dinner they might sink their petty jealousies in the soup tureen, swallow their differences with the twenty courses, and eventually clear away all bad feeling with the cloth.

The news of the coming entertainment got whispered abroad, and created an immense sensation. A viscount, a baronet, and a big brewer attempted to bribe Blanchard with untold gold, to permit them to dress up as waiters, and be present at the proceedings. But the honor of the "Burlington" spurned the bribe. Had this absurdity been permitted, the table-service would have been neglected for flirtations over shoulders; the speeches might have been warm, but the dishes assuredly cold, and before even the first remove the disguised attendants would have been invited to join the company, and the business of the evening upset. As it was, Miss Harry Crawshaw, who had heard something of the romantic proposition, behaved with unbecoming levity and encouragement towards one of the attendants; she being under the impression that he was of noble blood, whereas his sire is a green-grocer.

Not one refusal! Covers were ordered for fourteen! Blanchard, trembling with anxiety, himself selected the wines. He had promised his wife to carry home a correct account of the dresses. All the waiters had made similar promises. The excitement reached its climax, when Miss Flora Gardens was announced. She was dressed in a corded silk



of emerald green, ruched to death; corsage veiled à la provocante, and emerald-green silk boots, perched on emerald-green heels as tall as dice-boxes. She looked green and fresh as spring grass after a shower. The head waiter commenced a sketch on his thumb-nail, but was rebuked. The next to put in an appearance was Miss Willie Luxmore, attired in pearl-gray satin, with a double casaque of delicate pink, and boots apparently made out of rose leaves. But why attempt to describe the impossible? With a dictionary for our color-box, how can we paint the hues and tender tints of the various toilets? — how Miss Polly Glott, in black velvet, looked soft as pussy, and classic as Hamlet! how Miss Gus Pomeroy, in a robe of a mild havannah brown, seemed toffee-like in sweetness, or how Miss Lilly White, in delicate apricot, appeared as though fresh from the orchard of the Hesperides! Enough, that each surpassed the other in loveliness, and made the heart weary with its enjoyment. A Turk would have proposed to the entire flock, a Christian would hesitate to select, and then repent his choice. Neither dare we meddle with the startling magnificence of the *chevelures*, some bubbling on high in countless frizettes; some in shining plaits lustrous as quilted satin; others round and large as a Sultan's turban; others jutting out behind like a porter's knot, and one *en saucisson*; but all were golden, all were adorned with flowers and bright ribbons, all were perfection.

The sensation of the evening was when Mrs. Viret arrived, for it was her first appearance in public since her wedding, and the spinsters were anxious to find fault with the matron. But she had passed through Paris, and the poetic Worth had worked a marvel worthy of the lovely miracle who favored his atelier. Clouded in drifting skirts (seven) of snowy white tulle, trimmed with lustrous white satin, her slender waist seemed to be rising through a moonlit mist, or as though floating on silver-fringed foam, whichever Worth may prefer. She was received with the greatest enthusiasm and embraced as closely as the skirts would permit, without crushing, which was somewhat like kissing over a hedge. The dinner was one elongated marvel, and although in good appetite, the dear girls could not partake of one half of the delicate *ménus*; a cause of sincere regret on the morrow, when they talked over what they had "had."

The calming effects of *café noir* having bridled the vivacity of the champagne, the business of the evening commenced by Miss ECHO being requested to fill the chair, which she did completely. The object of the Miscellany was then fully explained to the anxious listeners, and a noble, a pathetic, a humorous view taken of "the GREAT THINGS united brains and hearts might effect." ("Hear! hear!" from Miss Polly Glott, who seemed to consider the allusion to brains as personal.) "But let it be remembered," continued the Chairwoman, "they must all pull together, pull with a heart and pull with a will. ('Good!' from Georgie Shelley, of the Hero Rowing Club.) After all, it was not a sink-or-swim speculation. (Willie Luxmore, of the Nereids, was eating a peach, but she gave a juicy laugh.) If they came to grief, no bones would be broken. (Gus Pomeroy, of the Diana Hunt, amidst general laughter, favored the company with a charming "Yoicks.") But when she, the Chair, looked around and gazed upon their intellectual countenances, she could not help but feel that their strength was equal to the tussel. (Enthusiasm, during which Harry Craw-

shaw, of the Amazons, requested the company to feels her biceps.) In fact, the betting was ten to one in their favor. (This bet was instantly booked by Gus Pomeroy, of the Circa.) She should be delighted to listen to any suggestions the ladies present might feel inclined to make." Loud cheering and jingling of spoons, during which Miss Echo, smiling her acknowledgments, resumed her seat.

Song — "Die lieber Grunz" — Miss POLLY GLOTT.  
Weber.

Seven ladies rose simultaneously to address the other seven ladies who remained seated, and it required no little persuasion and an invitation to taste the magnificent grapes adorning the dessert to prevent the seven orators from speaking together.

Miss Lilly White, who, strange to say, seemed nervous, and spoke in a subdued voice, remarked, "She heartily agreed with the observations that had fallen from the Chair, and she, for one, was ready and willing to go off with the break, without fear of getting into balk or missing the pocket. (This is a billiard-player's joke, but party-spirit running high, every lady unkindly refused to laugh, and it would have fallen dead, had not a waiter, who had been a marker in his youth overheard it through the key-hole, and he seemed to enjoy it vastly.) But before she entered into the speculation, she must insist on knowing who was to be editor! (As she made this demand, the speaker seemed to have entirely recovered her self-possession, and her eyes glittered with charming defiance.) She made no secret of her opinions, and she openly declared that if Polly Glott, Gus Pomeroy, or Flora Gardens were trying to wheedle themselves into power, she begged to warn them, that however much she liked them as jolly girls (a voice, 'How very kind!'), she would not submit to be dictated to by any of the set. (Rude observations, and one lady whose accents were slightly disguised through eating fibberts, but supposed to be Miss Gardens, exclaimed, 'Why not offer yourself, dearest love?') No, I shall not! (Laughter, in which the Chair joined.) And what is more, if that insulting wretch, Flora Gardens, dares to turn against me for nothing, I'll very soon — (suddenly addressing the Chair.) Only last week I lent her my best seal-skin jacket for three hours, and she kept it four days, and then sent it home completely ruined!"

Miss Gardens, excitedly, "O, to say such a thing!"

Miss White (with violence), "It might still be good enough for such a poor mouse as Gardens, but I can never wear it again!" (At this point the speaker's anguish overcame her and sinking into her chair she seized her coffee-spoon and bent it double.)

Song — "Giorno di Temaro" Mrs. VERNON VIRET —  
Beethoven.

Miss POLLY GLOTT, whose features wore a sorrowful expression, begged to offer a few remarks. "They had just witnessed a most painful scene, — to her, personally, a heart-rending scene, — arising from a foolish jealousy, a silly rivalry which a few loving words would have quickly dispelled. (Great cheering, during which Miss Flora Gardens, to conceal her emotion, partook recklessly of preserved ginger, and Miss Lilly White was heard to wish she had 'never come.') Two nobler-hearted girls never existed than her friend Flora and her friend Lilly, — her dear friends, — her very dear friends, she must insist on calling them. (Emotion; Miss Willie Luxmore, "Darling old pidge." Mrs. Ver-



non Viret, to hide her tears, bent her head over her plate and played at draught with a peach-stone.) Of course neither White nor Gardens had any intention to aspire to the arduous post of editor. To be an editor you must be gifted with firmness guided by judgment; you must be endowed with a stern discrimination tempered by a sense of the beautiful." (Miss Crawshaw, "Polly puts the kettle on." Confusion. "The impertinent and vulgar fudge who has thought fit—" (Cries of "Not ladylike," "Chair," and great uproar, during which Miss Glott, who still continued her address, was understood to say that "untold gold would not tempt her to edit such a band of rebels.")

Song — "Ton mari ôse être mon rival" — Miss LILLY WHITE — *Adolphe Adam.*

Miss WILLIE LUXMORE, whose chignon tastefully circled by a wreath of holly, had been much admired, was, in consequence, listened to with almost reverence when she rose to tell them how grieved she felt that disputes, like the "Death's head," at the feast, had turned a joyous banquet into the arena of — what should she say — (Miss Crawshaw, — "Don't say any more, Willie, dear," — cries of "Order, ladies!" "Fie!" "Go on!" "Never mind!") "She had been rudely, most insultingly interrupted but she was not to be trampled under foot by a conceited, stuck-up doll of an upstart like that Harry Crawshaw." (Here the speaker, to enforce her words, gave a haughty wave of the hand, and accidentally swept a dessert plate crowded with remains into Miss Shelley's sky-blue lap, and, horror stopping her utterance, she lent every assistance in cleansing the enraged sufferer.)

Song — "La voce del perzola" — Miss FLORA GARDENS — *Rossini.*

Mrs. VERNON VIRET most unexpectedly rose to address the meeting, and the ladies, astonished at her courage, were awed into silence. "Why," she asked, "should friends who, however bitterly they might quarrel to-night, must love each other again on the morrow, allow a foolish rivalry for the miserable grandeur of editorship, to distort even for a moment the affection which had been for years their comfort and delight. (Conscience-stricken silence, during which the creaking caused by tight-lacing was distinctly audible.) As equals they were all happy, then why disturb that comfortable equality? Let them one and all bravely renounce the silly ambition of editorial supremacy. Let them remain as they had been, — an undivided band of sisters, no one wishing to rise above the other, but all of them, proudly taking rank as worthy of mutual love and esteem. She proposed that Miss Echo should be entreated to accept the cares and responsibilities of government.

It would be impossible to describe the moving scene which followed this pathetic address. Miss Glott and Miss Crawshaw shook hands silently under the table; Miss White and Miss Gardens spasmodically filled their glasses and drank moselle at one another. Miss Luxmore took claret.

This most difficult matter having been arranged, the business of the meeting progressed rapidly, Miss Echo at once entering on her duties as editor. A silent but elegant lady, with a bulging forehead, rose to address the company; but owing to a shortness of the lower extremities, she seemed scarcely taller when on her legs than when seated. In reply to Miss Crawshaw's observation of "You must stand up," she said, "I am up"; but this seemed so im-

probable that two ladies went to look and assure themselves that the stranger meant no disrespect to the Chair. Her name was Zoe Chandos, a scholar beloved by Miss Glott, but she wrote under the *nom de plume* of Stiletta, and her forte was political articles of an abusive tendency. Miss Chandos was anxious to read aloud a "Life of William Ewart Gladstone," but cries of, "O, bother!" and "Likely," indicated that the general opinion inclined to studying the production when published. [Ordered to be printed.]

Miss Flora Gardens asked permission to send in a series of papers "On projected reforms in our criminal code." She would suggest that any man who married without possessing the means to support a wife, ought to be hanged.

The Editor. " 'Support' has a wide signification. Bread and water will 'support' a wife."

Miss Flora Gardens. "So it will a fish! Stuff! You know what I mean."

Miss Polly Glott. "There are cases where the wife is called upon to 'support' the husband, as with washerwomen, milliners, and actresses. What then?"

Miss Flora Gardens. "My reform includes those cases. They would, as a warning, also be hanged." [Ordered to be printed.]

Miss Harry Crawshaw submitted for publication an intended essay on "Matrimony," taking the following view of the holy ceremonial: "Because two or three nice girls married well, every young chit with a pretty face, but no style, seemed to think she also ought to pick up a fortune. She doubted whether the Gambling Act would touch this, though it was decidedly gambling; because the chance of winning one really nice fellow was at least a thousand to one, for there were thousands of disguised paupers, and, as a rule, men were mean and spiteful." [Delayed for further discussion.]

Broughams had been ordered for eleven, and it was now nearly midnight. Three waiters had looked into the room and "begged pardon." Yet there were several interesting discussions untouched. But an intimation having been given that a coachman had been slightly overtaken, and insisted on going to bed inside his vehicle; that the footmen were all laughing at nothing, and that the 300 guinea horses were coughing like Greenwich pensioners, the ladies cast aside their cigarettes, and, promising speedy "copy," departed smiling and happy.

## THE CHINESE FROM HOME.

TRAVELLING over the mountain trails almost anywhere in California, no matter how remote and solitary may be your route, you can scarcely fail to meet a curious figure, — sloping-eyed, yellow-complexioned, with a shaved head, and pigtail carefully secured in a twisted knot behind; clad in a loose cloth or calico garment, half shirt, half jacket; trousers equally wide; a long bamboo pole over his shoulder, on either end of which, carefully balanced, are a sack of rice, a piece of pork, and a heterogeneous mass of mining tools; and, over all, the head of this strange individual is covered with a hat made of slips of bamboo, the brim of which equals in breadth a moderately sized umbrella. This is John Chinaman from home, finding his fortune. He always answers to the name of "John." He follows many ways of making his modicum of rice; and the representative of Chinese industry in this case



is "Mining John." The white miners only allow him to labor at the poorer diggings, or at others which have been so well wrought over, as no longer to yield returns enough to satisfy their ideas as to wages. Accordingly, we find John at work in some remote locality which the stronger race has deserted, or which is too poor to tempt them to drive out the Chinese. In former times, this was frequently done; and in the old California newspapers reports of such outrages, or of meetings at which resolutions to do so were passed, are quite common. Some years ago I had occasion to pass a few days with some Chinese miners in the mountains. They numbered some twenty men, and occupied the deserted cabins of the miners who had formerly wrought in the locality. Every morning they would go down to the river side, and labor, steadily washing the gravel for gold until mid-day, when their slight meal of rice and vegetables was partaken of. At six o'clock, or thereabout, they stopped work for the day; and after carefully washing themselves in the river, they prepared supper. I was the only white there, and had made an arrangement with them about my meals. Accordingly my supper was first prepared, an office which I generally superintended, as they had, according to my observation, a nasty habit of incorporating rattlesnakes, frogs, slugs, and "such small deer," in their stews. After supper they would look to their little patches of watermelons, cabbages, &c.; and their head man would talk to me about his daily life, or the province he had come from, and to which he hoped before long to return. The greater portion of them, however, after they had weighed out the proceeds of the day's labor and allotted each man his share by the aid of a suan-pan (a sort of miniature Babbage's calculating machine) would place themselves on their sleeping benches, put a little tray before them on which were all the materials for smoking, and soon drug themselves into a dreaming stupidity with the fumes of opium.

Their huts were situated amid the most beautiful scenery, by the banks of a fine river, over which cataracts from the snow-capped mountains in the distance fell gurgling or roaring into the waters below. But for all this, on which I never tired of gazing, my hosts seemed to care little. They had no visitors, save an Indian on horseback now and then, who treated them very cavalierly and rarely dismounted. On Sundays they generally laid over from work, not from any religious motive, as they were Buddhists, but merely as a day of rest; and sometimes, if they had been more than ordinarily successful, one of them would go to the town or trading port, distant some ten miles, and buy some provisions and a bottle of a beverage called (I quote the label) "fine old Tom," over which they made very merry for a few hours, playing a rude description of musical instrument sounding like a paralytic drum. They made, however, poor pay, generally not more than three or four shillings per diem each; though now and then they would come on a lucky pocket, and return in the evening grinning from ear to ear. The ground was, however, getting exhausted, and they were then talking of putting their household gods on the bamboo pole, and of removing to some more favored locality which they had heard of. Go down into almost any town or village, and you will find John moving about with that same silent air of his. Here he generally follows the business of a laundryman. All through the by-streets and suburbs you can see his little cabin with a signboard informing that here lives, — "Whang Ho. Wash-

ing and Ironing. Buttons sewed on"; and, peeping through the window, you see the proprietor busily, at work clear starching, or ironing out the frills on the shirt bosom of probably the governor himself. He has a large pan full of lighted charcoal, which he uses as a "flat-iron," and his mouth is full of water, which he most adroitly sprinkles over the linen in a fine shower. If you have any foul clothes, he will follow you home, take them away, and return them again in a day or two, charging about sixpence apiece for his trouble, — bargaining, however, that he has not to find linen collars for paper ones which may have been dropped in. From the frequent warnings of washing John on this subject, I suspect that it is a custom of the colonial gentlemen by which our friend has suffered in time past.

In the suburbs of every town agricultural John is busy at work, clearing the most unlikely pieces of ground, for the purpose of raising vegetables for the town market. These farmers, or rather market-gardeners, are generally in companies of three or four; and if you pass that way, you can generally find one or other of the bucolic partnership driving the old cart and still older horse either from or to market; if the latter is the case, it is usually filled with several casks of garbage, &c., which the industrious proprietor has bought or begged from the hotel-keepers for feeding his pigs with.

Shopkeeping John is of a rather more aristocratic type. He still wears his country's dress, but it is of a fine material, and his shoes are of the best description, with the thickest of felt soles. He is also more particular about his person, and shaves his head with greater regularity than any of the laboring classes, much to the advantage of his personal appearance; for, however smart a Chinaman may look with his spruce shaven head and neat pigtail, he looks a most atrocious scoundrel when the hair is beginning to grow down on his forehead. These little shops are chiefly patronized by their own nation, or by the pedlers who at all seasons — but more especially in the winter, when the outlying settlers find it inconvenient to come into the town for trifling purchases — perambulate the country with two huge hampers swung as usual on either end of a bamboo pole over the dealer's shoulder. Most obliging are these Chinese pedlers, and they always make a point, every Christmas, of making some little present to their chief customers and to the children. Most of the large storekeepers and wholesale dealers are men of education and refinement, standing well with the commercial community, but except on rare occasions never mingling in any society but that of their own people. A few of them keep cheap eating-houses or restaurants, frequented by sailors and others who have no objection to a dinner composed of very dubious materials, so long as its cost does not exceed a shilling or eighteen pence. Many of them are general servants, and in almost every house in Northwest America the cook is a Chinaman. Female servants are rare, expensive, and most independent; so that our Asiatic friends have almost a monopoly of the kitchen. They get for such services from fifteen to twenty dollars per month, with board and lodging; while the young ladies who condescend to do "house helping," will demand from thirty to forty dollars, coupled with the bargain that they are not to brush boots, and are to have two nights a week, and the whole of Sunday, to themselves! They are not strong enough for laborers, but what they lack in muscles they make up in industry. Accordingly, working for moderate wages a large number of them



are employed on public works, like the Pacific Railroad. Indeed, it is principally owing to the assistance rendered by them that the rapid formation of the portion of the line already completed on the west side of the Rocky Mountains is due. They were also employed in considerable numbers on the Panama Railroad, but had to be discontinued, as they had a disagreeable habit, when the day was very warm, of fastening themselves by their pigtails to the "dump cart," used to empty the earth into the Chagres river. They also employ themselves to some extent in catching and drying fish for the Chinese market. Every year they preserve several tons of the albicore, or ear-shell, for exportation to Canton, where it is used in a variety of manufactures.

Even their signboards are painted by themselves, as it is dangerous to employ a jocular American, especially when under the influence of Monongahela whiskey. Near San Francisco is a Chinese washing-house, surmounted by a signboard informing the passers-by that "ALL'S WELL, — WE MAY BE HAPPY YET! YOU BET!" which no doubt the innocent proprietor supposes to be an eloquent announcement anent "washing and ironing." Most of their large firms' designations do not express the names of the owner or owners, but are symbolic. For instance, they mean "The wide-spreading firm," "The firm of the Flowery Land," and so on. All of their food, clothing, &c., with the exception of pork, boots, or mining tools, are imported from China. Some years ago they were detected carrying on a most lucrative business in importing a liquid called Chinese wine, which was discovered to be a very strong brandy, and, accordingly, notwithstanding its name, excisable in the highest duties. If a Chinese dies in a foreign country, Mongol theologians seem to be agreed that it will go hard with him in the after-world unless his bones repose in the Flowery Land. Accordingly, the companies which bring the Chinese emigrants over to California are under contract to take them back again after a certain period, dead or alive. A Chinese funeral is a curious scene in San Francisco. A special burying-ground, called the Yerba Buena Cemetery, is set apart for Celestial repose. When carrying the body to the grave, a solemn individual scatters little slips of paper, with wise aphorisms from Confucius written on them, on either side; and on the lintels of their doorways are strips of red paper, on which are inscribed similar wise saws. On the grave is placed a roast fowl, some rice, and a bottle of "Chinese wine"; after which the mourners depart, never looking behind them. There is, however, another class of gentlemen who assist at the departed funeral, who are not so backward. A number of the rowdies of San Francisco, who are concealed near at hand, no sooner see the last of the mourners than they make a rush for the edibles and drinkables left for the benefit of Joss, and very soon make short work of them, — Joss, no doubt, getting the credit. After lying some months in the grave, the bones are dug up, and carefully cleaned and polished with brushes, tied up, and put into little bundles, which are nicely labelled and stowed away, in a small tin coffin, in the particular hong or commercial house, which is responsible for them.\* When a sufficient number of these interesting mementos

have accumulated, a ship is chartered, and the coffins despatched with their contents back to Shanghai, Canton, or Hong-Kong.

I saw a vessel in San Francisco harbor laden with four hundred dead Chinese. On some of the silent mountain trails I have come across some of these lonely graves, only marked with a cleft stick, in which was stuck a slip of red paper, with the name of the deceased, followed by one of the sage maxims of Kungfutzee (Confucius), about the vanity of things earthly, which the subject of the cousin of the moon who lay below had already experienced in his own person.

Every year thousands of Chinese are entering to supply the place of those who leave, so that instead of decreasing, their numbers are increasing, with the country. Nobody likes John overmuch, and some of the baser sort have the most determined enmity to him. The store-keepers don't like him because he deals with his own people, though they forget that he takes nothing from them, and sometimes does put something in their pockets for mining tools. Beside, all John's dealings are for ready money, for though he may haggle long enough about the price, yet he gets no credit, though worse men may. The laborer does n't like him, for he works for lower wages than he. This is a favorite subject of growling with these lazy loafers, as they doze away in bar-rooms, with their feet on the top of the stove. Yet there is room for all of them, and the Chinese are only taken because white men can't be got. Politicians don't take him up, because he does n't vote, and therefore is of no account in municipal or state elections, and is not to be conciliated; while the newspaper editor, who ought to put in a good word for him, is very lukewarm on the subject, for John does not advertise, while his detractors do. Accordingly, poor John is kicked and abused, with very little chance of redress. He is hunted out of every good mining locality, and he may think himself well off if he is not robbed and has his pigtail cut off as a lesson to him, when, of course, the local paper will be sure to repeat the time-honored joke about a "long tale being cut short." Formerly rowdies thought it good fun to catch a Chinaman and cut his tail off, though, as every one who knows that people is aware, he would as soon you took his life, as he is an outcast among his co-religionists until his "hair grows." Some of them are Christians, and have given up this method of hairdressing, but these are rare exceptions. I am glad, however, to say that of late years the California legislature have made it a penal offence to cut off a Chinaman's pigtail; at the same time I never heard of anybody being punished, though there are plenty of pigtails lopped off. In the streets he is openly insulted. In Christian California I have seen a poor harmless Chinese stoned by boys until he was bleeding, hardly one being manly enough to take his part. I have heard of others after whom ruffians would hound their dogs, while the poor persecuted man was torn and bleeding, and the law touched his assailants not. The law passes acts against him, taxes him heavily as he enters, taxes him for making his living, and taxes him at every turn. It is quite a perquisite of the local official, this Chinese taxation, and he is either a very just, or, by no means, a "smart" man, who cannot make a revenue out of the unfortunate Celestial.

Even the Digger Indian taking example from his superiors (?), persecutes and robs John also, if he finds him in the mountains, and as our poor friend

\* I notice an advertisement in a California paper about a new earthen-ware coffin, combining the advantages of durability, cleanliness, and cheapness; which latter virtue will no doubt commend it to the Chinese undertakers. The editor, in a paragraphic puff, remarks "that any one having once used this coffin would use no other."



will do anything rather than fight, he comes off very poorly indeed. John, it must be acknowledged, has an insuperable objection to pay taxes, notwithstanding his being in early life accustomed to be "squeezed" by a mandarin in his own country, and he will often take to the mountains when he hears of the sheriff coming his way. In Southern Oregon, where nearly all the diggings are occupied by Chinese, the sheriff, in order to take them by strategy, has to send a few deputies in the guise of miners, with packs of blankets on their backs, who surprise John before he has time to escape, and if he shows any symptoms of resistance, with a revolver at his head, force him to "pungle down the dust." I remember hearing a few years ago of some Chinese who, expecting the tax-gatherer, went and took refuge in a cave which they had bribed a Digger Indian to show them. After their guide had taken their money, he went off to the sheriff, and receiving another bribe, informed him where they were hiding. A fire was kindled at the mouth of the cave, and the poor fellows, fairly trapped, had to crawl out one by one, and to pay their money without loss of time; they never think of the wretched economy of all this, and of the loss of time being more than all the tax amounts to, but only of the sum which has to be squeezed out of their hoard.

Yet John is not such a bad fellow, — even when from home. Though rarely mingling in general society, yet on high occasions he is most hospitable. Once a year in Southern Oregon the Chinese give a grand dinner, to which they invite the neighboring storekeepers and other friends. These storekeepers almost live by the Chinese, as there are no native dealers there. It is amusing to see the stock in trade of one of these 'cute Yankees, who is possibly a pillar of the church, — Chinese gods, papers to burn in the temple of Joss, Chinese suan-pans, almanacs, novels, medicines, pickled cabbage, slugs, &c., possibly the whole superintended by a Chinese clerk. These entertainments were, however, greatly eclipsed by the grand dinner they gave to Mr. Burlingame, at present chief ambassador to the treaty powers, on his way out to China as United States ambassador, and sometime previously to Mr. Colfax, on the occasion of his visit to San Francisco in 1865. It was given by the five great hong, or mercantile companies, of San Francisco, and was quite unique in its way, Chinese dishes and European being both presented. Of the former I counted some one hundred and sixty-five, but there must have been many more. They included every possible delicacy, — sharks' fins, bird-nest soup, young bamboo, scorpions' eggs, &c., &c., eaten with chopsticks, with dessert about the beginning of the feast, including tea, which is said to have cost fifty dollars per pound. Between the courses the hosts and guests left the table, and were entertained by a Chinese opera, consisting of a one-stringed fiddle, a sort of gong, and something looking like a mud turtle, on the back of which they beat. They are exceedingly industrious, and if a Chinaman makes only half a dollar a day, he will save half of it. If he is well off, he lives well, but still saves. At their new year (in February) all accounts must be settled up, otherwise good reason must be shown why he should continue in business, or hold further commercial dealings. Most of them speak a sort of broken English, — known in Canton as "Pigeon English," and all are exceedingly anxious to learn. Still, notwithstanding all their industry, they will occasionally come to grief, and land within the interior of the Californian

Whitecross Prison. A Chinese, named Ah Sam, who kept the "Lord Nelson Restaurant," in Victoria, Vancouver Island, became bankrupt, and was ordered to file a schedule of his assets. Not knowing the names of his customers, he had entered short descriptions of them in his ledger, and when he entered court, he had nothing more than the following to show. It was given me by his solicitor as a legal curiosity: —

	dols.	cents.
A butcher owes	18	
Captain of a schooner	50	
Cook in a ship-galley	8	
Red shirt man	27	
Man comes late (a Printer?)	10	
Cap man	8	50
Lean man, white man	20	
Fat Frenchman	30	62½
Captain, tall man	20	
French old man	8	
Whiskers man	18	37½
Blacksmith	49	
Barkeeper	5	
Workman	5	
Whiskers man's friend	6	25
Double blanket man	6	50
Little short man	10	
Double blanket man's friend	15	
Lame leg man	40	
Fat man	9	25
Old workman	8	
Red whiskers	7	50
Steamboat man	18	
Indian Ya	4	62½
Dick make coal shoveller	28	
Yea Yap Earrings	25	
Flower pantaloons man	16	
Shoemaker gone to California	15	62½
A man — butcher's friend	39	
Stable man	16	
Get tight* man	7	

The last entry the Commissioner decided was of much too general a character to allow of the slightest hope of fixing the debt upon any one in particular.

In San Francisco there are five great hong, or merchant companies, called the Yung-wo, the Sze-yap, the Sam-yap, the Yan-wo, and Wing-yeung companies. These companies have large wooden buildings in the town, where they not only carry on business, but lodge and board all the people attached to their companies when in the city. There are also benevolent associations to take care of the sick of their own people. There are no Chinese beggars in San Francisco, and that nation alone has no representatives in the public hospital.

Most of the Chinese on the Pacific coast come to California under contract to one or other of these companies, engaged at a low rate of wages (generally about eight dollars per month), and these companies again let out their labor in various ways. This is essentially the coolie system, and I think there need be little doubt but that this prevails in California. The laborers are said to be very faithful to their contracts. They have never yet learned to use the food of the people among whom they live. Rice is still the great staple, with sometimes a little pork; and on high occasions, ducks and other fowls. He is not, however, at all particular in his commissariat. Rats, mice, and even their mortal enemy the cat, is not safe from John's omnivorous stomach. I have often heard the miners venting curses both loud and deep on the prowling Chinese, who had cleared the "creek" of cats. Their houses have a

\* Drunk.



peculiar, faint, sickening odor, perfectly indescribable. A friend of mine used to declare that they smell of nothing but effete civilization!

I have said so much about John's honesty, that it may not be out of place to close this article with a few remarks upon the disreputable side of the Chinese character on the Pacific, albeit some have been of opinion that there is only one side, and that the shady one. It cannot but be expected, where thousands of men are continually arriving, but that some rogues will slip in, more especially when the laborers are recruited from the notoriously scoundrelly coolie population of Chinese cities. Some of them are most adroit fowl-thieves, and will clear a fowl-yard between sunrise and sunset. They rarely attempt burglary, and chiefly lay themselves out for the "sneaking line." As they pass in single file along the street, with a basket on either end of a bamboo pole, loose, inconsidered trifles are speedily transferred from shop-doors to these receptacles, the thief marching on as innocently as possible. Some few years ago they put a considerable amount of base coin into circulation. They were also accused of "sweating" the coin,—shaking it up in a bag for some hours, and then burning the bag to obtain the few grains which clung to the fibres of the cloth. They had a still more ingenious method of swindling, and that was to split open the twenty-dollar gold pieces adroitly extract the inside, and then, filling it with some metal of equal weight, close the two sides again. So neatly was this done that the union was not detected until some time after the trick had been in successful operation, and then only in the Mint at Philadelphia. They are notorious gamblers, and expend a large proportion of their earnings in this manner. In San Francisco and all the large towns there are regular gambling-houses; and in the mining camps they spend a great portion of their leisure in playing, generally for "pice," or other low stakes.

The keepers of these houses must be wealthy, as they invariably pay the large fines which are sometimes inflicted on them when detected infringing the act passed against gambling-houses. They seem to have no idea of the binding nature of a legal oath, and accordingly their evidence is always received most cautiously. In the courts of law they are usually sworn by breaking a plate, cutting the neck off a fowl, or by burning a piece of paper before them. They do not intermarry with the whites, and few of the laborers bring wives with them. There are upwards of fifteen hundred of their women on the Pacific coast, one thousand of whom are in San Francisco, and nearly all of them are of the vilest class. The children are tolerably numerous in San Francisco, and are pretty little creatures, with their sparkling black eyes and queer little queues behind, eked out with green or scarlet silk. Suicides are very common among them, the Chinese seeming to care nothing for life. They are mostly Buddhists of a very corrupted type, though a few Christians are found among them. The former have a fine temple in San Francisco, and in every house is a little family temple, or Joss-house, before which papers are burnt and offerings made at stated times. With the exception of gambling and opium smoking, they have few amusements. In San Francisco they support a curious little theatre, where the music is a demoniacal band of gongs; and the same play seemed to have been going on for several years when I last visited it, and is not yet finished. Kite-flying is a favorite out-of-doors amusement.

Chinese kites, made in the form of butterflies and birds, which give out a singing noise, are in great demand among the youth of the Pacific coast. Occasionally, on a Sunday, a few of them will have an "out" on horseback, or in a wagon. On these occasions some of them dress in European clothes, and the horsemanship and general display is a sight for gods and men! Except on the great festival of their new year, you see very little dissipation among them. These holidays generally last three or four days, when all business is suspended, and you must wear foul linen until John your washerman has finished his jollification. The morning of the first day of the holidays is ushered in by a loud display of crackers and other fireworks, and before nine o'clock the streets are covered with red papers. Sometimes, to the great delight of young California, a whole casful is let off at once. A Chinese merchant told me that it generally costs about one thousand pounds each new year for fireworks alone; and some houses in the city will expend from sixty to eighty pounds for this item alone.

During this season no allusion to anything sad, such as death, sickness, losses in business, or any misfortune, is tolerated by any one. Every sentiment must be of hope, good-will, and good cheer. Every true subject of the Flowery Land does his best; and the attire of some of the wealthy Chinese far exceeds in cost the dresses of the richest of the whites. A sable cape, silk trousers, and embroidered silk jacket makes a very expensive turn-out. The greetings and salutations are very ceremonious, and all imaginary blessings are included in the interchange of good wishes. Upon almost all the stores, places of business, and tenements of the Chinese, may be seen during the holiday season, sundry strips of red paper pasted up, inscribed with Chinese characters. They are usually five in number, and are recognized in common parlance as "charms," but among those familiar with the usages of these people as the "five blessings." Each is inscribed with a separate blessing, such as health, wealth, friends, long life, and posterity. At this period they also visit the temple, observing certain religious rites, and making offerings of roast pigs and other dainties to their idols, which are afterwards withdrawn and eaten at their own feasts. The first four days at the beginning of each new year are appropriated for the lower classes, and thirty days for the gentry, as a time of feasting in China, but on the Pacific coast the custom is somewhat modified. Some of the wealthy Chinese keep up a round of festivities for two or three weeks, while the special holiday season may be said to expire at the end of three or four days. They have also other holidays in the course of the year. About these times, indigestion and other ills trouble John, and the doctor has to be called in. There are many of these professional gentlemen on the Pacific coast, grave looking old fellows, but generally arrant rogues. Deer-horns when in the "velvet" are eagerly bought, being esteemed a valuable medicament by the Chinese. The gall of a bear is valued at its weight in gold, and the rare Albino deer is equally prized.

In 1864, there was quite a furor in San Francisco about a Chinese doctor, whose consulting-rooms were besieged by the *élite* of the city. His success was said to consist in careful regimen, his medicines being very harmless. He used, however, to insure attention to diet and general conduct by laying down strict rules, to diverge from which, he informed his patients, would cause certain death to



ensue from the medicine. He was of a fine appearance, richly dressed, and spoke through an Englishman as an interpreter. His lionization lasted a few weeks, and after that he gradually dropped into oblivion, to make way for some other sensation. On the whole, the rapidly increasing Chinese population is an advantage to the American States and territories on the Pacific, as well as the British colonies further north. They cultivate ground which no one else will, and work gold mines disregarded by the whites. They are consumers to some extent of European and American manufactures, and whether or no, their merchants pay taxes and import duties. On the whole, though kicked and abused, simply because they are harmless, inoffensive, and weak, and do not retaliate on the ruffians who maltreat them, as would any one else, they are an industrious people who, if they do not become citizens, yet do not interfere in any way in politics, and in proportion to their numbers, give less trouble to the law than any one else, and are therefore deserving of every encouragement.

## HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

### CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

#### A FRANK EXPLANATION.

"Do you like Mr. Morley?" he asked.

"Yes, very much indeed. But I could never think of marrying him."

"Don't let us deceive one another, Rebecca. Is there any one else?"

"No," she said at once. Who could there be? She was not allowed to go out of the lane, and never saw any one. But she said it with so poor an air that her father, looked suspiciously at her, and said:—

"Well, my girl, we had a great fight, and you won. Perhaps I am older and wiser than when I knew your mother; at all events, if I made errors with her, I do not wish to repeat them with you. I have told you how you will be situated as regards money matters. Further than that, no more constraint shall be put upon you than is now. Do you understand?"

"I am thankful."

"Keep your ears open, and your attention awake, and never repeat what I am going to tell you. When you brought disgrace on this house as you did, that fellow Hagbut came to me to break off his engagement with you, as he was almost bound to do. But the way he did it showed me he was a rascal and a sneak, every inch of him. By heaven! he little knew how near he was being pitched into the lane."

"And yet poor Carry—" began Rebecca.

"Hold your tongue! you have enough to do, without minding Carry. Mind yourself, and listen to me. You say there is no one has your heart; I ask no further. But mind, if there were, and Hagbut knew it, he will, if he is likely to be entirely displeasing to me, throw him against you."

Rebecca sat perfectly silent, and her father saw that there was more than he cared to know. At last she said: "Please, father, has Mr. Morley a daughter?"

"He may have a dozen for aught I know. I only know his eminent character; I know nothing of his domestic life, except that he is a widower."

"Because he told me he had, and told me much

about her. And Hagbut denies that there is any such daughter."

"Hagbut is probably over-reaching himself in some way," said Mr. Turner, coolly. "Suppose, for an instance, that Morley had a daughter who had done him discredit, such as yourself, you know, he might possibly be scheming to keep her as long as possible in the background, and make anger between you and Morley. In which you see, he has already failed, for Morley has told you all about her. Mind, once more, in conclusion; if there is any man of whom I should disapprove in this case, Hagbut *thinks* he wins £8,000 by your marrying him, and he will contrive that you should meet him. And so, good night."

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### HARTOP.

Mab, the little dog, used to bark furiously at strangers in general, and regarded both Carry and Mr. Turner in that light. So, when two days after the last conversation, Rebecca was told that there was a gentleman to see her, Mab barked all the way down stairs, but on getting to the sitting-room door began to whine and scratch joyously, so that Rebecca thought it was Mr. Morley.

But it was not; it was only the magnificent young sailor, Hartop. She was sorry that he had come; and, without perceiving her cold, reserved air, he came frankly and joyously up to her, and took her hand.

"I could not get to you a moment before; I have been unloading all the day long, ever since we were in port till to-day. My uncle, Mr. Hagbut, suggested to me that it would be only kind if I were to come and tell you about those two."

Her father's words came on her with a shock. This, then, was the man selected by Mr. Hagbut as the one most likely to make mischief between her and her father,—the man of all others the most dangerous.

"Yet, how could he have known *that*?" It was indeed a puzzle, if it were not an accident. All this went through her mind so quickly that she did not keep him waiting for his answer. She said, promptly, "What two?"

"Why, Mr. Morley and Hetty, to be sure," he replied, wondering.

"Then there is a Hetty," said Rebecca, with animation.

"There was three days ago," he said, laughing; "and I think you will find a young person of her appearance, and claiming her name, walking about with her father, in the Boopjes of Rotterdam this afternoon."

"She is a good sailor, I dare say," said Rebecca.

"It would be a queer thing for her if she was n't," said Hartop, with another look of wonder. "But I did n't come here to talk about *her*; I should talk all the afternoon if I began about *her*. Do allow me to assure you that of all the pretty, innocent, little birds that fly over the tropic sea, she is the prettiest and most innocent; and of all the brave hearts which beat truest and most steady in the worst gale that ever blew, hers is the truest and steadiest. They will set you against her, but don't believe them."

"Why should they set me against her?" asked Rebecca.

"She broke through rules, you know," said he,



seriously. "If she and I had been what we are now, I should most likely have been against it. But that was afterwards. We won't talk of her; you shall judge her for yourself. Now, I want to ask you to walk with me. Do come. It is the only civility I can show you."

"I will go and ask my father," she said, and so left him.

Mr. Turner was sitting alone in his bedroom, brooding in his chair, and hearing some one coming caught up his Bible and bent his head over it, — a fact made patent to Rebecca by seeing that he held it upside down.

"Father," she said, quietly, as soon as she had shut the door, "the young man you warned me of has come from Mr. Hagbut; and I have come to ask your leave to go out to walk with him for an hour or so."

"No!" cried Mr. Turner, shutting up his Bible. "Why, this is as good as a play. Tell me all about it. Who is he?"

"He is young Hartop, a sailor, Mr. — Hagbut's nephew."

"Hagbut knows something against him, then, or — stay, let us condemn no man — he has calculated on my having objections to your marrying a sailor; that is it. Now, my girl, let us have it all out; there is more to come. I have not watched witnesses' eyes for nothing all my life."

"You remember that Mr. Hagbut denied that Mr. Morley had a daughter."

"Certainly."

"Well, he has such a daughter, and her name is Hetty; and this young man is engaged to be married to her. And he describes her as the most perfect being ever seen. I don't know how I know it, but I do know this, — if anything were to come between this splendid Hetty and himself, he would be a lost man."

"Then you see my theory of her being disreputable, and of Hagbut's keeping her in the background to make a quarrel on the score of want of confidence between you and Morley falls to the ground. I was under the impression that, if there were such a girl, Hagbut would advise Morley to keep her in the background until you were well committed to him, and then reveal her disreputable existence by means of one of those savory old catamarans, — vessels, I mean. But this theory falls to the ground now, if she is what the young man says she is. She cannot have done anything."

"She has done something though and something rather strong. Her own father hinted it to me, and her own devoted lover confirmed it. I don't want to know what it is, but the young man who is to marry her hoped just now, that the good ladies whom you so well describe as savory catamarans would not prejudice me against her. He says she has broken through rules."

"I wish I could," said poor Mr. Turner, "but I am too old. Go on, Rebecca, we have had less than half at present. You have never got together evidence yet, my good girl, and so you can't tell by a witness's eyes whether the story is all told."

Rebecca laughed, and for the first time in her life sat down by her father's knee, and leant her head against it.

"You are right," she went on. "Do you remember that you said, — well, if there was any young man, with whom I was in danger, who was disagreeable to you, that Hagbut would throw him against me. He has done so."

"Is there danger with this young man, then? Where could you have seen him?"

"In your own house; here, in the presence of Mr. Morley. And there was danger about him. And I want to go out a walking with him. And you are going to let me."

"Then there is no danger now?"

"Not a bit," said Rebecca. "He has blown all my fancies to the winds in ten minutes by his clear manly frankness, just as I created them in ten minutes for myself. No danger at all."

"That is well," said Mr. Turner, noticing that, now his hand was very near his daughter's beautiful hair, there was a strange pleasure in passing his hand through it. "But have you ever been indiscreet about this young man: to Carry, for instance?"

"I could not tell Carry what I had never confessed to myself," said Rebecca. "Yet it would seem as if the man had second sight."

"Carry possibly gave him some hint."

"But she could not have done so, father. She never heard of him in her life."

"Then I will tell you what it is, my child. It is only an old dodge of priestcraft, which is now called Jesuitism; as if a real Jesuit would have made such a risk. He sent him here on a chance of confusing counsel, finding himself possible to make the most likely hash of matters, and pick his own interest out, — that is all; but Mr. Morley has put you on your guard. Nothing more than that." And indeed, there was nothing more; for Hagbut was quite as much fool as knave.

"Well, he has failed," said Mr. Turner. "Where is the young man? Let us see him."

Rebecca, rising, reminded her father that the young man had been waiting down stairs above half an hour; and they went to see him.

The young man, splendid as he was in beauty and stature, accustomed to bully all sailors and officials in every part of the globe, was terribly frightened at this dry old English attorney. He and Jack Hord (of Wilmington U. S.; the New York branch of the family, lately enriched, call themselves Howard) had with their stretchers alone kept the boat free from the swarm of monkey-like Portuguese, nearly two hundred strong, gesticulating and showing knives, while the rest of their comrades were half-persuading, half-carrying, that very indiscreet young man, Cornelius Kelly, back to the boat; Cornelius not being in the least drunk, but having been insulted by being called Lutherano, to which he could only answer by howling, "Mono! Mono!" That had been a very dangerous disturbance, as dangerous as one as Belem Castle sees often in these peaceful times. Also this young man had been in other rows of a different kind. His strong lungs and his commanding presence had brought him into trouble before now. While he was in the service of a small house, in a screw steamer off the west coast of South America, he, noticing the barometer and the weather generally, had given orders to get up steam and put to sea, the captain being still on shore, and he dreading a gale. There was no gale, only an earthquake, and he proved clearly that the ship would have been thrown a mile inland, if he had not given these orders; but the captain got him dismissed. In short, this young man Hartop had been in all kinds of trouble and bother, and had never yet shown himself afraid of any one. When his certificate was in question he was as bold and as free before the court as any man. But this dry old lawyer frightened him to death. For a guilty man is



frightened before a lawyer, and a sailor hates and dreads one. I think a real sailor fears nothing but a lawyer. What must a guilty sailor feel?

And Hartop was a deeply guilty man. To the people he loved and trusted more than any in the world, to Hartop and Hetty, Mr. Morley had confided the fact that he was going to ask Rebecca to be his wife, if things looked in any way promising; and had at the same time begged them never to confide the fact to any human being. The poor girl must not be put in a false position again. So young Hartop, being full of kindness and happiness, did not know how much his future father-in-law had said to Rebecca, and was under the general impression that old Turner was a Turk,—with a large dowry ready, provided no indiscretion was committed,—who knew nothing about the arrangement. And also this Turk was a lawyer, a creature worse than any Turk. So the young man, treading on molten iron, bowed down, terrified before Mr. Turner.

Mr. Turner could not have known this, but he might have guessed it possible. He was happy, as far as he could be, but the chance of bullying a young sailor was too good to be lost. He did not repress that young man at all.

"How do you do, sir? My daughter informs me that you wish to take her out for a walk."

"If it met your views, sir," said young Hartop.

"The question is, whether it meets my daughter's views?" said Mr. Turner, grimly. "Our neighbors are censorious. But if she wants to go, she can."

"I do want to go, pa," she said.

"Then get your bonnet on," he added, and followed her.

"Rebecca," he said to her, following her into her room, "there is no harm in that lad, my child. That lad is in love, and not with you."

"I know that," said Rebecca, cheerfully.

"Then look here," said her father; "don't cross-question him about this daughter of Morley's, this Hetty. It is not fair on him. If she has been a fool, he won't care much to tell you about it. Are you quite safe, old girl?"

"Quite safe, pa," said Rebecca. And somehow they kissed one another. And Rebecca said, "Pa, dear, why are we not always like this?"

And he said, "Let us try to be."

And so ended the incipient romance of the young sailor, Hartop,—at least as regards Rebecca.

## CHAPTER XV.

REBECCA'S VOYAGE WITH HIM, AND WHAT THEY SAW,  
AND WHAT SHE SAW WHEN THEY CAME HOME.

This was the occasion of Rebecca's first voyage. And she took her voyage in the sole company of the young man whom she had considered to be dangerous to her peace of mind. And it is singular that he was not now,—now that the brooding engendered by the house and by the lane were no more,—no longer dangerous at all; but that she wanted to talk about Hetty, but did not do so because he did not; and that he did not talk about Hetty because he thought her a dangerous subject. For Hetty had broken rules. He talked about the sea, and about the wild free lands that lay beyond Limehouse. He asked her if she were a good sailor, and she answered that she supposed she was no worse than another, and repeated her question, "Was Hetty a good sailor?" and he repeated his previous

mysterious answer, "It would be a queer thing, surely, if she were not."

The wind was free and fresh from the south, and the little steamer went fast and busy from wharf to wharf down the river. Under the bright sun, and the nimble pure air, and the changing of the scene, Rebecca grew happy, and showed her happiness by a thoughtful silence.

"Are you comfortable, Miss Turner?" said Hartop.

"I am more than comfortable. I am perfectly happy. I cannot tell why, but it is so. It was wonderfully kind of you to bring me here. I have never seen anything like this before in my life. This is most wonderful and most beautiful."

"It is as good as carrying the northeast trade over the line, to hear you say so," replied Hartop.

Said Rebecca, "I wish we could go to some place where we could see which way the ship was going."

And so Hartop carried her to the front of the little vessel, and set her there. And she said, "Would you be so good as not to talk to me? You sailors smoke your pipes, I know. Would you kindly smoke yours now, and let me sit in silence?"

Hartop sat on the deck at her feet, to leeward, and smoked. The little throbbing boat carried them both past the wharves and the city, towards the sea; she sitting in a Cashmere shawl like a figure-head. From time to time she said to him, "Are you tired?" and he said, "No. He was very happy. Why should he be tired?"

"Because you are not talking to anybody," said Rebecca. "I don't wish to talk; and I am afraid that I am bad company."

"You are very good and comfortable company," said Hartop. "The worst mate of all is a sulky mate, and the next worst is a jawing mate. I took you out for pleasure, not for jaw. For instance, where were you when you spoke?"

"I was at the island of St. Borondon in the Atlantic,—the island where all things go right for evermore," said Rebecca. "Where were you?"

"I don't know that island," said Hartop. "For my part, I was crawling along in a fruit brig under Teneriffe, and thinking how Hetty got on in that short cropping North Sea. Break your slate, you know, and tilt the fragment up in the window above the level of your eye, and you get Teneriffe. But lor, you can't dream what Teneriffe is. And still less Tristan d'Acunha. And still less the approach to the Australian shore. No man knows what that is till he has seen it. Did you ever see the west front of Wells' cathedral?"

"No. Why?"

"Because it is like Madeira, on the Atlantic side," said Hartop. "But what can you know about islands? You have never seen any."

Rebecca had not.

"Islands are like cathedrals. Have you ever seen a cathedral?"

Only St. Paul's it seemed, with a distant view of Westminster.

"Mr. Morley told us you had seen nothing," said this young man. "Now islands and cathedrals are one and the same thing. They are the cathedrals of the wide, cruel sea, and God Almighty built them with his own kind hands. The cathedrals ashore were built by the priests; the cathedrals of the sea were built by God Almighty's own hands. Think of that, Miss Rebecca. And what is the object of a cathedral? Peace. I have sailed with all creeds, and they all ask for peace; and I tell them all, that



after the wild wandering sea, you get peace on an island. I wish we could go to an island, — us four together."

Rebecca was too far in dreamland to ask him what he meant by "us four." The river grew yet and yet more busy, and at last the tall masts in the pool came in sight, the nimble little steamer stopped, and Hartop aroused her by saying: "Will you go back now, or where will you go?"

"Take me on towards the sea, and let me be still," she said. And in a few minutes the dexterous Hartop had her on board a boat bound for Gravesend, and they throbbed along on their strange voyage once more.

As the ships grew larger and larger, her eyes seemed to expand. Hartop looked on her with that strange reverential superstition which the highest class of sailor has towards a beautiful woman. The old sailors' fancy is that a ship in full sail, a field of corn, and a beautiful woman are the three finest things in nature; and the reason they will give you for this is that all of these three things shadow out the hope of increase. For my own part, I know many less beautiful superstitions; but that part of it which relates to the beautiful woman was very much in bold Hartop's soul that day, as he sat looking stealthily at her, in the light of his future mother-in-law, thinking that she was really after all worthy even of Mr. Morley; and, moreover, turning over the wonderful fact that she had never seen Hetty in her life. She spoke at last.

"Are these the real ships that go down into the great deep sea?"

"Yes," he said, eagerly. "There they are, Miss Turner, ready for anything, from Cameroons to Sydney. See that long-bodied, low-lying screw there. Very sister" — he succeeded in saying — "ship that Hetty was wrecked in two years ago."

"Has Hetty been shipwrecked then?" said Rebecca.

Hartop looked at her wonderingly for an instant, but thought, "She knows nothing. It is for Morley to tell her."

"Yes, she has been wrecked three times now. That last time was the time when the Queen wrote to her, and sent her the Bible. I have often laughed when I told her that I would never sail in the same ship with her."

"Wrecked three times!" said Rebecca, half-awakened. "Was Mr. Morley ever wrecked with his daughter?"

"Not likely," said Hartop. "The Lord don't cast his best tools aside like that."

"It is easy enough, Miss Turner, for a game and plucky girl like Hetty to stand on a cracking, bursting deck, with the cruel sea hurling around her, no hope of life, and keep a parcel of women from going quite mad, by singing of hymns to them, and by telling them of Christ who walked on the waters, as Hetty did; why, that is a thing any woman could do. You could do it, if you gave your mind to it." Het did that, and Het is a brick. But she didn't do this. It took a man to do this. Mr. Morley went alone into the rowdiest drinking-house in the Nevada track in the old times in California. Taylor himself had warned him that he was a dead man if he went, for to refuse drink in that house meant death. Morley laughed at Taylor himself, went into the grog-shop, was challenged to drink, and then cast the liquor on the ground, and before he came out of that grog-shop had given them a piece of his mind.

Taylor said that he would not have done it. What do you think of that, for instance?"

"I am all abroad," said Rebecca. "It would seem that Hetty is brave, but that Mr. Morley is braver."

"There is no man alive like Mr. Morley," said Hartop. "He don't know what fear is."

"Let us talk about these ships," said Rebecca, "and leave Mr. Morley to take care of himself."

So he told her all about them, — where they sailed to, how strangely they leaped and plunged in their agony at sea, for all they were so still and silent now. This one had come from sliding on slowly and silently among towering icebergs, the one beside her was fresh from the palm-fringed quays of the Pacific. So he sat in her gentle loyalty and talked to her, she speaking seldom, but sitting wrapped in herself, he never tiring of talking to her and sitting near her. Little did she dream of the tie which bound him so closely to her; little did she know what sacred and deeply loved being she was to him; how he and the two others had talked about her hour by hour; how deeply important she was to three people, — one of whom she had never seen, one whom she had seen but twice, and a third she had scarcely seen half a dozen times. These kind souls had been preparing a home for her in their hearts, and she knew not of it.

It was only when he left her, very late, they having come from Woolwich by railway, at her father's door, that she appreciated how utterly she had lost herself. "I fear he will scold me," she thought, "and our new-made confidence will suffer"; but the maid only heard that he was busy, and that Miss Caroline was in her room. Somehow, the company of this most excellent and most admirable Carry did not seem in any way to suit this young lady, who had been wool-gathering in the moon all day; she took off her hat, and catching up her little dog, walked slowly along the hall.

When she was nearly opposite her father's room-door, she put down her little dog and took off her hat, letting her hair fall down by accident. Mab immediately began to run round and round barking, after her tail.

The noise instantly aroused Mr. Turner, for, coming out quickly and closing the door behind him, he found himself face to face, under the light in the passage, with a beautiful and noble-looking woman, draped nearly from head to foot in a Cashmere shawl, with part of her hair fallen down, — a woman who looked very quiet, still, and calm, and whom he recognized, to his own astonishment, as his own daughter, Rebecca.

He had never realized her before. He had never truly trusted her before. There was something new in the calm, strong, gentle face, which made him see an ally, an ally worth all the world. Mr. Turner had been something else before he had been converted, it seemed; for the first real word of confidence he ever uttered to his daughter smelt very strongly of the evil odor of the old Adam.

"Where the devil have you been all this time?"

"I have been down among the ships with Hetty's lover, Tom Hartop," she said. "I am very sorry, father, but I was so happy —"

"Hang Tom Hartop," said Mr. Turner, in a whisper. "Come in here, and hold your tongue. I want your help, child; take up your dog and nurse it; it will be an excuse for not talking."

"Hetty is brave, but Morley is braver," was what she thought. "Let me see what I can do." So she



took up Mab, stilled her and passed in, to find two men in her father's room, whom she had never seen before.

The first her eye rested on was a gallant-looking young gentleman, Lord Ducetoy. She had seen a specimen of his class before, had been with one all day, indeed, so her eyes turned to the other, who was a man the like of whom she had never seen before, and which, I hope, we may never see.

A noble-looking old gentleman. In his dress, in his hands, in his complexion, there was Gentleman written with no unerring hand. Yet sunk in a heap on a chair, with limp limbs, bowed head, and an appealing, whipped-bound look in his handsome face. She had never seen such a fine gentleman before; and she had never seen such a hopeless look of humble, pleading woe. Mr. Spicer, the sweep, on Sunday, or Jim Aikin, the costermonger, looked grander than he.

"My daughter," said Mr. Turner, as he brought in Rebecca. "Lord Ducetoy, Sir Gorhambury Townsend."

"You have brought in the young lady to put a stop to this conversation, I suppose?" said Sir Gorhambury.

"That is the case, exactly," said Mr. Turner. But Lord Ducetoy and Sir Gorhambury, both heated, continued it.

"I never harmed you, Ducetoy. That protest from the bank only came from one of the rascally directors. Why should you serve me thus?"

"Because, uncle, as I have told you before, I do not desire that my plate, jewels, and bonds should go in the bankruptcy."

"And, as I have told you before, the mere re-deposit of them would just enable us to pull through. If the chattels and papers so long left in our hands were now deposited again, it would give confidence in quarters where we want confidence, and pull us through."

"Uncle, the utmost I will do will be to pay in £500, and not withdraw my account."

"I have never, I swear solemnly," said Sir Gorhambury, "done anything to injure any human being. I worked hard at that bank, and we sold it for two hundred thousand pounds. Since then I have been living as a country squire. By my connection with religion, I attracted deposits from Christian widows and orphans. It is not I only that am ruined, for my estates will not one half stand the drain on them. I could stand an almshouse myself (God knows I wish I were alone with God in one now), but all these widows and orphans are to sink into poverty through their trust in me. I profess, and I ruin widows and orphans, all because my nephew refuses to deposit papers and jewels which would pull us through. And my poor son. O my poor son! And so you won't pull us through as you might? The mere fact of your moving them to another banker's is ruin to us."

"I tell you, uncle, that I will not remove my account."

"Your account. Our only assets are your mortgages. These papers, you have moved them to another banker's. Where are they then?" said the old man, with his first flush of fire. Turner answered:—

"Sir Gorhambury, the papers to which you allude are in a place which renders it unlikely that they will ever be used in a criminal court against any one. I am sorry to close the conversation in this way, but consider it closed."

Sir Gorhambury said not one word, but rose firmly and calmly, and walked towards the door. Lord Ducetoy said, "Good night, uncle"; but the old man never answered him. Mr. Turner was going to escort him to the door, when he suddenly found himself confronted by his daughter, with a candle in her hand, who boldly and firmly put her hand upon his chest and pushed him back, saying in a whisper,—

"That is a broken man, he wants a woman with him." Turner bowed his head reverentially and went back. Sir Gorhambury went down stairs with Rebecca holding the light.

"You have lost your money, sir; have you not?" she said.

He answered, "Yes."

"A good many people who come here have lost their money," she said, briskly. "I wish I had lost mine; all the trouble I ever had in my life has been through the money my father is going to leave me when he dies, which will be the bitterest day of my life. Keep up your spirits and laugh about it."

"You cannot laugh after seventy, madam," said the old man; yet she fancied that he walked out into the dim, dark night more cheerfully for what she said.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A CONFIDENCE OF THREE.

When she came back, Lord Ducetoy was walking up and down, and saying,—

"It would have been perfectly monstrous for me to do what he proposed. I might have ruined myself, and gone to Canada again to help him; but to help an unlimited Company?—no. You will continue your trust, for friendship's sake. Ah, here is my cousin. Cousin, if you were engaged to the finest girl in the whole world,—who, I am happy to say, has not ten pounds,—you would scarcely put a considerable part of your property into bankruptcy to please your uncle?"

"As I never was engaged to the finest girl in the world," said Rebecca, "and as I have no uncle, I cannot answer the question, Lord Ducetoy. But it is supper-time, and I am very hungry; for I have spent most of the day among the ships down the river, in company with a very handsome young sailor,—a man I am getting more and more fond of every time I see him,—a young man who will be fairly in a position to marry after his next voyage."

If Lord Ducetoy had lived only in England he might have mistaken her. But he had been to the Westward, and had seen what pure and true gallantry may exist between man and woman, with the most entire freedom of innocent speech. Mr. Turner's brow grew dark when she said this. Lord Ducetoy laughed, and said, "You are bridesmaid, then; and who is the bride?"

"Hetty Morley is the bride," said Rebecca, at supper with her eyes wide open; "but what *she* is I cannot conceive. She has done something extraordinary; has pulled down the pillars of the Philistines' temple in some way. But I want to speak about the old man whom I saw out. Be tender with him, you two. I mean my Lord, and Father."

"Believe me we will, Miss Turner," said Lord Ducetoy. "Believe me that we mean nothing else. He will never want for anything he has been accustomed to till the day of his death. Tell my cousin that."

"Why, do you call me cousin?" said Rebecca.



"Your mother was my first cousin," said he.

And soon after that she went away; but her father told her not to go to bed. Lord Ducetoy said, when she had gone away,—

"What a splendid creature! How have I angered her?"

"By mentioning your cousinship, my Lord. In our case, our family connection with yours has not been happy; the girl knows something of it, or her instincts have told her. And instead of harking back to the traditions of your order, or staying in the respectable mean of ours, she has cast herself into utter Radicalism, which has given me great trouble in my religious connection. The girl don't know a duchess from a dustman's wife."

"Well, I got the same way of thinking in the prairies," said the honest young fellow.

"Yes, there is no Radical like a young Whig," said Turner, with a sneer.

"I shall get it all knocked out of me as I grow up then," said Lord Ducetoy.

"Undoubtedly," said Turner, suddenly and keenly, some old gleam of Puritan democracy flashing out irrepressibly. "In your class the metal never rings true. It can't. Every word you say is said with a view to excuse your order, to excuse its mere existence."

"We are afraid of your attacking our property, you see," said the youth; "you democrats are always holding that over us; that is what makes Tories. It is odd that a man like you, who have made so much money by the mere legal wafers and strays of our family property should be a Radical. I am. I have land in Canada, and land in the United States, and if you don't know it, I can tell you that society in New England is much pleasanter than I can find in this cockneyfied England."

Mr. Turner was not prepared with arguments. This young lord was mad. *At that time.* He would not be considered quite so mad now. The idea of a man of many acres, and high position, craving for the rest and peace of pure democracy was horrifying to him. His religion was tolerably democratic, certainly; but he had never reduced it to practice.

There was one thing he knew, however, and practised, too, which he had got from his religion,—mercy.

Rebecca was waiting for him in his bedroom, and she began:—

"What is the matter about that old gentleman?"

"I kept you up to tell you," he answered. "He and his brother sold their bank to a company, and retired on their property, leaving their accumulated property liable to the claims of the limited company; and his brother has died without any children; and the old man has left his eldest son in the bank; and both father and son, to keep things square, have forged names. They have forged my name among others; and I have got the forged papers in the house; and they know it. And I want to spare the old one if I can; but the young one knows I have his forgeries here, and he has set men on,—for burglary, no less. If those papers were to go out of my hands and get into the bankruptcy which is coming, those two men, father and son, would go to Portland. If I were to move the jewelry to another banker's it would be known, and bring on the smash sooner. And so it is all here, and you know it. Thirty thousand pounds are under that bed. So keep awake, and keep your dog awake. Give me a kiss, and go to bed now."

[To be continued.]

## ON THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY.

IN ORDER to make the title of this discourse generally intelligible, I have translated the term "Protoplasm," which is the scientific name of the substance of which I am about to speak, by the words "the physical basis of life." I suppose that, to many, the idea that there is such a thing as a physical basis, or matter, of life may be novel,—so widely spread is the conception of life as a something which works through matter, but is independent of it; and even those who are aware that matter and life are inseparably connected may not be prepared for the conclusion plainly suggested by the phrase, "*the physical basis or matter of life*," that there is some one kind of matter which is common to all living beings, and that their endless diversities are bound together by a physical, as well as an ideal unity. In fact, when first apprehended, such a doctrine as this appears almost shocking to common sense.

What, truly, can seem to be more obviously different from one another in faculty, in form, and in substance than the various kinds of living beings? What community of faculty can there be between the brightly-colored lichen, which so nearly resembles a mere mineral incrustation of the bare rock on which it grows, and the painter, to whom it is instinct with beauty, or the botanist, whom it feeds with knowledge?

Again, think of the microscopic fungus,—a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle, which finds space and duration enough to multiply into countless millions in the body of a living fly; and then of the wealth of foliage, the luxuriance of flower and fruit, which lies between this bald sketch of a plant and the giant pine of California, towering to the dimensions of a cathedral spire, or the Indian fig, which covers acres with its profound shadow, and endures while nations and empires come and go around its vast circumference? Or, turning to the other half of the world of life, picture to yourselves the great Finner whale, hugest of beasts that live, or have lived, disporting his eighty or ninety feet of bone, muscle, and blubber, with easy roll, among waves in which the stoutest ship that ever left dockyard would founder hopelessly; and contrast him with the invisible animalcules,—mere gelatinous specks, multitudes of which could, in fact, dance upon the point of a needle with the same ease as the angels of the schoolmen could, in imagination. With these images before your minds, you may well ask what community of form, or structure, is there between the animalcule and the whale; or between the fungus and the fig-tree? And *à fortiori*, between all four?

Finally, if we regard substance, or material composition, what hidden bond can connect the flower which a girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her youthful veins; or, what is there in common between the dense and resisting mass of the oak, or the strong fabric of the tortoise, and those broad disks of glassy jelly which may be seen pulsating through the waters of a calm sea, but which drain away to mere films in the hand which raises them out of their element?

Such objections as these must, I think, arise in the mind of every one who ponders, for the first time, upon the conception of a single physical basis of life underlying all the diversities of vital existence; but I propose to demonstrate to you that, notwithstanding these apparent difficulties, a three-



fold unity, — namely, a unity of power, or faculty, a unity of form, and a unity of substantial composition, — does pervade the whole living world.

No very abstruse argumentation is needed, in the first place, to prove that the powers, or faculties, of all kinds of living matter, diverse as they may be in degree, are substantially similar in kind.

Goethe has condensed a survey of all the powers of mankind into the well-known epigram.

“Waram treibt sich das Volk so und schreit? Es will sich ernähren  
Kinder zeugen, und die nähren so gut es vermag.”

Weiter bringt es kein Mensch, steif er sich wie er auch will.”

In physiological language this means, that all the multifarious and complicated activities of man are comprehensible under three categories. Either they are immediately directed towards the maintenance and development of the body, or they effect transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body, or they tend towards the continuance of the species. Even those manifestations of intellect, of feeling, and of will, which we rightly name the higher faculties, are not excluded from this classification, inasmuch as to every one but the subject of them, they are known only as transitory changes in the relative positions of parts of the body. Speech, gesture, and every other form of human action are, in the long run, resolvable into muscular contraction, and muscular contraction is but a transitory change in the relative positions of the parts of a muscle. But the scheme which is large enough to embrace the activities of the highest form of life covers all those of the lower creatures. The lowest plant, or animalcule, feeds, grows, and reproduces its kind. In addition, all animals manifest those transitory changes of form which we class under irritability and contractility; and, it is more than probable, that when the vegetable world is thoroughly explored, we shall find all plants in possession of the same powers, at one time or other of their existence.

I am not now alluding to such phenomena, at once rare and conspicuous, as those exhibited by the leaflets of the sensitive plant, or the stamens of the barberry, but to much more widely spread, and, at the same time, more subtle and hidden, manifestations of vegetable contractility. You are doubtless aware that the common nettle owes its stinging property to the innumerable stiff and needle-like, though exquisitely delicate, hairs which cover its surface. Each stinging-needle tapers from a broad base to a slender summit, which, though rounded at the end, is of such microscopic fineness that it readily penetrates, and breaks off in, the skin. The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely applied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of a limpid liquid, and roughly corresponding in form with the interior of the hair which it fills. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves, just as the bending of successive stalks of corn by a breeze produces the apparent billows of a corn-field.

But, in addition to these movements, and independently of them, the granules are driven, in relatively rapid streams, through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly, the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions; and, thus, there is a general stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes; and, sometimes, trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions, within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; while, occasionally, opposite streams come into direct collision, and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in contractions of the protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects, and not themselves.

The spectacle afforded by the wonderful energies prisoned within the compass of the microscopic hair of a plant, which we commonly regard as a merely passive organism, is not easily forgotten by one who has watched its display, continued hour after hour, without pause or sign of weakening. The possible complexity of many other organic forms, seemingly as simple as the protoplasm of the nettle, dawns upon one; and the comparison of such a protoplasm to a body with an internal circulation, which has been put forward by an eminent physiologist, loses much of its startling character. Currents similar to those of the hairs of the nettle have been observed in a great multitude of very different plants, and weighty authorities have suggested that they probably occur, in more or less perfection, in all young vegetable cells. If such be the case, the wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned, as with the roar of a great city.

Among the lower plants, it is the rule, rather than the exception, that contractility should be still more openly manifested at some periods of their existence. The protoplasm of *Algae* and *Fungi* becomes, under many circumstances, partially, or completely, freed from its woody case, and exhibits movements of its whole mass, or is propelled by the contractility of one, or more, hair-like prolongations of its body, which are called vibratile cilia. And, so far as the conditions of the manifestation of the phenomena of contractility have yet been studied, they are the same for the plant as for the animal. Heat and electric shocks influence both, and in the same way, though it may be in different degrees. It is by no means my intention to suggest that there is no difference in faculty between the lowest plant and the highest, or between plants and animals. But the difference between the powers of the lowest plant, or animal, and those of the highest is one of degree, not of kind, and depends, as Milne-Edwards long ago so well pointed out, upon the extent to which the principle of the division of labor is carried out in the living economy. In the lowest organism all parts are competent to perform all functions, and one and the same portion of protoplasm may successively take on the function of feeding, moving, or reproducing apparatus. In the highest, on the contrary, a great number of parts combine to perform each function, each part doing its allotted share of the work with great accuracy



and efficiency, but being useless for any other purpose.

On the other hand, notwithstanding all the fundamental resemblances which exist between the powers of the protoplasm in plants and in animals, they present a striking difference (to which I shall advert more at length presently), in the fact that plants can manufacture fresh protoplasm out of mineral compounds, whereas animals are obliged to procure it ready made, and hence, in the long run, depend upon plants. Upon what condition this difference in the powers of the two great divisions of the world of life depends nothing is at present known.

With such qualification as arises out of the last-mentioned fact, it may be truly said that the acts of all living things are fundamentally one. Is any such unity predicable of their forms? Let us seek in easily verified facts for a reply to this question. If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger, and viewed with proper precautions and under a sufficiently high microscopic power, there will be seen, among the innumerable multitude of little, circular, discoidal bodies, or corpuscles, which float in it and give it its color, a comparatively small number of colorless corpuscles, of somewhat larger size and very irregular shape. If the drop of blood be kept at the temperature of the body, these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvellous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms.

The substance which is thus active is a mass of protoplasm, and its activity differs in detail, rather than in principle, from that of the protoplasm of the nettle. Under sundry circumstances the corpuscle dies and becomes distended into a round mass, in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body, which existed, but was more or less hidden, in the living corpuscle, and is called its *nucleus*. Corpuscles of essentially similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. Nay, more; in the earliest condition of the human organism, in that state in which it has but just become distinguishable from the egg in which it arises, it is nothing but an aggregation of such corpuscles, and every organ of the body was, once, no more than such an aggregation.

Thus a nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and, in its perfect condition, it is a multiple of such units, variously modified.

But does the formula which expresses the essential structural character of the highest animal cover all the rest, as the statement of its powers and faculties covered that of all others? Very nearly. Beast and fowl, reptile and fish, mollusk, worm, and polype, are all composed of structural units of the same character, namely, masses of protoplasm with a nucleus. There are sundry very low animals, each of which, structurally, is a mere colorless blood-corpuscle, leading an independent life. But, at the very bottom of the animal scale, even this simplicity becomes simplified, and all the phenomena of life are manifested by a particle of protoplasm without a nucleus. Nor are such organisms insignificant by reason of their want of complexity. It is a fair question whether the protoplasm of those simplest forms of life, which people an immense extent of the bot-

tom of the sea, would not outweigh that of all the higher living beings which inhabit the land put together. And in ancient times, no less than at the present day, such living beings as these have been the greatest of rock builders.

What has been said of the animal world is no less true of plants. Imbedded in the protoplasm at the broad, or attached, end of the nettle hair, there lies a spheroidal nucleus. Careful examination further proves that the whole substance of the nettle is made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm, each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes into a woody fibre, sometimes into a duct or spiral vessel, sometimes into a pollen grain, or an ovule. Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises as the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. And in the lowest plants, as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant, or the protoplasm may exist without a nucleus.

Under these circumstances, it may well be asked, how is one mass of non-nucleated protoplasm to be distinguished from another? Why call one "plant" and the other "animal"?

The only reply is that, so far as form is concerned, plants and animals are not separable, and that, in many cases, it is a mere matter of convention whether we call a given organism an animal or a plant. There is a living body called *Æthaliu septicum*, which appears upon decaying vegetable substances, and in one of its forms, is common upon the surfaces of tan pits. In this condition it is, to all intents and purposes, a fungus, and formerly was always regarded as such; but the remarkable investigations of De Bary have shown that, in another condition, the *Æthaliu* is an actively locomotive creature, and takes in solid matters, upon which, apparently, it feeds, thus exhibiting the most characteristic feature of animality. Is this a plant? or is it an animal? Is it both? or is it neither? Some decide in favor of the last supposition, and establish an intermediate kingdom, a sort of biological No Man's Land for all these questionable forms. But, as it is admittedly impossible to draw any distinct boundary line between this no man's land and the vegetable world on the one hand, or the animal on the other, it appears to me that this proceeding merely doubles the difficulty which, before, was single.

Protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. It is the clay of the potter, which, bake it and paint it as he will, remains clay, separated by artifice, and not by nature, from the commonest brick or sun-dried clod.

Thus it becomes clear that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character. The researches of the chemist have revealed a no less striking uniformity of material composition in living matter.

In perfect strictness, it is true that chemical investigation can tell us little or nothing, directly, of the composition of living matter, inasmuch as such matter must needs die in the act of analysis, — and upon this very obvious ground, objections, which I confess seem to me to be somewhat frivolous, have been raised to the drawing of any conclusions whatever respecting the composition of actually living matter, from that of the dead matter of life, which alone is accessible to us. But objectors of this class do not seem to reflect that it is also, in strictness, true that we know nothing about the composition of



any body whatever, as it is. The statement that a crystal of calc-spar consists of carbonate of lime is quite true, if we only mean that, by appropriate processes, it may be resolved into carbonic acid and quicklime. If you pass the same carbonic acid over the very quicklime thus obtained, you will obtain carbonate of lime again; but it will not be calc-spar, nor anything like it. Can it, therefore, be said that chemical analysis teaches nothing about the chemical composition of calc-spar? Such a statement would be absurd; but it is hardly more so than the talk one occasionally hears about the uselessness of applying the results of chemical analysis to the living bodies which have yielded them.

One fact, at any rate, is out of reach of such refinements, and this is, that all the forms of protoplasm which have yet been examined contain the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in very complex union, and that they behave similarly towards several reagents. To this complex combination, the nature of which has never been determined with exactness, the name of Protein has been applied. And if we use this term with such caution as may properly arise out of our comparative ignorance of the things for which it stands, it may be truly said that all protoplasm is proteinaceous, or, as the white, or albumen, of an egg is one of the commonest examples of a nearly pure proteine matter, we may say that all living matter is more or less albuminoid.

Perhaps it would not yet be safe to say that all forms of protoplasm are affected by the direct action of electric shocks; and yet the number of cases in which the contraction of protoplasm is shown to be effected by this agency increases every day.

Nor can it be affirmed with perfect confidence, that all forms of protoplasm are liable to undergo that peculiar coagulation at a temperature of  $40^{\circ}$ — $50^{\circ}$  centigrade, which has been called "heat-stiffening," though Kühne's beautiful researches have proved this occurrence to take place in so many and such diverse living beings, that it is hardly rash to expect that the law holds good for all.

Enough has, perhaps, been said to prove the existence of a general uniformity in the character of the protoplasm, or physical basis, of life, in whatever group of living beings it may be studied. But it will be understood that this general uniformity by no means excludes any amount of special modifications of the fundamental substance. The mineral, carbonate of lime, assumes an immense diversity of characters, though no one doubts that under all these Protean changes it is one and the same thing.

And now, what is the ultimate fate, and what the origin, of the matter of life?

Is it, as some of the older naturalists supposed, diffused throughout the universe in molecules, which are indestructible and unchangeable in themselves, but, in endless transmigration, unite in innumerable permutations into the diversified forms of life we know? Or, is the matter of life composed of ordinary matter, differing from it only in the manner in which its atoms are aggregated? Is it built up of ordinary matter, and again resolved into ordinary matter when its work is done?

Modern science does not hesitate a moment between these alternatives. Physiology writes over the portals of life:—

"Debemur morti nos nostraque,"

with a profounder meaning than the Roman poet attached to that melancholy line. Under whatever disguise it takes refuge, whether fungus or oak, worm or man, the living protoplasm not only ultimately dies and is resolved into its mineral and lifeless constituents, but is always dying, and, strange as the paradox may sound, could not live unless it died.

In the wonderful story of the "*Peau de Chagrin*," the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish.

Balzac's studies had led him over a wide range of thought and speculation, and his shadowing forth of physiological truth in this strange story may have been intentional. At any rate, the matter of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly, or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm.

Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light,—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on forever. But, happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs from Balzac's in its capacity of being repaired, and brought back to its full size, after every exertion.

For example, this present lecture, whatever its intellectual worth to you, has a certain physical value to me, which is, conceivably, expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By and by, I shall probably have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size. Now this mutton was once the living protoplasm, more or less modified, of another animal,—a sheep. As I shall eat it, it is the same matter altered, not only by death, but by exposure to sundry artificial operations in the process of cooking.

But these changes, whatever be their extent, have not rendered it incompetent to resume its old functions as matter of life. A singular inward laboratory, which I possess, will dissolve a certain portion of the modified protoplasm; the solution so formed will pass into my veins; and the subtle influences to which it will then be subjected will convert the dead protoplasm into living protoplasm, and transubstantiate sheep into man.

Nor is this all. If digestion were a thing to be trifled with, I might sup upon lobster, and the matter of life of the crustacean would undergo the same wonderful metamorphosis into humanity. And were I to return to my own place by sea, and undergo shipwreck, the crustacea might, and probably would, return the compliment, and demonstrate our common nature by turning my protoplasm into living lobster. Or, if nothing better were to be had, I might supply my wants with mere bread, and I should find the protoplasm of the wheat-plant to be convertible into man, with no more trouble than that of the sheep, and with far less, I fancy, than that of the lobster.



Hence it appears to be a matter of no great moment what animal or what plant I lay under contribution for protoplasm, and the fact speaks volumes for the general identity of that substance in all living beings. I share this catholicity of assimilation with other animals, all of which, so far as we know, could thrive equally well on the protoplasm of any of their fellows, or of any plant; but here the assimilative powers of the animal world cease. A solution of smelling-salts in water, with an infinitesimal proportion of some other saline matters, contains all the elementary bodies which enter into the composition of protoplasm; but, as I need hardly say, a hog's-head of that fluid would not keep a hungry man from starving, nor would it save any animal whatever from a like fate. An animal cannot make protoplasm, but must take it ready made from some other animal, or some plant, — the animal's highest feat of constructive chemistry being to convert dead protoplasm into that living matter of life which is appropriate to itself.

Therefore, in seeking for the origin of protoplasm we must eventually turn to the vegetable world. The fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and Ammonia, which offers such a Barmecide feast to the animal, is a table richly spread to multitudes of plants; and, with a due supply of only such materials, many a plant will not only maintain itself in vigor but grow and multiply until it has increased a million-fold, or a million million-fold, the quantity of protoplasm which it originally possessed; in this way building up the matter of life, to an indefinite extent, from the common matter of the universe.

Thus, the animal can only raise the complex substance of dead protoplasm to the higher power as one may say of living protoplasm; while the plant can raise the less complex substances, — carbonic acid water, and ammonia, — to the same stage of living protoplasm, if not to the same level. But the plant also has its limitations. Some of the fungi, for example, appear to need higher compounds to start with; and no known plant can live upon the uncompounded elements of protoplasm. A plant supplied with pure carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, phosphorous sulphur, and the like, would as infallibly die as the animal in his bath of smelling-salts, though it would be surrounded by all the constituents of protoplasm. Nor, indeed, need the process of simplification of vegetable food be carried so far as this in order to arrive at the limit of the plant's thaumaturgy. Let water, carbonic acid, and all the other needful constituents be supplied without ammonia, and an ordinary plant will still be unable to manufacture protoplasm.

Thus the matter of life, so far as we know it (and we have no right to speculate on any other), breaks up, in consequence of that continual death which is the condition of its manifesting vitality, into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, which certainly possess no properties but those of ordinary matter. And out of these same forms of ordinary matter, and from none which are simpler, the vegetable world builds up all the protoplasm which keeps the animal world a going. Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disperse.

But it will be observed, that the existence of the matter of life depends on the pre-existence of certain compounds; namely, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia. Withdraw any one of these three from the world, and all vital phenomena come to an end.

They are related to the protoplasm of the plant as the protoplasm of the plant is to that of the animal. Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are all lifeless bodies. Of these, carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions and under certain conditions, to give rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and hydrogen give rise to ammonia. These new compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless. But when they are brought together, under certain conditions they give rise to the still more complex body, protoplasm, and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life.

I see no break in this series of steps in molecular complication, and I am unable to understand why the language which is applicable to any one term of the series may not be used to any of the others. We think fit to call different kinds of matter carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and to speak of the various powers and activities of these substances as the properties of the matter of which they are composed.

When hydrogen and oxygen are mixed in a certain proportion, and an electric spark is passed through them, they disappear, and a quantity of water, equal in weight to the sum of their weights, appears in their place. There is not the slightest parity between the passive and active powers of the water and those of the oxygen and hydrogen which have given rise to it. At 32° Fahrenheit, and far below that temperature, oxygen and hydrogen are elastic gaseous bodies, whose particles tend to rush away from one another with great force. Water, at the same temperature, is a strong though brittle solid, whose particles tend to cohere into definite geometrical shapes, and sometimes build up frosty imitations of the most complex forms of vegetable foliage.

Nevertheless, we call these, and many other strange phenomena, the properties of the water, and we do not hesitate to believe that, in some way or another, they result from the properties of the component elements of the water. We do not assume that a something called "aquosity" entered into and took possession of the oxide of hydrogen as soon as it was formed, and then guided the aqueous particles to their places in the facets of the crystal, or amongst the leaflets of the hoar-frost. On the contrary, we live in the hope and in the faith that, by the advance of molecular physics, we shall by and by be able to see our way as clearly from the constituents of water to the properties of water, as we are now able to deduce the operations of a watch from the form of its parts and the manner in which they are put together.

Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid, water, and ammonia disappear, and in their place, under the influence of pre-existing living protoplasm, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance?

It is true that there is no sort of parity between the properties of the components and the properties of the resultant, but neither was there in the case of the water. It is also true that what I have spoken of as the influence of pre-existing living matter is something quite unintelligible; but does anybody quite comprehend the *modus operandi* of an electric spark, which traverses a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?

What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in



the not living matter which gave rise to it? What better philosophical status has "vitality" than "aquosity"? And why should "vitality" hope for a better fate than the other "itys" which have disappeared since Martinus Scriblerus accounted for the operation of the meat-jack by its inherent "meat roasting quality," and scorned the "materialism" of those who explained the turning of the spit by a certain mechanism worked by the draught of the chimney?

If scientific language is to possess a definite and constant signification whenever it is employed, it seems to me that we are logically bound to apply to the protoplasm, or physical basis of life, the same conceptions as those which are held to be legitimate elsewhere. If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm, living or dead, its properties.

If the properties of water may be properly said to result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules.

But I bid you beware that, in accepting these conclusions, you are placing your feet on the first rung of a ladder which, in most people's estimation, is the reverse of Jacob's, and leads to the antipodes of heaven. It may seem a small thing to admit that the dull vital actions of a fungus, or a foraminifer, are the properties of their protoplasm, and are the direct results of the nature of the matter of which they are composed. But if, as I have endeavored to prove to you, their protoplasm is essentially identical with, and most readily converted into, that of any animal, I can discover no logical halting-place between the admission that such is the case and the further concession that all vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. And if so, it must be true, in the same sense and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance, and your thoughts regarding them, are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena.

Past experience leads me to be tolerably certain that, when the propositions I have just placed before you are accessible to public comment and criticism, they will be condemned by many zealous persons, and perhaps by some few of the wise and thoughtful. I should not wonder if "gross and brutal materialism" were the mildest phrase applied to them in certain quarters. And most undoubtedly the terms of the propositions are distinctly materialistic. Nevertheless two things are certain: the one, that I hold the statements to be substantially true; the other, that I, individually, am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error.

This union of materialistic terminology with the repudiation of materialistic philosophy, I share with some of the most thoughtful men with whom I am acquainted. And, when I first undertook to deliver the present discourse, it appeared to me to be a fitting opportunity to explain how such a union is not only consistent with, but necessitated by, sound logic. I purposed to lead you through the territory of vital phenomena to the materialistic slough in which you find yourselves now plunged, and then to point out to you

the sole path by which, in my judgment, extrication is possible.

An occurrence of which I was unaware until my arrival here last night renders this line of argument singularly opportune. I found in your papers the eloquent address "On the Limits of Philosophical Inquiry," which a distinguished prelate of the English Church delivered before the members of the Philosophical Institution on the previous day. My argument, also, turns upon this very point of limits of philosophical inquiry; and I cannot bring out my own views better than by contrasting them with those so plainly, and, in the main, fairly, stated by the Archbishop of York.

But I may be permitted to make a preliminary comment upon an occurrence that greatly astonished me. Applying the name of "the New Philosophy," to that estimate of the limits of philosophical inquiry which I, in common with many other men of science, hold to be just, the Archbishop opens his address by identifying this "New Philosophy" with the Positive Philosophy of M. Comte (of whom he speaks as its "founder"), and then proceeds to attack that philosopher and his doctrines vigorously.

Now, so far as I am concerned, the most reverend prelate might dialectically hew M. Comte in pieces, as a modern Agag, and I should not attempt to stay his hand. In so far as my study of what specially characterizes the Positive Philosophy has led me, I find therein little or nothing of any scientific value, and a great deal, which is as thoroughly antagonistic to the very essence of science as anything in ultramontane Catholicism. In fact, M. Comte's philosophy in practice might be compendiously described as Catholicism *minus* Christianity.

But what has Comtism to do with the "New Philosophy," as the Archbishop defines it in the following passage?—

"Let me briefly remind you of the leading principles of this new philosophy.

"All knowledge is experience of facts acquired by the senses. The traditions of older philosophies have obscured our experience by mixing with it much that the senses cannot observe, and until these additions are discarded, our knowledge is impure. Thus metaphysics tell us that one fact which we observe is a cause, and another is the effect of that cause; but upon a rigid analysis, we find that our senses observe nothing of cause or effect; they observe, first, that one fact succeeds another, and, after some opportunity, that this fact has never failed to follow,—that for cause and effect we should substitute invariable succession. An older philosophy teaches us to define an object by distinguishing its essential from its accidental qualities; but experience knows nothing of essential and accidental; she sees only that certain marks attach to an object, and, after many observations, that some of them attach invariably, whilst others may at times be absent. . . . As all knowledge is relative, the notion of anything being necessary must be banished with other traditions."\*

There is much here that expresses the spirit of the "New Philosophy," if by that term be meant the spirit of modern science; but I cannot but marvel that the assembled wisdom and learning of Edinburgh should have uttered no sign of dissent, when Comte was declared to be the founder of these doctrines. No one will accuse Scotchmen of habitually forgetting their great countrymen; but it was

\* "The Limits of Philosophical Inquiry," pp. 4 and 5.



enough to make David Hume turn in his grave, that here, almost within ear-shot of his house, an instructed audience should have listened, without a murmur, while his most characteristic doctrines were attributed to a French writer of fifty years later date, in whose dreary and verbose pages we miss alike the vigor of thought and the exquisite clearness of style of the man whom I make bold to term the most acute thinker of the eighteenth century,—even though that century produced Kant.

But I did not come to Scotland to vindicate the honor of one of the greatest men she has ever produced. My business is to point out to you that the only way of escape out of the crass materialism in which we just now landed is the adoption and strict working out of the very principles which the Archbishop holds up to reprobation.

Let us suppose that knowledge is absolute, and not relative, and therefore, that our conception of matter represents that which it really is. Let us suppose, further, that we do know more of cause and effect than a certain definite order of succession among facts, and that we have a knowledge of the necessity of that succession,—and hence, of necessary laws,—and I, for my part, do not see what escape there is from utter materialism and necessarianism. For it is obvious that our knowledge of what we call the material world is, to begin with, at least as certain and definite as that of the spiritual world, and that our acquaintance with law is of as old a date as our knowledge of spontaneity. Further, I take it to be demonstrable that it is utterly impossible to prove that anything whatever may not be the effect of a material and necessary cause, and that human logic is equally incompetent to prove that any act is really spontaneous. A really spontaneous act is one which, by the assumption, has no cause; and the attempt to prove such a negative as this is, on the face of the matter, absurd. And while it is thus a philosophical impossibility to demonstrate that any given phenomenon is not the effect of a material cause, any one who is acquainted with the history of science will admit, that its progress has, in all ages, meant, and now, more than ever, means, the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity.

I have endeavored, in the first part of this discourse, to give you a conception of the direction towards which modern physiology is tending; and I ask you what is the difference between the conception of life as the product of a certain disposition of material molecules, and the old notion of an Archæus governing and directing blind matter within each living body, except this,—that here, as elsewhere, matter and law have devoured spirit and spontaneity? And as surely as every future grows out of past and present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and of law until it is coextensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action.

The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare, I believe, upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's

moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom.

If the "New Philosophy" be worthy of the reprobation with which it is visited, I confess their fears seem to me to be well founded. While, on the contrary, could David Hume be consulted, I think he would smile at their perplexities, and chide them for doing even as the heathen, and falling down in terror before the hideous idols their own hands have raised.

For, after all, what do we know of this terrible "matter," except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that "spirit" over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.

And what is the dire necessity and "iron" law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an "iron" law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity, it is that a stone, unsupported, must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know and can know about the latter phenomenon? Simply, that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground, "a law of nature." But when, as commonly happens, we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder. Fact I know; and Law I know; but what is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?

But, if it is certain that we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit, and that the notion of necessity is something illegitimately thrust into the perfectly legitimate conception of law, the materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas. The fundamental doctrines of materialism, like those of spiritualism, and most other "isms," lie outside "the limits of philosophical inquiry," and David Hume's great service to humanity is his irrefragable demonstration of what these limits are. Hume called himself a sceptic, and therefore others cannot be blamed if they apply the same title to him; but that does not alter the fact that the name, with its existing implications, does him gross injustice.

If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor any one else, have any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a sceptic. On the contrary, in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems



about which we are naturally curious, and shows us that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world. And he thus ends one of his essays:—

"If we take in hand any volume of Divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."\*

Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events.

Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally, as often as we like to try. Each, therefore, stands upon the strongest foundation upon which any belief can rest, and forms one of our highest truths. If we find that the ascertainment of the order of nature is facilitated by using one terminology, or one set of symbols, rather than another, it is our clear duty to use the former; and no harm can accrue, so long as we bear in mind, that we are dealing merely with terms and symbols.

In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit, or the phenomena of spirit, in terms of matter; matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of matter,—each statement has a certain relative truth. But with a view to the progress of science, the materialistic terminology is in every way to be preferred. For it connects thought with the other phenomena of the universe, and suggests inquiry into the nature of those physical conditions, or concomitants of thought, which are more or less accessible to us, and a knowledge of which may, in future, help us to exercise the same kind of control over the world of thought as we already possess in respect of the material world; whereas, the alternative, or spiritualistic terminology is utterly barren, and leads to nothing but obscurity and confusion of ideas.

Thus there can be little doubt that the further science advances the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of nature be represented by materialistic formulæ and symbols.

But the man of science, who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician, who should mistake the *x*'s and *y*'s, with which he works his problems, for real entities,—and with this further disadvantage, as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical conse-

quence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.

## GRIFFITH GAUNT.

[The following admirable paper, from The Telegraph, one of the widest circulated of the London Daily Journals, will be read with interest, corroborating as it does the judgment of every thoughtful reader,—a judgment recently confirmed by our courts,—that "Griffith Gaunt" is a work of unexceptionable morality.]

WE believe that certain critics have stigmatized Mr. Charles Reade's "Griffith Gaunt," as immoral. For their better information, we beg to explain to them what constitutes immorality in an author. It consists in openly or covertly inculcating that which is immoral,—a fault from which the book before us is totally free. Immorality consists, not in describing temptations, but in winking at the weakness that succumbs to them,—not in portraying the great and fiery passions of our nature, but in taking pleasure to represent them as subduing the nobler part of us,—not in painting vice, for otherwise life could not be painted, but in praising it. From such a heinous and unpardonable sin of authorship the volumes before us are as pure as are all the rest of the works with which the same genius has enriched English literature. It is not in Mr. Reade's literary temperament to coquette between right and wrong in morals, nor to scramble his blacks with delicate shades of gray. No man or woman was ever made worse, but better, by reading what he has written; and "Griffith Gaunt" is the last proof of the manly and loyal allegiance which he pays to the best things in manhood and to the sweetest qualities in womanhood. But his business is to depict for us human nature as he knows and sees it in men and women, not from lay figures draped with flaccid folds of unreality and sentiment; and human nature happens to present a great many serious and astonishing phenomena of passion. Among them is that one fierce, sudden, and profound which stirs the hearts of its victims like a storm, that shadow of great love, jealousy,—a master passion which can be fitly described only by master hands, and which involves all sorts of occasions to say plain and natural things.

Do those who repay Mr. Reade with abuse for his remarkable book accuse the play of "Othello" of immorality? Have they expurgated "The Winter's Tale" from their Shakespeare, or purified their Scott and Southey of the sin of depicting this grand and terrible passion, with all that it implies and involves? There is nothing here that is not there also; and whereas these painters of nature give the thing broadly and coarsely, we find in Mr. Reade a constant and careful recollection that he will be read, as he deserves, by women, who need not fear, even the purest, to meet anything in these pages which they must not find in life, walk as daintily as they may through its sights and sounds; while in the boldest passages,—and bold passages there are, apart from the main plot,—the white hand of Virtue is held fast by the writer; and no one but a fool or a knave can dare to mistake him anywhere for other than an ardent friend and lover of what is "lovely and of good report."

Let us turn, however, to the book itself, which we hold to be in many respects the most powerful and truthful yet produced by the author. He has laid its scene a hundred years back in Cumberland, and it is needless to say that the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth" knows well how to give us the at-

\* Hume's Essay "Of the Academical or Sceptical Philosophy," in the "Inquiry Concerning the Human Understanding."



mosphere and character of the time. But in this he has not attempted to rival the minuteness of Thackeray's "Esmond"; ingenious and lifelike touches constantly keep us in the old Georgian world, but not so as to suggest any effort on the writer's part, or to separate us in interest from his heroine. A patch or two in the right place, with powdered hair, and the pretty formalisms of the old day, are just enough introduced to keep her sweet face in the epoch of hoops and stomachers. We must speak of her first, both because she is a lady,—"such a lady," as Mr. Browning sings,—and because the male reader will have to fall in love with Kate Peyton sooner or later, and may as well do it sooner than later.

Miss Catherine Peyton is a tall and true-bred beauty, with golden hair and gray eyes, that "had a way of turning slowly and fully on their victim, so that he could not fail to observe two things,—first, that they were grand and beautiful orbs; second, that they were thoughtfully overlooking him instead of looking at him." She is a "gentlewoman," every inch of her; a Catholic, a Diana of the coverside, without being in the least an Amazon; womanly, loving, cultured, religious, impulsive, proud, and pitiful. We see her first in her scarlet riding-habit and purple cap, on a great white bony gelding at the hunt, when she rides to the front with all the keenness of the boldest, and then quietly lets the fox steal past her out of cover for pity and a passing fancy. From this to the day when she stands to plead for her life in the court of justice, the skilful hand of the author never mars the outline. A "gentlewoman" she remains throughout, noble, pure, far too sweet and noble, some will say, for her lover and husband, Griffith Gaunt. Yet Griffith is a great and consistent character also, and as true to the times and to his own nature as Kate Peyton. Mr. Reade has not scrupled to attach to his hero the one coarse vice of the day, when "sobriety was not yet invented"; and the verisimilitude, we confess, does become excessively painful when Griffith all but misses the delicious confession and love-troth of his mistress at the turret-casement by the vulgar fact that he has taken too much wine. But in spite of this Homeric fault, the man is an English country gentleman, brave and true as steel, loving, simple-hearted,—of passions as strong as is his frame,—slow to move, but once moved, like Ajax, "mighty in wrath." There seems a law in human affections that unlikes should seek out and fulfil each other, and on this theory Griffith and Kate are not ill-matched. His is not, we say again, a coarse nature, or Kate could never have become his wife; but it is robust and rich rather than fine, and such as the freedom and manners of the age might breed out of a good and gentle stock. Griffith has a rival and a contrast in George Neville, a travelled and accomplished gentleman, ten times more delicate and refined in temperament, and a dangerous competitor for the fair hand of Miss Peyton. The two lovers fight a duel for her sake, which furnishes one of the most delightful pictures of the book.

What led to this duel, and what came of it, readers must learn for themselves; for Mr. Reade long ago launched some just thunder at the critics who fill up their judgment of a good book by filching its plot, and we have no idea of doing him that injustice. We have committed ourselves already to the statement that Kate marries the generous, passionate Griffith instead of the cultivated, elegant George Neville; and if Mr. Reade's novel ended where it

began, there would be nothing but smiles and hyemeneal joys. But it only begins where most novels finish, and Mrs. Gaunt being a Catholic, a heavenly-minded, saintly, soft-eyed priest comes into the paradise, who plays the mischief with the family peace, and drives poor Griffith to causeless but natural distraction. A highly genuine hatred of priests, especially the soft and saintly kind, will be excited in the minds of most British readers by the skilful pictures of this second portion of the story; though Father Leonard is not so very much to blame, and has the pains of purgatory anticipated by the punishment he receives. There is a feminine Iago, in the person of Caroline Ryder, Kate Gaunt's lady's-maid, who, being of an amorous temperament, lays snares for her master's virtue, which stands the proof as well as the dame's. But the tale takes a hard and sad tone afterwards, though nothing touches the proud and noble purity of Kate. Maddened—we shall not say how—by what he has heard and seen, Griffith breaks away from his home, and gets into altogether new company in the next county. We are inclined to think that nothing but a real story could have justified Mr. Reade in inflicting upon such a being as Mercy Vint the fate he allots to her; if he has invented her sorrows and trials, we who have praised him so much are tempted to retract as we read of two such women tortured by the headstrong and animal rashness of Griffith. It is such a nature, however, that tender and lofty feminine hearts will often love, and we cannot lay our finger upon a passage here which is not possible and even probable enough, though the climax of misadventure, and error, and sin rises at last to the scene where the two wives of Griffith Gaunt kneel and weep, and embrace by turns over a baby that has no business in the world. In these absorbing adventures and passionate passages Mr. Reade has undoubtedly caught a good deal of the plain spirit and frank allusions of Fielding; but we repeat that these are natural and homely, and necessary to the story, and nowhere mar the loving and tender care which the author keeps of the virtue of his beautiful and gentle heroines.

The narrative grows intensely unpleasant in incident towards the close, and we end by hating Griffith, when his wife lies in jail on the charge of murder, and his other wife is planning, like the saint she is, to set her stately and legitimate rival free again. Still, judged by a full view of the events, Griffith's sin is plausible and pardonable, though very great; it was not in the fibre of a nature like his to consecrate his imagined sorrow by pure regrets, and wear the willow for the great heart which he regarded as lost. Neville might have done so, but Griffith, though a good lover, was like Othello, "being moved, perplexed in the extreme," and he blunders into these miserable mistakes, till at the end we are only half contented, only half sure that things are right, when by-gones are forgotten, and handsome Kate Gaunt and her husband come together again, and live happily ever afterwards. What repays us for all is the portrait of Kate. Always noble, worthy, and womanly, her sweet figure haunts the reader, and makes him, in the language of the times, "her servant to command"; and there is this to be pleaded for Griffith's sin of despair, that to lose or to fear to have lost such a woman might plunge a wiser man than he into that fatal mood. To one or two points in the story we must take exception, as against art. It is nothing less than a makeshift of the third volume to



pair George Neville off with Mercy Vint; and that, too, in the neighborhood, and by the actual advice, of his old sweetheart, Kate Gaunt. His proud nature would surely never have borne to lose his first mistress to Griffith, and then take up with one discarded by his rival; it is not likely! He deserved a better fate, although Mercy is heavenly. Then we think Mr. Reade ought to have told us something more of Father Leonard, the priest, whose character, though not agreeable, is a rich and capable one, and worth following out to its finish; and finally, we cannot help feeling that the author has not sufficiently marked the inevitable effect of maternal love upon Kate Gaunt. In real life her little Rose would have settled the priestly business in a healthy way, and found her better ideas than how to prepare misery for herself in unconsciously tempting her father confessor with a heaven a good deal nearer than breviaries point to.

But this said, and our repugnance expressed to the desperate wrong, however accidental, which the true wife suffers, we recur to the language of praise. Mr. Reade's art in following the hidden thread of a passion is well known; here it is at its best. There is no putting the book aside; finish it one must off-hand, to lay the ghost of its haunting excitement, which would otherwise fret and trouble the mind as if for living people. The first volume is the best because the most pleasant in incident, and contains delicious love-making and bits of picture which are enchanting; but, first and last, Mr. Reade will hold the reader who once opens his book as surely as "a three-year child." Nobody can escape the fresh, strong charm of his writing, nor get free from the "toil of grace," which his women — whom he loves and exalts as Shakespeare does his heroines — weave over the mind. And, above all, there is one subtle characteristic of all his writings, — his fine clear, playful, pungent, Greek-like irony, which now in a word, now in a phrase, coruscates about the narrative, and lights it up with a sort of electric flash of feeling or fun. He has this quality, — a rare and antique one, — and the gift of describing and doing homage to a good and beautiful woman, "simply as strong as any man in Illyria"; and, though in many passages "Griffith Gaunt" may be a painful book to read, those who call it "immoral" have need to go to their own peculiar dictionary for English and to some other world than this for examples of human nature.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. TROLLOPE'S new novel is not yet baptized.

SIR EMERSON TENNENT was a very old and intimate friend of Charles Dickens.

PRIVATE letters from Mr. Longfellow assure his friends of his continued excellent health.

M. PAUL FÉVAL, the popular French novelist, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor.

LE GAULOIS felicitates itself on the fact that it has the Prince de Joinville among its subscribers.

THE old Durham Theatre, which was once the property of the Kemble family, has been destroyed by fire.

A PRESSURE of matter has prevented us, until now, from reprinting Prof. Huxley's remarkable

paper "On the Social Basis of Life." We reproduce the article in our present number at the request of numerous readers.

THE London Review says that Dickens deliberately killed Dora because she could not cook David Copperfield's dinner satisfactorily.

A LONDON wag says that *L'Homme qui Rit* is not the man who starts a new magazine in the present overcrowded state of the periodical market.

SOME interesting unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott have recently come to light, and are soon to be given to the world in the pages of the Gentleman's Magazine.

ACCORDING to the authority of the Court Journal, Mr. Tennyson "has again refused an offer of a peerage." As this statement is made every six months, it is beginning to lose point.

A NEW journal has made its appearance in Paris, entitled *Journal des Femmes*, which proposes to instruct the fair sex in politics, science, and art, and to raise generally their social condition.

THE King of Prussia has conferred on a Miss Granville the Order and Riband of the *Erinnerung Kreutz*, in acknowledgment of her incessant care of the wounded Prussian soldiers after the battle of Kissingen, July 11, 1866.

HECTOR BERLIOZ, the celebrated French composer, is dead. He was for many years the musical critic for the *Débats*. His numerous works have been variously estimated. Paginini, who thought him equal to Beethoven, once made him a present of 20,000f.

A FEW days before his death, Sir Emerson Tennent remarked to his son that if one were taken ill in the street, the best thing to do was to knock at a door and inquire for apartments. This was the course he actually took when he was seized with a fatal attack in Lupus Street.

THE first instance of any one being run over and fatally injured by a velocipede comes from France. "The venerable pastor and well-known writer, Martin Paschoud, was walking to Lamartine's late residence at Passy, to inquire for the family, when he was run over and so severely injured by a velocipedist that he had to be carried into the villa. The Countess Cessiot de Lamartine sent for two doctors, who gave little hopes of his recovery."

IN a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette, Sir Charles Trevelyan puts in a plea for "Cleopatra's Needle," which, although the property of the British nation, lies neglected under the sand at Alexandria. That well-known explorer, Sir James Alexander, has written to Sir Charles on the subject, and states that the obelisk might be removed to London at a cost of about £1,500. Sir Charles suggests that "Cleopatra's Needle" might be advantageously placed in the centre of the Temple Gardens.

THE French papers attribute a *mot* to Lamartine, for which, had he been still alive, they would scarcely have liked to make him responsible. Some one asked the poet whether he was not spending too



much money in advertising his publications. "No," he is reported to have answered, "advertisements are absolutely necessary. Even Divine worship" (in the original, *le bon Dieu*) "needs advertising. Otherwise what is the meaning of church bells?"

WE have anecdotes *en masse* of Lamartine. One detail of his personal habits is interesting. The original manuscripts of all his works are in the possession of his family, and throughout the whole of this immense collection of manuscripts scarcely an erasure or correction is to be found. This is specially observable in the case of his volumes of the "History of the Girondins," each volume of which costs the editor £4,000. In his dress he retained the old fashions of his youth, and always wore the narrow coat and tight trousers which were worn in the palmy days when the cut of Count d'Orsay's coat was the model of all well-dressed bipeds.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Times calls attention to a new mode of begging which is practised extensively in London. If the foot-passer does not open his purse, the humble applicant at once consigns him to "those gloomy regions in which some theologians are said to put no faith." Almost every street in London is said to be infested with beggars of both sexes, who lie in wait, especially for ladies, and seek to terrify them by curses of the most malignant and comprehensive character. If the lady accosted happens to have a child with her, the beggar sets to work anathematizing the child, and calling down all sorts of dire punishments upon its head, as well as the heads of its father, mother, and ancestors to remote generations. Pleasant.

ONE of the Paris letter-writers relates the following practical joke practised upon the Princess Metternich on her birthday, which was celebrated by a grand dinner given by the Count and Countess Pourtales: "As her carriage drove up to the Pourtales Mansion, Rue Trombet, a footman in the livery of the family advanced to the door of her carriage and followed her into the hall, entering into conversation with her as she ascended the staircase. The Princess, fancying he was either slightly drunk or mad, thought it better to pay no attention, and naturally made him no reply. As she was ushered by a groom of the chambers into the Countess's drawing-rooms, the impertinent Jeames vanished. Before she had time to recover her surprise, dinner was announced. As she took her seat on the right of her host, she perceived to her utter amazement the identical lacquey who had almost frightened her coolly taking a chair by her side. The Princess turned to the Count for an explanation; he, however, was preoccupied, as the Irish say, by accident on purpose, and he was engaged in speaking to the lady on his left. The Princess looked round once more to ascertain if her eyes had not deceived her, and suddenly recognized the features of one of her oldest friends, the Count de l'Aigle, well known to all who have hunted with the Imperial stag-hounds at Compiègne, in the disguise of a footman. This practical joke excited a merry laugh."

Two pictures by an American artist, Mr. Godfrey Frankenstein, are just now attracting much attention in London. These works are entitled "The Horse-shoe Fall, Niagara," and "June in Ohio." Speaking of the former painting, a writer in the London

Examiner says: "We do not intend to flatter Mr. Frankenstein by the assertion of our belief that his performance rises to that pitch of excellence, that thorough identification with Nature, which doubtless has been his aim. But what he has accomplished shows him to be an artist with a soul in him,—something of a realistic soul, perhaps,—and, if he have not given to us all that our imagination would lead us to expect in presence of the grand phenomenon itself, we are quite confident that he has furnished to us a faithful, albeit literal transcript of it, and that the picture need not altogether fear being confronted with its 'great original.' Moreover, we should say, in justice to a work of art whereon so much loving and intelligent pains has been bestowed, that when, after the lapse of a few years, time shall have mellowed down the crudenesses inseparable from all paintings newly executed, this picture will then be still more appreciable than it is now, and we trust that it will find its way to the gallery of some of our home-patrons of art. The picture is, its subject considered, not of Brodingtonian proportions, and the result of the Modern Frankenstein's labors has not been the production of a Monster, but of 'A Thing of Beauty.'"

"There is another picture from the same pencil, 'June in Ohio,' which is a very beautiful piece of handiwork, an idyl, so to speak, of pastoral enjoyment, the very antithesis of the Niagara. There, all is turbulence, restlessness on a grand scale. Here, all is peace and quietude. Not a ripple disturbs the surface of the stream that reflects, with remarkable fidelity, the sky above, and the trees upon its banks. This picture alone would stamp Mr. Frankenstein as capable, if not of the greatest efforts, certainly of depicting nature in some of her most poetic phases."

MATTHEW BROWNE, the author of "Lilliput Levee," is writing some very charming lectures for little folk in Good Words for the Young. We copy this musical lyric from one of the latest of Mr. Browne's papers:—

#### WHAT LITTLE BOY BLUE DID ONCE.

All in the morning early,  
The Little Boy in Blue  
(The grass with rain is pearly)  
Has thought of something new.]

He saddled dear old Dobbin;  
He had but half a crown;  
And jogging, cantering, bobbing,  
He came to London town.

The sheep were in the meadows,  
The cows were in the corn;  
Beneath the city shadows  
At last he stood forlorn.

He stood beneath Bow steeple,  
That is in London town;  
And tried to count the people  
As they went up and down.

O, there was not a daisy,  
And not a buttercup;  
The air was thick and hazy,  
And Blue Boy gave it up.

The houses, next, in London,  
He thought that he would count,  
But still the sum was undone  
So great was the amount.

He could not think of robbing;  
He had but half a crown;  
And so he mounted Dobbin,  
And rode back from the town.

The sheep were in the meadows,  
The cows were in the corn;  
Amid the evening shadows  
He stood where he was born.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1869.

[No. 172.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LXXVIII.

CASALUNGA.

SIR MARMADUKE had been told at the Florence post-office that he would no doubt be able to hear tidings of Trevelyan, and to learn his address, from the officials in the post-office at Siena. At Florence he had been introduced to some gentleman who was certainly of some importance, — a superintendent who had clerks under him and who was a big man. This person had been very courteous to him, and he had gone to Siena thinking that he would find it easy to obtain Trevelyan's address, — or to learn that there was no such person there. But at Siena he and his courier together could obtain no information. They rambled about the huge cathedral and the picturesque market-place of that quaint old city for the whole day, and on the next morning after breakfast they returned to Florence. They had learned nothing. The young man at the post-office had simply protested that he knew nothing of the name of Trevelyan. If letters should come addressed to such a name, he would keep them till they were called for; but, to the best of his knowledge, he had never seen or heard the name. At the guard-house of the gendarmerie they could not, or would not, give him any information, and Sir Marmaduke came back with an impression that everybody at Siena was ignorant, idiotic, and brutal. Mrs. Trevelyan was so dispirited as to be ill, and both Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley were disposed to think that the world was all against them.

"You have no conception of the sort of woman that man is going to marry," said Lady Rowley.

"What man?"

"Mr. Glascock! A horrid American female, as old almost as I am, who talks through her nose, and preaches sermons about the rights of women. It is incredible! And Nora might have had him just for lifting up her hand."

But Sir Marmaduke could not interest himself much about Mr. Glascock. When he had been told

that his daughter had refused the heir to a great estate and a peerage, it had been matter of regret, but he had looked upon the affair as done, and cared nothing now though Mr. Glascock should marry a Transatlantic Xantippe. He was angry with Nora because by her obstinacy she was adding to the general perplexities of the family, but he could not make comparisons on Mr. Glascock's behalf between her and Miss Spalding, — as his wife was doing, either mentally or aloud, from hour to hour. "I suppose it is too late now," said Lady Rowley, shaking her head.

"Of course it is too late. The man must marry whom he pleases. I am beginning to wonder that anybody should ever want to get married. I am indeed."

"But what are the girls to do?"

"I don't know what anybody is to do. Here is a man as mad as a March hare, and yet nobody can touch him. If it was not for the child, I should advise Emily to put him out of her head altogether."

But though Sir Marmaduke could not bring himself to take any interest in Mr. Glascock's affairs, and would not ask a single question respecting the fearful American female whom this unfortunate man was about to translate to the position of an English peeress, yet circumstances so fell out that before three days were over he and Mr. Glascock were thrown together in very intimate relations. Sir Marmaduke had learned that Mr. Glascock was the only Englishman in Florence to whom Trevelyan had been known, and that he was the only person with whom Trevelyan had been seen to speak while passing through the city. In his despair, therefore, Sir Marmaduke had gone to Mr. Glascock, and it was soon arranged that the two gentlemen should renew the search at Siena together, without having with them either Mrs. Trevelyan or the courier. Mr. Glascock knew the ways of the people better than did Sir Marmaduke, and could speak the language. He obtained a passport to the good offices of the police at Siena, and went prepared to demand rather than to ask for assistance. They started very

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



early, before breakfast, and on arriving at Siena at about noon, first employed themselves in recruiting exhausted nature. By the time that they had both declared that the hotel at Siena was the very worst in all Italy, and that a breakfast without eatable butter was not to be considered a breakfast at all, they had become so intimate that Mr. Glascock spoke of his own intended marriage. He must have done this with the conviction on his mind that Nora Rowley would have told her mother of his former intention, and that Lady Rowley would have told Sir Marmaduke; but he did not feel it to be incumbent on himself to say anything on that subject. He had nothing to excuse. He had behaved fairly and honorably. It was not to be expected that he should remain unmarried forever for the sake of a girl who had twice refused him. "Of course there are very many in England," he said, "who will think me foolish to marry a girl from another country."

"It is done every day," said Sir Marmaduke.

"No doubt it is. I admit, however, that I ought to be more careful than some other persons. There is a title and an estate to be perpetuated, and I cannot, perhaps, be justified in taking quite so much liberty as some other men may do; but I think I have chosen a woman born to have a high position, and who will make her own way in any society in which she may be placed."

"I have no doubt she will," said Sir Marmaduke, who had still sounding in his ears the alarming description which his wife had given him of this infatuated man's proposed bride. But he would have been bound to say as much had Mr. Glascock intended to marry as lowly as did King Cophetua.

"She is highly educated, gentle-mannered, as sweetly soft as any English girl I ever met, and very pretty. You have met her, I think."

"I do not remember that I have observed her."

"She is too young for me, perhaps," said Mr. Glascock; "but that is a fault on the right side." Sir Marmaduke, as he wiped his beard after his breakfast, remembered what his wife had told him about the lady's age. But it was nothing to him. "She is four-and-twenty, I think," said Mr. Glascock. If Mr. Glascock chose to believe that his intended wife was four-and-twenty instead of something over forty, that was nothing to Sir Marmaduke.

"The very best age in the world," said he.

They had sent for an officer of the police, and before they had been three hours in Siena they had been told that Trevelyan lived about seven miles from the town, in a small and very remote country house, which he had hired for twelve months from one of the city hospitals. He had hired it furnished, and had purchased a horse and small carriage from a man in the town. To this man they went, and it soon became evident to them that he of whom they were in search was living at this house, which was called Casalunga, and was not, as the police officer told them, on the way to any place. They must leave Siena by the road for Rome, take a turn to the left about a mile beyond the city gate, and continue on along the country lane till they saw a certain round hill to the right. On the top of that round hill was Casalunga. As the country about Siena all lies in round hills, this was no adequate description; but it was suggested that the country people would know all about it. They got a small open carriage in the market-place, and were driven out. Their driver knew nothing of Casalunga, and simply went whither he was told. But by the aid of the country

people they got along over the unmade lanes, and in little more than an hour were told, at the bottom of the hill, that they must now walk up to Casalunga. Though the hill was round-topped, and no more than a hill, still the ascent at last was very steep, and was paved with stones set edgeway in a manner that could hardly have been intended to accommodate wheels. When Mr. Glascock asserted that the signor who lived there had a carriage of his own, the driver suggested that he must keep it at the bottom of the hill. It was clearly not his intention to attempt to drive up the ascent, and Sir Marmaduke and Mr. Glascock were therefore obliged to walk. It was now in the latter half of May, and there was a blazing Italian sky over their heads. Mr. Glascock was acclimated to Italian skies, and did not much mind the work; but Sir Marmaduke, who never did much walking, declared that Italy was infinitely hotter than the Mandarins, and could hardly make his way as far as the house door.

It seemed to both of them to be a most singular abode for such a man as Trevelyan. At the top of the hill there was a huge entrance through a wooden gateway, which seemed to have been constructed with the intention of defying any intruders not provided with warlike ammunition. The gates were, indeed, open at the period of their visit, but it must be supposed that they were intended to be closed at any rate at night. Immediately on the right, as they entered through the gates, there was a large barn, in which two men were cooping wine vats. From thence a path led slanting to the house, of which the door was shut, and all the front windows blocked with shutters. The house was very long, and only of one story for a portion of its length. Over that end, at which the door was placed, there were upper rooms, and there must have been space enough for a large family with many domestics. There was nothing round or near the residence which could be called a garden, so that its look of desolation was extreme. There were various large barns and out-houses, as though it had been intended by the builder that corn, and hay, and cattle should be kept there; but it seemed now that there was nothing there except the empty vats at which the two men were cooping. Had the Englishmen gone farther into the granary, they would have seen that there were wine-presses stored away in the dark corners.

They stopped and looked at the men, and the men halted for a moment from their work and looked at them; but the men spoke never a word. Mr. Glascock then asked after Mr. Trevelyan, and one of the coopers pointed to the house. Then they crossed over to the door, and Mr. Glascock, finding there neither knocker nor bell, first tapped with his knuckles, and then struck with his stick. But no one came. There was not a sound in the house, and no shutter was removed. "I don't believe that there is a soul here," said Sir Marmaduke.

"We'll not give it up till we've seen it all, at any rate," said Mr. Glascock. And so they went round to the other front.

On this side of the house the tilled ground, either ploughed or dug with the spade, came up to the very windows. There was hardly even a particle of grass to be seen. A short way down the hill there were rows of olive-trees, standing in prim order and at regular distances, from which hung the vines that made the cooping of the vats necessary. Olives and vines have pretty names, and call up associations of landscape beauty. But here they were in no way beautiful. The ground beneath



them was turned up, and brown, and arid, so that there was not a blade of grass to be seen. On some furrows the maize or Indian corn was sprouting, and there were patches of growth of other kinds, — each patch closely marked by its own straight lines; and there were narrow paths, so constructed as to take as little room as possible. But all that had been done had been done for economy, and nothing for beauty. The occupiers of Casalunga had thought more of the produce of their land than of picturesque or attractive appearance.

The sun was blazing fiercely hot, hotter on this side, Sir Marmaduke thought, even than on the other; and there was not a walet of a cloud in the sky. A balcony ran the whole length of the house, and under this Sir Marmaduke took shelter at once, leaning with his back against the wall. "There is not a soul here at all," said he.

"The men in the barn told us that there was," said Mr. Glascock; "and, at any rate, we will try the windows." So saying, he walked along the front of the house, Sir Marmaduke following him slowly, till they came to a door, the upper half of which was glazed, and through which they looked into one of the rooms. Two or three of the other windows in this frontage of the house came down to the ground, and were made for egress and ingress; but they had all been closed with shutters, as though the house was deserted. But they now looked into a room which contained some signs of habitation. There was a small table with a marble top, on which lay two or three books, and there were two arm-chairs in the room, with gilded arms and legs, and a morsel of carpet, and a clock on a shelf over a stove, and — a rocking-horse. "The boy is here, you may be sure," said Mr. Glascock. "The rocking-horse makes that certain. But how are we to get at any one?"

"I never saw such a place for an Englishman to come and live in before," said Sir Marmaduke. "What on earth can he do here all day?" As he spoke, the door of the room was opened, and there was Trevelyan standing before them, looking at them through the window. He wore an old red English dressing-gown, which came down to his feet, and a small braided Italian cap on his head. His beard had been allowed to grow, and he had neither collar nor cravat. His trousers were unbraced, and he shuffled in with a pair of slippers which would hardly cling to his feet. He was paler and still thinner than when he had been visited at Willesden, and his eyes seemed to be larger, and shone almost with a brighter brilliancy.

Mr. Glascock tried to open the door, but found that it was closed. "Sir Marmaduke and I have come to visit you," said Mr. Glascock, aloud. "Is there any means by which we can get into the house?" Trevelyan stood still and stared at them.

"We knocked at the front door, but nobody came," continued Mr. Glascock. "I suppose this is the way you usually go in and out."

"He does not mean to let us in," whispered Sir Marmaduke.

"Can you open this door," said Mr. Glascock, "or shall we go round again?" Trevelyan had stood still contemplating them, but at last came forward and put back the bolt. "That is all right," said Mr. Glascock, entering. "I am sure you will be glad to see Sir Marmaduke."

"I should be glad to see him, or you, if I could entertain you," said Trevelyan. The voice was harsh and hard, and his words were uttered with a

certain amount of intended grandeur. "Any of the family would be welcome, were it not —"

"Were it not what?" asked Mr. Glascock.

"It can be nothing to you, sir, what troubles I have here. This is my own abode, in which I had flattered myself that I could be free from intruders. I do not want visitors. I am sorry that you should have had trouble in coming here, but I do not want visitors. I am very sorry that I have nothing that I can offer you, Mr. Glascock."

"Emily is in Florence," said Sir Marmaduke.

"Who brought her? Did I tell her to come? Let her go back to her home. I have come here to be free from her, and I mean to be free. If she wants my money, let her take it."

"She wants her child," said Mr. Glascock.

"He is my child," said Trevelyan, "and my right to him is better than hers. Let her try it in a court of law, and she shall see. Why did she deceive me with that man? Why has she driven me to this? Look here, Mr. Glascock, — my whole life is spent in this seclusion, and it is her fault."

"Your wife is innocent of all fault, Trevelyan," said Mr. Glascock.

"Any woman can say as much as that, — and all women do say it. Yet, — what are they worth?"

"Do you mean, sir, to take away your wife's character?" said Sir Marmaduke, coming up in wrath. "Remember that she is my daughter, and that there are things which flesh and blood cannot stand."

"She is my wife, sir, and that is ten times more. Do you think that you would do more for her than I would do, — drink more of Esil? You had better go away, Sir Marmaduke. You can do no good by coming here and talking of your daughter. I would have given the world to save her, — but she would not be saved."

"You are a slanderer!" said Sir Marmaduke, in his wrath.

Mr. Glascock turned round to the father, and tried to quiet him. It was so manifest to him that the balance of the poor man's mind was gone, that it seemed to him to be ridiculous to upbraid the sufferer. He was such a piteous sight to behold, that it was almost impossible to feel indignation against him. "You cannot wonder," said Mr. Glascock, advancing close to the master of the house, "that the mother should want to see her only child. You do not wish that your wife should be the most wretched woman in the world."

"Am not I the most wretched of men? Can anything be more wretched than this? Is her life worse than mine? And whose fault was it? Had I any friend to whom she objected? Was I untrue to her in a single thought?"

"If you say that she was untrue, it is a falsehood," said Sir Marmaduke.

"You allow yourself a liberty of expression, sir, because you are my wife's father," said Trevelyan, "which you would not dare to take in other circumstances."

"I say that it is a false calumny. — a lie! and I would say so to any man on earth who should dare to slander my child's name."

"Your child, sir! She is my wife, — my wife, — my wife!" Trevelyan, as he spoke, advanced close up to his father-in-law; and at last hissed out his words, with his lips close to Sir Marmaduke's face. "Your right in her is gone, sir. She is mine, — mine, — mine! And you see the way in which she has treated me, Mr. Glascock. Everything I had was



hers; but the words of a gray-haired sinner were sweeter to her than all my love. I wonder whether you think that it is a pleasant thing for such a one as I to come out here and live in such a place as this? I have not a friend,—a companion,—hardly a book. There is nothing that I can eat or drink? I do not stir out of the house,—and I am ill,—very ill! Look at me. See what she has brought me to! Mr. Glascock, on my honor as a man, I never wronged her in a thought or a word."

Mr. Glascock had come to think that his best chance of doing any good was to get Trevelyan into conversation with himself, free from the interruption of Sir Marmaduke. The father of the injured woman could not bring himself to endure the hard words that were spoken of his daughter. During this last speech he had broken out once or twice; but Trevelyan, not heeding him, had clung to Mr. Glascock's arm. "Sir Marmaduke," said he, "would you not like to see the boy?"

"He shall not see the boy," said Trevelyan. "You may see him. He shall not. What is he, that he should have control over me?"

"This is the most fearful thing I ever heard of," said Sir Marmaduke. "What are we to do with him?"

Mr. Glascock whispered a few words to Sir Marmaduke, and then declared that he was ready to be taken to the child. "And he will remain here?" asked Trevelyan. A pledge was then given by Sir Marmaduke that he would not force his way farther into the house, and the two other men left the chamber together. Sir Marmaduke, as he paced up and down the room alone, perspiring at every pore, thoroughly uncomfortable and ill at ease, thought of all the hard positions of which he had ever read, and that his was harder than them all. Here was a man married to his daughter, in possession of his daughter's child, manifestly mad,—and yet he could do nothing to him! He was about to return to the seat of his government, and he must leave his own child in this madman's power! Of course, his daughter could not go with him, leaving her child in this madman's hands. He had been told that even were he to attempt to prove the man to be mad in Italy, the process would be slow; and, before it could be well commenced, Trevelyan would be off with the child elsewhere. There never was an embarrassment, thought Sir Marmaduke, out of which it was so impossible to find a clear way.

In the mean time, Mr. Glascock and Trevelyan were visiting the child. It was evident that the father, let him be ever so mad, had discerned the expediency of allowing some one to see that his son was alive and in health. Mr. Glascock did not know much of children, and could only say afterwards that the boy was silent and very melancholy, but clean, and apparently well. It appeared that he was taken out daily by his father in the cool hours of the morning, and that his father hardly left him from the time that he was taken up till he was put to bed. But Mr. Glascock's desire was to see Trevelyan alone, and this he did after they had left the boy. "And now, Trevelyan," he said, "what do you mean to do?"

"To do?"

"In what way do you propose to live? I want you to be reasonable with me."

"They do not treat me reasonably."

"Are you going to measure your own conduct by that of other people? In the first place, you should go back to England. What good can you do here?"

Trevelyan shook his head, but remained silent. "You cannot like this life."

"No, indeed. But whither can I go now that I shall like to live?"

"Why not home?"

"I have no home."

"Why not go back to England? Ask your wife to join you, and return with her. She would go to a word." The poor wretch again shook his head.

"I hope you think that I speak as your friend," said Mr. Glascock.

"I believe you do."

"I will say nothing of any imprudence; but you cannot believe that she has been untrue to you?" Trevelyan would say nothing to this, but stood silent waiting for Mr. Glascock to continue. "Let her come back to you,—here; and then, as soon as you can arrange it, go to your own home."

"Shall I tell you something?" said Trevelyan.

"What is it?"

He came up close to Mr. Glascock, and put his hand upon his visitor's shoulder. "I will tell you what she would do at once. I dare say that she would come to me. I dare say that she would go with me. I am sure she would. And directly she got me there, she would,—say that I was—mad! She,—my wife, would do it! He,—that furious, ignorant old man below tried to do it before. His wife said that I was mad." He paused a moment, as though waiting for a reply; but Mr. Glascock had none to make. It had not been his object, in the advice which he had given to entrap the poor fellow by a snare, and to induce him so to act that he should deliver himself up to keepers; but he was well aware that wherever Trevelyan might be, it would be desirable that he should be placed for a while in the charge of some physician. He could not bring himself at the spur of the moment to repudiate the idea by which Trevelyan was actuated. "Perhaps you think that she would be right?" said Trevelyan.

"I am quite sure that she would do nothing that is not for the best," said Mr. Glascock.

"I can see it all. I will not go back to England, Mr. Glascock. I intend to travel. I shall probably leave this and go to—to Greece, perhaps. It is a healthy place, this, and I like it for that reason; but I shall not stay here. If my wife likes to travel with me, she can come. But—to England I will not go."

"You will let the child go to his mother?"

"Certainly not. If she wants to see the child, he is here. If she will come,—without her father,—she shall see him. She shall not take him from hence. Nor shall she return to live with me, without full acknowledgment of her fault, and promises of an amended life. I know what I am saying, Mr. Glascock, and have thought of these things perhaps more than you have done. I am obliged to you for coming to me; but now, if you please, I would prefer to be alone."

Mr. Glascock, seeing that nothing further could be done, joined Sir Marmaduke, and the two walked down to their carriage at the bottom of the hill. Mr. Glascock, as he went, declared his conviction that the unfortunate man was altogether mad, and that it would be necessary to obtain some interference on the part of the authorities for the protection of the child. How this could be done, or whether it could be done in time to intercept a further flight on the part of Trevelyan, Mr. Glascock could not say. It was his idea that Mrs. Trevelyan should herself



go out to Casalunga, and try the force of her own persuasion.

"I believe that he would murder her," said Sir Marmaduke.

"He would not do that. There is a glimmer of sense in all his madness, which will keep him from any actual violence."

## CHAPTER LXXIX.

### I CAN SLEEP ON THE BOARDS.

Three days after this there came another carriage to the bottom of the hill on which Casalunga stood, and a lady got out of it all alone. It was Emily Trevelyan, and she had come thither from Siena in quest of her husband and her child. On the previous day Sir Marmaduke's courier had been at the house with a note from the wife to the husband, and had returned with an answer, in which Mrs. Trevelyan was told that, if she would come quite alone, she should see her child. Sir Marmaduke had been averse to any further intercourse with the man, other than what might be made in accordance with medical advice, and, if possible, with government authority. Lady Rowley had assented to her daughter's wish, but had suggested that she should at least be allowed to go also, — at any rate, as far as the bottom of the hill. But Emily had been very firm, and Mr. Glascock had supported her. He was confident that the man would do no harm to her, and he was indisposed to believe that any interference on the part of the Italian Government could be procured in such a case with sufficient celerity to be of use. He still thought it might be possible that the wife might prevail over the husband, or the mother over the father. Sir Marmaduke was at last obliged to yield, and Mrs. Trevelyan went to Siena with no other companion but the courier. From Siena she made the journey quite alone; and having learned the circumstances of the house from Mr. Glascock, she got out of the carriage, and walked up the hill. There were still the two men cooping at the vats, but she did not stay to speak to them. She went through the big gates, and along the slanting path to the door, not doubting of her way, — for Mr. Glascock had described it all to her, making a small plan of the premises, and even explaining to her the position of the room in which her boy and her husband slept. She found the door open, and an Italian maid-servant at once welcomed her to the house, and assured her that the signor would be with her immediately. She was sure that the girl knew that she was the boy's mother, and was almost tempted to ask questions at once as to the state of the household; but her knowledge of Italian was slight, and she felt that she was so utterly a stranger in the land that she could dare to trust no one. Though the heat was great, her face was covered with a thick veil. Her dress was black, from head to foot, and she was as a woman who mourned for her husband. She was led into the room which her father had been allowed to enter through the window; and here she sat in her husband's house, feeling that in no position in the world could she be more utterly separated from the interests of all around her. In a few minutes the door was opened, and her husband was with her, bringing the boy in his hand. He had dressed himself with some care; but it may be doubted whether the garments which he wore did not make him appear thinner even and more haggard than he had looked to be in his old dressing-gown.

He had not shaved himself, but his long hair was brushed back from his forehead, after a fashion quaint and very foreign to his former ideas of dress. His wife had not expected that her child would come to her at once, — had thought that some entreaties would be necessary, some obedience perhaps exacted from her, before she would be allowed to see him; and now her heart was softened, and she was grateful to her husband. But she could not speak to him till she had had the boy in her arms. She tore off her bonnet, and then clinging to the child, covered him with kisses. "Louey, my darling! Louey, you remember mamma?" The child pressed himself close to his mother's bosom, but spoke never a word. He was cowed and overcome, not only by the incidents of the moment, but by the terrible melancholy of his whole life. He had been taught to understand, without actual spoken lessons, that he was to live with his father, and that the former woman-given happinesses of his life were at an end. In this second visit from his mother he did not forget her. He recognized the luxury of her love; but it did not occur to him even to hope that she might have come to rescue him from the evil of his days. Trevelyan was standing by, the while, looking on; but he did not speak till she addressed him.

"I am so thankful to you for bringing him to me!" she said.

"I told you that you should see him," he said. "Perhaps it might have been better that I should have sent him by a servant; but there are circumstances which make me fear to let him out of my sight."

"Do you think that I did not wish to see you also? Louis, why do you do me so much wrong? Why do you treat me with such cruelty?" Then she threw her arms round his neck, and before he could repulse her, — before he could reflect whether it would be well that he should repulse her or not, — she had covered his brow and cheeks and lips with kisses. "Louis," she said, — "Louis, speak to me!"

"It is hard to speak sometimes," he said.

"You love me, Louis?"

"Yes, I love you. But I am afraid of you!"

"What is it that you fear? I would give my life for you, if you would only come back to me and let me feel that you believed me to be true." He shook his head, and began to think, — while she still clung to him. He was quite sure that her father and mother had intended to bring a mad doctor down upon him, and he knew that his wife was in her mother's hands. Should he yield to her now, — should he make her any promise, — might not the result be that he would be shut up in dark rooms, robbed of his liberty, robbed of what he loved better than his liberty, — his power as a man. She would thus get the better of him, and take the child, and the world would say that in this contest between him and her he had been the sinning one and she the one against whom the sin had been done. It was the chief object of his mind, the one thing for which he was eager, that this should never come to pass. Let it once be conceded to him from all sides that he had been right, and then she might do with him almost as she willed. He knew well that he was ill. When he thought of his child, he would tell himself that he was dying. He was at some moments of his miserable existence fearfully anxious to come to terms with his wife, in order that at his death his boy might not be without a protector. Were he to die,



then it would be better that his child should be with its mother. In his happy days, immediately after his marriage, he had made a will, in which he had left his entire property to his wife for her life, providing for its subsequent descent to his child, — or children. It had never even occurred to his poor-shattered brain that it would be well for him to alter his will. Had he really believed that his wife had betrayed him, doubtless he would have done so. He would have hated her, have distrusted her altogether, and have believed her to be an evil thing. He had no such belief. But in his desire to achieve empire, and in the sorrows which had come upon him in his unsuccessful struggle, his mind had wavered so frequently, that his spoken words were no true indicators of his thoughts; and in all his arguments he failed to express either his convictions or his desires. When he would say something stronger than he intended, and it would be put to him by his wife, by her father or mother, or by some friend of hers, whether he did believe that she had been untrue, to him, he would recoil from the answer which his heart would dictate, lest he should seem to make an acknowledgment that might weaken the ground upon which he stood. Then he would satisfy his own conscience by assuring himself that he had never accused her of such sin. She was still clinging to him now as his mind was working after this fashion. "Louis," she said, "let it all be as though there had been nothing."

"How can that be, my dear?"

"Not to others, — but to us it can be so. There shall be no word spoken of the past." Again he shook his head. "Will it not be best that there should be no word spoken?"

"Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue," he said, beginning to quote from a poem which had formerly been frequent in his hands.

"Cannot there be real forgiveness between you and me, — between husband and wife who, in truth, love each other? Do you think that I would tell you of it again?" He felt that in all that she said there was an assumption that she had been right and that he had been wrong. She was promising to forgive. She was undertaking to forget. She was willing to take him back to the warmth of her love, and the comfort of her kindness, — but was not asking to be taken back. This was what he could not and would not endure. He had determined that if she behaved well to him, he would not be harsh to her, and he was struggling to keep up to his resolve. He would accuse her of nothing, — if he could help it. But he could not say a word that would even imply that she need forget, — that she should forgive. It was for him to forgive, — and he was willing to do it, if she would accept forgiveness. "I will never speak a word, Louis," she said, laying her head upon his shoulder.

"Your heart is still hardened," he replied slowly.

"Hard to you?"

"And your mind is dark. You do not see what you have done. In our religion, Emily, forgiveness is sure, not after penitence, but with repentance."

"What does that mean?"

"It means this, that though I would welcome you back to my arms with joy, I cannot do so, till you have — confessed your fault."

"What fault, Louis?" "If I have made you unhappy, I do, indeed, grieve that it has been so."

"It is of no use," said he. "I cannot talk about it. Do you suppose that it does not tear me to the very soul to think of it?"

"What is it that you think, Louis?" As she had been travelling thither, she had determined that she would say anything that he wished her to say, — make any admission that might satisfy him. That she could be happy again as other women are happy, she did not expect; but if it could be conceded between them that by-gones should be by-gones, she might live with him and do her duty, and, at least, have her child with her. Her father had told her that her husband was mad; but she was willing to put up with his madness on such terms as these. What could her husband do to her in his madness that he could not do also to the child? "Tell me what you want me to say, and I will say it," she said.

"You have sinned against me," he said, raising her head gently from his shoulder.

"Never!" she exclaimed. "As God is my judge, I never have!" As she said this, she retreated and took the sobbing boy again into her arms.

He was at once placed upon his guard, telling himself that he saw the necessity of holding by his child. How could he tell? Might there not be policemen down from Florence, ready round the house to seize the boy and carry him away? Though all his remaining life should be a torment to him, though infinite plagues should be poured upon his head, though he should die like a dog, alone, unfriended, and in despair, while he was fighting this battle of his, he would not give way. "That is sufficient," he said. "Louey must return now to his own chamber."

"I may go with him?"

"No, Emily, you cannot go with him now. I will thank you to release him, that I may take him." She still held the little fellow closely pressed in her arms. "Do not reward me for my courtesy by further disobedience," he said.

"You will let me come again?" To this he made no reply. "Tell me that I may come again."

"I do not think that I shall remain here long."

"And I may not stay now?"

"That would be impossible. There is no accommodation for you."

"I could sleep on the boards beside his cot," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"That is my place," he replied. "You may know that he is not disregarded. With my own hands I tend him every morning. I take him out myself. I feed him myself. He says his prayers to me. He learns from me, and can say his letters nicely. You need not fear for him. No mother was ever more tender with her child than I am with him." Then he gently withdrew the boy from her arms, and she let her child go, lest he should learn to know that there was a quarrel between his father and his mother. "If you will excuse me," he said, "I will not come down to you again to-day. My servant will see you to your carriage."

So he left her; and she, with an Italian girl at her heels, got into her vehicle, and was taken back to Siena. There she passed the night alone at the inn, and on the next morning returned to Florence by the railway.

## CHAPTER LXXX.

### WILL THEY DESPISE HIM?

Gradually the news of the intended marriage between Mr. Glascock and Miss Spalding spread itself over Florence, and people talked about it with



that energy which subjects of such moment certainly deserve. That Caroline Spalding had achieved a very great triumph, was, of course, the verdict of all men and of all women; and I fear that there was a corresponding feeling that poor Mr. Glascock had been triumphed over, and, as it were, subjugated. In some respects he had been remiss in his duties as a bachelor visitor to Florence, — as a visitor to Florence who had manifestly been much in want of a wife. He had not given other girls a fair chance, but had thrown himself down at the feet of this American female in the weakest possible manner. And then it got about the town that he had been refused over and over again by Nora Rowley. It is too probable that Lady Rowley in her despair and dismay had been indiscreet, and had told secrets which should never have been mentioned by her. And the wife of the English minister, who had some grudges of her own, lifted her eyebrows, and shook her head, and declared that all the Glascocks at home would be outraged to the last degree. "My dear Lady Rowley," she said, "I don't know whether it won't become a question with them whether they should issue a commission *de lunatico*." Lady Rowley did not know what a commission *de lunatico* meant, but was quite willing to regard poor Mr. Glascock as a lunatic. "And there is poor Lord Peterborough at Naples just at death's door," continued the British Minister's wife. In this she was perhaps nearly correct; but as Lord Peterborough had now been in the same condition for many months, as his mind had altogether gone, and as the doctor declared that he might live in his present condition for a year, or for years, it could not fairly be said that Mr. Glascock was acting without due filial feeling in engaging himself to marry a young lady. "And she such a creature!" said Lady Rowley, with emphasis. This the British minister's wife noticed simply by shaking her head. Caroline Spalding was undoubtedly a pretty girl; but, as the British minister's wife said afterwards, it was not surprising that poor Lady Rowley should be nearly out of her mind.

This had occurred a full week after the evening spent at Mr. Spalding's house; and even yet Lady Rowley had never been put right as to that mistake of hers about Wallachia Petrie. That other trouble of hers, and her eldest daughter's journey to Siena, had prevented them from going out; and though the matter had often been discussed between Lady Rowley and Nora, there had not as yet come between them any proper explanation. Nora would declare that the future bride was very pretty and very delightful; and Lady Rowley would throw up her hands in despair and protest that her daughter was insane. "Why should he not marry whom he likes, mamma?" Nora once said, almost with indignation.

"Because he will disgrace his family."

"I cannot understand what you mean, mamma. They are, at any rate, as good as we are. Mr. Spalding stands quite as high as papa does."

"She is an American," said Lady Rowley.

"And her family might say that he is an Englishman," said Nora.

"My dear, if you do not understand the incongruity between an English peer and a Yankee — female, I cannot help you. I suppose it is because you have been brought up within the limited society of a small colony. If so, it is not your fault. But I had hoped you had been in Europe long enough to have learned what was what. Do you think, my

dear, that she will look well when she is presented to Her Majesty as Lord Peterborough's wife?"

"Splendid," said Nora. "She has just the brow for a coronet."

"Heavens and earth!" said Lady Rowley, throwing up her hands. "And you believe that he will be proud of her in England?"

"I am sure he will."

"My belief is that he will leave her behind him, or that they will settle somewhere in the wilds of America, — out in Mexico, or Massachusetts, or the Rocky Mountains. I do not think that he will have the courage to show her in London."

The marriage was to take place in the Protestant church at Florence early in June, and then the bride and bridegroom were to go over the Alps, and to remain there subject to tidings as to the health of the old man at Naples. Mr. Glascock had thrown up his seat in Parliament, some month or two ago, knowing that he could not get back to his duties during the present session, and feeling that he would shortly be called upon to sit in the other House. He was thus free to use his time and to fix his days as he pleased; and it was certainly clear to those who knew him that he was not ashamed of his American bride. He spent much of his time at the Spaldings' house, and was always to be seen with them in the Cascine and at the Opera. Mrs. Spalding, the aunt, was, of course, in great glory. A triumphant, happy, or even simply a splendid marriage for the rising girl of a family is a great glory to the maternal mind. Mrs. Spalding could not but be aware that the very air around her seemed to breathe congratulations into her ears. Her friends spoke to her, even on indifferent subjects, as though everything was going well with her, — better with her than with anybody else; and there came upon her in these days a dangerous feeling, that, in spite of all the preachings of the preachers, the next world might perhaps be not so very much better than this. She was, in fact, the reverse of the medal of which poor Lady Rowley filled the obverse. And the American minister was certainly an inch taller than before, and made longer speeches, being much more regardless of interruption. Olivia was delighted at her sister's success, and heard with rapture the description of Monkham, which came to her second-hand through her sister. It was already settled that she was to spend her next Christmas at Monkham, and perhaps there might be an idea in her mind that there were other eldest sons of old lords who would like American brides. Everything around Caroline Spalding was pleasant, — except the words of Wallachia Petrie.

Everything around her was pleasant till there came to her a touch of a suspicion that the marriage which Mr. Glascock was going to make would be detrimental to her intended husband in his own country. There were many in Florence, who were saying this besides the wife of the English minister and Lady Rowley. Of course Caroline Spalding herself was the last to hear it, and to her the idea was brought by Wallachia Petrie. "I wish I could think you would make myself happy, — or him," Wallachia had said, croaking.

"Why should I fail to make him happy?"

"Because you are not of the same blood, or race, or manners as himself. They say that he is very wealthy in his own country, and that those who live around him will look coldly on you."

"So that he does not look coldly, I do not care how others may look," said Caroline, proudly.



"But when he finds that he has injured himself by such a marriage in the estimation of all his friends, — how will it be then?"

This set Caroline Spalding thinking of what she was doing. She began to realize the feeling that perhaps she might not be a fit bride for an English lord's son, and in her agony she came to Nora Rowley for counsel. After all, how little was it that she knew of the home and the country to which she was to be carried! She might not, perhaps, get adequate advice from Nora, but she would probably learn something on which she could act. There was no one else among the English at Florence to whom she could speak with freedom. When she mentioned her fears to her aunt, her aunt of course laughed at her. Mrs. Spalding told her that Mr. Glascock might be presumed to know his own business best, and that she, as an American lady of high standing, — the niece of a minister! — was a fitting match for any Englishman, let him be ever so much a lord. But Caroline was not comforted by this, and in her suspense she went to Nora Rowley. She wrote a line to Nora, and when she called at the hotel, was taken up to her friend's bedroom. She found great difficulty in telling her story, but she did tell it. "Miss Rowley," she said, "if this is a silly thing that he is going to do, I am bound to save him from his own folly. You know your own country better than I do. Will they think that he has disgraced himself?"

"Certainly not that," said Nora.

"Shall I be a load round his neck? Miss Rowley, for my own sake I would not endure such a position as that, not even though I love him. But for his sake! Think of that. If I find that people think ill of him, — because of me!" —

"No one will think ill of him."

"Is it esteemed needful that such a one as he should marry a woman of his own rank? I can bear to end it all now; but I shall not be able to bear his humiliation, and my own despair, if I find that I have injured him. Tell me plainly, — is it a marriage that he should not make?" Nora paused for a while before she answered, and as she sat silent the other girl watched her face carefully. Nora, on being thus consulted, was very careful that her tongue should utter nothing that was not her true opinion as best she knew how to express it. Her sympathy would have prompted her to give such an answer as would at once have made Caroline happy in her mind. She would have been delighted to have been able to declare that these doubts were utterly groundless, and this hesitation needless. But she conceived that she owed it as a duty from one woman to another to speak the truth as she conceived it on so momentous an occasion, and she was not sure but that Mr. Glascock would be considered by his friends in England to be doing badly in marrying an American girl. What she did not remember was this, — that her very hesitation was in fact an answer, and such an answer as she was most unwilling to give. "I see that it would be so," said Caroline Spalding.

"No, — not that."

"What then? Will they despise him, — and me?"

"No one who knows you can despise you. No one who sees you can fail to admire you." Nora, as she said this, thought of her mother, but told herself at once that in this matter her mother's judgment had been altogether destroyed by her disappointment. "What I think will take place will

be this. His family, when first they hear of it, will be sorry."

"Then," said Caroline, "I will put an end to it."

"You can't do that, dear. You are engaged, and you have n't a right. I am engaged to a man, and all my friends object to it. But I sha' n't put an end to it. I don't think I have a right. I shall not do it any way, however."

"But if it were for his good?"

"It could n't be for his good. He and I have got to go along together somehow."

"You would n't hurt him," said Caroline.

"I won't if I can help it, but he has got to take me along with him anyhow; and Mr. Glascock has got to take you. If I were you, I should n't ask any more questions."

"It is n't the same. You said that you were to be poor, but he is very rich. And I am beginning to understand that these titles of yours are something like kings' crowns. The man who has to wear them can't do just as he pleases with them. Noblesse oblige. I can see the meaning of that, even when the obligation itself is trumpery in its nature. If it is a man's duty to marry a Talbot because he's a Howard, I suppose he ought to do his duty." After a pause, she went on again. "I do believe that I have made a mistake. It seemed to be absurd at the first to think of it, but I do believe it now. Even what you say to me makes me think it."

"At any rate, you can't go back," said Nora, enthusiastically.

"I will try."

"Go to himself and ask him. You must leave him to decide it at last. I don't see how a girl, when she is engaged, is to throw a man over unless he consents. Of course you can throw yourself into the Arno."

"And get the water into my shoes, — for it would n't do much more at present."

"And you can — jilt him," said Nora.

"It would not be jilting him."

"He must decide that. If he so regards it, it will be so. I advise you to think no more about it; but if you speak to anybody, it should be to him." This was at last the result of Nora's wisdom, and then the two girls descended together to the room in which Lady Rowley was sitting with her other daughters. Lady Rowley was very careful in asking after Miss Spalding's sister, and Miss Spalding assured her that Olivia was quite well. Then Lady Rowley made some inquiry about Olivia and Mr. Glascock, and Miss Spalding assured her that no two persons were ever such allies, and that she believed that they were together at this moment investigating some old church. Lady Rowley simpered, and declared that nothing could be more proper, and expressed a hope that Olivia would like England. Caroline Spalding, having still in her mind the trouble that had brought her to Nora, had not much to say about this. "If she goes again to England I am sure she will like it," replied Miss Spalding.

"But of course she is going," said Lady Rowley.

"Of course she will some day, and of course she'll like it," said Miss Spalding. "We both of us have been there already."

"But I mean Monkham's," said Lady Rowley, still simpering.

"I declare I believe mamma thinks that your sister is married to Mr. Glascock!" said Lucy.

"And so she is; is n't she?" said Lady Rowley.



"O, mamma!" said Nora, jumping up. "It is Caroline,—this one, this one, this one,"—and Nora took her friend by the arm as she spoke,— "it is this one that is to be Mrs. Glascock."

"It is a most natural mistake to make," said Caroline.

Lady Rowley became very red in the face, and was unhappy. "I declare," she said, "that they told me it was your elder sister."

"But I have no elder sister," said Caroline, laughing.

"Of course she is oldest," said Nora,—"and looks to be so, ever so much. Don't you, Miss Spalding?"

"I have always supposed so."

"I don't understand it at all," said Lady Rowley, who had no image before her mind's eye but that of Wallachia Petrie, and who was beginning to feel that she had disgraced her own judgment by the criticisms she had expressed everywhere as to Mr. Glascock's bride. "I don't understand it at all. Do you mean that both your sisters are younger than you, Miss Spalding?"

"I have only got one, Lady Rowley."

"Mamma, you are thinking of Miss Petrie," said Nora, clapping both her hands together.

"I mean the lady that wears the black bugles."

"Of course you do,—Miss Petrie. Mamma has all along thought that Mr. Glascock was going to carry away with him the Republican Brown- ing!"

"O, mamma, how can you have made such a blunder!" said Sophy Rowley. "Mamma does make such delicious blunders."

"Sophy, my dear, that is not a proper way of speaking."

"But, dear mamma, don't you?"

"If somebody has told me wrong, that has not been my fault," said Lady Rowley.

The poor woman was so evidently disconcerted that Caroline Spalding was quite unhappy. "My dear Lady Rowley, there has been no fault. And why should n't it have been so? Wallachia is so clever, that it is the most natural thing in the world to have thought."

"I cannot say that I agree with you there," said Lady Rowley, somewhat recovering herself.

"You must know the whole truth now," said Nora, turning to her friend, "and you must not be angry with us if we laugh a little at your poetess. Mamma has been frantic with Mr. Glascock because he has been going to marry—whom shall I say?—her edition of you. She has sworn that he must be insane. When we have sworn how beautiful you were, and how nice, and how jolly, and all the rest of it, she has sworn that you were at least a hundred, and that you had a red nose. You must admit that Miss Petrie has a red nose."

"Is that a sin?"

"Not at all in the woman who has it; but in the man who is going to marry it,—yes. Can't you see how we have all been at cross-purposes, and what mamma has been thinking and saying of poor Mr. Glascock? You must n't repeat it, of course; but we have had such a battle here about it. We thought that mamma had lost her eyes and her ears and her knowledge of things in general. And now it has all come out! You won't be angry?"

"Why should I be angry?"

"Miss Spalding," said Lady Rowley, "I am really unhappy at what has occurred, and I hope that there may be nothing more said about it. I am

quite sure that somebody told me wrong, or I should not have fallen into such an error. I beg your pardon, and Mr. Glascock's!"

"Beg Mr. Glascock's pardon, certainly," said Lucy.

Miss Spalding looked very pretty, smiled very gracefully, and coming up to Lady Rowley to say good by, kissed her on her cheeks. This overcame the spirit of the disappointed mother, and Lady Rowley never said another word against Caroline Spalding or her marriage. "Now, mamma, what do you think of her?" said Nora, as soon as Caroline was gone.

"Was it odd, my dear, that I should be astonished at his wanting to marry that other woman?"

"But, mamma, when we told you that she was young, and pretty, and bright!"

"I thought that you were all demented. I did, indeed. I still think it a pity that he should take an American. I think that Miss Spalding is very nice, but there are English girls quite as nice-looking as her." After that there was not another word said by Lady Rowley against Caroline Spalding.

Nora, when she thought of it all that night, felt that she had hardly spoken to Miss Spalding as she should have spoken as to the treatment in England which would be accorded to Mr. Glascock's wife. She became aware of the effect which her own hesitation must have had, and thought that it was her duty to endeavor to remove it. Perhaps, too, the conversion of her mother had some effect in making her feel that she had been wrong in supposing that there would be any difficulty in Caroline's position in England. She had heard so much adverse criticism from her mother that she had doubted in spite of her own convictions; but now it had come to light that Lady Rowley's criticisms had all come from a most absurd blunder. "Only fancy,"—she said to herself,— "Miss Petrie coming out as Lady Peterborough! Poor mamma!" And then she thought of the reception which would be given to Caroline, and of the place the future Lady Peterborough would fill in the world, and of the glories of Monkham's! Resolving that she would do her best to counteract any evil which she might have done, she seated herself at her desk, and wrote the following letter to Miss Spalding:—

"MY DEAR CAROLINE,—I am sure you will let me call you so, as, had you not felt towards me like a friend, you would not have come to me to-day and told me of your doubts. I think that I did not answer you as I ought to have done when you spoke to me. I did not like to say anything off hand, and in that way I misled you. I feel quite sure that you will encounter nothing in England as Mr. Glascock's wife to make you uncomfortable, and that he will have nothing to repent. Of course, Englishmen generally marry Englishwomen; and, perhaps, there may be some people who will think that such a prize should not be lost to their countrywomen. But that will be all. Mr. Glascock commands such universal respect that his wife will certainly be respected, and I do not suppose that anything will ever come in your way that can possibly make you feel that he is looked down upon. I hope you will understand what I mean.

"As for your changing now, that is quite impossible. If I were you, I would not say a word about it to any living being; but just go on, straight forward, in your own way, and take the goods the gods provide you, as the poet says to the king in the



ode. And I think the gods have provided for you very well, and for him.

"I do hope that I may see you sometimes. I cannot explain to you how very much out of your line 'we' shall be; for of course there is a 'we.' People are more separated with us than they are, I suppose, with you. And my 'we' is a very poor man, who works hard at writing in a dingy newspaper office, and we shall live in a garret, and have brown sugar in our tea, and eat hashed mutton. And I shall have nothing a year to buy my clothes with. Still, I mean to do it; and I don't mean to be long before I do it. When a girl has made up her mind to be married, she had better go on with it at once, and take it all afterwards as it may come. Nevertheless, perhaps we may see each other somewhere, and I may be able to introduce you to the dearest, honestest, very best, and most affectionate man in the world. And he is very, very clever.

"Yours very affectionately,

"NORA ROWLEY.

"Thursday Morning."

[To be continued.]

## ON THE NUTRITIVE VALUE OF DIFFERENT SORTS OF FOOD.

BY BARON LIEBIG.

(Third Paper.\*)

THE performance of man depends on the tone of his nerves, and it is therefore comprehensible, when we consider the endless demands made upon him, that things which act on their condition become for him necessities. They act on his *will*, and accordingly on the acts of the individual; on the employment of his existing strength to face opposition, to overcome difficulties, or to brave outward influences which he otherwise would have evaded. A glass of wine, like an outward bodily pain, a few boxes on the ear or blows with a cudgel, often, with regard to the tone of the nerves, produce wonders.

As to the effect of coffee, I will confine myself to quoting what Julius Froebel, in his most interesting work, "Seven Years in Central America," says on the subject. "For the men accompanying the great mercantile caravans in Central America coffee is an indispensable necessity. Brandy is taken as medicine, but coffee is quite a necessary article, and is drunk twice a day. The refreshing effects of this beverage in heat and cold, in rain and dry weather, are extraordinary."

The use of tea and its wide-spread enjoyment is founded on quite similar effects,—that of maté in Paraguay also, and of the guru-nut in the interior of Africa; and it cannot fail to excite our utmost astonishment when we learn that the same substance, caffeine, to which we attribute the specific effects of coffee, is also to be found in the leaves of the tea-plant, in those of the *ilex* species,—a decoction of which is drunk in Paraguay, as we take tea,—and finally, too, in the guru-nut (*Sterculia acuminata*).

We must presuppose that if these stimulants did not satisfy some powerful want of our organization, men would hardly take the trouble to seek them, and that instinct should, in so wonderful a manner, among a countless number of plants, choose just such as produce substances inducing the same effect, shows that one and the same gap exists in the nutrition of man in all countries and all zones, and in the same manner is sought to be filled up.

\* See Every Saturday, Nos. 161 and 168.

In tea or coffee we obtain certain advantages for furthering the performance of mental or bodily functions, for warding off outward disturbing influences on the state of our health,—in short, for the preservation of a normal equilibrium which is not exactly to be defined. If these drinks had not such effect, we should soon tire of their enjoyment.

To these stimulants belongs the extract of meat, which is nothing else but a concentrated meat-broth, of the consistency of treacle.

The meat-broth contains those parts of the meat which can be extracted by means of water: hence the name, "extractive substances" of meat. These are combustible and incombustible substances. The latter are phosphates, to be found also in tea and coffee. The greater mass of the combustible substances consists of very nitrogenous uncrystallizable substances, the nature of which has not yet been discovered; also of three crystallizable substances,—creatine, creatinine, and sarcine, of which the latter two belong to the same class of combinations as caffeine. This is the remarkable class of the alkaloids which includes the most effective medicines, such as morphine and quinine; and the most fearful poisons, such as strychnine, conium made from hemlock, nicotine, and others. In its composition caffeine is nearest related to the creatinine of meat-broth. None of the extractive substances of meat are to be found in vegetable food; they are the products of the animal body.

In China and Japan there is no cattle-breeding; all the land fit for tillage is exclusively devoted to producing food for man. The Japanese and the majority of the Chinese are forbidden by their religion to eat meat; the same with the Sintoos in Japan and the worshippers of Buddha. We know that the milk sold in the streets of Canton is woman's milk, and is employed for the sick. In many lands of the torrid zone, as in Western Africa, no cattle can be bred for the sake of their flesh; as during the dry season all the grass disappears, and to make hay during the rainy season is impossible.

If we consider that tea, coffee, and the guru-nut all come from lands where meat is one of the rare enjoyments of the population, we are led to believe that the value of these stimulants consists in their being a substitute for meat-broth, and in partly replacing its effects. The fact that the English, Dutch, and North Americans, who are the greatest meat consumers, also drink the most tea, is not an argument against this opinion; for they use also the largest amount of extract of meat, and Great Britain alone takes one third of all the quantity exported from South America.

By roasting coffee too much, the effects which it has, in common with tea, are essentially diminished. The caffeine evaporates, and, in the berries left behind, one has a quantity of scorched substances, which in their effect on the organization may be replaced by roasting other vegetable substances,—such as chicory-roots, figs, &c.

It deserves notice that a decoction of pekoe or souchong tea always contains a certain quantity of iron and manganese peculiarly combined, and strong tea about as much as a weak chalybeate.

The particular value of meat-broth as a stimulant is shown when we compare, according to their component parts, bread or flour with meat.

*Flour.*—Albuminate, heating matter (starch), and nutritive salts.

*Meat.*—Albuminate, heating matter (fat), nutritive salts, and extractive substances.



Meat, accordingly, is distinguished from bread and vegetable food by its containing a number of remarkable substances, which are here comprised in the name "extractive substances." If by soaking or boiling meat the water drew out these extractive substances only, its nutritive value would not be less than before; but the water extracts from the meat the greater part of the soluble nutritive salts, and it is this, and not the removal of the extractive substances, which is the reason why the meat residue has no further nutritive worth. We may assume that, by adding the missing nutritive salts, the said residue will regain the original nutritive value, but it will be no other than that which belongs to bread.

Meat food, as was said, possesses, besides the nutritive worth which it has in common with bread, in certain conditions an advantage over it, on account of the greater digestibility of the meat albuminates, and their quicker transmission into the circulation of the blood. But in this respect milk and cheese are not behind meat food. The latter, moreover, has another quite peculiar effect on the nervous system, which we denote by the words "tension," "tone"; and that this is produced by the extractive substances cannot be doubted.

It is essentially their food which makes carnivorous animals, in general, bolder and more combative than the herbivorous animals, which are their prey:—

"A bear kept at the Anatomical Museum of Gießen showed a quite gentle nature as long as he was fed exclusively on bread; but a few days' feeding on meat made him vicious, and even dangerous. That swine grow irascible by having flesh food given them is well known,—so much so, indeed, that they will then attack men."\*

The extractive substances of flesh, which make up 12 per cent of the dry muscular tissue, decide accordingly the meat value of flesh, by which I intend to designate the worth exclusively belonging to a meat diet, or the effects by which it differs essentially from vegetable food.

Soup, bread, vegetables, puddings, ham, cheese, &c. are component parts of our meals; and all these different victuals lose something of their nutritive value because of the absence of the nutritive salts. Bread, for example, will on that account not be thoroughly digested; it produces the most excrement; and thus all the above-named sorts of food leave a residue, which burdens the intestines and produces a sickly state, just as if to the perfectly digestible elements of any sort of food a portion of something indigestible or useless was mixed up with it. The experienced cook endeavors to amend this defective quality by his sauces and condiments; and he employs for the purpose, besides kitchen herbs, an extract he has in store prepared from broken bones, odds and ends of meat, &c.; but as these latter contain generally but very little muscular flesh, this stock made by the cook is always poor in the nutritive salts, but all the richer in glue, which contributes nothing either to nourishment or to the improvement of food.† A perfect compensation is only to be obtained by using a concentrated meat broth, which of all similar preparations abounds most in nutritive salts. The delicate, full flavor which the food acquires by it shows the cook that in this way he most easily obtains what was wanted;

and he who tastes the dish experiences by his digestion if the cookery were good or not. A dish well prepared is distinguished from one badly cooked by being more easily digestible, and this depends on its mixture, the time occupied in digestion, and on its solubility and divisibility in the stomach. The latter—which is important, but is not the chief thing—is what the inexperienced cook most cares for; he deceives our taste by unfitting spices, and so spoils the best materials. Simple dishes, well prepared, are what the epicure values most.\*

The culinary artist might learn much from our farmers and cattle-breeders. The latter know of what importance the right proportion of the several nutritive substances is for the nourishment of plants and cattle. As regards nourishment, more is done for cattle than for man, and yet a man is the dearer object of the two, and at the end of a war we learn how high a price had to be paid for a man and for human strength.

There is no longer diversity of opinion among farmers and cattle-breeders as to the principles of nourishment. Their insight has taught them to call into existence peculiar institutions where the nutritive value of different sorts of fodder may be scientifically and practically examined and determined; where they learn what mixture of food will enable them, at least expense, to obtain the greatest amount of meat, milk, wool, or work. The practical realization of a theoretical acquisition has led them to make science the foundation of their business. From being empirical journeymen they have raised themselves to be a class of thinking workers, who, as regards mental range, will very soon surpass every other industrial class, and before long will give society a totally new impress.

In what relates to the nourishment of man we are in practice a century behind; and if we have to decide on the best and most economical way of feeding a certain number of men in prisons, houses of correction, or poor-houses, or of soldiers in peace or in the field, we meet with the most lamentable contradictions, and the matter, finally, is left to chance.†

In his work on the Origin of Medicine, Hippocrates says: "And this I know for certain, that the quality of our food and of bread exercises great influence on the health; and how can he who does not heed this, or does not understand this influence, understand the diseases which attack man? It seems to me, necessary, therefore, that the physician should be acquainted with nature, and strive, if he will fulfil his duties, to discern what man is in relation to his food and drink and his occupations, and how his

\* The fungi used by the cook in his sauces—truffles, mushrooms, &c.—contain, wonderful to say, the same nutritive salts, and also in nearly the same proportion, as meat; and in taste fungous broth greatly resembles meat broth. A closer examination of these might lead to interesting results. In Siberia, even toad-stools, in spite of their poison, are not despised.

† The following are the "field rations" of the soldiers of the army of one of the middle German States: Roasted coffee, twelve ounces; rice and sugar, two pounds eight ounces. By the term "field rations," is meant the food which the soldier carries with him in the field, and which is only to be resorted to in cases of the greatest necessity, and when there is nothing else to be had. Coffee, as a stimulant, is of great value, but it is not nourishment. Sugar is a heat-giving substance, and rice comes in nutritive value after the potato. The soldier accordingly is obliged to drag about with him two pounds twenty ounces of substances which, if they nourish him at all, do so only very imperfectly. Coffee, as was said, is a good thing, and may be drunk without sugar, as in the East. To expect a man to chew rice, or to eat it boiled in water, without salt or butter, is demanding rather too much. With a pound and a half of ship's biscuit, made of unboiled flour, and a few ounces of extract of meat mixed with salt, or a piece of smoked beef sausage, the soldier would do much better.

\* Chemical Letters.

† See on this particular point an article in the "Popular Science Review" for April, 1895, p. 297.



food affects the individual person. If the same nourishment were fitted for the patient as well as for the man in health, nobody would have sought for medicine. To know what food is proper for the sick, this it is which constitutes the physician."

Were a new Hippocrates to arise in our day he would produce, doubtless, with the help of the laws of nutrition which science has laid down, a total revolution in the curative art; but for the greater number of our physicians dietetics are an unknown field, although the most sagacious among them are unanimous in asserting that by a right choice of food in the period of development and in advanced age many diseases and much suffering might be avoided.

One of my friends, a celebrated physician, said to me, when adverting to his success in his practice: "The curing of illnesses is always a doubtful matter; the secret of my success consists in my making it my chief aim to keep those confided to my care in good health."\* He asserts that the children of the wealthy are generally brought up to be gluttons, and that their naughtiness and their distaste for learning or for work arise more from the state of the stomach than of the head.

#### A NIGHT AMONG WILD-FOWL.

THERE are few matters connected with our field sports which have provoked so much superfluous satire and angry recrimination as the feud between "flight-shooters" and punt-gun shooters. Into this question it is unnecessary, in giving a description of a night's adventures with wild-fowl, that I should enter. I merely remark that a man may be a flight-shooter without being an outrageous villain, and that a punt-gun shooter need not necessarily be an abandoned wretch. Both have got much to say on their respective sides of the dispute. It must be remembered that the wild-fowl along our coasts and marshes have to be slain for the table; and that, whether sportsmen adopt the plan or not, the shooting down of the birds in large quantities by punt-guns will not be discontinued. If a man finds his highest notions of sport in stealing along a creek in a wet punt and discharging suddenly upon a mass of sitting widgeon the contents of a huge gun,—if the utmost point of his ambition is to kill his seventy wild-duck with one shot, why should he not so enjoy himself? No one would seek to limit his pleasures; for, after all, these birds have to be shot for the market. But surely he might be satisfied with the number of his slain and the brilliant adventures of the pursuit, without constantly accompanying them with much illogical abuse of those who prefer to shoot mallard and teal as they shoot partridge and pheasant,—that is to say, by the exercise of their individual skill directed against the natural safeguard of the birds, their flight. The man who brings down his two or three couple of duck as they pass to and fro between their places of rest and feeding is accused of frightening away the wild-fowl from our shores; and the accusation comes from a man who descends upon a whole flock and kills them by the fifty!

However, there was no question of theoretical comparison on that evening which saw us assembled in the warm kitchen of Marshlands House, hastily donning those great boots, warm wrappers, and

furry caps with which we were about to face the cold night air.

"It is werry cold, sir," said the ancient and faithful Peter, coming in from without, and rubbing his hands briskly.

"And clear?" asked Peter's master.

"Yes, sir, clear starlight. The moon is n't up yet, sir,—at least, not to speak on,—law! sir, you'll ha' your coat on fire!"

The last exclamation was addressed not to Peter's master, who was a small, thin, neat gentleman, but to a large and corpulent Scotch Bailie who had come down to the Marshlands on a visit, and was at this moment so torturing his gigantic frame with the effort to get on his boots, that his coat-tails, sticking out, had almost touched the glowing coals.

"Losh, me!" cried the Bailie, as he tugged and gasped; "I had nae thocht that doon here a man had to pit on boots to gang a shootin' in,—for a' the world as if he was aboot to stand in a burn a' day and fish for sawmon. And I'm feared it'll be unco could if we've got to wade at the dead o' night through a lot o' sheughs and ditches."

"A man of your figure, Bailie, should not fear the cold," said Mr. Penley, whose firm, muscular, nervous constitution was much better fitted to withstand cold than Bailie Gemmill's soft, sensitive adiposity; "and, besides, you have as many wrappers there as might make your outfit for an Arctic cruise."

The Bailie proceeded to wind himself up in these wrappers, until, at last, his dimensions were simply enormous. He seemed one huge mass of gray wool, muffled up so that his neck had to be kept stiff, and so that he could scarcely stoop to pick up his gun. The dogs, on seeing him, left the well-known implement, jumped up and began to bark with delight, the stout gentleman endeavoring to pacify them with husky endearments which half stuck in his throat.

"Doon, dowgs, doon! Doon, Teeger; doon, Walnut, ye'll wauken the whole house! Dear me, Peter, why dinna ye tak the dowgs outside?"

Peter, being appealed to, speedily silenced the dogs; and a few minutes thereafter we left the ruddy, comfortable kitchen and passed out into the open air.

The Bailie shivered.

"The wind's aff the sea," he said, as if he had suddenly plunged into a cold bath.

It was really a fine night, clear and bright, with just sufficient moonlight to detect the outlines of objects. Our party were almost wholly dressed in gray; and as we passed silently away from the immediate environs of Marshlands House, we might easily have been taken for a company of restless spirits by any unfortunate yokel who happened to be out at that unearthly hour.

We were now bound for one of those wild-fowl haunts which are every day becoming rarer,—one of those secluded districts of our sea-coast which have escaped the perils of becoming famous, where wild fowl find a retreat which is only invaded by one or two local guns, and where the possibilities for getting near the birds are unusually facile. I do not think a punt-gun had ever been used in this particular corner of the world; the owner of Marshlands House, who did the most of the shooting in the district, being far too great a lover of the ordinary method, and too great an admirer of his personal prowess with a double-barrel.

At one point Mr. Penley's shooting-ground went

\* This reminds one of a certain shah of Persia who paid his physician only when in perfect health. Directly his majesty grew ill, the physician's salary was stopped.



right down to the sea; and our first move was in that direction, where, as he promised, we were to witness a pretty sight. We were walking quietly along the side of a bit of cover, in order to reach the open land near the shore, when we were startled by a loud clack! clack! and the breaking away of a pair of tolerably large birds from out the bushes. They rose as they flew, and just as the dark specks were visible against the clear sky, up went Penley's two barrels and down came both birds in fine style. The rattle the barrels made in the deep stillness of the night seemed rather to have disconcerted the Bailie, who had, as he said, received no warning that a gun was to be fired close to his ear. The dogs soon brought in the birds; and these proved to be—as their cry of danger had led us to expect—a brace of woodcocks, which Penley considered, for his country, a quite wonderful stroke of luck.

As we neared the shore, the greatest precautions were of course taken to prevent the slightest noise carrying on an intimation of our approach to the birds we expected to find there. Presently, however, we heard distinctly through the deep silence that continued, varied and loud whistling, which tells that a company of widgeon are sailing about in the neighborhood. They had probably been startled by the double shot fired by Penley; and as they would now be more strictly than ever on the watch, the greatest caution was necessary in approaching them. By and by we found ourselves in front of a sort of bank, covered with clumps of furze-bushes, and towards the top of this height we quietly crept. The bank overlooked the long, shelving plain that the receding tide had left exposed; and as we gained the summit and met the strong, cold sea-breeze, it brought us a confused sound of the waves, which, too far out of sight to be distinguished as anything but a dense purple mass, were wearily lashing the coast.

"It's extraordinar' dark!" muttered the Bailie, as he puffed and panted with his previous exertions. "I can see naething ava!"

"Hush!" said Penley, as he kept carefully scanning that long expanse of seaboard before us.

The clamor of the cock widgeon had ceased, and it was almost certain the company had settled somewhere in our neighborhood. In time, as our eyes became accustomed to the place, we perceived a large black patch on the dull gray plain,—a broad dark stain, as if a great stretch of the shore were covered with sea-weed. My friend pointed this out to the Bailie.

"That dark place, that looks like a broad island, is one mass of birds as thick as ever they can sit."

I fancied I saw the huge man tremble. He raised his elbow and brought up his gun.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Shoot!" he whispered. "Ane might kill a dizen out o' such a lot!"

"Nonsense!" muttered Penley, angrily; "you might as well try to kill them with a pea-shooter. Let us go back now, and try the lakes."

We descended from the bank and struck inland in another direction. Our course was now over a tract of marsh which was intersected with deep gullies, many of which had runnels of water in their depths. We did follow a certain path and crossed one or two of the deeper gullies by means of planks that had been thrown across; but on the whole our method of travelling was a severe one, and the Bailie groaned in spirit. At last he came to a standstill on the brink of a gully which seemed to

have a dangerous assortment of succulent water-plants along its course.

"I winna stir a foot," he said, firmly.

"Why?"

"I'll wait here till the birds begin to pass overhead; I'm no used to jumpin' ower bogs in the middle of the night like a will-o'-the-wisp."

"The birds won't begin their flight for a couple of hours yet," I said.

"I dinna care. I'm no a gutta-percha ball to stot, and stot, and stot from ditch to ditch, and look as if I liked it. I don't like it."

"Hold your tongue and listen, Bailie," said Penley.

He did as he was desired; and then we heard clearly and distinctly the different cries of the wild-fowl,—the quacking of the mallard, the hoarser cry of the teal, and even an occasional plaintive scream from a curlew.

"There's music for you! Can you resist the invitation? These birds are wheeling about the small lakes over there, or paddling about on the water."

"There's plenty of water here," grumbled the Bailie.

"What's the use o' stoppin' 'ere, sir?" said Peter, respectfully, but firmly. "The duck won't come near you, if you stand out on the marshes like this."

Bailie Gemmill was at length goaded into following us; and in time we left the roughest part of the marsh behind us, and drew near the partially wooded hollow in which lay several patches of water which Penley dignified with the name of lakes. Peter now took the lead, having both dogs leashed, and guided us down a narrow valley which was well filled with bushes. Behind these bushes we crept along, scarcely daring to breathe, and feeling carefully for our footing before making each step. Then he halted, and we crept to the front. Peering over the thickest part of the bushes and through the bare twigs of the top, we saw before us a quiet little tarn which, on one side especially, where the thin moonlight fell upon it, was of a faint gray. Penley moved further along, and, in passing, whispered,—

"Do not fire for a few minutes, until I get into a good position. Pick out a diver for your first shot."

The Bailie and Peter remained with me, the latter having a spare gun with him. The Bailie shivered perceptibly, either through cold or the agonies of anticipation.

On the darker side of the tarn were a lot of rushes and sedge; and it seemed to me that I could vaguely distinguish certain black forms moving through this tall vegetation. The surface of the water was quite blank, until a diver suddenly popped up and began slowly paddling away. I fancied he was a golden-eye, and he offered an easy shot, had it been worth while to shoot him singly. By an by there was a loud quacking among the rushes, and presently we could distinguish a number of black objects swimming out into the gray of the tarn. On they came, one after the other, apparently quite unconscious of the danger lurking near them, until the surface of the pond was thickly dotted with their dusky forms. I touched Peter on the arm, and pointed to the spare gun. He nodded in reply.

One or two divers now made their appearance, bobbing up and down continually. Watching my chance, I caught sight of one which had just risen, and at the same moment I uttered a short whistle. He turned instantaneously, his head slightly thrown



up, and in the same second he received the contents of my right barrel. The sharp ring of the gun was the signal for such a noise and confusion as fairly astounded me. I had no idea that the sedges round this little tarn contained such a mass of birds as now rose into the air, screaming and whirring. The signal was repeated by a couple of shots from the post in which Penley was placed, followed by a couple of splashes in the water, and at the same time the Bailie let drive into "the thick of them," with his two barrels, while I discharged my remaining barrel, and managed also to pick off a couple of late and frightened stragglers with the spare gun which Peter handed to me.

"Where did your birds fall, sir?" asked Peter of the Bailie.

"How should I ken?" retorted the other, indignantly. "I fired into the birds: how could mortal man tell where they drapped?"

Peter was soon down by the side of the water, and the two dogs swimming about in search of the dead birds. In a few minutes they had recovered two couple of mallard, a couple of teal, and a bird which we, in the semi-darkness, concluded to be a golden eye. The latter must have been killed at once, as these birds when they are wounded dive, and very frequently never return to the surface.

"There's another bird somewhere, Peter," said the Bailie. "Ye have only seven, and we fired eight shots. It's no possible that I could ha' missed, for ye see I ha' a bit o' paper on the barrel, and I fired as straight as a line."

There was something exceedingly ingenuous in the Bailie's supposing that we would of course accuse him of the missed shot; but Penley comforted him by saying that Peter should return at break of day to see if some wounded bird had concealed itself among the rushes.

"And seven out of eight is no bad, Mr. Penley," he remarked, in reply, "when ye consider that we are shootin' in the deed o' the night."

"This is n't the dead of night, Bailie," said Penley, as he reloaded. "This is a fine clear morning."

"Maybe," said the Bailie, "maybe. But I'd like to see ye read a chapter in Nehemiah the noo."

We pushed on to the next tarn, which was in size about the same as that we had just left.

"The birds will be very wary," said Penley, "for they must have heard the sound of our guns. Indeed, we may find none at all there."

We advanced very circumspectly; and, as we neared the tarn, we were skirting the edge of a ditch in which there was a little runnel of water. Here a most unlucky accident occurred. By some means or other Bailie Gemmill had got on a little in front, and was picking his steps carefully by the side of the gully, when a loud and sudden noise caused him fairly to spring back. About half a dozen wild duck had been down in the ditch, and had risen almost from under his feet with that clatter and whirr and crying which mark the fright of the mallard. The Bailie received such a shock that in springing back he stumbled, or slipped, and the next moment he had tumbled down into the ditch, while a terrific report announced to us that both barrels of his gun had gone off. Penley did not even look after his friend. He saw in a moment that the cries of these mallard would ruin our only chance of getting a shot on the adjoining tarn; and so, with admirable presence of mind, he put up

his gun and brought down the last couple of the ducks which had caused the mishap. All this had occurred so simultaneously that it was only an afterthought that he remembered the explosion of the Bailie's gun, which had taken place with his own; and then, as he turned to the watery hole in which our friend had sunk, Peter said, as he scrambled down the bank —

"Lor, sir, I fear he's hurt hisself. But a deal o' the shot just passed my ear."

The Bailie was clearly not dead. There was a splashing and heaving among the reeds, as though a hippopotamus were washing himself in the place; and there was a hoarse sound, — a stream of ejaculations and expletives in broad, resonant Scotch.

"You're not hurt, sir?" said Peter.

"Hoo do ye ken?" growled the maddened Bailie; "lend me a hand, I tell ye; and if ever ye catch me come shootin' in such a — place as this — ye — why don't ye come nearer?"

A large and dark form now made its appearance on the bank.

"Where's the gun, sir?" asked Peter.

"— the gun! Let it rot there! If I got safe out, the gun may stay in."

"I beg your pardon, Bailie; but the gun is mine," said Penley.

"And so is the ditch, I suppose," said the Bailie, struggling into the moonlight. "I tell ye, Maister Penley, if ye left a place like that in Scotland without puttin' a palin round it, the law would hang ye. And it's a perfect meercle ye havena my life to answer for, for I declare I felt the wind o' the shot on my face."

"But why did you tumble in?" said Penley, who could not repress a smile on meeting the melancholy figure now presented by the half-drowned Bailie.

"I've got the gun, sir," said Peter, from below. "And lucky it is it did n't fall into the water."

"What way lucky?" exclaimed the Bailie. "Do ye expect me, Maister Penley, to conteenue this madcap business, and risk my life for the pleasure o' shootin' at birds in the daurk?"

"Come, come, Bailie," said Penley. "You must do something to keep your circulation going, and you may as well load again and go with us. You would never find your way home from here."

"Deed, I'll no try," said the Bailie, earnestly.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but that he should accompany us; and so, having ascertained that his powder-flask, wads, &c., were dry, we again started.

Of course, there was not a bird on or around this second tarn when we approached it. The report of the Bailie's gun had been followed by a succession of quacks and screams which told that, had we reached the water in silence, we should have had some sport. The couple of mallard shot by Penley were the only spoil which fell to us from this second effort.

The third and last piece of water was larger than its predecessors, and might even, with some stretch of courtesy, have been called a small lake. Its shores were very level, and we experienced great difficulty in approaching it with safety. At some distance the cries of the wild-fowl could be distinguished, and were so numerous as to convince us that here, at least, the birds had not been scared off.

Then the Bailie stopped.

"I'm sayin'," he remarked, "I think I'll no gang forrit to the water. I'm too cauld to be able to



shoot. I'll sit down here and take a drop o' whiskey and a sandwich I have in my pocket, and ye can come back here when ye have done. Losh me, what's that?"

"A hare, sir," said Peter, as some dark object darted past, and scuttled away among the long grass.

"As you please, Bailie," said Penley. "And, if you are not going to shoot, you may give me your gun."

"Wi' pleasure," said the Bailie, with a sigh of relief.

We now proceeded to seek the shore of the lake at a spot where there was a small creek, in which lay a broad, flat-bottomed punt. The punt was moored beside some bushes, and it was to these bushes we looked for means to get down unperceived to the water. When we had finally crept down to the margin, and could look abroad over the still surface of the water, it was soon apparent that the wild-fowl were present in considerable numbers. They seemed to be more on the outlook, however, than they were on the first tarn; and several times we feared lest some wheeling duck might spy out our hiding-place and give the alarm to his companions.

No such awkward accident occurred, however; and for several minutes we stood, admiring the slow circles made on the surface of the water by the dark forms of the birds. The moonlight was now a little stronger, and the water was of a decided bluish-gray tinge, on which the wild-fowl seemed quite black. Now and then a stray wanderer came sailing down and alit on the water with a loud "swish," which caused all his companions to jerk their heads about. There was one especially erratic fellow, who went on long circular excursions all by himself; and on one of these we saw that he was evidently coming straight toward us. Afraid of being taken unawares, we simultaneously rose up, exposing the upper half of our bodies above the bushes. In an instant the whole place was a scene of wild clamor, excited quacking and croaking, and rapid wheeling up into the air. Bang! bang! went Penley's first gun, simultaneously with my own; and then again the barrels of the remaining guns echoed through the silence of the place.

Peter jumped into the punt, with his dogs.

"Come quick, sir, — we'll push across, and find one or two hiding in the rushes."

We got into the punt, and loaded as quickly as possible, allowing Peter to paddle us silently across. On the way we passed more than one dead bird, towards which the dogs would fain have leapt, had we not restrained them.

Scarcely had the broad prow of the shallow punt rustled in upon the sedges than a couple of mallard fluttered up and flew off right and left. One fell to each of us, Penley's bird dropping well up on shore. This was a good beginning; but we found that the sedgy margin did not contain the number of birds we had begun to anticipate. Another wild-duck did get up; but it rose far out of shot, and we were about to return when I heard a flapping and splashing in among the reeds.

"It is a wounded bird," said Peter, unleashing one of the dogs. "Go in, Walnut, — go in, good dog, and seek him out."

Walnut sprang boldly into the water, made for the rushes, and after a little plunging about, returned with the bird in her mouth. It was a duck which had only been winged, the *coup de grâce* being reserved for Peter's experienced fingers.

This being the finish of our lake-shooting, and there being still some time to elapse before the morning flight-shooting would commence, we began a brisk hunt after the killed. The Bailie, being whistled for, came down to the punt and took a seat, though he was greatly incommoded — as were we — by the wet dogs. He maintained, however, that he now felt very comfortable, that he no longer experienced any cold, and that he was willing to do anything or go anywhere so long as the sport could be continued.

"I think it is an astonishin' fine sensation to be out here, a' by yoursel', in the deed o' nicht, and they great birds fleein' about your head. I dinna wonder, Maister Penley, that ye are glad to live in this oot-o'-the-world place, when ye have such sport aye before ye; and my wonder is that ye are na out every nicht in your life."

"If we kept continually popping at them, they'd soon leave us," said Penley, as he took a mallard out of Walnut's mouth.

The Bailie grew enormously loquacious. He became quite poetical in describing the enchanting pleasures of wild-fowl shooting, and said he should remember this night so long as he lived.

"By the way, Maister Penley," he remarked, in a sort of bashful way, "have ye anything left in your flask?"

"I thought you had filled your flask before we started," said Penley; "and it is twice as big as mine."

"And so I did," said the Bailie, with a little hesitation; "but I was extraordinary' thirsty after that cauld bath, and I couldna exactly get at the water, so I — so I had to empty the flask. But never mind. I feel very comfortable, and doubtless ye'll need a' ye have got before the night's over."

"Very likely," said Penley, "for we have now got to tramp over to the river side, where, I hope, we shall get a little shooting."

The Bailie rose from his seat with a half-stiffed sigh, and, as the boat touched the corner of the creek, he stepped ashore. The birds we had shot, already too heavy for one man to carry, were locked up in the spacious locker of the punt; and then we set out on our journey towards the river. This small stream, in flowing towards the sea, passed Marshlands House, and was not only a valuable resort for grebe, moor-hens, and similar birds, but also offered excellent shelter in which to await the passing and repassing, at early morning and dusk, of the flocks of wild-fowl which haunted the locality. The Bailie looked forward to this bit of flight-shooting with an animation which was not altogether the result of the whiskey he had drank. The mere consciousness that we were going in the direction of home, that daylight would soon break, and that along the banks of the river there were no treacherous pitfalls, cheered him; and he even volunteered to sing, in a hoarse, cawing way, some guttural Scotch drinking-song, which was, perhaps fortunately, quite unintelligible.

Along the side of the stream whither we were now bound there lay a strip of marshy ground chiefly covered with young willows. The underwood was considerably thick, especially at the point to which Peter led us; and we had little difficulty in choosing successive spots, some fifty yards separate, where we could easily lie concealed, while leaving a tolerably large open space around us. Peter's chief care was to hide away the elephantine bulk of the Bailie; and, when that had been done, he



was cautioned to remain perfectly still and invisible.

A dead silence hung over the place for several minutes, broken only by the rippling of the dark water round the sudden curves of its course, and the creaking of willow stumps in the wind. A fresh breeze was blowing, and we knew the birds, if they passed our way at all, would fly low and offer an easy shot. In the midst of this stillness, I heard the even, heavy tramp of the Bailie's footsteps approaching.

"Tell me," he said, in a loud whisper, as he came up, "am I to shoot at the birds as they flee towards me, or as they are fleeing past?"

"You'd better let them get past," I said; "but how do you expect they'll come here if you stand out in the open, and talk?"

"Mercy me! hoo could a bird see ye on a night like this? It has got quite dark, — and — preserve us!"

He was struck into silence by a great whirring of wings overhead that sounded as if the Prince of the power of the air were himself rushing past. The ring of my two barrels, followed by the double report of Penley's gun, did not lessen his astonishment.

"What did ye fire at? What was that? What a fright I got!"

"Why, a fine string of wild duck," said I; "though how they came so near while you were standing there, I don't know. I wish you'd go and hide yourself again, Bailie."

"Do ye mean to tell me ye shot anything?"

"Of course I did."

"And Maister Penley?"

"Yes. Did n't you hear the birds fall?"

"That's maist extraordinary," muttered the Bailie, as he returned to his post.

For some time thereafter the plashing of the water resumed its hold on the ear; not even the distant cry of a bird could be detected. A faint gray tinge now became visible in the eastern sky, and the moon sensibly paled her light. The advance of the dawn, as every one must have noticed who has had leisure to sit and watch its approach, is exceedingly rapid, while it appears to be quite the reverse. The change is so gradual, that one does not notice how objects, hitherto invisible, come into relief. The bushes on the other side of the stream grew out of the darkness, and the black branches above us were beginning to be defined against the clear sky. Fortunately the wind still kept up, and I was momentarily expecting to hear the report of the Bailie's gun, to him having been accorded the best position.

It was certainly a quarter of an hour before any new flock of birds came near us, — this time a compact skein of duck, about fifteen or twenty in number. They flew right over the bushes in which the Bailie was hid; I heard both his barrels, but, of course, could not distinguish at that distance whether anything fell. The birds redoubled their flight, two or three going off in one direction, two or three in another, all making the loudest noise possible. One came directly over me and fell; another flew behind the trees on the other side of the river, and him I missed. Penley did not get a shot.

We were again lapped in silence; but we could hear that the general flight of the wild-fowl was taking place. We could distinguish the cries of the mallard and the croaking of the teal in large numbers. We lay as silent as a fox; but the repeated firing of the guns had apparently taught them to

suspect the locality, and, although we occasionally heard the passing whirr of a string of birds, they kept carefully beyond reach.

The gray was now telling upon the sky, and a comparative twilight reigned in the hollow which secreted us. I could now make out the red bill of a moor-hen, which, having been frightened by my approach, had paddled into the nearest refuge, and now sat quietly in the water, at the root of a willow on the other side of the stream, her head only being visible. I am almost certain she could see me, and concluded she was too afraid to leave her present hiding-place for a more sheltered one.

I was watching the occasional twitching of the red beak, when another rushing of wings in the neighborhood caught my attention. A dark cloud of birds now swept overhead, — I fired right and left, — they broke in wild confusion, and at least half a dozen went over Penley. By that time, however, they had risen high into the air, and only one fell to his two shots.

After this the cries of the wild-fowl died down; it was now broad daylight, and it had become evident that no more business was to be done that morning. Before leaving Peter and the dogs, however, to recover the birds we had shot, I called the Bailie and pointed out to him the moor-hen which still sat in the water. I am ashamed to say that he lifted his gun, and would have murdered the bird then and there, had he not been interrupted. I prevailed on him to allow Walnut to cross, and this the dog speedily did. The moor-hen remained until the dog had almost touched her, then she swam quickly out and disappeared into another hole. Here she refused to be dislodged; and the end of it was that the dog dragged her out in his mouth, punishing her severely in the process.

When he had swam back, I took the moor-hen from him, and found her quite lively.

"Now," I said to the Bailie, "look out!"

I threw the bird up into the air; the Bailie did not fire; she dropped on the water and dived. Of course she was seen no more; but two seconds after she had dived, the Bailie fired at the place where she had disappeared. Peter made an insolent grimace behind the worthy Bailie's back; and, at the same moment, — whether startled out of her retreat by the report, or whether put up by Walnut, I cannot say, — another moor-hen rushed out, and flew straight up the stream. As she again descended on the water, leaving a long line of light in her wake, the Bailie fired his second barrel, the unhappy moor-hen jumped a foot into the air, fell into the river, and then came slowly floating down stream, her pale green legs uppermost.

The Bailie marched home in the proudest way, and carried his gun in a quite masterly manner. I foresaw that we should be treated to a few sporting reminiscences after dinner that evening, graced with such efforts of the imagination as should appear to the Bailie to be most suitable. In the mean time, however, we went straight to bed on reaching Marshlands House, for we had to be present at some coursing which was to take place in the neighborhood towards midday.

### THE SWORDFISH IN COURT.

BEING an old Pacific whaler, I was somewhat interested lately in reading the report of a legal action tried before Lord Chief Justice Bovill and a special jury. It was an action against an insurance com-



pany to recover damages said to be sustained by a ship at sea by a thrust from a sword-fish.

The ship *Dreadnought* left Colombo on the 10th day of July, 1864, and on the third day after leaving port, the crew hooked a fish which broke the line. Immediately afterwards, when partly throwing itself out of the water, the fish was seen with the broken line attached to it. There was evidence that the fish was a sword-fish.

That night the ship sprang a leak and made nine or ten inches per hour, and on being taken into port and "hove down," a small hole, about an inch in diameter, was found through the copper sheathing and planking on the port side of the vessel. This was the side on which the sword-fish had been hooked.

The plaintiff claimed that the fish did the damage, and in resisting this claim Professor Owen was called as a witness. His evidence was so interesting that I am sure the reader will pardon its introduction here.

Professor Owen said that he was acquainted with the nature of sword-fish. The sword was composed of the hardest bony substance known, and was covered with a substance still harder, like the enamel of a tooth. He was acquainted of his own knowledge with two instances of these animals having penetrated ships. In both cases the swords were broken off, and left in the vessels' sides. The swords were in very tight. The brittleness of bone was in the ratio of its hardness or density. He knew of no instance of the sword having been withdrawn from a ship's side, either of his own knowledge or from reading. The difficulty of extraction would depend upon the extent of wood that had been penetrated. One specimen of penetration was at Surgeons' Hall. In that case the vessel was an old gun brig, and the sword was found in breaking up the vessel. His own description of this case was that the sword had penetrated the copper, sheathing felt, deal, and hard oak timbers to the depth of fourteen inches, and nearly that extent of sword had been broken off by the effect of the blow, and had been retained in the wood. The fibres of the oak timber have been bent and crushed as by the passage of a swivel ball. A second specimen is in the British Museum, and is similar to this one. The vessel was an East Indiaman, and the sword had gone in at least fourteen inches. In the present instance, so far as he understood, the sword had penetrated three inches of wood, and the point had then passed into vacuity, and he was not prepared to say in that case that extraction had not taken place. Had the sword gone into fourteen or even ten inches of wood, he should say that the fish could not extricate it. He should like to give an instance of a ship being struck, which instance came under the observation of Mr. Hugh Cummings, a very distinguished naturalist and accurate observer. He had chartered a ship at Valparaiso for the purpose of a voyage in the Pacific to collect specimens of natural history. They got becalmed in the Bay of Panama, and Mr. Cummings, about eleven in the morning, was writing in his cabin, when he felt a shock as though the ship had struck a rock. He rushed upon deck, and found that all the crew had rushed there too. The lead was thrown over at once, but there was no sounding within fifty or sixty fathoms. Attention was attracted to a great dashing in the sea over the bow of the vessel, and then they saw a sword-fish twelve feet long. It had run its sword through the timbers of the ship and into a berth beyond. The struggles of the fish to extricate itself ended in its

snapping off the sword close to the head, and it was left in the timbers. Mr. Cummings told him (Professor Owen) that he saw the fish, which had killed itself by the rupture of vessels consequent on the efforts that broke off the sword, slowly descending, rolling over and alternately exposing its purple back and silvery belly. Mr. Cummings returned to Valparaiso. There did not appear to have been any great danger to the ship, for the sword was firmly in. It had been calculated in Smith's "Maritime History of Massachusetts" that the blow showed as much force as that of fifteen blows of one of the large double-handed hammers, that it would require these blows to drive one iron bolt the same depth into the timbers. The Professor further compared the blow of the sword-fish to that of a swivel shot.

This evidence was supported by that of Mr. Frank Buckland, who said that the great power of the sword-fish was in forcing itself ahead. Its power was in its tail, like the screw of a ship, but the fish could not "go astern," or only had a slight power in that direction. He thought if he had a sword-fish by the beak it could not go back, and had noticed with live salmon that they always try to go forward. Whether the sword-fish could extricate its beak from the side of the ship would depend on the depth that it had penetrated into the wood. If it were in to the depth of the breadth of one's hand, he did not think it possible that the fish could get it out, and he did not think that in the present instance it could have been withdrawn. The copper would clinch the sword. He had looked over all the books ever written upon sword-fish, and there was plenty of evidence of their having got their beaks in, but none of their getting them out again.

The evidence of Professor Owen and of Mr. Buckland elicited the following amusing letter from the veteran Mr. John Edward Gray, the keeper of the natural history department of the British Museum:—

"If Professor Owen's evidence is correctly reported in your article on 'The Sword-Fish in Court,' in the last number of 'Land and Water,' he must have forgotten, or not have seen, the Museum regulation respecting the taking of articles in the Museum to the courts of justice.

"The regulation and the practice are just as Sir William Bovill said they ought to be; that is, on an application being made to the principal librarian and trustees, any article in the British Museum may be taken to the court, but it must be accompanied by and in the custody of the keeper of the department to which it belongs, or his deputy.

"Books and manuscripts are often required and are produced in Court, and especially at the House of Lords, under this regulation. I do not recollect an instance of a natural history specimen having been required in a court of justice during the last half-century that I have known the Museum. But at the request of the officers of the British Association the trustees gave permission for the foot of the *dodo* to be taken to the meeting at Oxford to compare with the feet of the one in the Ashmolean Museum, and I took it there, as you must recollect.

"To show the conflicting nature of scientific evidence, if I had taken the Museum specimen of the broad-finned sword-fish, and the beak in the timber that is in the British Museum, my evidence would have been decidedly in favor of the insurer, for I believe that 'a cylindrical hole, one inch in diameter,' could not have been made by the beak of a broad-finned sword-fish (*Histiophorus*). I am par-



ticular in saying a broad-finned sword-fish, because I don't believe that the beak of the common sword-fish (*Xiphias*) is sufficiently strong to even enter the side of a ship, and if it did, the hole ought to be oblong and transverse and not circular, as that in the form of its cross section. The broad-finned sword-fish, though no doubt a most rapid and powerful swimmer, does not strike the timber of the ship like a globular cannon-ball.

"The beak of the fish is long, slender, conical, tapering, with a sharp point. It would enter the wood gradually, pushing the grain of the wood aside (not making a hole like an auger); and if the fish did withdraw its beak, the wood, which you must recollect would then be soaking in the water, would gradually regain its form and fill up the hole made by the beak, and only leave a crack. Every one knows how the hole and crash made by a cannon-ball in the side of a ship fills up for this reason.

"Secondly, I do not think, but this is more a matter of opinion, that when the beak of the broad-finned sword-fish has once entered the side of a ship it could ever be withdrawn. The beak of this fish is covered with hard granules. These must offer a great resistance to its being drawn back, especially when you consider the form of the hole that it makes on entering the wood, which must clasp the beak very tightly. The beak of the common sword-fish is smooth, and therefore, I argue, not to be compared with the beak of the broad-finned sword-fish in such a case. The beak of the common sword-fish could easily be withdrawn from a hole where the beak of the broad-finned one would be most firmly fixed,

"This is consistent with our experience. All the specimens of timber of a vessel that has been pierced by the beak of the broad finned sword-fish in collections have the beak still enclosed in the hole. I do not think that the beak of the common sword-fish is sufficiently strong to enter the side of a ship. In all cases it is the hole which the beak of the broad-finned sword-fish makes in the wood that is in collections. The beaks of all the broad-finned sword-fish that I have seen which have entered the sides of ships are much more than an inch in diameter.

"Under all the circumstances, I do not believe that a 'circular hole in a plank about an inch in diameter' could have been made by the beak of a sword-fish; and it is much more likely to have been the hole made by an auger, which ought to have been filled up with a wooden trenail."

Such is the commentary of Mr. Gray.

I am not familiar with the scientific distinctions referred to by naturalists, but with the sword-fish generally known amongst the Pacific whalers as the "killer," I have had many opportunities of gaining acquaintance. It has a long round body, largest at the head and tapering gradually to the tail. It has a small mouth, no teeth, and a rough skin. The back is black, and the belly is of a silvery white color. It has one fin running the whole length of the back, being very low in the middle. There is a pair of fins at the gills, none on the belly, and the tail is much forked.

The snout of the upper jaw projects a long distance from the lower jaw, in shape of a straight sword, and is generally very sharp at the end. It is of extreme hardness. It is a frequent sight in the Pacific to see one trying to kill a whale, — a feat they generally manage to accomplish, although there is reason to believe that they are often many hours about it.

From what I have seen of the sword-fish, I quite

agree with the evidence given for the defence on the trial before the Lord Chief Justice. The force with which a sword-fish assails a whale or a ship is wholly acquired by the velocity with which the charge is made. They wage war in the same manner as a ram, — by retreating a short distance to gather force for a blow, and without doing this they are nearly powerless. The force with which a sword would be driven into the planking of a ship in the manner their attacks are made would certainly prevent it from being extricated by any muscular power the creature possesses.

When in the whale fishery, I once had a fine opportunity of witnessing a combat between a "killer" and a whale. A whale was seen to the leeward from the "bird's nest," and two boats were lowered. As they were pulled near the whale, we saw that something was wrong with it. It dived below, but only for a moment, when it rose again quite near to us. It turned round with a velocity that counteracted the run of the waves and sent them rolling from it in a circle. Then its flukes lashed the sea into a foam which was tinged with blood. "It's a be-in' tacked by a killer," exclaimed the old boat-steerer. "Avast! and let's see 'em have it out."

We rested with oars "apeak" for more than half an hour, and during that time we saw the "killer" three or four times. Once, in "going about" to make another charge upon the whale, it came within a few feet of us, and was apparently about twelve feet long.

How long this attack had continued we knew not, but it was soon over after our arrival upon the scene. Again the whale dived from our view, but immediately arose, unable in its agony to remain long below. When satisfied with this exciting scene, we fastened to the whale with an iron, of which it seemed to take no notice. The lance was then "hove," and immediately after, on seeing two columns of blood thrown into the air, we knew that it had but little longer to live. A few minutes later, and the whale was lying under the lee of the ship, and its enemy had been driven away.

I have often heard from old whalers, that the "killer" kills the whale for the sake of its tongue, — that being the only part of the monster the sword-fish ever eats, but I have no knowledge of my own as to the truth of this assertion.

## HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

### CHAPTER XVII.

A WEDDING.

As the little story runs on, we must come again to Mr. Hagbut's affair.

Was this actually Carry? Yes, it was actually Carry. Rebecca had helped to dress her, but Rebecca scarcely knew her, when she came into the room in her modest bride's dress. She was so pretty and so bright that Rebecca scarcely knew her own sister.

Rebecca was by no means acting as bridesmaid, far from it. In the first place, her father had rebelled against bridesmaids altogether, and in the course of a somewhat peppery conversation with Rebecca, had said that she herself, considering what her relations with the bridegroom had been, had much better stay away herself. But Rebecca, getting more and more sure of her position with her father every day, had declined to stay away.



"Not see old Carry married!" she said; "I am sure I would not miss it for all the world. She has been a dear, good, loving sister to me, and has borne more petulance from me than I ever have from her."

"Then you don't feel any spite against her or him?" said Mr. Turner.

"Law, pa, what nonsense!" said Rebecca.

Although there were no real bridesmaids, at the same time two young ladies were, as Hartop or Morley (or, for that matter, Hetty) would have said, "told off" to act in that capacity. They were from Miss Soper's school, and they wept as copiously as any bridesmaids at St. George's, Hanover Square. Carry did not feel at all as if she wanted to cry; but she thought it was the proper thing to do, and cried hard.

The neighbors came in and chattered and giggled, — Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper among them. After they had come in and saluted the bride, Miss Soper drove her sharp elbow into Mrs. Russel's side and said: —

"Is he coming?"

"Who?" said Mrs. Russel.

"Morley."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Russel. "Don't shove like that; you've broke two of my ribs, I do believe."

"Where's she?" said Miss Soper.

"Who?" said Mrs. Russel.

"Rebecca."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Russel. "She will hardly have the face to show, I should think. I wish you would get out of that trick of ramming your elbow into another person's ribs when you ask a question. I'm black and blue — No. Why, that's her, ain't it, again the wall?"

It was her, Mrs. Russel. That grand beauty with her chin on her hand, and her elbow on her knee, who sat alone, with her great speculative eyes, seeing beyond you and the crowd behind you, was Rebecca. And as she sat there that morning, all alone, dressed in dove-colored silk and pearls, there was scarcely a handsomer woman in all old England, from palace to cottage. Your eye was not trained for beauty; you could not see it.

Miss Soper could, to a certain extent. In her business of schoolmistress, she had had so much beauty put under her eye that she knew it when she saw it. Mrs. Russel's definition of beauty would have limited itself to "a fresh complexion." Miss Soper had a dim idea of generalizing from fact. Jewellers' clerks get a knowledge of what is the prevailing taste in jewelry. An old picture dealer's clerk will tell you what will sell and what will not. So Soper, in her trade, knew a pretty girl when she saw one, though in her office of dragon she disliked receiving them. But she knew more. She was well-connected in the trade, and she knew houses who would take an article which was seldom offered to her, and which often, in her way of doing things, gave her great trouble, — a very handsome girl. So looking at Rebecca, she said: —

"She is wonderfully handsome."

"Do you think so, my dear?" said Mrs. Russel. "I can't see it."

"No one ever supposed so," said Miss Soper.

"Don't shove again, dear, pray don't," said Mrs. Russel.

"What did I tell you about that girl, when we got her forbidden to go out of the lane?" said Miss Soper.

"I forget," said Mrs. Russel.

As it seemed that Miss Soper had forgotten also, she resumed the discussion at another point.

"Shall we go and speak to her?" said Miss Soper.

"My dear soul," said the really good Russel, "I think we ought. The poor child is pining over Mr. Hagbut; it would be only kind."

Was she, Mrs. Russel? No, she was away from you all, with the sounds of the great sea. While she had been sitting there in her dove-colored silk all alone she had watched your figures till she had tired of them, and had gone to sea once or twice. You were quite out of her thought. She did not want to be naughty, but she could. Why did not you leave her alone?

She could be horribly naughty, and she had the most intense dislike for these two ladies. If you had told her that Mrs. Russel was only a hot-tempered, gossiping scold, who would have given the bed from under her to release the son she had scolded out of doors, she would have laughed at you. If you had told her that that intolerable woman, Miss Soper, was in her way a heroine, and had slaved all her life to keep a ruined family together, and in doing so, — in training virtuous women, had done more good than was ever likely to fall to the share of our poor Rebecca, she would have laughed at you again. Their formulas had been rendered hateful to her, and she hated them through their formulas, which had plagued her. She was a very naughty girl, and they made her naughtier.

She was rounding some dim wild cape in a gale of wind, and there were two with her whom she knew and one who always stood perversely behind her. And the one who stood behind her kept saying like a cuckoo, "Not yet. Not yet." And again like a blackbird, "Not till you're fit. Not till you're fit." And there suddenly approach to her her deadly enemies, the Russel and the Soper. What reader would trust her temper under such circumstances?

She rose and gave them a sweeping courtesy, and — may I say it? — the devil entered into her. It was only a very little one.

"Are you quite well, Miss Turner?" said the fat Russel.

"I am quite well, thank you," said Rebecca. "I had a holiday lately. It has done me much good."

"Indeed! another?" said the Soper, alluding to the terrible escapade to Ramsgate.

"Yes," said Rebecca, looking at her with a look which the Soper had never seen in any of her school-girl's faces. "Another. A young gentleman from the sea came and took me out for a holiday, and he took me down the river all the way to Gravesend. And we were together all day."

"Who went with you, my dear?" said Mrs. Russel.

"He did," said Rebecca.

"No one else?"

"What did we want with any one else? He was very handsome and agreeable, and a third would have been one too many. I should like you to be introduced to that young gentleman, Miss Soper. His hair is so beautiful. Little curls all over his head. He sat at my feet the most of the time, and if I had had a pair of scissors, I believe I should have snipped one off."

The allied powers retreated. Says Russel, "That girl will go to the bad."



"Not she," hissed Soper in her ear. "She is just the very one of all others who won't. She is not in my line, I don't have that article in my establishment, but I know enough to know that."

Rebecca said to herself, "It is the only way to treat you people. If kings and priests would not make outrageous pretensions, democracy would die; at least pa says so. Ha! you two, Carry said you were coming."

She sat perfectly still after this, in her old attitude, quite quiet, knowing that they would come to her. The chairs beside her were unoccupied, for the Philistines did not know exactly whether they ought to go near her, and her father made no sign. "Those two" were quickly sitting beside her. She was determined to amuse herself, and in answer to their greetings she replied, without raising her chin from her hand:—

"Where is Hetty?"

"She is at home," said Mr. Morley.

"What is she doing?" said Rebecca, without moving.

"She is not doing anything to-day," said young Hartop. "She is getting the duds together. Change of ship, you know."

"Now, Jack," said Mr. Morley, "mind your promise."

Rebecca, from young Hartop's silence, thought that Morley was angry, but, moving her chin from her hand and looking up in his face, she saw that his eyebrows were raised, and that the corners of his mouth were down. She also noticed that he looked more handsome than any man she had ever seen. But she had noticed that before.

The next properly arranged wedding you go to, when you have looked at the bridegroom long enough, look at the bride's father. If it is a well-arranged marriage, there will be the same light in the eyes of both. This was not a well-arranged wedding, for our poor Rebecca, whom I hope you have forgiven, had rather spoilt it by her wild conduct. Mr. Hagbut had changed rather quickly too; and there was a cloud over it by his mere presence. Mr. Turner, man of the world, knew this, and did not show to advantage; he was haggard and worn, and bent his head.

He had been into the room and out again. She had scarcely noticed him at first, but when he came in a second time, she watched his bowed head, and rose to her feet.

I know a young lady of such strange and radiant beauty, that I and my companion always know, when we go to a country gathering, in one instant, whether she is there or not. Rebecca's beauty was not so great as that lady's, I will allow; yet, when she rose from between Hartop and Mr. Morley, her presence was felt. The babble which was going on in awaiting the bridegroom died into whispers,—into silence,—as she came softly forward and kissed her father.

"Give me your blessing, father."

Turner raised his head as she bent hers.

"The Lord of Miriam and of Jael bless thee, my daughter. Smite as Jael, then sing as Miriam. Thou art blessed, O my daughter."

And so he kissed her, and she went back and sat between Hartop and Mr. Morley again.

"He has forgiven her," whispered Mrs. Russel.

"Hold your tongue," said Miss Soper; "there is something I can't understand about this, and so I don't suppose you can."

"Keep close to me, you two," said Rebecca, in a

whisper; "I am frightened. Don't leave me, you two."

"Are you ill?" said Hartop, also in a whisper.

"No, I am never ill. But these people frighten me. This house is frightful, and the lane is frightful. You don't know what this house is. There is poison in it. My father cannot give me his blessing without frightening me. And Carry says that there is blood at the foot of the stairs," she added, wildly and hurriedly. "Why should he talk of Jael?"

"I wish Hetty was here," said Hartop, in a low voice.

"Quiet, my child, quiet," said Mr. Morley, laying his hand on her arm. "Talk of something else. What shall we talk of?"

"The sea," said Rebecca, herself in an instant; "I want to know about the sea, or about Hetty Morley."

"There is no such person," said Hartop, turning and looking into Rebecca's face.

"No such person!" said Rebecca, aghast. "Is she drowned?"

"Not a bit of it," said Hartop, bringing his face close to hers; "Hetty is alive, but she is Hetty Hartop now, for she and I were married by Mr. Morley yesterday morning."

Her dull horror of the old house, and the quaint company, was gone at once by this pretty piece of news. It was something so bright, so human, so—well, so romantic, that a great smile spread over her face, as she said:—

"No."

"Fact, I assure you. Yesterday morning. You were not to be told, but I saw you were getting low." And, indeed, the tact of this young sailor was very great, for Rebecca was quite roused again and gay.

"You provoking people! I want to see Hetty, and you will tell me nothing of her."

"It would n't do here," said Hartop; "they would n't stand it."

"But what is she like?" asked Rebecca.

"What is she like?" said the bridegroom.

"Why, she is like her father; that's about what she is like. You've seen *him*," he growled.

Rebecca turned on Mr. Morley. "She is like you!"

"But younger, you know, and more good-looking," said Mr. Morley, with a bow.

And Rebecca had just settled emphatically in her mind that Hetty was very handsome, when enter the bridegroom.

"Why, that is never him," said Rebecca, suddenly.

It was, though. A man at his best, and a man generally makes the best of himself when he is going to be married, is a very different thing from a man at his worst. Rebecca and Hartop had only known him at his worst, and even Morley, knowing him better than they did, was surprised. "That big, fat, pale-faced man," he thought, "has actually more vitality than I have. I shall last longer, but if I had been what he has been, I could not have shown such a presence."

A man, we must remember, without sufficient physique for the first or second life-guards, who has spent his life in talking religionism to foolish and uneducated women, is very likely to become fat, ill-dressed, and untidy. But put that man on his mettle. Get him rejected by a beautiful girl, and make him bridegroom to another girl, and I fancy you will find some of the old Adam in him. There was a considerable deal of the old Adam in Hagbut that day; so much that he looked a rather noble person.



Rebecca leaned back in wonder, and said aloud (for she knew that no one could hear her but Mr. Morley and Hartop, and she did not "mind" them): "I could not have believed it. Why, the man is handsome and noble looking."

"Is there any reason why he should *not* look noble?" said Mr. Morley, quietly. "My dear child, that man has done more good in his day than ever you will have the chance of doing, even if you had the power or the will. His formulas displease you; they are purely scriptural, and move the dead bones of the middle class into life. His vulgarity displeases you; that very vulgarity is the key-note of his power among the vulgar, who would dislike and possibly resent the ministrations of a scholar and a gentleman, who could not understand their ways of thought, and who would continually keep their inferiority before their eyes, by talking in a dialect more refined than their own. I pray God that when I die I may claim to have done as much good as Hagbut has."

"Yes!" said Rebecca, thinking.

"Yes, indeed," said Morley. "There are those who say that such men as Hagbut vulgarize religion. It is not true, or at best only half true. They find a vulgarized religion among vulgar people, and they preach it, as honestly and as nobly as this man has; and he raises his people by doing so."

"How can he raise them by being vulgar?" asked Rebecca.

"He raises them, in spite of all his vulgarity, to the level of Christianity; and at that point both he and they cease to be vulgar. I dare say that the Covenanters ate with their knives, but they could die like the best gentleman of the lot. While there are vulgar people, you must have vulgar priests. I, being a gentleman myself, know that well. That man Hagbut, whose ways of speech and of action are an offence to me, has brought more souls to Christ than ever I shall bring, with my twopenny refinements. He comes of their own class, and their language is his. Their language is foreign to me, and I cannot imitate it. And that lower middle class is the very one which wants rousing and exciting. The great use of the dissenting clergyman is to rouse that class, and to ennoble them. Hagbut can do it. I cannot. I am a useless man compared to him."

"Yet you can bring sailors to chapel, sir," said Hartop, quietly.

"Ah, yes, I can do that," said Mr. Morley, with sudden animation. "Yes, boy, I *can* do that. That was a good thing for you to say. Yes! yes! they come again and again. It is not utterly nothing to keep lads in the faith their mothers taught them through all temptations. You must come down and hear me preach some day, Miss Turner. See, the bride is moving. We must go."

So they went. And Hagbut married Carry; and the Hagbut episode in her little life came to an end.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CONFIDENCES.

And Carry was gone, and Rebecca had to undertake her duties.

"I shall make a fine mess of it at first, pa," she said to her father on the first day, "for I have been most diligently idle all my life. But I will do the best I can. I can't scold and worry, but I will keep the maids in order for all that. You sha'n't want anything, my dear."

"You will do well enough, if you care to do it,"

said Mr. Turner. "I don't want scolding or worrying; I have lost my faith in it. That is what made the mischief between your mother and me."

"Well, dear pa, that is all over and gone. We shall be happy together, you know."

"I don't know. You may be happy, for you have hope before you,—the hope of my death. I am a broken man. I wish I was dead."

"I am sure I don't know why, father," said Rebecca, with a heavy heart and a light tongue. "What nonsense you talk! Is there any man in our connection more honored than you are? As for the money I am to have at your death, I wish you would leave it to Carry, and then you would not suspect my love."

"You are a foolish girl."

"I think you are a very foolish man," said Rebecca, stoutly; "that prospective money has been the greatest plague of my life; I wish it was in the deep Atlantic. That—Mr. Hagbut would have left me alone if it had not been for that money."

"You were too good for him," said Turner. "Child, have you ever thought of any one else?"

"As a husband?"

"Yes, as a husband."

"Certainly," said Rebecca; "for a whole week I thought I should have liked *very much* to marry young Hartop. But, here, he has gone and married Hetty, leaving me desolate and disconsolate. There was never any one so shamefully deceived as I have been."

"Do you know Hetty Morley?" said Mr. Turner.

"No, I don't," said Rebecca; "the artful young puss! When I do, I will give her a piece of my mind. Young—I mean Mr. Hartop, has used me shamefully. It is all very well for you to laugh, pa, but you would n't like it yourself."

"Come here," said Mr. Turner. And Rebecca came and sat at his feet.

"I have been a hard father to you, my child, and I do not know how I have won your love. But I seem to have it. God is very good. He is not what they want to make him out; is he?"

Rebecca answered her father by stroking his hand and putting it to her lips.

"My head is growing old, girl. I am a broken man; but I will do my duty to the very last. I am not to be trusted. This responsibility about Duce-toy's papers is killing me. I never thought I should have found my truest, kindest friend in you, but it is so. You will stay by me to the end?"

"To the death, father"; she did not want him to get excited, and so she said no more.

"You are a better man than I am, child, and I wander to-night. But, believe me, that Morley's God is the true God—is the true God—and—and not Hagbut's. Where is the little dog?"

"She is here, father," said Rebecca, putting Mab on his lap.

"Pretty little beast, bonny little beast. Bark for us, little one. Defend us. My dear Rebecca, the God who made this little thing was not Hagbut's God, but Morley's."

"There is one,—but one God, father," said Rebecca. And she said it because she did not know what to say.

"Yes, but they make two or three. See, girl? Will you promise me one thing?"

"I will do as you tell me," said Rebecca, "if you will be always as you are now."



"Promise me that you will never join the established church after I am dead."

Rebecca sat silent for a long time. At last she said, —

"I don't think that I could promise as much as that, father. I think it extremely improbable, but I will not pledge myself. I tell you honestly that if I were to quit our connection, I should go either to the Moravians or to the Primitive Methodists."

"They are not a very high sect, my child," said Mr. Turner.

"I don't *want* a very high sect," said Rebecca; "that is just where it is."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DARKER HOURS STILL.

Dull was the old house, daller, alas, than ever it was, for there was not even old Carry now; and Mr. Turner, left alone in the house with the favorite daughter of his dead wife, began to mope and brood over that miserable old business. It was evident also to Rebecca that his mind was not by any means what it had been.

She was free to go where she would now, but she never went far out of the lane, except a few times as far as Putney Bridge. She used to slip across sometimes to see Mrs. Spicer or Mrs. Akin, in a quiet, neighborly way, and hear their gossip, give them books, and other little things, doing them high honor. It would have been an evil time for any man who insulted her while Mr. Spicer or Akin were near.

Those two worthies were the very picture of comfort and contentment every Sunday morning, each in his shirt-sleeves and a long pipe in his mouth, as Rebecca took her father to chapel; but one morning she missed them, and thought they had gone for an expedition somewhere: "It is very little pleasure they get," she thought. "We ought not to begrudge it to them." But when they got inside the chapel, who should be sitting near the door but Spicer and Akin in their best clothes. Rebecca flushed up with real pleasure, and when service was over, she made her father stop while she spoke to them.

"I am *so* glad to see you here."

"Yes, miss," replied Akin. "It looked so nice seeing you and the governor going every Sunday, that we thought we'd go. That's about the size of it, miss."

"I *hope* you like it."

"Yes, miss, we likes it well enough," said Jim Akin, "but we don't make much fist on it at fust."

"Ah! you won't find it strange long," said Rebecca. And so they parted.

Her father asked her as they went home under the dull, gray sky, if she had asked these men to come to chapel; and she had said "No, that she had never mentioned it to them," and he said: "I am very glad of that. Whatever you do, don't undertake the responsibility of forcing religion on other people. Let them find it out for themselves —" He was going on to say a great deal more, as it seemed to Rebecca from the tone of his voice, but he checked himself suddenly.

It was dull, miserable, dripping, motionless weather, and she sat day after day utterly alone while her father was away on business, — alone save for her little dog. She tried hard to be very good, and as is usually the case when a person tries that, she succeed-

ed. Only she fretted a little that she did not hear from her friends in Limehouse.

Many things in the housekeeping were great puzzles to her, and she used to take them patiently, and lay them at the feet of her beloved old nurse Tibbey, in Leader Street, Chelsea, but it was rather a long way there, so she saw but little of those excellent souls at present.

One day there came a letter which made her cry; it was from Mr. Morley. Jack Hartop and Hetty were off to sea, and Hetty was so hard at work, shifting into her new ship, that it would be quite impossible for her, or Jack either, to get to Walham Green. He added, that as soon as they were gone, he would very likely come and see her himself. She cried a good deal over this letter, but it was not in anger and rebellion. That nightmare, Mr. Hagbut, being removed from his position of possible husband, she rather liked him than otherwise, and was at peace with all the world; and the Limehouse people had done her much good; and she was, in one way and another, very far from the Rebecca of old times. She cried because she had wanted to see Hetty; and she told her father so, frankly, that night, when he asked her why her eyes were red?

"Why do you want to see her?" he asked.

"I don't know. I am sure she is nice."

"Why?"

"Because those two are so fond of her, and those two are the nicest people I know."

"Miss Hetty Morley," said Mr. Turner, "chose to disgrace herself and ruin her father's connection, by a stupid and rebellious course of action. As Mrs. Hartop she is continuing it. If you walked the earth round, you would not find, in the dissenting connection, three such sentimental idiots as Morley, his daughter, and Jack Hartop."

"What has Hetty done, pa?"

"Degraded herself; dropped into a low sphere of life, and dragged her fool of a father down with her. Morley may choose to tell you in his own good time, for he is as obstinate as a pig, what she *has* done; but he chooses to keep the secret, and I won't betray him."

"But you like Mr. Morley, pa."

"Yes. He is a good and a noble man, a pure Christian, and a real gentleman; but he will have to answer to God for his indulgence to that girl."

"But you would listen to him on spiritual matters?"

"Yes, to no man sooner. But he has been a fool in a worldly point of view, by allowing that girl to do as she has done."

And this was all she could get out of her father. And the great mystery about Hetty was no nearer solution than ever.

This was probably the most weary time she had ever had; for even if Carry had been there, she had lost the heart to scold her, and so her sole amusement was gone. She had her cats and was still kind to them, though her little dog Mab had supplanted them in her affections. She told Mab everything now; and Mab seemed to understand. She could have told her father everything, but there was a reason.

At one time, not long ago, she had believed that there would have been perfect accord between herself and her father. It was not to be. The overwhelming sense of responsibility with regard to Lord Ducetoy's papers was too much for his mind and it became clouded; and in its clouding there came on



a phase of religious doubt, which may be laughed at by doctrinaires, but which in practice, in reality, was, to Rebecca at least, horrible.

If he would have broken out into unbelief and sheer blasphemy at once, she could have stood it better. But he got dreadful silent fits, ending in sharp-pointed deductions, the result of an hour's solitary silent argument with himself. He would sit perfectly silent, with his hands occasionally wandering one over the other for an hour, until he nearly drove the silently sewing Rebecca, opposite him, out of her mind; and at last, when the poor, unguided girl, working so hard and so nobly at her duty, was nearly out of her mind through sheer nervousness, he would say suddenly and sharply:—

"If one actually regains consciousness after the dissolution of the body, and if one finds that the whole scheme has been a mistake from beginning to end, how then? One will regret that one had not been a profligate,—a man who takes such pleasure as he can find, and discounts his bills on the future state."

And so on. Which has nothing to do with us, further than this. It was horrible and intolerable to Rebecca. It frightened her. She had rebelled against a certain close form of nonconformist Christianity, as being narrow, cold, and in her eyes worthless, because it wanted the one element of sentimentalism. There had come to her the stout nonconformist Morley, who had shown her a form of dissent, as beautiful and as spiritual as the highest forms of Anglicanism or Romanism, though wanting in the ceremonialisms which, as the daughter of a Papist mother, she loved in her heart. And now here was her father cutting the ground from under her feet, just as she was feeling for it. *De profundis clamavit*, that is to say, she turned on her father once and said, most emphatically:—

"I am sorry you have lost your faith, pa; but I can't see that there is the slightest reason for your undermining mine; I am beginning to believe. Please let me."

Turner saw what she meant, and uttered no more of his doubts. But he sat there opposite Rebecca, night after night, scowling over his Bible as he turned the leaves, and looking unutterable things. Which did not mend matters much for poor Rebecca,—which, in fact, made them rather worse, for she could never tell what he was thinking of now.

In the foolish old days, before one thought, many of us used to read the accounts of the prize fights in Bell's Life; and one used to read that Bob So-and-so "was a glutton for punishment." Now I claim for Rebecca that she was a better "glutton for punishment" than any snake-headed, bright-eyed young man who ever made a brute of himself in the prize ring.

Punishment enough she got in these days. Her father fading and growing mad before her eyes. No society; and as it seemed to her no hope. The responsibility of the enormous amount of valuable heirlooms and papers in the house, thrown on her own shoulders, for her father was as no one, save in his determination to hold by them. No help, no advice, nothing for her but a dull, mulish obstinacy, a determination to act honestly as circumstances should direct. And all the time her father in one of his "girding" moods, accusing her of idleness, and making his case good to her about her dead mother. Punishment enough, poor child. But she took it bravely and nobly.

"Pa," she said, one night, "don't gird at me." His face had been fixed before, but it relaxed now.

"Have I been girding at you, Rebecca?"

"Yes, pa. Don't, please."

"I won't, dear. I didn't mean to. Tell me when I gird at you, and I will leave off."

## CHAPTER XX.

### OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE.

At last Mr. Morley came. Surely, no brown, handsome face, no quiet hazel eyes, no very slightly grizzled head of curling hair, was ever more welcome in a Christian house than were his.

It was in the dreary middle of the day when he came, and Rebecca, who was kneading dough (and making an awful mess of it) uttered a joyful exclamation when she saw him. I think that I have mentioned before that in social matters this odd young lady was rather radical. She certainly behaved on this occasion in a way which would have horrified the better conducted sister Carry. She ran up the stairs and opened the door herself with her hands, nay, with her finely-moulded bare arms all over flour, and she said: "Come in; I thought you must be dead. Tell me about those two."

"Go and wash your hands, and come and talk to me in the parlor," said Mr. Morley, quietly; and Rebecca slid away and did as he told her.

"Now," she said, when she was seated by him on the sofa, "tell me all about Jack and Hetty."

"That will depend on your account of your behavior," said Mr. Morley. "How have you been behaving?"

"I have been as good as gold."

"Then I shall not tell you one word," said Mr. Morley; "you are in a vainglorious and self-seeking frame of mind, and I will mortify you by not telling you one single word."

"Well, then, I have been very naughty."

"One of your propositions must be false, and so I shall certainly tell you nothing now."

"Then you are a most disagreeable man, and I hate you,—no I don't—don't mind me. I love you very much, Mr. Morley. Only come sometimes and tell me what to do, for really and truly I don't know."

"You have been well brought up, and you ought to know for yourself. At least I mean to leave you to find out. How is your father?"

Rebecca remained perfectly silent, with her chin in her hand for a long time, and Morley sat looking at her steadily, although she did not know it. She sat so long thus that he repeated his question, I very much fear, to catch the light in her eye. Rebecca turned to him quickly for one instant, and he had his will. She gave him one kindly glance, and saying, "Wait a little," resumed her old attitude of thought,—that of Michael Angelo's Lorenzo de Medici.

Morley waited for her in silence and in patience. "Here," he said to himself, "is a woman who will actually think before she speaks. Here is also a woman who can act, who has acted, on far-seeing, deliberate conviction, 'careless of present consequences. Are there two Hetty's in the world?" He sat and watched her, wondering what would come.



He had a long time to wait before it came, for she did not open her mouth until she had made up her mind. And then she told him everything, decisively, and straightforwardly, as one man tells a whole matter to another man who is his friend.

She moved closer to him on the sofa where they sat, so that the two beautiful faces were not very far apart, and so that her eyes could look straight up into his. And there and then she told him everything.

Her wasted, rebellious, furious youth; her secret hankering after popery, — the religion of her mother, he must mind, — as promising some sort of rest to her furious heart; the quieting effect that the gentle Primitive Methodists had had on her always; her rage and hatred against Hagbut because he wanted to marry her; the real reason of her wild escapade to Ramsgate; her love for her father; her love for Carry; her love for her little dog; her love for Mr. Spicer and Jim Atkin; her love for Jack Hartop; for Hetty, whom she had never seen, and her love for him — Morley. "I assure you, Mr. Morley, that I believe I am a most affectionate person, if I had a fair chance. But people are so cross. I'd get fond of old Russel and old Soper if they would only be civil."

Mr. Morley said, "Quite so."

Then she went on, resuming the Lorenzo de Medici attitude again, and leaving herself and her experience, told him in a plain, business-like manner, the whole story of her father, and her troubles from beginning to end. "For," she said, "you have got kind, trustworthy eyes, like Mab's, and if one wants to keep out of Bedlam, one must tell some one." And so she told him all about the fearful responsibility her father had undertaken, pointed out to him that her father's action was nearly illegal, being done without the consent of trustees, of whom Sir Gorham Philpott was one.

Here Mr. Morley interrupted her for a moment. "Was Lord Ducetoy married?"

"No; and he would not get married for a month or so, until affairs were in some way square. He was to be married to Miss Egerton of Delamere."

Mr. Morley was satisfied at once, and begged her to proceed.

She went on at once, eagerly, not catching the drift of Morley's last inquiry; for he was so surprised at Turner's singular and chivalrous behavior, that it had entered into his not generally a suspicious mind that Turner wished Lord Ducetoy to marry Rebecca. Rebecca, I say, went on, and told him of the clouding of her father's mind; of his religious doubts; of his strange midnight wanderings up and down the old house; of the awful responsibility which weighed on her with regard to him. She told him all; and then, turning her face to his again, asked for his advice.

"It is easily given, Rebecca," he said; "go on as you are going now. Do your duty to him as you are doing it now, and you will not fail. You have a clear, sharp brain, *use it*; and you will do well."

"But I have *done* nothing," said Rebecca.

"What could you do?" said Morley.

Rebecca's chin went in her hand again directly; and after a time she said, —

"I don't see, speaking honestly, that I could have done any more than I have. The time for action has not come. And then I am such a fool, you know."

"Are you?"

"They all say so."

"Well, then, of course it is true. About this business, taken as a whole, you can do nothing more than you have done. It is one of those matters on which one cannot decide. Your father is behaving splendidly; but if his religion goes from him in the struggle, your father will die. I will talk to him. You are a good girl; indeed, I always thought you were, do you know?" and Morley laughed.

"That is all very fine," said Rebecca; "but at the same time one would like a little practical advice."

"I'll manage matters for you, my child," said Morley. "I'll shift no responsibility off your shoulders on to mine, but I will make things easier for you. You do your little duty, and you will come to no harm."

"Then you don't think me such a very naughty girl?"

"Well, well! you are behaving well now."

"Am I naughtier than Hetty?"

"You leave Hetty alone; Hetty is no business of yours."

"But Hetty was naughty. What did she do, Mr. Morley?"

"She was exceedingly naughty, and I was very nearly being angry with her; that is what she did."

"Am I never to see Hetty?"

"What on earth do you want to see her for?"

"I don't know," said Rebecca. "I think I should like her. There cannot be much harm about her, or Jack Hartop would not love her as he does. He says that she has been wrecked three times, and that the Queen wrote her a letter. Why was she shipwrecked?"

"Because she shipped on board ships which happened to get wrecked."

"Hum!" said Rebecca. "But why did the Queen write to her?"

"Because she did her duty, as you are doing yours now."

"But tell me more," said Rebecca, eagerly. "Let me know *something* of her; for I love her, and I can't tell why. What did she do that the Queen should have written to her. Tell me."

[To be continued.]

## CHILDREN.

PERHAPS there is no truer thing in Shakespeare than his division of the life of man into so many ages, each of which is represented by a separate player upon the world's stage. It is not easy for any one in after life to realize the fact that he or she was once, and not so very long ago, a damp, unpleasant baby. Of that first part of our existence none of us know much; but of our second part: —

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwilling to school,"

almost all of us retain a very lively recollection. Not that we were all whining, or all crept unwillingly to school; but, nevertheless, the joys and sorrows of those days are indelibly printed on our memories, rather as happening to some boy or girl of our acquaintance, and who was dear to us, with whom we sympathized, and whom we pity or admire still, than as having occurred to us in our own early youth. In those days joy was ecstasy and sorrow



was despair; sensation was intense but brief; now it is faint and long drawn out. There were terrible moments in that spring-time of life. Who does not remember the first day at school when turned into the playground among a lot of big, rough, unsympathizing, strange boys? — good fellows most of them, but terrible in their want of veneration for all appertaining to the home and adjuncts of their small new schoolfellow. Then to some came nights when they lay down in misery, and mornings when they awoke with an undefined sensation of dread, all because of that Greek or Latin in which they were consciously deficient. There used to be, too, masters who, not content to punish with cane or task, would scold with a shrewish, reckless tongue; from long practice clever at wounding the feelings of children, knowing their tenderest parts both in body and in spirit. It has happened to a boy who has broken down in a line of Latin to be denounced by his master, before the whole school, as a thief who was picking his father's pocket, in that he had not learned what his father had paid for his being taught. Of course the dull and careless boy puts his tongue in his cheek and grins the moment the master's eyes are turned away, while one who is sensitive and high-spirited is filled with passionate indignation. Such a boy feels injured and outraged, and the insult rankles in his heart, possibly for the rest of his life. He never hears of or thinks of his old master but — like the schoolboy when told that Julius Cæsar in danger of drowning swam to land carrying his Commentaries in his teeth — he exclaims audibly or mentally, "the beast." In these latter days flogging seems to be pretty well abolished, but we will venture to say that a boy who is worth anything will feel less dishonored by a caning than by the scolding of a savage and spiteful man.

But to leave schoolmasters and to come to the parents themselves. Do they, as a rule, treat their children with an intelligent sympathy? A man whose days are spent in the city, and whose talk is of stocks and funds, of law, or of the produce-market, what is generally his idea of duty to his children? Probably it is to leave them as much money as possible. He forgets the romance of his own childhood, and how he once was entranced by Robinson Crusoe; how his soul went out with that desolate hero as he built his hut to dwell in; how his flesh crept on his little bones at the footprint in the sand; and how he felt that to be shipwrecked on a desert island was a blessing reserved by the gods for those especially favored by them. If a man would only call these things to mind, he would tell the good wife at home to be a little blind to the torn knickerbockers and dirty boots of the boys, who have their own desert island, their canoes, their savages, and their wild beasts, even as he had in the days that come not again to him. Perhaps, though, they may come again to him, if, instead of ridiculing the romance of his children's lives, and chilling the best and most joyous side of their natures, he sympathizes with them. Then, perhaps, they will let him watch them as they make their own cave, and plant the willow wands that are to sprout and grow and hide the entrance to their retreat. If he has been a companion to them both in body and in spirit, they will take him into their confidence, and use his greater muscular strength to assist them in their labors; of his intellect in such matters they will, at the best, we fear, have but a low opinion, for he must not expect to rival the great Crusoe himself. Then, as he becomes their

beast of burden, their hewer of wood, their delver in the soil, perhaps those long lost days may come again. If then, with the sweat of unaccustomed labor on his brow, he lies on the green turf a little off from the wild shrubbery where the children have their own domain, and watches the little Crusoe as he walks around his island, and in pretended unconsciousness comes near the band of whispering savages, there will be a lighter heart within his breast than within that of many a more successful and perhaps many a better man.

On the other hand, if he has treated his children's romances with ridicule, has made fairies a laughing-stock, denied the existence of the great Crusoe, and has sat in the seat of the scorner, he had better not go near the children when their small hearts beat high and their souls pant after the unknown. The first glance of an unsympathizing person scatters their imaginations; each one will walk off in a different direction, and while the intruder is near, their joys are ended. Perhaps the sight of this may make him touchy, and he takes the opportunity to remark upon troublesome children always digging holes, making themselves dirty, and tearing their clothes. The man who does this may be pronounced by his friends a good father, he may leave his children abundance of money, and when he is dead and gone, they may remember him with respect as an excellent man of business, prudent and honorable, but their hearts will not go up to him with passionate yearning and affection, nor until they themselves are old men and women will they always mention his name with that tenderness of voice and look of love that should keep his memory green to his children's children after him.

It is given but to very few of us to hand down to posterity a name made great and famous in the world's strife. We are most of us plodding, uninteresting folk, who seem to leave no mark on the world: history will never know us. But the capacity for producing either misery or happiness is hereditary, and does not stop with us. The children of captious, exacting parents are often themselves captious and exacting; while the memory of loving sympathy bestowed upon ourselves in our young days begets in us the like sympathy towards others.

In this way we can all do a good work in the world, and leave behind us loving remembrances. What is it a man dwells upon in the memory of parents passed away? We fancy it is the games played and races run together rather than the money left behind by them. It is the parents who must really educate the child; the schoolmaster will never do it. He may cram a certain amount of Greek and Latin into a boy's head, but there he stops. He will never supply the place of the father. It is for the latter to rouse in a child a taste for what is noble and beautiful. Above all, youth should be a time for love, and peace, and happiness; for none can say what shall come after! Who does not creep with pain at the cry of a child? Let the little ones, at all events, have a happy childhood to look back upon, and then let fate do her worst, it cannot rob them of the remembrance of the past joys, which are their inheritance forever.

#### FORTY SHILLINGS AND COSTS.

I HAD been all day trying to get from Avemister to Chelchester by a country line, a London line, and a branch line of railway. In the first place, as the country line only ran three trains a day, passen-



ger and goods together, necessitating weary shuntings at every station, we could hardly be said to have made a good start. In the next place, the strategic arrangement whereby the London line managed invariably to start its trains five minutes before the arrival of the "up" country train, making us wait for two hours at Marlbury Junction, to spite the country company, scarcely tended to rapid progress. In the third place, as it always happens to be the aim of a traffic-manager to endeavor to drive passengers on to the main line, and to visit with all possible retributive delays the hostile British public when it *will* travel on a branch, we could not be considered to have made up for lost time on the branch. In the fourth place, it did n't help us forward to be compelled to travel one hundred and twenty-seven miles round about in a parabola, in order to reach Chelchester, which, at starting, was only fifty-eight miles from Avestminster. In the fifth and last place, we were not got to Chelchester yet; and it would have been money in my pocket if I never had.

"Swinbro'—Swinbro'. Change here for Marchmont and Nutchley. Change here."

Almost time for a change, I reflected, considering I had been nine hours out on a journey of fifty-eight miles, and was still far off from my destination. Looking out from my window of a first-class compartment, I saw it was a cheerless, drizzling night, and the railway porters were steaming in the misty air as they hurried to and fro past the gleam of the lamps. Remonstrating with the guard respecting our train being nearly an hour late, and the time past eleven at night, he soothed my irritation by telling me gruffly I had no business on a branch line if I wanted to go anywhere; and if I would go to out-of-the-way places like Chelchester, I must be very thankful if the company put themselves to the expense of taking me there at all, considering branches did n't pay to work as a rule.

A solitary passenger then entered my carriage, or rather was banged into it by the guard. Another minute, and the guard had banged himself into his van, emitting the growl; "Change here!" Our fiery and restive iron steed, no doubt weary with its headlong career of full twelve miles an hour, gave a heroic neigh of triumph, resembling a feeble crow, in emulation of past exploits, in days long before it was condemned to transportation on a branch, and dragged us off into the bleak night.

My companion was a tall, thin, middle-aged man, with a face lean and withered like a shrivelled apple, concluded below the chin by a stiff satin cravat. In a dress, tight-fitting, and of ancient and faded black, he looked altogether like a man who had run very much to seed, which perhaps accounted for the luxuriant growth of his arms and legs. Observing his clothes steaming with the damp air, I began to realize it was very chilly. It certainly was.

"Quite a change in the weather," I remarked. "Very cold to-night; is it not?"

"Don't feel the cold myself. Perhaps you would like to *change places with me*. There is no draught here."

I replied I should be very pleased to do so, if not to his inconvenience; and accordingly we changed seats.

It was cold, and no mistake. I must have taken a chill, for I felt the cold creeping over me in a most unaccountable manner.

Looking at my companion on the opposite seat, on whom the lamp-light now shone full, I saw that

his face was not so thin, nor his features so withered, as I had at first supposed; and I must have made a mistake as to his age, for he was by no means so old as I had previously judged. How cold it was to be sure! As I continued to look at him, I noticed his aspect changed momentarily,—that he was growing younger; that the wrinkles in his face were filling out, and smoothing down; and that he was gradually becoming like some one I had seen before. As his cheeks grew round and ruddy, and his hair changed from gray to brown, before my very eyes, I became in such a state of nervous agitation, I endeavored to cry out, but could not. I was paralyzed with the cold,—cold that seemed to make my limbs rigid, and numb my vitals; for I saw the man sitting before me was no longer a stranger,—no mere friend or acquaintance; he had become ME!

I held up my hands, to try and shut out the sight, and as I did so, saw they were withered, and thin, and old. I pressed them on my brow, to see if I were dreaming; but I found it shrivelled, and seamed, and puckered. And I knew that this man, this fiend, had stolen my body, and given me his. Maddened with the discovery, I rose to my feet,—*his* feet,—which swayed beneath me, and I struck wildly at the vision of myself on the other seat. But I found my arms light as vapor, for they passed over his body, which went through them, giving me the impression of pain. It was a body of shade that had been given me for my own body of flesh and blood, which this wretch had stolen. By some sorcery or other, we had indeed changed places.

"Sorcerer-demon!" I cried out, only to hear myself speaking with his sharp, cracked voice. When I saw *myself* sitting opposite to me, coolly addressing me in my own voice, I could no longer credit my senses, if indeed I had any of them at all left of my own.

"Dare say you think you are speaking loud now," he said.

I answered by calling the guard as loudly as I could halloo.

"Ah, you might call a good deal louder than that, if the carriage were full of passengers, and they could no more hear you than they could *see* you," he continued, chuckling and screwing up my features into a hideously knowing grin, such as I could never have made them assume. "You see, my friend, yours is a body of air, of shadow, insensible, impalpable to all but myself, just as it was to all but you when I entered the carriage. You wish, perhaps, to know who I am? Well, two years ago to-night, I was a passenger by this very up-mail. There was a collision with a stupid down-goods, you see, and the result was that several passengers were injured. One of them was—well, it's no use mincing matters—killed on the spot. Quite so: it was I. Yes, I am what you call a ghost, though we consider the word rather *infra dig.* amongst ourselves, and have a better term for it. Now I have told you what I am, you will like to know what I want? Very good. You shall see."

The ghost in my body then began to feel in my pockets, from which he drew out my meerschaum, loaded it from my pouch, and lighted it with one of my Vesuvians.

"Ah," he proceeded, whiffing the weed rapidly, "you smoke very good stuff,—Golden Leaf and Returns; not a bad mixture, though I prefer a little Latakia with it myself. Not at all a bad body yours, either," he went on, eying the form in which



he was sitting,—"not at all a bad body; and it fits me to a T, only a little short in the arms. By the way, I find one of your front teeth a little loose, so don't say I did that, when you come to yourself again; and your nose is a little long for me, but I dare say it blows none the worse for that." I shuddered as I saw him take out my handkerchief, and use it on that cherished organ of mine.

"Yes, I dare say now you feel the cold a little; I did at first; but it's nothing when you are used to it. I find your body very hot,—being heavier than I am accustomed to wear; but it won't be for long. I require it 'positively for this night only,' as you say in your playbills, and will return it uninjured by the time we get to Chelchester. By the by, let me beg you to be a little careful how you throw your arms about so much as you did just now, for my body is of a more delicate construction than yours; and, being so thin in substance, I am afraid you will scag it under the armpits. You will observe, ladies and gentlemen," he went on in lecturer's style, "that if I take a lighted Vesuvian and insert it in the cornea of the patient's eye, he will feel no pain." Saying this, my dreadful companion proceeded to illustrate his remark by making a dive at my shadowy eye with a burning match. I felt no pain as the match burned in my head, certainly.

"You will allow, after all you see, that my shape has its advantages," the ghost proceeded; "but it also has its disadvantages. Try the pipe now." I tried to take the pipe; it dropped through my vapory fingers. He placed it in my mouth; I could not hold it, nor get a whiff from it. "Precisely so," said the ghost. "Now, this is just what has brought me here to-night. A great smoker all my life, doing my six pipes a day regularly, I have been defunct these two years,—and during all that time I have n't had a smoke!—not a blessed draw! I miss my 'bacco dreadful. There is provision made for smokers, down with us, you will understand; but we are governed by a Board of Directors, whose incapacity quite equals that of most of your City Boards. There is a stock of bodies kept on purpose for smokers, so that, if you want a pipe, you must go into one of the bodies to enjoy it. But, if you will believe me, the supply is so notoriously insufficient to meet the demand, that there is no chance whatever for a new ghost to get a smoke. When I entered the Society, all the bodies were out in use, and booked for three years in advance. My name has been down on the books for two years, and there is no likelihood of my getting a body allotted me under another twelvemonth. Fancy two years without a smoke! Why, sir, the incompetence of our Board is positively wooden. I can only explain the reason why we put up with such gross mismanagement in the other world, because we have become so used to it in this. Our constitutions, however, are being undermined to that extent that the Board has at last been coerced by popular feeling into passing a measure empowering ghosts to render themselves visible to single individuals at a time in order that they may effect an exchange of bodies for short periods, always with the consent of the person in question, for the purpose of indulging in a habit which the directors 'cannot, however, but characterize as pernicious and injurious.' Under this new act I obtained your body."

"You never had my consent, fiend!" I cried.

"It is vulgar to call names, my friend," the ghost replied, smoothing my mustache with my fingers; "but you are trifling. I asked you to change places

with me, and you agreed, as you must be well aware. But, dear me, here we are at Chelchester; however, I *must* finish my pipe—think of two years, and not a blessed draw, my friend!"

The train was pulling up. My companion leaned out of window, puffing fast and furious.

"Plenty of time to change bodies," he said; "it shall be done in an instant, as soon as the train stops." And he continued leaning out, and whiffing away great clouds of smoke, till we came to the platform. He hurriedly knocked out the ashes of the tobacco on the door-rail, as the guard cried: "Change here—change here; all change here, if you please."

A sudden glow of warmth seemed to pass over me as I rubbed my eyes, and found, to my great delight, my own smooth hands against my very own un-wrinkled cheeks. I looked up for my companion—he was gone—I was alone in the carriage.

I was greatly surprised, when I got on the platform, at being asked for my card by a very officious person; still more so, on receiving a magistrate's summons in the morning. The officious person deposed that he was the Secretary of the Anti-tobacco Alliance, and applied for a conviction against the undersigned, under one of the by-laws of the company, for smoking in a railway carriage, the property of the D. E. F. G. Company, contrary to their regulations. He declared to have seen me (only think!)—*me* leaning out of the carriage as it came into the Chelchester Station, smoking a meerschaum pipe! The guard gave evidence that the carriage certainly smelled very strongly of tobacco on arriving at Chelchester, and that I was the *only* first-class passenger. A meerschaum pipe, answering the officious person's description, was found on my person. Case was clear. Fined forty shillings and costs. Nay, more: the case of smoking in a railway carriage has been gibbeted at all the stations on the line,—where I am hung up as a caution and warning to the British Public, in a solemn black frame, with my name and address, and the amount of the penalty enforced, at full length!

It would have been useless to attempt to dispute the case before the magistrates. It is something to have set one's self right with the public.

## CHARMING WOMEN.

THERE are certain women who are invariably spoken of as charming. We never hear any other epithet applied to them. They are not said to be pretty, nor amiable, nor clever, though they may be all three, but simply charming; which we may take as a kind of verbal amalgam, the concentration and concretion of all praise. The main feature about these charming women is their intense feminality. There is no blurring of the outlines here; no confusion of qualities admirable enough in themselves but slightly out of place considering the sex; no Amazonian virtues which leave one in doubt as to whether we have not before us a youth in petticoats rather than a soft and tender woman. A charming woman is woman all over, one who places her glory in being a woman, and has no desire to be anything else. She is a woman rather than a human being, and a lady rather than a woman. One of her characteristics is the softness and exquisite grace of her manner, which so sweetly represents the tender nature within. She has not an angle anywhere. If she were to be expressed geometrically, Hogarth's Line of Beauty is the sole figure



that could be used for her. She is flowing, graceful, bending in mind as in body; she is neither self-asserting nor aggressive, neither rigid nor narrow; she is a creature who glides gracefully through life, and adjusts herself to her company and her circumstances in a manner little less than marvellous; working her own way without tumult or sharpness, creeping round insuperable obstacles, and quietly wearing down more friable opposition with that gentle persistency which does so much more than turmoil and disturbance. Even if enthusiastic,—which she is for art, either as music, as painting, or as poetry,—she is enthusiastic in such a sweet and graceful way that no one can be offended by a fire which shines and does not burn. There is no touch of scorn about her, and no assumption of superior knowledge.

She speaks to you, poor ignorant Philistine, with the most flattering conviction that you follow her in all her flights; and when she comes out, quite naturally, with her pretty little bits of recondite lore or professional technicalities, you cannot be so boorish as to ask for an explanation of these every-day matters, which she makes so sure you must understand. Are you not an educated person with a soul to be saved, and can you then be ignorant of things with which every one of culture is familiar? She discourses confidentially of musicians and painters unknown to fame, and speaks as if she knew the secret doings of the Conservatoire and the R. A. council-chamber alike. The models and the methods, the loves and the hates, of the whole artistic world are to her things of every-day life, and you cannot tell her that she is shooting her delicate shafts wide of the mark, and that you know no more of what she means than if she were talking in the choicest Arabic. If she has been abroad,—and she generally has been more or less,—she will pour out her tender little rhapsodies about palazzi and ville of which you have never heard, but every room of which she assumes you know by heart; and she will speak of out-of-the-way churches, and grim old castles perched upon vine-clad mounts, as if you were as well acquainted with them as with your native hamlet; and she will bring into her discourse all manner of Italian technicalities, as if you understood the subject as well as she herself understands it; though your learning is limited to a knowledge of how much was done in jute and tallow, or how many pockets of hops went off in the market last week. If she has a liking for high life and titles,—and what charming woman has not?—she will mention the names of all manner of counts and dukes and monsignori unknown to English society, as though they were her brothers; but if you were to interrupt the gentle ripple of her speech with such rude breakwaters as “who?” and “what?” the charming woman would think you a horrid bore, and no man would willingly face that.

One may be a rhinoceros in one's own haunts, but, as the fable tells us, even rhinoceroses are ashamed of their parentage when among gazelles. Never self-asserting, never contradictory, only sweetly and tenderly putting you right when you blunder, the charming woman nevertheless always makes you feel her superiority. True, she lays herself, as it were, at your feet, and gives you a thousand delicate flatteries,—indeed, among her specialities is that of being able to set you on good terms with yourself, and her art of subtle flattery; but despite her own self-abasement and your exaltation, you cannot but feel that she is your superior, and that although she is too

charming to acknowledge what would wound your pride, yet she feels it too, and tries to hide it. All which has the effect of making you admire her still more for the grace and tact she has displayed.

The charming woman is generally notoriously in love with her husband, who is almost always inferior to her in birth, acquirements, manner, or appearance. This affection of hers only shows her feminine qualities of sacrifice and wifely devotion to greater advantage, and makes other men envy more ferociously the lucky fellow who has drawn such a prize. The husband of a charming woman is indeed lucky in the world's esteem; no man more so. Though he may be one of the most ordinary, perhaps unpleasant fellows you know, with a sour face, an underbred air, and by no means famous in his special sphere, his wife speaks of him enthusiastically as so good, so clever, so delightful; no one knows how good he is, she says, though, of course, he has his little peculiarities of temper, and the rest of it, and perhaps every one would not bear with them as she does. But then she knows him, and knows his wonderful worth and value! If they are not seen much together, that comes from causes over which they have no control, not from anything like disinclination to each other's society.

Certainly, for so happy a marriage, it is a little surprising how very seldom they are together; and how all her friends are hers only and not his, and how much she goes into society without him. On the whole, counting hours, they live very much more apart than united; but that is the misfortune of his career, of his health, or of hers,—a misfortune due to any cause but that of diversity of tastes and inharmoniousness of pursuits. Full of home affection and the tenderest sentiment as she is, the charming woman does sometimes the oddest-looking things, which a rough little domestic creature without graceful pretensions would not dream of doing. Her child is lying dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and she appears at the grand ball of the season, subdued certainly,—how well that sweet melancholy becomes her!—but always graceful, always thoughtful for others, and attentive; and though indeed, she will tell you, she does not know how she got dressed at all, she is in such a state of cruel anxiety, yet she is undeniably the best dressed woman in the room, and the most carefully appointed. It is against her own will that she is there, you may be sure, but she has been forced to sacrifice herself and tear herself away for an hour. The exigencies of society are so merciless, the world is such a terrible Juggernaut, she says, raising her eyes with plaintive earnestness to yours in the breathing times of the waltz. She has another trial if her husband is ordered out to Canada or the West Indies. Dearly as she loves him, and though she is heartbroken at the idea of the separation, yet her health cannot stand the climate, and she must obey her doctor's orders. She is so delicate, you know,—all charming women are delicate,—and the doctor tells her she could not live six months either in Toronto or Port Royal. If he had to go on diplomatic service to St. Petersburg or Madrid, she might be able to stand the climate then; but that is different. A dull station, without any of her favorite pleasures, would be more than she could bear; so she remains behind, goes out greatly into society, and writes her husband tender and amusing letters once a month.

The charming woman is the gentlest of her sex. She would not do a cruel thing, nor say an unkind word, for the world. When she tells you the un-



pleasant things which ill-natured people have said of your friends or hers, she tells them in the sweetest and dearest way imaginable. She is so sure there is not a syllable of truth in it all; and what a shame it is that people should be so ill-natured! In the gentle tone of sympathy and deprecation peculiar to her, she gives you all the ugly and uncomfortable reports that have come to her, of which you have never heard a breath until this moment; yet it is you who are stupid, for she tells them to you as if they were of patent notoriety to the whole world; only she does not believe them, remember! She takes the most scrupulous care to deny and defend as she retails, and you cannot class her with the tribe of the ill-natured whom she censures, setting, as she does, the whole strength of her gentle words and generous disbelief to oppose these ugly rumors. Yet you wish she had not told you. Her disclaimers spring so evidently from the affectionate amiability of her own mind, which cannot bear to think evil, that they have not much effect upon you. The excuse dies away from your memory, but the ill-savored report roots, and you feel that you have lost your respect for your former friends forever; or, if they were only hers, that nothing should tempt you to know them. There is no smoke without some fire, you think; and the charming woman cannot possibly have kindled the flame herself out of sticks, and leaves, and rubbish of her own collecting. But how sweet and charitable she was when she told you! how much you love her for her tenderness of nature! what a guileless and delightful creature she is!

The charming woman is kind and graceful, but she does not command the stronger virtues. She flatters sweetly, but, it must be confessed, she fibs as sweetly. She sometimes owns to this, but only to fibs that do more good than harm, — fibs into which she is forced for the sake of peace, and to avoid mischief. It is a feminine privilege, she says; and men agree with her. Truth at all times, bold, uncompromising, stern-faced truth, is coarse and indelicate, she says; a masculine quality as little fitted for women as courage or great bodily strength.

Her husband knows that she fibs; her friends at times find her out too; but though the women throw it at her as an accusation, the men accept it as a quality without which she would be less the charming woman that she is; and not only forgive it, but like her the better for the grace and tact and suppleness she displays in the process of manufacture. Hers are not the severer virtues, but the gentler, the more insinuating; and absolute truth — truth at any price and on all occasions — does not come into the list. Charming women, with their plastic manners and non-aggressive force, always have their own way in the end. They are the women who influence by unseen methods, and who shrink from any open display of power. They know that their *métier* is to soothe men, to put them on good terms with themselves, and so to get the benefit of the good-humor they induce; and they dread nothing so much as a contest of wills. They coax and flatter for their rights, and consequently they are given privileges in excess of their rights; whereas the women who take their rights, as things to which they are entitled without favor, lose them and their privileges together. This art of self-abasement for future exaltation is one which it is given only to few to carry to perfection, but no woman is really charming without it. In fact it is part of her power; and she knows it.

Though charming women are decidedly the favorites with men, they are careful to keep on good terms with their own sex; and in society you may often see them almost ostentatiously surrounded by women only, whom they take pains to please, or exert themselves to amuse, but whom they throw into the shade in the most astonishing way. Whatever these really charming women are, or do, or wear, is exactly the right thing; and every other woman fails in proportion to the distance she is removed from this model. If a charming woman is dressed richly, the simpler costumes of her friends look poor and mean; if she is *à la bergère*, the court dresses about her are vulgar; if she is gay, quietness is dullness; if she is quiet, laughter is coarse. And there is no use in imitating her. She is the very will-o'-the-wisp of her circle, and no sooner shows her light here than she flits away there; she has no sooner set one fashion, which her admiring friends have adopted with infinite pains and trouble, than she has struck out a new one, which renders all the previous labor in vain. This is part of her very essence; and the originality which is simply perfection that cannot be repeated, and not eccentricity that no one will imitate, comes in as one of the finest and most potent of her charms. When she lends her patterns to her friends, or tells them this or that little secret, she laughs in her heart, knowing that she has shown them a path they cannot possibly follow, and raised up a standard to which they cannot attain. And even should they do either, then she knows that by the time they have begun to get up to her, she will be miles away, and that no art whatever can approximate them to her as she is. What she was she tosses among them as a worn-out garment; and remains still the unapproachable, the inimitable, the charming woman *par excellence* of her set, whom none can rival.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

OUR English cousin is becoming shy of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is said to receive £100 for each of his Readings in London.

A PICTURE by Teniers, "The Fish Market," was recently sold at auction for 6,000 guineas.

MR. ROBERTSON'S new play, "My Lady Clara," was originally called "Dreams."

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S much-lauded painting, "Christ Descending the Steps of the Judgment Hall," will not be ready for another year.

A READING of "Giles Corey" from Longfellow's New England Tragedies, was recently given with success by Madame Rocelli, at Bayswater, England.

A NUMBER of the temperance friends of Mr. George Cruikshank have presented his great picture, "The Worship of Bacchus," valued at £3,000, to the nation.

THE following notice appears in a popular Paris café concert-room: "Les dames sont priées de ne pas fumer dans la salle." Woman is certainly making head-way in France.

MUSCLE and music bring about the same price in England. As a sample of the honorarium paid to artists who are at the head of their respective classes, it may be worth recording that Mr. Sims



Reeves, the vocalist, and M. Blondin, the rope-dancer, are each paid a hundred pounds, or guineas, for a performance at the Crystal Palace.

THE widow of Rossini, who is left so rich, showed rather bad taste by selling the musical instruments, snuff-boxes, pictures, and other souvenirs presented to the great composer by distinguished people.

SINCE the arrival of Isabella II. at Paris she has received no less than 1,153 letters from individuals wishing her to provide funds for the foundation of a political journal, which would become the organ in favor of her restoration.

ON the retirement of Mr. Monrose, of the Theatre Français, after a long career on the stage, the Emperor sent him a snuff-box set with diamonds. And yet, strange as it may seem, the Emperor is "not to be sneezed at," as many a rueful Paris editor can testify.

THE family of the late Mr. Carleton, — in his best time one of the most graphic of Irish novelists, — is, it is said, left without any provision. Application has been made to the English Government for the continuance to his widow of the small literary pension which was formerly awarded to her late husband.

THE *Bairische Landeszeitung* informs its readers that Mr. J. Albert, the Court photographer in Munich, has made such improvements in the art of copying photographic pictures by means of the press, as will throw all other processes into the shade. His copies, it is said, cannot be distinguished from originals either in force or softness of tone, and his method is equally applicable to the largest and smallest pictures. It will thus be possible to produce large numbers of copies very quickly, and all danger of their fading in the course of time is obviated.

DR. PETERMANN, the originator of the first German expedition to the north pole, announces that a second expedition is to leave Bremerhaven in the first week of June. The expedition will consist of two ships, a screw steamer of 120 tons and thirty-horse power, and a sailing yacht of 80 tons. The latter, which went on the first expedition last year, is called the *Greenland*; the former, the *Germania*. The object of this expedition, as of the former one, is to investigate the polar regions along the coast of East Greenland north of the 75th degree of north latitude. It is to be provided with a strong scientific staff, and to pass the winter in the Arctic regions, so as to return by October, 1870. The *Greenland* is to serve as a transport, and also to keep up the communication with Europe, and will return this winter, leaving the *Germania* to pursue its journey alone.

THE Pall Mall Gazette thus relates the story of the Arabic MSS., about which there have been so many mysterious hints, happened, we are told, in this wise. Last winter, Mr. Hassoun, a Syrian gentleman, having obtained permission to make some researches in the library of the India Office, was introduced by Dr. Hall, the librarian, to a large quantity of papers in Arabic, which had been kept nailed up in boxes in the old India Office for some forty-five years. No one knew how they came there, and although they had been unpacked when removed to Westminster, they had never been deciphered. An arrangement was made that Mr. Hassoun should re-

ceive a small payment for examining the documents, and it is now said that some of them are very valuable. There are about 450 volumes in all. Whether the whole of them came from Timour's library is not known, but some of them have the 'seal of the library of Sultan Timour' stamped upon them. Mr. Hassoun is now engaged in making out a catalogue of the collection in Arabic, his knowledge of English being very slight. When this is completed, we shall be better able to judge of the value of the discovery."

AN account is given of some relics of Mary Queen of Scots left to the Queen by the late Lord Belhaven. Relic No. 1 consists of a cabinet made of ebony, richly ornamented in front with designs in tortoiseshell. The front opens with folding-doors. In the centre also are two small folding-doors, which, on being opened, reveal a small recess, with tessellated pavement and roof with side mirrors. The inner folding-doors are also surrounded with drawers. The Scottish Queen brought this cabinet with her from France on her return to Scotland. This souvenir must, therefore, be some three hundred years old. Queen Mary presented it to the Earl of Mar. The Earl afterwards made a gift of it to a favorite granddaughter, who married one of the ancestors of the late Lord Belhaven, and the cabinet has continued in the possession of the Belhaven family ever since. Relic No. 2 is a purse (the work of Queen Mary's own hands), beautifully wrought with a crown, sceptre, and sword, in gold, with the words "God save King James." Relic No. 3 is a piece of unleavened bread, to which no authentic history is attached, but traditionally understood to have been a fragment of what Queen Mary had used when participating in the most solemn rite of her religion. There is also a lock of Mary's hair, which is of a light color.

SPEAKING of "The Ring and the Book," the London Morning Star says: "To attempt to pronounce fully on this poem in the space which is at our disposal would be an impertinence, but we cannot record its completion without adding that it appears to us incomparably the greatest work of our greatest poet. As a mere effort of imagination and reasoning, it would take the highest rank, for a very simple criminal trial is elaborately placed, in the course of the poem, in six or seven totally different, but almost equally interesting lights. From the first page this curious process fastens gradually on the imagination and thoroughly engrosses it; but as in time the truth begins to emerge and take form, a new and deeper interest supervenes. A story of singular moral profundity is developed, and by the time the final strokes are added to its significance by the philosophical Pope and the bad hero of the story, whose deliverances compose the greater part of the last volume, the reader is prepared for the splendid vindication of the moral power of non-didactic art with which the poem concludes. Its faults are few, but patent. Here and there the language is obscure, and the Latinized humor of one of the divisions of the work — that in which the advocate for Guido sketches out the speech for the defence — is a little overdone, though full of character. The rest is greatness, — unsullied, unblemished, imbued with moral beauty such as no other living poet has the art or the soul to extract as Robert Browning can from those problems of crime and cruelty which stand darkly recorded amongst the materials of history."



AMBIGU.

BEING SOME VERSES ON AN OLD BRONZE STATUETTE.

I FOUND this image yestereen  
Hap-hazard in a huckster's stores,  
A place of traffic in old iron,  
And articles in other ores;

All which were loosely strewed about,  
Or gathered in incongruous packets, —  
Old horseshoes, bells, and coffin-plates,  
Door-handles, knockers, nails, and tackets.

But — for the huckster had a taste —  
Were ranged upon a bracket shallow  
Some objects deemed of form more chaste, —  
My image reigned in this Valhalla.

A copper cherub on one side  
Supported him, upon the other  
A quaint old saucepan, while above,  
In pewter, drooped the Holy Mother.

'Mid all his peers, his worth alone  
I saw through Time's complex disguises,  
And, with the underrating tone  
Of one who cheapens what he prizes,

To satisfy both thrift and taste,  
I cried, "Quel prix *peut* on demander?"  
The huckster read me through and said,  
"Cinq francs, defence d'encore marchander."

"Five francs! five devils! how? and why?"  
"Prix fixe," replied the knave, "diable!"  
On tombe, vous croyez, tous les jours  
Sur un tel objet dans le sable?"

Albeit hardly pressed and sore  
For coins of less denomination,  
I told the ransom down and bore  
My hero off. Abomination!

Dust, grime, and rust of many a year, —  
More than a hundred far, I'll swear it, —  
I've gently scrubbed away, till here  
He stands disclosed in pristine merit;

And gazing on his gracious form,  
Like Hamlet on thy skull, poor Yorick,  
My mind essays, in colors warm,  
Half fanciful, yet half historic,

To conjure up the living man  
Who lent the artist inspiration,  
And moved his graceful hand to pluck  
This fruit from skill and cogitation.

What is his era? Here I note,  
A bard of ancient times would bid all  
The Muses nine from heaven descend  
To help elucidate the riddle;

But I, no pagan bard, invoke  
No tuneful nine, but what some railer  
Dubbed the ninth fraction of a man,  
In other words, invoke my tailor.

Adesto Poole! thy guiding art  
Illumine my investigation,  
So shall my hero's garb impart  
Renseignements of his age and nation.

That gallant *tricorn* set askew,  
That well-kempt hair or wig (which was it?),  
The faultless rigor of that queue  
From which no truant lock *evasil*,

The fashion of the doublet trim,  
The "absolutely fancied" buskins,  
The *taille*, the *tournure* both to please  
Beau Brummell's taste or Mr. Ruskin's,

The flowing fall of lace, — all tell  
(I scarcely think I can get nearer)  
Of a gay, French, young sporting swell,  
*Temp.* Louis Quinze — our Georgian era —

Le voilà, who could fail to read  
In flap and point, loop, lace, and slashing,  
And in his pose, and in his air,  
A gaillard gay, a dandy dashing?

One jaunty hand upon his hip,  
The other jauntily caresses  
The blossom of his upper lip,  
Or rather this, one's earliest guess, is

Corrected by a closer view,  
Which in his hand descries a stump, it  
May not unlikely once have been  
A horn or ("happy thought") a trumpet,

On which he plays — the chase is o'er —  
He sounds the mort — the stag is lying  
Stone-dead, — or, stay, — a grisly boar  
Reads better — yes, a boar is dying —

A horrid sight, yet not the less  
Gaze on it dames and lords by dozens,  
And, in the midst, the king himself,  
Toadied by all his trusty cousins,

Accepts the — boars don't wear a brush? —  
The — well, the *kudos*; — "By St. Louis,  
'T was nobly done, my liege! That knife —  
You sent it home! What pluck! what prowess!"

But, by my hero's curious air,  
He pinked that boar, or I'm mistaken,  
And, cautioned, by the monarch's stare,  
To hold his tongue and save his bacon,

Now bottles down presumptuous words  
By placing 'tween his lips this cork, or  
Vents through the horn disloyal spleen,  
In tootling o'er the fallen porker.

And is it so? It may be so;  
All turns upon the stump; another  
Might say he kissed some souvenir sweet  
Of — any angel, not his mother.

I seem to see it all, — the glads,  
Where Jacqueline, the ranger's daughter,  
Keeps tryste with — let us say — the Count  
Theodoric, no milk-and-water



Tea-drinking spooney, but a Count  
Brim-full of wickedness, who rather  
Prefers, in wooing, that his love  
Should irritate the object's father, —

And so it does. I see them meet  
Beneath the moon — the lindens quiver —  
The stars look softly down — in short,  
The usual *mise en scène* — “Ah! ever,

“Sweet Jacqueline,” remarks the Count,  
“This heart of mine, so fiercely beating,  
Chides with wild sighs the laggard hours  
That separate our hours of meeting;

“And all the echoes of the woods,  
A-weary grown with constant waking,  
Can only gasp ‘My Jacqueline!  
My own! my love! my heart is breaking!’

“But now we meet I live again,  
As by the stroke of wizard's wand, all  
Things deck themselves in rosy tints,  
Sweet maid —!” “Sweet Count!” (they seem  
to fondle),

“I too rebuke the lazy hours,  
I too fatigue the echoes weary,  
And I” (more fondling) “now forget  
*Les souffrances de mon âme déchiré.*

“And wilt thou ever love me thus?”  
“Yea, by this long, fond —” “*Halte là, fripon!*”  
Here shouts a saw-like voice, for lo!  
As tigers wanton lambkins creep on,

The wrathful ranger has arrived,  
Using bad French, and much excited,  
And quite inclined to scalp the Count  
Before his noble troth is plighted —

“Blue cordon!” shrieks my lord, and whips  
Into the grove, his fingers nimble  
Detaching nervously from those  
He clasped their little housewife's thimble.

And this we see him mumbling now  
Between his lips, as, free from danger,  
He watches Jacqueline removed,  
Cuffed, slapped, and shaken by the ranger.

Not very likely? Well, perhaps  
He only smokes. Why not? Macaulay  
Tells us the vice was introduced  
To Europe long before by Raleigh —

Or does he pledge in wassail cup,  
Of which this stump formed part the handle,  
Some peerless Peri of the court,  
Of whom, good lack! the courtly scandal

*Does* say such very shocking things,  
And how the king — but why repeat it?  
Kings will be kings and courtly dames  
But women — so the toast is greeted

With shrugs and winks, whereon the Count  
At once his lordly temper loses,  
And, rising, bawls, “I'll cut the gorge  
Of any *polltron* who refuses

“To drink this health”; and being strong  
As Guy de Livingstone, 't would follow  
The cup got shivered in his clutch,  
This stump alone remained — *Le voilà?* —

Or does he simply bite his thumb?  
(A longish thumb) by which quaint fashion  
Fierce men of blood in days of old  
Roused fellow-men to lethal passion —

Vide the Swan of Avon. I  
Would never take offence a whit, on  
Seeing a fellow bite his thumb,  
Provided mine he left unbitten.

*Chacun son goût.* Of course the Count  
Found some one quite of his persuasion,  
And, in the woods of Fontainebleau,  
They met that night, on which occasion

They laughed sardonic laughs, “Ha, ha!”  
And fought, Ça! Ça! and one fell gory —  
Suppose we say it was the Count,  
And leave him there in all his glory,

Pinked and quite dead — the courtly star  
Quenched of its light — mode's mirror broken,  
And all because a thumb was bit,  
And some few winey words were spoken.

But home they bore that noble form,  
And all rushed weeping to behold it;  
The king himself sobbed, blew his nose,  
And cried, “Odd's fish! let some one mould it!”

And some one did, and here's the bronze,  
Erewhile the king's, and no doubt carried  
Off by some thievish Jacobin,  
When all the royal nests were harried

In “eighty-nine.” Yes; here I think  
We've reached perhaps the true solution  
Of the mysterious image found  
By me beside the baths of Luchon.

Inductively, it will be seen,  
We've travelled through sartorial mazes,  
Employing garb and outward mien,  
As finger-posts to moral phases;

And thus a Count, a spark, a beau,  
A ruffler read we in this image,  
And how he hunted, loved, drank, fought,  
And died in a post-prandial scrimmage.

Oh! my young gaillard of our town,  
Dressed in the ultra mode of this age,  
Stiff-legged and necked, with angled arms,  
And palsied gait, and solemn visage;

If you were treated like the Count,  
And reasoned out from rind to kernel,  
Your moral self and thinking powers  
Tried by the light of traits external,

What verdict would be passed on you?  
Painful deductions I abhor all,  
So take the running up from me,  
And blushing draw the obvious moral.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

[No. 173.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LXXXI.

MR. GLASCOCK IS MASTER.

CAROLINE SPALDING, when she received Nora's letter, was disposed to give much weight to it. She declared to herself that the girl's unpremeditated expression of opinion was worth more than her studied words. But she was not the less grateful or the less loving towards her new friend. She thought how nice it would be to have Nora at that splendid abode in England of which she had heard so much, — but she thought also that in that splendid abode she herself ought never to have part or share. If it were the case that this were an unfitting match, it was clearly her duty to decide that there should be no marriage. Nora had been quite right in bidding her speak to Mr. Glascock himself, and to Mr. Glascock she would go. But it was very difficult for her to determine on the manner in which she would discuss the subject with him. She thought that she could be firm if her mind were once made up. She believed that perhaps she was by nature more firm than he. In all their intercourse together he had ever yielded to her; and though she had been always pleased and grateful, there had grown upon her an idea that he was perhaps too easy, — that he was a man as to whom it was necessary that they who loved him should see that he was not led away by weakness into folly. But she would want to learn something from him before her decision was finally reached, and in this she foresaw a great difficulty. In her trouble she went to her usual counsellor, — the Republican Browning. In such an emergency, she could hardly have done worse. "Wally," she said, "we talk about England, and Italy, and France, as though we knew all about them; but how hard it is to realize the difference between one's own country and others!"

"We can at least learn a great deal that is satisfactory," said Wallachia. "About one out of every five Italians can read a book, about two out of every five Englishmen can read a book. Out of every five New Englanders four and four fifths can read a book. I guess that is knowing a good deal."

"I don't mean in statistics."

"I cannot conceive how you are to learn anything about any country except by statistics. I have just discovered that the number of illegitimate children —"

"O, Wally, I can't talk about that, — not now at least. What I cannot realize is this, — what sort of a life it is that they will lead at Monk-hams."

"Plenty to eat and drink, I guess, and you'll always have to go round in fine clothes."

"And that will be all?"

"No, — not all. There will be carriages and horses, and all manner of people there who won't care much about you. If he is firm, — very firm, — if he have that firmness which one does not often meet, even in an American man, he will be able, after a while, to give you a position as an English woman of rank." It is to be feared that Wallachia Petrie had been made aware of Caroline's ideas as to Mr. Glascock's want of purpose.

"And that will be all?"

"If you have a baby, they'll let you go and see it two or three times a day. I don't suppose you will be allowed to nurse it, because they never do in England. You have read what the Saturday Review says. In every other respect the Saturday Review has been the falsest of all false periodicals; but I guess it has been pretty true in what it has said about English women."

"I wish I knew more about it really."

"When a man has to leap through a window in the dark, Caroline, of course he doubts whether the feather-bed said to be below will be soft enough for him."

"I should n't fear the leap for myself, if it would n't hurt him. Do you think it possible that society can be so formed that a man should lose caste because he does n't marry just one of his own set."

"It has been so all over the world, my dear. If like to like is to be true anywhere, it should be true in marriage."

"Yes, — but with a difference. He and I are

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like to like. We come of the same race, we speak the same language, we follow the same language, we have the same ideas of culture and of pleasures. The difference is one that is not patent to the eye or to the ear. It is a difference of accidental incident, not of nature or of acquirement."

"I guess you would find, Caroline, that a jury of English matrons, sworn to try you fairly, would not find you to be entitled to come among them as one of themselves."

"And how will that affect him?"

"Less powerfully than many others, because he is not impassioned. He is perhaps — lethargic."

"No, Wally, he is not lethargic."

"If you ask me, I must speak. It would harass some men almost to death. It will not do so with him. He would probably find his happiness best in leaving his old country and coming among your people."

The idea of Mr. Glascock — the future Lord Peterborough — leaving England, abandoning Monk-hams, deserting his duty in the House of Lords, and going away to live in an American town, in order that he might escape the miseries which his wife had brought upon him in his own country, was more than Caroline could bear. She knew that, at any rate, it would not come to that. The lord of Monk-hams would live at Monk-hams, though the heavens should fall, — in regard to domestic comforts. It was clear to Caroline that Wallachia Petrie had in truth never brought home to her own imagination the position of an English peer. "I don't think you understand the people at all," she said, angrily.

"You think that you can understand them better because you are engaged to this man!" said Miss Petrie, with well-pronounced irony. "You have found generally that when the sun shines in your eyes your sight is impaired by it! You think that the love-talk of a few weeks gives clearer instruction than the laborious reading of many volumes and thoughtful converse with many thinking persons! I hope that you may find it so, Caroline." So saying, Wallachia Petrie walked off in great dudgeon.

Miss Petrie not having learned from her many volumes and her much converse with thoughtful persons to read human nature aright, was convinced by this conversation that her friend Caroline was blind to all results, and was determined to go on with this dangerous marriage, having the rays of that sun of Monk-hams so full upon her eyes that she could not see at all. She was specially indignant at finding that her own words had no effect. But, unfortunately, her words had had much effect; and Caroline, though she had contested her points, had done so only with the intention of producing her mentor's admonitions. Of course it was out of the question that Mr. Glascock should go and live in Providence, Rhode Island, from which thriving town Caroline Spalding had come; but, because that was impossible, it was not the less probable that he might be degraded and made miserable in his own home. That suggested jury of British matrons was a frightful conclave to contemplate, and Caroline was disposed to believe that the verdict given in reference to herself would be adverse to her. So she sat and meditated, and spoke not a word further to any one on the subject till she was alone with the man that she loved.

Mr. Spalding at this time inhabited the ground-floor of a large palace in the city, from which there was access to a garden which at this period of the year was green, bright, and shady, and which, as

being in the centre of a city, was large and luxurious. From one end of the house there projected a covered terrace, or loggia, in which there were chairs and tables, sculptured ornaments, busts, and old monumental relics let into the wall in profusion. It was half chamber and half garden, — such an adjunct to a house as in our climate gives only an idea of cold, rheumatism, and a false romance, but under an Italian sky is a luxury daily to be enjoyed during most months of the year. Here Mr. Glascock and Caroline had passed many hours, — and here they were now seated, late in the evening, while all others of the family were away. As far as regarded the room occupied by the American minister, they had the house and garden to themselves, and there never could come a time more appropriate for the saying of a thing difficult to be said. Mr. Glascock had heard from his father's physician, and had said that it was nearly certain now that he need not go down to Naples again before his marriage. Caroline was trembling, not knowing how to speak, not knowing how to begin, — but resolved that the thing should be done. "He will never know you, Carry," said Mr. Glascock. "It is, perhaps, hardly a sorrow to me, but it is a regret."

"It would have been a sorrow perhaps to him had he been able to know me," said she, taking the opportunity of rushing at her subject.

"Why so? Of all human beings, he was the softest-hearted."

"Not softer-hearted than you, Charles. But soft hearts have to be hardened."

"What do you mean? Am I becoming obdurate?"

"I am, Charles," she said. "I have got something to say to you. What will your uncles and aunts and your mother's relations say of me when they see me at Monk-hams?"

"They will swear to me that you are charming; and then — when my back is turned — they'll pick you to pieces a little among themselves. I believe that is the way of the world, and I don't suppose that we are to do better than others."

"And if you had married an English girl, a Lady Augusta Somebody, — would they pick her to pieces?"

"I guess they would, — as you say."

"Just the same?"

"I don't think anybody escapes, as far as I can see. But that won't prevent their becoming your bosom friends in a few weeks' time."

"No one will say that you have been wrong to marry an American girl?"

"Now, Carry, what is the meaning of all this?"

"Do you know any man in your position who ever did marry an American girl, — any man of your rank in England?" Mr. Glascock began to think of the case, and could not at the moment remember any instance. "Charles, I do not think you ought to be the first."

"And yet somebody must be first, if the thing is ever to be done, — and I am too old to wait on the chance of being the second."

She felt that at the rate she was now progressing she would only run from one little suggestion to another, and that he, either wilfully or in sheer simplicity, would take such suggestions simply as jokes, and she was aware that she lacked the skill to bring the conversation round gradually to the point which she was bound to reach. She must make another dash, let it be ever so sudden. Her mode



of doing so would be crude, ugly, — almost vulgar, she feared ; but she would attain her object and say what she had to say. When once she had warmed herself with the heat which argument would produce, then, she was pretty sure, she would find herself at least as strong as he. "I don't know that the thing ought to be done at all," she said. During the last moment or two he had put his arm round her waist ; and she, not choosing to bid him desist from embracing her, but unwilling in her present mood to be embraced, got up and stood before him. "I have thought, and thought, and thought, and feel that it should not be done. In marriage like should go to like." She despised herself for using Wallachia's words, but they fitted in so usefully that she could not refrain from them. "I was wrong not to know it before, but it is better to know it now than not to have known it till too late. Everything that I hear and see tells me that it would be so. If you were simply an Englishman, I would go anywhere with you ; but I am not fit to be the wife of an English lord. The time would come when I should be a disgrace to you, and then I should die."

"I think I should go near dying myself," said he, "if you were a disgrace to me." He had not risen from his chair, and sat calmly looking up into her face.

"We have made a mistake and let us unmake it," she continued. "I will always be your friend. I will correspond with you. I will come and see your wife."

"That will be very kind."

"Charles, if you laugh at me, I will be angry with you. It is right that you should look to your future life, as it is right that I should do so also. Do you think that I am joking ? Do you suppose that I do not mean it ?"

"You have taken an extra dose this morning of Wallachia Petrie, and of course you mean it."

"If you think that I am speaking her mind and not my own, you do not know me."

"And what is it you propose ?" he said, still keeping his seat and looking calmly up into her face.

"Simply that our engagement should be over."

"And why ?"

"Because it is not a fitting one for you to have made. I did not understand it before, but now I do. It will not be good for you to marry an American girl. It will not add to your happiness, and may destroy it. I have learned at last to know how much higher is your position than mine."

"And I am to be supposed to know nothing about it ?"

"Your fault is only this, — that you have been too generous. I can be generous also."

"Now, look here, Caroline, you must not be angry with me if on such a subject I speak plainly. You must not even be angry if I laugh a little."

"Pray do not laugh at me, — not now."

"I must a little, Carry. Why am I to be supposed to be so ignorant of what concerns my own happiness and my own duties ? If you will not sit down, I will get up, and we will take a turn together." He rose from his seat, but they did not leave the covered terrace. They moved on to the extremity, and then he stood hemming her in against a marble table in the corner. "In making this — rather wild proposition, have you considered me at all ?"

"I have endeavored to consider you, and you only."

"And how have you done it ? By the aid of some

misty, far-fetched ideas respecting English society, for which you have no basis except your own dreams, and the fantasies of a rabid enthusiast."

"She is not rabid," said Caroline, earnestly ; "other people think just the same."

"My dear, there is only one person whose thinking on this subject is of any avail, and I am that person. Of course, I can't drag you into church to be married, but practically you cannot help yourself from being taken there now. As there need be no question about our marriage, — which is a thing as good as done —"

"It is not done at all," said Caroline.

"I feel quite satisfied you will not jilt me, and as I shall insist on having the ceremony performed, I choose to regard it as a certainty. Passing that by, then, I will go on to the results. My uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and the people you talk of, were very reasonable folk when I last saw them, and quite sufficiently alive to the fact that they had to regard me as the head of their family. I do not doubt that we shall find them equally reasonable when we get home ; but should they be changed, should there be any sign shown that my choice of a wife had occasioned displeasure, — such displeasure would not affect you."

"But it would affect you."

"Not at all. In my own house I am master, — and I mean to continue to be so. You will be mistress there, and the only fear touching such a position is that it may be recognized by others too strongly. You have nothing to fear, Carry."

"It is of you I am thinking."

"Nor have I. What if some old woman, or even some young woman, should turn up her nose at the wife I have chosen, because she has not been chosen from among her own countrywomen, is that to be a cause of suffering to us ? Cannot we rise above that, — lasting as it would do for a few weeks, a month or two, perhaps, — say a year, — till my Caroline shall have made herself known ? I think that we are strong enough to live down a trouble so slight."

He had come close to her as he was speaking, and had again put his arm round her waist. She tried to escape from his embrace, — not with persistency, not with the strength which always suffices for a woman when the embrace is, in truth, a thing to be avoided, but clutching at his fingers with hers, pressing them rather than loosening their grasp. "No, Carry," he continued, "we have got to go through with it now, and we will try and make the best of it. You may trust me that we shall not find it difficult, — not, at least, on the ground of your present fears. I can bear a heavier burden than you will bring upon me."

"I know that I ought to prove to you that I am right," she said, still struggling with his hand.

"And I know that you can prove nothing of the kind. Dearest, it is fixed between us now, and do not let us be so silly as to raise imaginary difficulties. Of course you would have to marry me, even if there were cause for such fears. If there were any great cause, still the game would be worth the candle. There could be no going back, let the fear be what it might. But there need be no fear if you will only love me." She felt that he was altogether too strong for her, — that she had mistaken his character in supposing that she could be more firm than he. He was so strong that he treated her almost as a child ; — and yet she loved him infinitely the better for so treating her. Of course, she knew now that her objection, whether true or unsubstantial, could not avail. As he stood with his arm round her,



she was powerless to contradict him in anything. She had so far acknowledged this that she no longer struggled with him, but allowed her hand to remain quietly beneath his. If there was no going back from this bargain that had been made, why, then, there was no need for combating. And when he stooped over her and kissed her lips, she had not a word to say. "Be good to me," he said, "and tell me that I am right."

"You must be master, I suppose, whether you are right or wrong. A man always thinks himself entitled to his own way."

"Why, yea. When he has won the battle, he claims his captive. Now, the truth is this: I have won the battle, and your friend, Miss Petrie, has lost it. I hope she will understand that she has been beaten at last out of the field." As he said this, he heard a step behind them, and, turning round, saw Wallachia there almost before he could drop his arm.

"I am sorry that I have intruded on you," she said, very grimly.

"Not in the least," said Mr. Glascock. "Caroline and I have had a little dispute, but we have settled it without coming to blows."

"I do not suppose that an English gentleman ever absolutely strikes a lady," said Wallachia Petrie.

"Not except on strong provocation," said Mr. Glascock. "In reference to wives, a stick is allowed as big as your thumb."

"I have heard that it is so by the laws of England," said Wallachia.

"How can you be so ridiculous, Wally?" said Caroline. "There is nothing that you would not believe."

"I hope that it may never be true in your case," said Wallachia.

A couple of days after this Miss Spalding found that it was absolutely necessary that she should explain the circumstances of her position to Nora. She had left Nora with the purpose of performing a very high-minded action, of sacrificing herself for the sake of her lover, of giving up all her golden prospects, and of becoming once again the bosom friend of Wallachia Petrie, with this simple consolation for her future life, — that she had refused to marry an English nobleman because the English nobleman's condition was unsuited to her. It would have been an episode in female life in which pride might be taken, — but all that was now changed. She had made her little attempt, — had made it, as she felt, in a very languid manner, and had found herself treated as a child for doing so. Of course she was happy in her ill success. Of course she would have been broken-hearted had she succeeded. But, nevertheless, she was somewhat lowered in her own esteem, and it was necessary that she should acknowledge the truth to the friend whom she had consulted. A day or two had passed before she found herself alone with Nora, but when she did so, she confessed her failure at once.

"You told him all, then," said Nora.

"O yes, I told him all. That is, I could not really tell him. When the moment came, I had no words."

"And what did he say?"

"He had words enough. I never knew him to be eloquent before."

"He can speak out if he likes it," said Nora.

"So I have found, — with a vengeance. Nobody was ever so put down as I was. Don't you know that there are times when it does not seem to be worth your while to put out your strength against an adversary? So it was with him. He just told me

that he was my master, and that I was to do as he bade me."

"And what did you say?"

"I promised to be a good girl," said Caroline, "and not to pretend to have any opinion of my own ever again. And so we kissed and were friends."

"I dare say there was a kiss, my dear."

"Of course there was, — and he held me in his arms, and comforted me, and told me how to behave, — just as you would do a little girl. It's all over now, of course; and if there be a mistake, it is his fault. I feel that all responsibility is gone from myself, and that for all the rest of my life I have to do just what he tells me."

"And what says the divine Wallachia?"

"Poor Wally! She says nothing, but she thinks that I am a castaway and a recreant. I am a recreant, I know, — but yet I think that I was right. I know I could not help myself."

"Of course you were right, my dear," said the sage Nora. "If you had the notion in your head, it was wise to get rid of it; but I knew how it would be when you spoke to him."

"You were not so weak when he came to you."

"That was altogether another thing. It was not arranged in heaven that I was to become his captive."

After that Wallachia Petrie never again tried her influence on her former friend, but admitted to herself that the evil was done, and that it could not be remedied. According to her theory of life, Caroline Spalding had been wrong, and weak, — had shown herself to be comfort-loving and luxuriously minded, had looked to get her happiness from self-effeminate pleasures rather than from rational work and the useful, independent exercise of her own intelligence. In the privacy of her little chamber Wallachia Petrie shed, — not absolute tears, — but very tearful thoughts over her friend. It was to her a thing very terrible that the chosen one of her heart should prefer the career of an English lord's wife to that of an American citizeness, with all manner of capability for female voting, female speech-making, female poetizing, and, perhaps, female political action, before her. It was a thousand pities. "You may take a horse to water," said Wallachia to herself, thinking of the ever freshly springing fountain of her own mind, at which Caroline Spalding would always have been made welcome freely to quench her thirst, "but you cannot make him drink, if he be not athirst." In the future she would have no friend. Never again would she subject herself to the disgrace of such a future. But the sacrifice was to be made, and she knew that it was bootless to waste her words farther on Caroline Spalding. She left Florence before the wedding, and returned alone to the land of liberty. She wrote a letter to Caroline explaining her conduct, and Caroline Spalding showed the letter to her husband, — as one that was both loving and eloquent.

"Very loving and very eloquent," he said. "But, nevertheless, one does think of sour grapes."

"Then I am sure you wrong her," said Caroline.

## CHAPTER LXXXII.

MRS. FRENCH'S CARVING-KNIFE.

During these days there were terrible doings at Exeter. Camilla had sworn that if Mr. Gibson did not come to, there should be a tragedy, and it appeared that she was inclined to keep her word. Im-



mediately after the receipt of her letter from Mr. Gibson, she had had an interview with that gentleman in his lodgings, and had asked him his intentions. He had taken measures to fortify himself against such an attack; but, whatever those measures were, Camilla had broken through them. She had stood before him as he sat in his arm-chair, and he had been dumb in her presence. It had perhaps been well for him that the eloquence of her indignation had been so great that she had hardly been able to pause a moment for a reply. "Will you take your letter back again?" she had said. "I should be wrong to do that," he had lisped out in reply, "because it is true. As a Christian minister, I could not stand with you at the altar with a lie in my mouth." In no other way did he attempt to excuse himself, but that twice repeated filled up all the pause which she made for him.

There never had been such a case before, so impudent, so cruel, so gross, so uncalled for, so unmanly, so unnecessary, so unjustifiable, so damnable, — so damned. All this she said to him with loud voice, and clinched fist, and starting eyes, — regardless utterly of any listeners on the stairs, or of outside passers in the street. In very truth she was moved to a sublimity of indignation. Her low nature became nearly poetic under the wrong inflicted upon her. She was almost tempted to tear him with her hands and inflict upon him at the moment some terrible vengeance which should be told of forever in the annals of Exeter. A man so mean as he, so weak, so cowardly, one so little of a hero! That he should dare to do it, and dare to sit there before her, and to say that he would do it! "Your gown shall be torn off your back, sir, and the very boys of Exeter shall drag you through the gutters." To this threat he said nothing, but sat mute, hiding his face in his hands. "And now tell me this, sir, — is there anything between you and Bella?" But there was no voice in reply. "Answer my question, sir. I have a right to ask it." Still, he said not a word. "Listen to me. Sooner than that you and she should be man and wife, I would stab her. Yes, I would, — you poor, paltry, lying, cowardly creature!" She remained with him for more than half an hour, and then banged out of the room flashing back a look of scorn at him as she went. Martha, before that day was over, had learned the whole story from Mr. Gibson's cook, and had told her mistress.

"I did not think he had so much spirit in him," was Miss Stanbury's answer. Throughout Exeter the great wonder arising from the crisis was the amount of spirit which had been displayed by Mr. Gibson.

When he was left alone, he shook himself and began to think that if there were danger that such interviews might occur frequently, he had better leave Exeter for good. As he put his hand over his forehead he declared to himself that a very little more of that kind of thing would kill him. When a couple of hours had passed over his head, he shook himself again, and sat down and wrote a letter to his intended mother-in-law.

"I do not mean to complain," he said. "God knows I have no right. But I cannot stand a repetition of what has occurred just now. If your younger daughter comes to see me again, I must refuse to see her, and shall leave the town. I am ready to make what reparation may be possible for the mistake into which I have fallen.

"T. G."

Mrs. French was no doubt much afraid of her younger daughter, but she was less afraid of her than were other people. Familiarity, they say, breeds contempt; and who can be so familiar with a child as its parent? She did not in her heart believe that Camilla would murder anybody, and she fully realized the conviction that, even after all that was come and gone, it would be better that one of her daughters should have a husband than that neither should be so blessed. If only Camilla could be got out of Exeter for a few months, how good a thing it would be for them all! She had a brother in Gloucester, — if only he could be got to take Camilla for a few months! And then, too, she knew that if the true rights of her two daughters were strictly and impartially examined, Arabella's claim was much stronger than any that Camilla could put forward to the hand of Mr. Gibson.

"You must not go there again, Camilla," the mother said.

"I shall go whenever I please," replied the fury.

"Now, Camilla, we may as well understand each other. I will not have it done. If I am provoked, I will send to your uncle at Gloucester." Now the uncle at Gloucester was a timber merchant, a man with protuberant eyes and a great square chin, — known to be a very stern man indeed, and not at all afraid of young women.

"What do I care for my uncle? My uncle would take my part."

"No, he would not. The truth is, Camilla, you interfered with Bella first."

"Mamma, how dare you say so?"

"You did, my dear. And these are the consequences."

"And you mean to say that she is to be Mrs. Gibson?"

"I say nothing about that. But I do not see why they should n't be married if their hearts are inclined to each other."

"I will die first."

"Your dying has nothing to do with it, Camilla."

"And I will kill her."

"If you speak to me again in that way, I will write to your uncle at Gloucester. I have done the best I could for you both, and I will not bear such treatment."

"And how am I treated?"

"You should not have interfered with your sister."

"You are all in a conspiracy together!" shouted Camilla. "You are! There never was anybody so badly treated, — never, — never, — never! What will everybody say of me?"

"They will pity you, if you will be quiet."

"I don't want to be pitied. I won't be pitied. I wish I could die, — and I will die. Anybody else would, at any rate, have had their mother and sister with them." Then she burst into a flood of real, true, womanly tears.

After this there was a lull at Heavitree for a few days. Camilla did not speak to her sister, but she condescended to hold some intercourse with her mother, and to take her meals at the family table. She did not go out of the house, but she employed herself in her own room, doing, no one knew what, with all that new clothing and household gear which was to have been transferred in her train to Mr. Gibson's house. Mrs. French was somewhat uneasy about the new clothing and household gear, feeling that on the event of Bella's marriage, at least a considerable portion of it must be transferred



to the new bride. But it was impossible at the present moment to open such a subject to Camilla. It would have been as a proposition to a lioness respecting the taking away of her whelps. Nevertheless, the day must soon come in which something must be said about the clothing and household gear. All the property that had been sent into the house at Camilla's orders could not be allowed to remain as Camilla's perquisites, now that Camilla was not to be married. "Do you know what she is doing, my dear?" said Mrs. French to her elder daughter.

"Perhaps she is picking out the marks," said Bella.

"I don't think she would do that as yet," said Mrs. French.

"She might just as well leave it alone," said Bella, feeling that one letter would do for her. But neither of them dared to speak to her of her occupation in these first days of her despair.

Mr. Gibson in the mean time remained at home, or only left his house to go to the Cathedral or to visit the narrow confines of his little parish. When he was out, he felt that everybody looked at him, and it seemed to him that people whispered about him when they saw him at his usual desk in the choir. His friends passed him merely bowing to him, and he was aware that he had done that which would be regarded by every one around him as unpardonable. And yet, — what ought he to have done? He acknowledged to himself that he had been very foolish, mad, — quite demented at the moment, — when he allowed himself to think it possible that he should marry Camilla French. But having found out how mad he had been at that moment, having satisfied himself that to live with her as his wife would be impossible, was he not right to break the engagement? Could anything be so wicked as marrying a woman whom he — hated? Thus he tried to excuse himself; but yet he knew that all the world would condemn him. Life in Exeter would be impossible, if no way to social pardon could be opened for him. He was willing to do anything within bounds in mitigation of his offence. He would give up fifty pounds a year to Camilla for his life, — or he would marry Bella. Yes, he would marry Bella at once, — if Camilla would only consent, and give up that idea of stabbing some one. Bella French was not very nice in his eyes; but she was quiet, he thought, and it might be possible to live with her. Nevertheless, he told himself over and over again that the manner in which unmarried men with incomes were set upon by ladies in want of husbands was very disgraceful to the country at large. That mission to Natal which had once been offered to him would have had charms for him now, of which he had not recognized the force when he rejected it.

"Do you think that he ever was really engaged to her?" Dorothy said to her aunt. Dorothy was now living in a seventh heaven of happiness, writing love-letters to Brooke Burgess every other day, and devoting to this occupation a number of hours of which she ought to have been ashamed, making her purchases for her wedding, — with nothing, however, of the magnificence of a Camilla, — but discussing everything with her aunt, who urged her on to extravagances which seemed beyond the scope of her own economical ideas, settling or trying to settle little difficulties which perplexed her somewhat, and wondering at her own career. She could not of course be married without the presence of her mother and sister, and her aunt, with some-

thing of a grim courtesy, had intimated that they should be made welcome to the house in the Close for the special occasion. But nothing had been said about Hugh. The wedding was to be in the Cathedral, and Dorothy had a little scheme in her head for meeting her brother among the aisles. He would no doubt come down with Brooke, and nothing perhaps need be said about it to Aunt Stanbury. But still it was a trouble. Her aunt had been so good that Dorothy felt that no step should be taken which would vex the old woman. It was evident enough that when permission had been given for the visit of Mrs. Stanbury and Priscilla, Hugh's name had been purposely kept back. There had been no accidental omission. Dorothy therefore did not dare to mention it, — and yet it was essential for her happiness that he should be there. At the present moment Miss Stanbury's intense interest in the Stanbury wedding was somewhat mitigated by the excitement occasioned by Mr. Gibson's refusal to be married. Dorothy was so shocked that she could not bring herself to believe the statement that had reached them through Martha.

"Of course he was engaged to her. We all knew that," said Miss Stanbury.

"I think there must have been some mistake," said Dorothy. "I don't see how he could do it."

"There is no knowing what people can do, my dear, when they're hard driven. I suppose we shall have a lawsuit now, and he'll have to pay ever so much money. Well, well, well! See what a deal of trouble you might have saved."

"But, he'd have done the same to me, aunt, — only, you know, I never could have taken him. Isn't it better as it is, aunt? Tell me."

"I suppose young women always think it best when they can get their own ways. An old woman like me has only got to do what she is bid."

"But this was best, aunt, — was it not?"

"My dear, you've had your way, and let that be enough. Poor Camilla French is not allowed to have hers at all. Dear, dear, dear! I did not think the man would ever have been such a fool to begin with, — or that he would ever have had the heart to get out of it afterwards." It astonished Dorothy to find that her aunt was not loud in reprobation of Mr. Gibson's very dreadful conduct.

In the mean time, Mrs. French had written to her brother at Gloucester. The maid-servant, in making Miss Camilla's bed, and in "putting the room to rights," as she called it, — which description probably was intended to cover the circumstances of an accurate search, — had discovered, hidden among some linen — a carving-knife, such a knife as is used for the cutting up of fowls; and, after two days' interval, had imparted the discovery to Mrs. French. Instant visit was made to the pantry, and it was found that a very aged but unbroken and sharply pointed weapon was missing. Mrs. French at once accused Camilla, and Camilla after some hesitation, admitted that it might be there. Molly, she said, was a nasty, sly, wicked thing, to go looking in her drawers, and she would never leave anything unlocked again. The knife, she declared, had been taken up stairs, because she had wanted something very sharp to cut — the bones of her stags. The knife was given up, but Mrs. French thought it best to write to her brother, Mr. Crump. She was in great doubt about sundry matters. Had the carving-knife really pointed to a domestic tragedy? — and if so, what steps ought a poor widow to take with such a daughter? And what ought to be done



about Mr. Gibson? It ran through Mrs. French's mind that, unless something were done at once, Mr. Gibson would escape scot-free. It was her wish that he should yet become her son-in-law. Poor Bella was entitled to her chance. But if Bella was to be disappointed,—from fear of carving-knives, or for other reasons,—then there came the question whether Mr. Gibson should not be made to pay for the mischief he had done. With all these thoughts and doubts running through her head, Mrs. French wrote to her brother at Gloucester.

There came back an answer from Mr. Crump, in which that gentleman expressed a very strong idea that Mr. Gibson should be prosecuted for damages with the utmost virulence, and with the least possible delay. No compromise should be accepted. Mr. Crump would himself come to Exeter and see the lawyer as soon as he should be told that there was a lawyer to be seen. As to the carving-knife, Mr. Crump was of opinion that it did not mean anything. Mr. Crump was a gentleman who did not believe in strong romance, but who had great trust in all pecuniary claims. The Frenches had always been genteel. The late Captain French had been an officer in the army, and at ordinary times and seasons the Frenches were rather ashamed of the Crump connection. But now the timber-merchant might prove himself to be a useful friend.

Mrs. French showed her brother's letter to Bella,—and poor Bella was again sore-hearted, seeing that nothing was said in it of her claims. "It will be dreadful scandal to have it all in the papers," said Bella.

"But what can we do?"

"Anything would be better than that," said Bella. "And you don't want to punish Mr. Gibson, mamma."

"But, my dear, you see what your uncle says. What can I do, except go to him for advice?"

"Why don't you go to Mr. Gibson yourself, mamma?"

But nothing was said to Camilla about Mr. Crump,—nothing as yet. Camilla did not love Mr. Crump, but there was no other house except that of Mr. Crump's at Gloucester to which she might be sent, if it could be arranged that Mr. Gibson and Bella should be made one. Mrs. French took her eldest daughter's advice, and went to Mr. Gibson,—taking Mr. Crump's letter in her pocket. For herself she wanted nothing; but was it not the duty of her whole life to fight for her daughters? Poor woman! If somebody would only have taught her how that duty might best be done, she would have endeavored to obey the teaching. "You know I do not want to threaten you," she said to Mr. Gibson; "but you see what my brother says. Of course I wrote to my brother. What could a poor woman do in such circumstances except write to her brother?"

"If you choose to set the bloodbonds of the law at me, of course you can," said Mr. Gibson.

"I do not want to go to law at all,—God knows I do not," said Mrs. French. Then there was a pause. "Poor dear Bella!" ejaculated Mrs. French.

"Dear Bella!" echoed Mr. Gibson.

"What do you mean to do about Bella?" asked Mrs. French.

"I sometimes think that I had better take poison and have done with it," said Mr. Gibson, feeling himself to be very hard pressed.

## CHAPTER LXXXIII.

— BELLA VICTRIX.

Mr. Crump arrived at Exeter. Camilla was not told of his coming till the morning of the day on which he arrived; and then the tidings were communicated, because it was necessary that a change should be made in the bedrooms. She and her sister had separate rooms when there was no visitor with them, but now Mr. Crump must be accommodated. There was a long consultation between Bella and Mrs. French, but at last it was decided that Bella should sleep with her mother. There will still be too much of the lioness about Camilla to allow of her being regarded as a safe companion through the watches of the night. "Why is Uncle Jonas coming now?" she asked.

"I thought it better to ask him," said Mrs. French.

After a long pause, Camilla asked another question. "Does Uncle Jonas mean to see Mr. Gibson?"

"I suppose he will," said Mrs. French.

"Then he will see a low, mean fellow,—the lowest, meanest fellow that ever was heard of! But that won't make much difference to Uncle Jonas. I would n't have him now, if he was to ask me ever so,—that I would n't."

Mr. Crump came, and kissed his sister and two nieces. The embrace with Camilla was not very affectionate. "So your Joe has been and jilted you," said Uncle Jonas. "It's like one of them clergymen. They say so many prayers, they think they may do almost anything afterwards. Another man would have had his head punched."

"The less talk there is about it the better," said Camilla.

On the following day Mr. Crump called by appointment on Mr. Gibson, and remained closeted with that gentleman for the greater portion of the morning. Camilla knew well that he was going, and went about the house like a perturbed spirit during his absence. There was a look about her that made them all doubt whether she was not, in truth, losing her mind. Her mother more than once went to the pantry to see that the knives were right; and, as regarded that sharp-pointed weapon, was careful to lock it up carefully out of her daughter's way. Mr. Crump had declared himself willing to take Camilla back to Gloucester, and had laughed at the obstacles which his niece might, perhaps, throw in the way of such an arrangement. "She must n't have much luggage,—that is all," said Mr. Crump. For Mr. Crump had been made aware of the circumstances of the trousseau. About three o'clock Mr. Crump came back from Mr. Gibson's, and expressed a desire to be left alone with Camilla. Mrs. French was prepared for everything; and Mr. Crump soon found himself with his younger niece.

"Camilla, my dear," said he, "this has been a bad business."

"I don't know what business you mean, Uncle Jonas."

"Yes, you do, my dear; you know. And I hope it won't come too late to prove to you that young women should n't be too keen in setting their caps at the gentlemen. It's better for them to be hunted than to hunt."

"Uncle Jonas, I will not be insulted."

"Stick to that, my dear, and you won't get into a scrape again. Now, look here. This man can never be made to marry you, anyhow."



"I would n't touch him with a pair of tongs, if he were kneeling at my feet."

"That's right; stick to that. 'Of course, you would n't now, after all that has come and gone. No girl with any spirit would.'"

"He's a coward and a thief, and he'll be — damned for what he has done some of these days."

"T-ch, t-ch, t-ch. That is n't a proper way for a young lady to talk. That's cursing and swearing."

"It isn't cursing and swearing. It's what the Bible says."

"Then we'll leave him to the Bible. In the mean time, Mr. Gibson wants to marry some one else, and it can't hurt you."

"He may marry whom he likes; but he sha' n't marry Bella. That's all."

"It is Bella that he means to marry."

"Then he won't. I'll forbid the banns. I'll write to the bishop. I'll go to the church, and prevent its being done. I'll make such a noise in the town that it can't be done. It's no use your looking at me like that, Uncle Jonas. I've got my own feelings, and he shall never marry Bella. It's what they have been intending all through, and it sha' n't be done."

"It will be done."

"Uncle Jonas, I'll stab her to the heart, and him too, before I'll see it done. Though I were to be killed the next day, I would. Could you bear it?"

"I'm not a young woman. Now, I'll tell you what I want you to do."

"I'll not do anything."

"Just pack up your things, and start with me to Gloucester to-morrow."

"I — won't."

"Then you'll be carried, my dear. I'll write to your aunt, to say that you're coming; and we'll be as jolly as possible when we get you home."

"I won't go to Gloucester, Uncle Jonas. I won't go away from Exeter. I won't let it be done, She shall never, never, never be that man's wife."

Nevertheless, on the day but one after this, Camilla French did go to Gloucester. Before she went, however, things had to be done in that house which almost made Mrs. French repent that she had sent for so stern an assistant. Camilla was at last told, in so many words, that the things which she had prepared for her own wedding must be given up for the wedding of her sister; and it seemed that this item in the list of her sorrows troubled her almost more than any other. She swore that whither she went there should go the dresses, and the handkerchiefs, and the hats, the bonnets, and the boots. "Let her have them," Bella had pleaded. But Mr. Crump was inexorable. He had looked into his sister's affairs, and found that she was already in debt. To his practical mind, it was an absurdity that the unmarried sister should keep things that were wholly unnecessary, and that the sister that was to be married should be without things that were needed. There was a big trunk, of which Camilla had the key, but which, unfortunately for her, had been deposited in her mother's room. Upon this she sat, and swore that nothing should move her but a promise that her plunder should remain untouched. But there came this advantage from the terrible question of the wedding raiment, — that in her energy to keep possession of them, she gradually abandoned her opposition to her sister's marriage. She had been driven from one point to another till she was compelled at last to stand solely upon her possessions.

"Perhaps we had better let her keep 'em," said Mrs. French. "Trash and nonsense," said Mr. Crump. "If she wants a new frock, let her have it; as for the sheets and table-cloths, you'd better keep them yourself. But Bella must have the rest."

It was found on the eve of the day on which she was told that she was to depart that she had in truth armed herself with a dagger or clasp knife. She actually displayed it when her uncle told her to come away from the chest on which she was sitting. She declared that she would defend herself there to the last gasp of her life; but of course the knife fell from her hand the first moment that she was touched. "I did think once that she was going to make a poke at me," Mr. Crump said afterwards; "but she had screamed herself so weak that she could n't do it."

When the morning came, she was taken to the fly and driven to the station without any further serious outbreak. She had even condescended to select certain articles, leaving the rest of the hymeneal wealth behind her. Bella, early, on that morning of departure, with great humility, implored her sister to forgive her; but no entreaties could induce Camilla to address one gracious word to the proposed bride. "You've been cheating me all along," she said; and that was the last word she spoke to poor Bella.

She went, and the field was once more open to the amorous vicar of Saint Peters-cum-Pumkin. It is astonishing how the greatest difficulties will sink away, and become, as it were, nothing, when they are encountered face to face. It is certain that Mr. Gibson's position had been one most trying to the nerves. He had speculated on various modes of escape. A curacy in the north of England would be welcome or the duties of a missionary in New Zealand, — or death. To tell the truth, he had, during the last week or two, contemplated even a return to the dominion of Camilla. That there should ever again be things pleasant for him in Exeter seemed to be quite impossible. And yet, on the evening of the day but one after the departure of Camilla, he was seated almost comfortably with his own Arabella. There is nothing that a man may not do, if he have only pluck enough to go through with it.

"You do love me?" Bella said to him. It was natural that she should ask him; but it would have been better perhaps that she should have held her tongue. Had she spoken to him about his house, or his income, or the servants, or the duties of his parish church, it would have been easier for him to make a comfortable reply.

"Yes, — I love you," he replied. "Of course I love you. We have always been friends, and I hope things will go straight now. I have had a great deal to go through, Bella, and so have you, — but God will temper the wind to the shorn lambs." How was the wind to be tempered for the poor lamb, who had gone forth shorn down to the very skin?

Soon after this Mrs. French returned to the room, and then there was no more romance. Mrs. French had by no means forgiven Mr. Gibson all the trouble he had brought into the family, and mixed a certain amount of acrimony with her entertainment of him. She dictated to him, treated him with but scant respect, and did not hesitate to let him understand that he was to be watched very closely till he was actually and absolutely married. The poor man had in truth no further idea of escape. He was aware that he had done that which made it necessary



that he should bear a great deal, and that he had no right to resent suspicion. When a day was fixed in June on which he should be married at the church of Heavitree, and it was proposed that he should be married by banns, he had nothing to urge to the contrary. And when it was also suggested to him by one of the prebendaries of the cathedral that it might be well for him to change his clerical duties for a period with the vicar of a remote parish in the north of Cornwall, — so as to be out of the way of remark from those whom he had scandalized by his conduct, — he had no objection to make to that arrangement. When Mrs. MacHugh met him in the Close and told that he was a gay Lothario, he shook his head with a melancholy self-abasement and passed on without even a feeling of anger. "When they smite me on the right cheek, I turn unto them my left," he said to himself, when one of the cathedral vergers remarked to him that, after all, he was going to be married at last. Even Bella became dominant over him, and assumed with him occasionally the air of one who had been injured.

Bella wrote a touching letter to her sister, — a letter that ought to have touched Camilla, begging for forgiveness, and for one word of sisterly love. Camilla answered the letter, but did not send a word of sisterly love. "According to my way of thinking, you have been a nasty, sly thing, and I don't believe you'll ever be happy. As for him, I'll never speak to him again." That was nearly the whole of her letter. "You must leave it to time," said Mrs. French, wisely. "She'll come round some day." And then Mrs. French thought how bad it would be for her if the daughter who was to be her future companion did not "come round" some day.

And so it was settled that they should be married in Heavitree Church, — Mr. Gibson and his first love, — and things went on pretty much as though nothing had been done amiss. The gentleman from Cornwall came down to take Mr. Gibson's place at Saint Peters-cum-Pumkin, while his duties in the Cathedral were temporarily divided among the other priest vicars, — with some amount of grumbling on their part. Bella commenced her modest preparations without any of the *éclat* which had attended Camilla's operations, but she felt more certainty of ultimate success than had ever fallen to Camilla's lot. In spite of all that had come and gone, Bella never feared again that Mr. Gibson would be untrue to her. In regard to him, it must be doubted whether Nemesis ever fell upon him with a hand sufficiently heavy to punish him for the great sins which he had manifestly committed. He had encountered a bad week or two, and there had been days in which, as has been said, he thought of hatred, of ecclesiastical censures, and even of annihilation; but no real punishment seemed to fall upon him. It may be doubted whether, when the whole arrangement was settled for him, and when he heard that Camilla had yielded to the decrees of Fate, he did not rather pride himself on being a successful man of intrigue, — whether he did not take some glory to himself for his good fortune with women, and pride himself amidst his self-reproaches for the devotion which had been displayed for him by the fair sex in general. It is quite possible that he taught himself to believe that at one time Dorothy Stanbury was quite in love with him and that when he reckoned up his sins, she was one of those in regard to whom he accounted himself to have been a sinner. The spirit of intrigue with women, as to which men will flatter themselves, is customarily so vile, so mean,

so vapid a reflection of a feeling, so aimless, resultless, and utterly unworthy! Passion exists and has its sway. Vice has its votaries, — and there is, too, that worn-out longing for vice, "prurient, yet passionless, cold-studied lewdness," which drags on a feeble continuance with the aid of money. But the commonest folly of man in regard to women is a weak taste for intrigue, with little or nothing on which to feed, — a worse than feminine aptitude for male coquetry, which never ascends beyond a desire that somebody shall hint that there is something peculiar; and which is shocked and retreats backwards into its boots when anything like a consequence forces itself on the apprehension. Such men have their glory in their own estimation. We remember how Falstaff flouted the pride of his companion whose victory in the fields of love had been but little glorious. But there are victories going nowadays so infinitely less glorious, that Falstaff's page was a Mars, a very Jupiter, in comparison with the heroes whose praises are too often sung by their own lips. There is this recompense, — that their defeats are always sung by lips louder than their own. Mr. Gibson, when he found that he was to escape apparently unscathed, — that people standing respectfully before the world absolutely dared to whisper words to him of congratulation on this third attempt at marriage within little more than a year, took pride to himself and bethought himself that he was a gay deceiver. He believed that he had selected his wife, — and that he had done so in circumstances of peculiar difficulty! Poor Mr. Gibson, — we hardly know whether most to pity him, or the unfortunate, poor woman who became his wife.

"And so Bella French is to be the fortunate woman, after all," said Miss Stanbury to her niece.

"It does seem to me to be so odd," said Dorothy. "I wonder how he looked when he proposed it."

"Like a fool, — as he always does."

Dorothy refrained from remarking that Miss Stanbury had not always thought that Mr. Gibson looked like a fool, but the idea occurred to her mind. "I hope they will be happy at last," she said.

"Pshaw! Such people can't be happy, and can't be unhappy. I don't suppose it much matters which he marries, or whether he marries them both, or neither. They are to be married by banns, they say, — at Heavitree."

"I don't see anything bad in that."

"Only Camilla might step out and forbid them," said Aunt Stanbury. "I almost wish she would."

"She has gone away, aunt, — to an uncle who lives at Gloucester."

"It was well to get out of the way, no doubt. They'll be married before you now, Dolly."

"That won't break my heart, aunt."

"I don't suppose there'll be much of a wedding. They haven't anybody belonging to them, except that uncle at Gloucester." Then there was a pause. "I think it is a nice thing for friends to collect together at a wedding," continued Aunt Stanbury.

"I think it is," said Dorothy, in the mildest, softest voice.

"I suppose we must make room for that black sheep of a brother of yours, Dolly, — or else you won't be contented."

"Dear, dear, dearest aunt!" said Dorothy, falling down on her knees at her aunt's feet.

[To be continued.]



## ODDS AND ENDS OF ALPINE LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

(Third Paper.)

## § IX.

THE pause in the middle of this article, which was written without reference to its division, has caused me to supplement these memories by looking into the notes of my first Swiss journey. In September, 1849, my friend Hirst, so often mentioned in these brief chronicles, had joined me at Marburg, in Hesse Cassel, where I was then a student, and we had joyful anticipations of a journey in Switzerland together. But the death of a near relative compelled him to return to England, and the thought of the Alps was therefore given up. As a substitute, I proposed to myself a short foot-journey through the valley of the Lahn, and a visit to Heidelberg. On the 19th of September I walked from Marburg to Giessen, and thence to Wetzlar, the scene of "Werther's Leiden." From Wetzlar, I passed on to Limburg, through Diez, where the beauties of the valley began, to Nassau, reaching it after a sunset and through a scene which might have been condensed intellectually into Goethe's incomparable lines:—

"Ueber allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh',  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelin schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch."

The "balde ruhest du auch" had but a sentimental value for me at the time. The field of hope and action, which in all likelihood lay between me and it, deprived the idea of the definition which it sometimes possesses now.

From Nassau, I passed through Ems to Niederlahnstein, where the little Lahn which trickles from the earth in the neighborhood of Siegen (visited in 1850 by Hirst and myself) falls into the broader Rhine. Thence along the river, and between the rocks of the Lurlei, to Mayence; afterwards to Frankfort and Heidelberg. I reached my proposed terminus on the night of the 22d, and early next morning was among the castle ruins. The azure overhead was perfect, and among the twinkling shadows of the surrounding woods, the thought of Switzerland revived. "How must the mountains appear under such a sky?" That night I slept at Basel. In those days it was a pleasure to me to saunter along the roads, enjoying such snatches of scenery as were thus attainable. I knew not then the distant mountains, and the attraction which they afterwards exercised upon me had not yet begun to act. I moreover did not like the diligence, and therefore walked all the way from Basel to Zürich. I passed along the lake to Horgen, thence over the hills to Zug, and afterwards along the beautiful fringe of the Zugersee to Arth. Here, on the 26th of September, I bought my first Alpenstock, and faced with it the renowned Rigi. The sunset on the summit was fine, but I retain no particular impression of the Rigi's grandeur; and now, rightly or wrongly, I think of it as a cloudy eminence, famous principally for its guzzling and its noise.

I descended the mountain through a dreamy, opalescent atmosphere, but the dreaminess vanished at Weggis as soon as the steamer from Lucerne arrived. I took the boat to Fluelen. My journal expresses wonder at the geological contortions along the flanks

of the adjacent mountain, and truly famous examples they happen to be. I followed the Gotthardt's-strasse over the Devil's Bridge, the echoes of which astonished me, to Andermatt and Hospenthal, where the road was quitted to cross the Furka. Being on the wrong side of the river Reuss, I was earnestly admonished by a pretty, dirty, little chalet-girl that I had gone astray. At this time, there was no shelter on the Furka, and being warned at Realp of the danger of crossing the pass late in the evening, I halted at that hamlet for the night. Here pastoral Switzerland first revealed itself to me, in the songs of the Senner, and the mellow music of the cowbells at milking-time.

On the 29th I first saw the glacier of the Rhone. Snow had fallen during the night; the weathered ice-peaks of the fall were of dazzling whiteness, while a pure cerulean light issued from the clefts and hollows of the ice. A week previously a young traveller had been killed by falling into one of these chasms. I did not venture upon the glacier, but went down to the source of the historic river. From this point the Mayenwand ought to have been climbed, but the track over it was marked so faintly on my small map that it escaped my attention, and I therefore went down the Rhone valley. The error was discovered before Oberwald was reached. Not wishing to retrace my steps over so rough a track I inquired at Oberwald whether it would not be possible to reach the Grimsel without returning to the Rhone glacier. A peasant pointed to a high hill-top, and informed me that if I could reach it an erect pole would be found there, and after it other poles which marked the way over the otherwise trackless heights to the Hôspice. I tucked up my knapsack, and faced the mountain. My remarks on this scramble would make a climber smile, possibly with an admixture of contempt for the man who could refer to such a thing as difficult. The language of my journal regarding it, however, is "By the Lord, I should not like to repeat this ascent!" I found the poles, and reached the Grimsel. Old Zybach and his fine daughters were still there. He had not yet, by setting fire to the house, which belonged to the commune, condemned himself to the life of a felon.

That night I slept at Gutannen and next day halted on the Great Scheideck. Heavy rain fell as I ascended, but the thick pines provided shelter. Vapors leaped from the cliffs of the mountains, and thunder rattled upon the heights. At every crash I looked instinctively upwards, thinking that so sonorous a bolt must send the rocks down in splinters. On the following day I crossed the Wengern Alp, saw the avalanches of the Jungfrau, and heard the warble of her echoes. Then swiftly down to Lauterbrunnen, and through the valley of Interlaken, with hardly a hope of being able to reach Neuchâs in time to catch the steamer. I had been told over and over again that it was hopeless, but I thought it a duty to try; and in those days "the law of duty," even in small matters, was a stern thing to me. The paddles were turning, and a distance of eight or nine feet already between the steamer and the quay when I arrived. This distance was cleared at a bound under a protest on the part of the captain and the bystanders, and that night I bivouacked as *Thun*.

On the following day I drove to Berne, and walked thence through Solothurn to Basel. The distant aspect of the Alps appeared to be far more glorious than the nearer view. From a distance the



Vormauer, or spurs, and the highest crests appeared projected against a common background, the apparent height of the mountains being thereby enormously augmented.

The aqueous air had also something to do with their wonderful illumination. The railway station being then at Effringen, a distance of some miles from Basel, I set out to walk there, but on crossing the frontier was intercepted by two soldiers. I had a passport, but it had not been viséd, and back to Berne it was stated I must go. The fight at Rastatt had occurred a short time previously, and the Prussians, then the general insurgent-crushers of Germany, held possession of the Grand Duchy of Baden. I was detained for some hours, being taken from one official to another, neither logic nor entreaty appearing to be of any avail. The inspector at Leopoldshöhe was at first polite, but inexorable, then irate; but happily, to justify his strictness, he desired me to listen while he read his instructions. They were certainly very emphatic, but they were directed against "Deutsche Flüchtlinge." I immediately drew his attention to the words, and flatly denied his right to detain me. I appealed to my books, my accent, and my shirt collars, none of which at the time had become German. A new light seemed to dawn upon the inspector; he admitted my plea, and let me go. Thus ended my first Swiss expedition, and until 1856 I did not make a second. The reminiscences of humanity which those old records revive interest me more than those of physical grandeur. The little boys and girls and the bright-eyed maidens whom I chanced to meet, and who at times ministered to my wants, have stamped themselves more vividly and pleasantly on my memory than the Alps themselves.

Grindelwald was my first halting-place in the summer of 1867; I reached it, in company with a friend, on Sunday evening, the 7th of July. The air of the glaciers and the excellent fare of the Adler Hotel rendered me rapidly fit for mountain-work. The first day we made an excursion along the lower glacier to the Kastenstein, crossing, in returning, the Strahleck branch of the glacier above the ice-fall, and coming down by the Zäsenberg. The second day was spent upon the upper glacier. The sunset covered the crest of the Eiger with indescribable glory that evening, causing the dinner-table to be forsaken while it lasted. It gave definition to a vague desire which I had previously entertained, and I arranged with Christian Michel, a famous old roadster, to attempt the Eiger, engaging Peter Bauman, a strong and gallant climber, to act as second guide.

This crimson of the morning and the evening, and the blue color of the sky, are due to a common cause. "The color has not the same origin as that of ordinary coloring matter, in which certain portions of the white solar light are extinguished, the color of the substance being that of the portion which remains. A violet is blue because its molecular texture enables it to quench the green, yellow, and red constituents of white light, and to allow the blue free transmission. A geranium is red because its molecular texture is such as quenches all rays except the red. Such colors are called colors of absorption; but the hue of the sky is not of this character. The blue light of the sky is reflected light, and were there nothing in our atmosphere competent to reflect the solar rays, we should see no blue firmament, but should look into the darkness of infinite space. The reflection of the blue is effected by

perfectly colorless particles. Smallness of size alone is requisite to insure the selection and reflection of this color. Of all the visual waves emitted by the sun, the shortest and smallest are those which correspond to the color blue. On such waves small particles have more power than upon large ones, hence the predominance of blue color in all light reflected from exceedingly small particles. The crimson glow of the Alps in the evening and in the morning is due, on the other hand, to transmitted light; that is to say, to light which in its passage through great atmospheric distances has had its blue constituents sifted out of it by repeated reflection."

At half-past one o'clock on the morning of the 11th we started from the Wengern Alp to attack the Eiger; no trace of cloud was visible in the heavens, which were sown broadcast with stars. Those low down twinkled with extraordinary vivacity, many of them flashing in quick succession lights of different colors. When an opera-glass was pointed to such a star, and shaken, the line of light described by the image of the star resolved itself into a string of richly colored beads; rubies and emeralds were hung thus together on the same curve. The dark intervals between the beads corresponded to the moments of extinction of the star through the "interference" of its own rays in our atmosphere. Over the summit of the Wetterhorn the Pleiades hung like a diadem, while at intervals a solitary meteor shot across the sky.

We passed along the Alp, and then over the balled snow and broken ice cast down from the end of a glacier which fronted us. Here the ascent began; we passed from snow to rock and from rock to snow by turns. The steepness for a time was moderate, the only thing requiring caution being the thin crusts of ice upon the rocks over which water had trickled the previous day. The east gradually brightened, the stars became paler and disappeared, and at length the crown of the adjacent Jungfrau rose out of the twilight into the purple of the sun. The bloom crept gradually downwards over the snows, until the whole mountain-world partook of the color. It is not in the night nor in the day — it is not in any statical condition of the atmosphere — that the mountains look most sublime. It is during the few minutes of transition from twilight to full day through the splendors of the dawn.

Seven hours climbing brought us to the higher slopes, which were for the most part ice, and required deep step-cutting. The whole duty of the climber on such slopes is to cut his steps properly, and to stand in them securely. At one period of my mountain life I looked lightly on the possibility of a slip, having full faith in the resources of him who accompanied me, and very little doubt of my own. Experience has qualified this faith in the power even of the best of climbers upon a steep ice-slope. A slip under such circumstances must not occur. The Jungfrau began her cannonade of avalanches very early, five of them having thundered down her precipices before eight o'clock in the morning. Bauman, being the youngest man, undertook the labor of step-cutting, which the hardness of the ice rendered severe. He was glad from time to time to escape to the snow-cornice which, unsupported save by its own tenacity, overhung the Grindelwald side of the mountain, checking himself at intervals by looking over the edge of the cornice, to assure himself of its sufficient thickness to bear our weight. A wider precipice is hardly to be seen than this wall of the Eiger, viewed from the cornice



at its top. It seems to drop sheer for eight thousand feet down to Grindelwald. When the cornice became unsafe, Bauman retreated, and step-cutting recommenced. We reached the summit before nine o'clock, and had from it an outlook over as glorious a scene as this world perhaps affords.

On the following day, accompanied by Michel, I went down to Lauterbrunnen, and afterwards crossed the Petersgrat a second time to Platten, where the door of the curé being closed against travellers, we were forced into dirty quarters in an adjacent house. From Platten, instead of going as before over the Lötschattel, we struck obliquely across the ridge above the Nesthorn, and got down upon the Jaggi glacier, making thus an exceedingly fine excursion from Platten to the Bel Alp. Thence, after a brief halt, I pushed on to Zermatt.

I have already mentioned Carrel, *dû le bersagliere*, who accompanied Bennen and myself in our attempt upon the Matterhorn in 1862, and who in 1865 reached the summit of the mountain. With him I had been in correspondence for some time, and from his letters an enthusiastic desire to be my guide up the Matterhorn might be inferred. From the Riffelberg I crossed the Theodule to Breuil, where I saw Carrel. He had naturally and deservedly grown in his own estimation. In the language of philosophy his environment had changed, and he had assumed new conditions of equilibrium, but they were decidedly unfavorable to the climbing of the Matterhorn. His first condition was that I should take three guides at 150 francs apiece, and these were to be aided by porters as far as the cabin upon the Matterhorn. He also objected to the excellent company of Christian Michel. In fact, circumstances had produced their effect upon my friend Carrel, and he was no longer a reasonable man. To do him justice, I believe he afterwards repented, and sent his friends Bich and Meynet to speak to me while he kept aloof. A considerable abatement was soon made in their demands, and without arranging anything definitely, I quitted Breuil on the understanding that I should return if the weather, which was then unfit for the Matterhorn, improved.

I waited at the Riffel for twelve days, making small excursions here and there. But though the weather was not so abominable as it had been last year, the frequent snow discharges on the Matterhorn kept it unassailable. In company with Mr. Crauford Grove, who had engaged Carrel as his guide, Michel being mine, I made the pass of the Trift from Zermatt to Zinal. Carrel led, and acquitted himself well. He is a first-rate rockman. I could understand and share the enthusiasm experienced by Mr. Hinchliff in crossing this truly noble pass. It is certainly one of the finest in the whole Alps. For that one day moreover the weather was magnificent. Next day we crossed to Evolena, going considerably astray, and thus converting a light day into a rather heavy one. From Evolena we purposed crossing the Col d'Erin back to Zermatt, but the weather would not let us. This excursion had been made with the view of allowing the Matterhorn a little time to arrange its temper; but the temper continued sulky, and at length wearied me out. We went round by the valley of the Rhône to Zermatt, and finding matters there worse than ever, both Mr. Grove and myself returned to Visp, intending to quit Switzerland altogether. Here he changed his mind and returned to Zermatt; on the same day the weather changed also, and continued

fine for a fortnight. He succeeded in getting with Carrel to the top of the Matterhorn, being therefore the first Englishman that gained the summit from the southern side. A ramble in the Highlands, including a visit to the Parallel Roads of Glenroy, concluded my vacation in 1867.

### § X.

"Call not waste that barren cone !

Above the floral zone ;

Where forests starve

*It is pure use.*

What sheaves like those which here we glean and bind

Of a celestial Ceres and the Muse ? " \*

The "oil of life" burnt very low with me last June. Driven from London by Dr. Bence Jones, I reached the Giessbach Hotel on the Lake of Brienz early in July. No pleasanter position could be found for an invalid. My friend Hirst was with me, and we made various little excursions in the neighborhood. The most pleasant of these was to the Hinterburger See, a small and lonely lake high up among the hills, fringed on one side by pines, and overshadowed on the other by the massive limestone buttresses of the Hinterburg. It is an exceedingly lovely spot, but rarely visited. The Giessbach Hotel is an admirably organized establishment. The table is served by Swiss girls in Swiss costume, fresh, handsome, and modest, well brought up, who come there not as servants, but to learn the mysteries of housekeeping. And among her maidens moved like a little queen the graceful daughter of the host, noiseless but effectual in her rule and governance. I went to the Giessbach with a prejudice against its illumination. The crowd of spectators may suggest the theatre, but the lighting up of the water is fine. I liked the colorless light best; it merely intensified the contrast revealed by ordinary daylight between the white foam of the cascades and the black surrounding pines.

From the Giessbach we went to Thun, and thence up the Simmenthal to Lenk. Over a sulphur spring a large hotel has been recently erected, and here we found a number of Swiss and Germans, who thought the waters did them good. In one large room the liquid gushes from a tap into a basin, diffusing through the place the odor of rotten eggs. The patients like this smell; indeed, they regard its foulness as a measure of their benefit. The director of the establishment is intelligent and obliging, sparing no pains to meet the wishes and promote the comfort of his guests. We wandered, while at Lenk, to the summit of the Rawyl pass, visited the Siebenbrünnen, where the river Simmen bursts full-grown from the rocks, and we should have clambered up the Wildstrubel had the weather been tolerable. From Lenk we went to Gsteig, a finely situated hamlet, but not celebrated for the peace and comfort of its inn; and from Gsteig to the Diablerets hotel. While there, I clambered up the Diablerets mountain, and was amazed at the extent of the snow-field upon its tabular top. The peaks, if they ever existed, have been shorn away, and miles of flat névé, unseen from below, overspread their section.

From the Diablerets we drove down to Aigle. The Traubenkur had not commenced, and there was therefore ample space for us at the excellent hotel. We were compelled to spend a night at Martigny. I heard the trumpet of its famous musquito, but did not feel its attacks; still, the itchy hillocks on my hands for some days afterwards reported the

\* Emerson's poems.



venom of the insect. The following night was more pleasantly spent on the cool col of the Great St. Bernard. On Tuesday, July 21, we reached Aosta, and, in accordance with previous telegraphic arrangement, met there the Chanoine Carrel. Jean Jacques Carrel, the old companion of Mr. Hawkins and myself, and others at Breuil, were dissatisfied with the behavior of the *bersagliere* last year, and this feeling the Chanoine shared. He wrote to me during the winter, stating that two new men had scaled the Matterhorn, and that they were ready to accompany me anywhere. He now drove, with Hirst and myself, to Chatillon, where, at the noisy and comfortless inn, we spent the night. Here Hirst quitted me, and I turned with the Chanoine up the valley to Breuil.

At Val Tournanche I saw a maiden niece of the Chanoine who had gone high up the Matterhorn, and who, had the wind not assailed her petticoats too roughly, might, it was said, have reached the top. I can believe it. Her wrist, as I shook her hand, was like a weaver's beam, and her frame seemed a mass of potential energy. The Chanoine had recommended to me as guides the brothers Joseph and Pierre Maquignaz, of Val Tournanche, his praises of Joseph as a man of unshaken courage, and proved capacity as a climber, being particularly strong. Previous to reaching Breuil, I saw this Joseph, who seemed to divine by instinct my name and aim.

Carrel was there, looking very gloomy, while Biche petitioned for a porter's post; but I left the arrangement of these matters wholly in the hands of Maquignaz. He joined me in the evening, and on the following day we ascended one of the neighboring summits, discussing as we went our chances on the Matterhorn. In 1867 the chief precipitation took place in a low atmospheric layer, the base of the mountain being heavily laden with snow, while the summit and the higher rocks were bare. In 1868 the distribution was inverted, the top being heavily laden and the lower rocks clear. An additional element of uncertainty was thus introduced. Maquignaz could not say what obstacles the snow might oppose to us above, but he was resolute and hopeful. My desire had long been to complete the Matterhorn by making a pass over its summit from Breuil to Zermatt. In this attempt my guide expressed his willingness to aid me, his interest in the project being apparently equal to my own.

He, however, only knew the Zermatt side of the mountain through inspection from below; and he acknowledged that a dread of it had filled him the previous year. That feeling, however, had disappeared, and he reasoned that, as Mr. Whympster and the Taugwalds had safely descended, we should be able to do the same. On the Friday we climbed to the Col de la Furka, examined from it the northern face of the pyramid, and discovered the men who were engaged in building the cabin on that side. We worked afterwards along the ridge which stretches from the Matterhorn to the Theodule, crossing its gulleys and scaling all its heights. It was a pleasant piece of discipline, on ground new to both my guide and me.

On the Thursday evening, a violent thunder-storm had burst over Breuil, discharging thin snow upon the heights, but also clearing the oppressive air. Though the heavens seemed clear in the early part of Friday, clouds showed a disposition to meet us from the south as we returned from the Theodule. I inquired of my companion whether, in the event

of the day being fine, he was willing to start on Sunday. His answer was a prompt negative. In Val Tournanche, he said they always "sanctified the Sunday." I referred to Bennen, my pious Catholic guide, whom I permitted and encouraged to attend his mass on all possible occasions, but who, nevertheless, always yielded without a murmur to the demands of the weather. The reasoning had its effect. On Saturday Maquignaz saw his confessor, and arranged with him to have a mass at two A.M. on Sunday, after which, unshaded by the sense of duties unperformed, he would commence the ascent.

The claims of religion being thus met, the point of next importance, that of money, was immediately arranged by my accepting, without hesitation, the tariff published by the Chanoine Carrel. The problem being thus reduced to one of muscular physics, we pondered the question of provisions, decided on a bill of fare, and committed its execution to the mistress of the hotel.

A fog, impenetrable to vision, had filled the whole of the Val Tournanche on Saturday night and the mountains were half concealed and half revealed by this fog when we rose on Sunday morning. The east at sunrise was lowering, and the light which streamed through the cloud-orifices was drawn in ominous red bars across the necks of the mountains. It was one of those uncomfortable Laodicean days which engender indecision, — threatening, but not sufficiently so to warrant postponement. Two guides and two porters were considered necessary for the first day's climb. A volunteer, however, attached himself to our party, who carried a sheepskin, part of the furniture of the cabin. To lighten their labor, the porters took a mule with them as far as the quadruped could climb, and afterwards divided the load among themselves. While they did so, I observed the weather. The sun had risen with power, and had broken the cloud-plane to pieces. The severed clouds gathered themselves into masses more or less spherical, and were rolled grandly over the ridges into Switzerland. Save for a swathe of fog which now and then wrapped its flanks, the Matterhorn itself remained clear, and strong hopes were raised that the progress of the weather was in the right direction.

We halted at the base of the Tête du Lion, a bold precipice formed by the sudden cutting down of the ridge which flanks the Val Tournanche to the right. From its base to the Matterhorn stretches the Col du Lion, crossed for the first time in 1860, by Mr. Hawkins, myself, and our two guides. We were now beside a snow-gully, which was cut by a deep furrow along its centre, and otherwise scarred by the descent of stones. Here each man arranged his bundle and himself so as to cross the gully in the minimum of time. The passage was safely made, a few flying shingle only coming down upon us. But danger declared itself where it was not expected. Joseph Maquignaz led the way up the rocks. I was next, Pierre Maquignaz next, and last of all the porters. Suddenly a yell issued from the leader: "*Cachez-vous!*" I crouched instinctively against the rock, which formed a by no means perfect shelter, when a boulder buzzed past me through the air, smote the rocks below me, and with a savage hum flew down to the lower glacier. Thus warned, we swerved to an arête, and when stones fell afterwards they plunged to the right or left of us.

In 1860 the great couloir, which stretches from the Col du Lion downwards, was filled with a *névé*



of deep snow. But the atmospheric conditions, which have caused the glaciers of Switzerland to shrink so remarkably during the last ten years,\* have swept away this *névé*. We had descended it, in 1860, hip-deep in snow, and I was now reminded of its steepness by the inclination of its bed. Maquignaz was incredulous when I pointed out to him the line of our descent, to which we had been committed, in order to avoid the falling stones of the *Tête du Lion*. Bennen's warnings on the occasion were very emphatic, and I could understand their wisdom now better than I did then.

An admirable description of the difficulties of the Matterhorn, up to a certain elevation, has been given by Mr. Hawkins, in "Vacation Tourists for 1860."† At that time, however, a temporary danger, sufficient to quell for a time the enthusiasm even of our lion-hearted guide, was added to the permanent ones. Fresh snow had fallen two days before; it had quite oversprinkled the Matterhorn, converting the brown of its crags into an iron gray; this snow had been melted and refrozen, forming upon the rocks an enamelling of ice. Besides their physical front, moreover, in 1860, the rocks presented a psychological one, derived from the rumor of their savage inaccessibility. The crags, the ice, and the character of the mountain, all conspired to stir the feelings. Much of the wild mystery has now vanished, especially at those points which in 1860 were places of virgin difficulty, but down which ropes now hang to assist the climber. The grandeur of the Matterhorn is, however, not to be effaced.

After some hours of steady climbing, we halted upon a platform beside the tattered remnant of one of my tents, had a mouthful of food, and sunned ourselves for an hour. We subsequently worked upward, scaling the crags and rounding the bases of those wild and wonderful rock-towers, into which the weather of ages has hewn the southern *arête* of the Matterhorn. The work here requires knowledge, but with a fair amount of skill it is safe work. I can fancy nothing more fascinating to a man given by nature and habit to such things than a climb *alone* among these crags and precipices. He need not be *theological*, but, if complete, he must be religious, with such an environment. To the climber amongst them, the southern cliffs and crags of the Matterhorn are incomparably grander than those of the north. Majesty of form and magnitude, and richness of coloring, combine to ennoble them.

Looked at from Breuil, the Matterhorn presents two summits: the one, the summit proper, a square rock-tower in appearance; the other, which is really the end of a sharp ridge abutting against the rock-tower, an apparently conical peak. On this peak Bennen and myself planted our flagstaff in 1862, and with it, which had no previous name, Italian writers have done me the honor of associating mine. At some distance below it the mountain is crossed by an almost horizontal ledge, always loaded with snow, which, from its resemblance to a white necktie, has been called the *Cravatte*. On the ledge a cabin was put together last year. It stands above the precipice where I quitted my rope in 1862. Up this precipice, by the aid of a thicker — I will not say a stronger — rope, we now scrambled, and fol-

lowing the exact route pursued by Bennen and myself five years previously, we came to the end of the *Cravatte*. At some places the snow upon the ledge fell steeply from its junction with the cliff; deep-step cutting was also needed where the substance had been melted and recongealed. The passage was soon accomplished along the *Cravatte* to the cabin which was almost filled with snow.

### THE CRIMINALITY OF SUICIDE.

It is no matter for wonder that there should be very loose notions abroad upon the moral and legal guilt of suicide. In a case that came before the magistrate at Bow Street the other day, of a soldier who was about to poison himself because he lived unhappily with his wife, the Rev. Mr. Hough, chaplain of the House of Detention, Clerkenwell, remarked to Sir Thomas Henry that, "In nearly all of the very many cases of attempted suicide which came under his knowledge, the prisoners appeared to be under the impression that they had not committed any offence. He found not only that he had difficulty in convincing them of the moral iniquity of the act, but also that they obstinately refused to believe that they had rendered themselves amenable to the law. He was sure that if it went forth that the attempt to commit self-murder was a crime legally punishable, it would have some effect in preventing the repetition of the offence." The people who do not know that the attempt to commit suicide is indictable merely suffer from ignorance of fact; but the people who are not assured of the moral guilt of suicide are far more numerous, and their opinions are of more importance. We do not mean to put in a single word in palliation of such an obvious and cowardly blunder as suicide, in almost all cases, must necessarily be; but it is curious to note the irreligious assumptions of many religious men upon this subject, — so long as their vague feeling is not translated into precise words. The position is simply this, — that theology treats life as a trust, and not as a right. You cannot do with your life what you will; it is given you for a purpose; you are accountable. But the unconverted man, — and upon this subject there are large numbers of profoundly religious men who are unconverted, — unconsciously, perhaps, regards life as a right. "My life is my own," he says. "It has been given to me without my asking for it; and, if I am dissatisfied with it, I surely have the right to give it up." Practically, most men have some hazy notion of this kind; though many would shrink from accepting the stated formula. They are not shocked by the guilt of the man who, as they hear, has shot himself to get rid of the hideous tortures of a cruel and irremediable disease. They say: "How could you insist on that poor wretch dragging on day after day through the keenest pain, with nothing before him but the prospect of years of slow and acute suffering."

Less sympathy is expended on the more common form of suicide, in which a certain man drowns himself because a certain woman will not marry him, or in which a woman drowns herself because her husband or lover has become faithless. This blunder is committed solely through the man or woman not being able to measure the proportions of the accidents of life. There never was a man or woman worth cutting one's throat for, much as young poets have written of the delight of dying at the feet of some perhaps not very intellectual or beautiful young person. The man who stifles himself with

\* I should estimate the level of the Lower Grindelwald glacier, at the point where it is usually entered upon to reach the Eismeer, to be nearly one hundred feet vertically lower in 1867 than it was in 1866. I am glad to find that the question of "Benchmarks" to fix such changes of level is now before the Council of the British Association.

† Macmillan and Company.



charcoal-fumes because a certain girl refuses to be his wife is merely unable, at a time of temporary frenzy, to measure the *length* of life, and see what, after all, are the necessary things of existence, — the things necessary to make it bearable and pleasant. You may call this incapacity, folly, or insanity, as you please : it certainly betokens either immaturity or want of mental vision. So, also, is he a fool or a madman who, with his digestion remaining, cuts his throat because his money departs. To put the case on its very lowest basis, — excluding notions of moral duty and responsibility, — it may be said that we can sympathize greatly with the man who flies from life to escape unbearable physical torture ; that we sympathize less with one who flies life because he imagines that a certain woman is the only woman who can possibly make his future life worth having ; and that we can scarcely sympathize at all with the man who, because he has lost money, shoots himself, and wantonly relinquishes the pleasures of friendship, love, eating, drinking, and sleeping. It may be answered that he is disgusted because he has been deprived of the means of obtaining these pleasures ; but this is absurd, because people without a farthing in any bank whatever do enjoy these pleasures, and find life a wonderful treasure through them.

But the confusion that exists upon this subject is carried into its legal aspects. We are accustomed in England to joke French journalists about the phrase "with extenuating circumstances," which the French juries occasionally apply to the conduct of a man who has cut his mother-in-law and his wife into five-and-twenty pieces and laid them out in his back garden. But the phrase which the French use in order to cheat the gallows, or the guillotine, is not a whit more absurd in its application than our own unvarying verdict of insanity in cases of suicide. It is the inability to commit suicide which English law punishes ; and it is the same inability which is taken as a proof of a man's sanity. Suppose a man throws himself into the Thames from London Bridge, in order to drown himself, and suppose that, in spite of a struggle to reach some boat or wharf, he is drowned, then he is insane. But suppose he *does* reach the boat or wharf, and is caught and taken up before the magistrate, he is not insane, but indictable for a criminal offence. If you do commit suicide, it is charitably supposed that you were insane ; but if you bungle the effort, or manage somehow to escape, you are punished for saving your life. The man who stands upon the bridge and determines to kill himself is either insane or not insane. If you say that a man who seriously resolves to destroy himself is insane, — and that is what all juries upon such cases do say, — you must also grant that a plunge into the river may restore him to sanity ; because, if he should happen to save himself, the magistrate assumes his sanity, and sentences him to so much punishment. One thing, however, is clear, — that persons who have committed suicide have, up to the very moment of their death, been in no manner distinguishable from sane people. The commission of the crime may be arbitrarily assumed as proof of lunacy ; but there is not a jot or tittle of other evidence. Men and women have committed suicide with the calmest forethought and the most intelligent theories as to what they were doing. Instances are of frequent occurrence in which the victim makes his preparations long beforehand, discusses on paper all the *pros* and *cons* of the act, makes a clear and intelligible representation of the necessity of his relinquishing life, and sometimes even goes

into an argument to show that he has the right so to relinquish life.

Out of this difficulty we can only escape by widening our definition of insanity. In this way it may be said that a man who is habitually dishonest, when he ought to know that ultimately the forces of honesty will be too strong for him, is insane. So in a hundred other cases, in which a man departs from what the majority of other men consider right and reasonable. But, if we adhere to our ordinary acceptance of the word insanity, — that sort of insanity which would have to be proved in the case of a disputed will, for instance, — we must admit that large numbers of people commit suicide who are not insane. Nor is it too much to infer that perhaps equally large numbers of people exist who have accepted a theory of life similar to that of the suicide, but who, from the compulsion of other causes, dare not destroy themselves. There are pious people, doubtless, who would be too glad to get rid, by a few moments' pain, of some deadly disease that is preying upon them, and likely to prey upon them all their life, if they were not restrained by religious and moral commandments. There are others who are sick of life as the suicide is, and would fain be rid of it, but that their self destruction would do a grievous wrong to their family relations. In the one case the sin, in the other case, the consequence, of suicide is feared. As to the legal guilt of an attempt to commit suicide, there ought to be no doubt whatever. Certainly people are rather apt to suspect, from cases constantly occurring, that the law is rather anxious to let the offender off with his self-imposed penalty of a thorough drenching or a scorched throat. But, as Sir Thomas Henry pointed out, "it is as clearly murder to make away with one's own life as with that of any other person, and the attempt to do so is an indictable offence." So long as any threat of punishment prevents, or is supposed to prevent, the increase of suicides, by all means let it stand on the statute-book. We should imagine, however, that a man who was reckless enough to risk an eternity of any kind of consequences in the next world was not likely to pause and consider three months' imprisonment in this. So long, nevertheless, as the punishment is there, let it be spread abroad that the offence is indictable and punishable, to the end that all men who are about to commit suicide may know the danger of failure and so make sure of the means.

## HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

### CHAPTER XX. (Continued.)

OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE.

DANGEROUS work this. Two noble and enthusiastic souls, sitting close to one another, and telling of great and noble deeds. As for Morley, he had made up his mind long before. He was determined to marry Rebecca, and Hartop and Hetty knew it. As for Rebecca, she brought her fate on herself. If she had desired her freedom, she should not have sat on the sofa beside a very attractive dissenting minister, and have forced him to tell the tale of his daughter's heroism. All that happened to her was her own fault. But they will do it. Searching among rare old books the other day, I came across a very scarce play called *Othello*, or the Moor of Venice. In that play the Moor actually wins his Venetian beauty by telling travellers' taradiddles of the Sir John Mande-



villè type. Morley did not do this; he only told the plain truth about his daughter. But the telling of chivalrous adventures is a very successful way of courting. At least the man Shakespeare thought so.

"I have no objection to tell you what Hetty did on that occasion," said Mr. Morley. "It may show you what a woman may be worth under certain circumstances. She had been up and down the North Devon coast so often that she could tell every headland in the darkest night. Well, one night, working up from Hayle, against a slow eastering wind, and a heavy ebb tide, the wind shifted against the sun, and came from nor-west a hurricane. The skipper put her head for Cardiff, but that Bride is the most thundering — I beg a thousand pardons, you must remember that I live among sailors."

"You did not say anything," said Rebecca.

"Well, I was very near doing it," said Morley. "My dear, that Bride is the most thundering idiot of a ship you ever saw. With even the N. W. sea, she shipped enough water on board to put out her fires, and there she lay entirely without deck ports to let the water away, trusting to her scuppers, which were choked with deck lumber, close to a lee shore, with the seas getting up from the Atlantic, nothing between you and Charleston, South Carolina, and the skipper utterly uncertain as to where he was. Do you understand this, my dear Rebecca?"

"Not a bit," she said. "You and Hetty must teach me."

"We will," said Morley. "My dear Hetty, finding her cabins flooded and the ship nearly water-logged, with fires out, and stokers and firemen on deck, naturally came on deck herself, bareheaded, with all her glorious beauty, wild in the storm; you know Hetty's beauty, — no, by the by, you don't, — but it is greater than your own, child. And in the terror of the tempest she asked the skipper where they were."

"And the skipper said: 'I think we have sea-room, Miss Morley; we are off the Bideford River, and we may get anchorage and ride it out. Can you see to leeward? Is it not so?'"

"But Hetty never answered one word. She peered to leeward through the fury of the tempest, and she came back to him with the message of death, quite quietly."

"My dear Captain Jeffries, you are not off the Bideford River at all. Look there over the star-board bow. That black wall is Baggy Point. Think; can it be anything else?"

"And the skipper put his hat on the deck and trampled on it."

"But Hetty said, 'I will go and get my women ready for death, for with this set of the tide we shall be on Morte Stone in ten minutes. Alas! I wish this was untrue.' And the skipper said: 'Is there nothing to be done?' And Hetty said: 'Yes. Make sail on her and put her ashore at Wollacombe.' 'With rising tide?' said the skipper. 'It is better than Morte Stone,' said Hetty."

"And he did it, my dear Rebecca. He made sail on her and put her helm up. And she burst heavily on shore, with the rising tide behind her, and the rapidly accumulating sea following her, and getting more furious each moment."

"It was a dim, dark winter's night, my dear, and there was no help to be had. One by one the sailors leaped into the long surf, and some were drowned, and some escaped. Hetty got her women into the fore-castle, for the ship had gone stem on, and at last no one was left but the women and the skipper."

"The skipper was doubtful about the ship lasting out the tide, but Hetty pointed out to him that she, although a *beast*, was strongly built. To the women under her care she pointed out the fact that in three hours they would walk on shore. And as she was telling them this, the ship, by the rising of the tide, shifted broadside on, with a sickening, thumping lurch, and the sea, which hitherto had only been beating over the poop, burst in its rising anger over the whole ship."

"And all the women, young and old, huddled round my beautiful daughter, crying to her to save them. And she, believing that the end had actually come, quieted them by prayer."

A pause.

"You say they were saved?"

"O yes, they were saved. The captain and the women walked ashore the next morning and went to Ilfracombe. But the Queen wrote to Hetty, and that is what she wrote about."

Dangerous talk this, or the rare play of *Othello* errs.

Mr. Morley came very often indeed now, and his gentle, kindly ministrations had some good effect on Mr. Turner. Morley took the line with him that he had devoted his life to what he thought the right, and that if he had erred it was only in searching after a nearly impossible excellence. This was in the main true, and it comforted Turner exceedingly. The effect on Turner was not so satisfactory as Mr. Morley could have desired. He suddenly developed a vainglorious, boastful mood, and would talk by the hour, to Rebecca in particular, on his virtuous and blameless life; would compare his life to the lives of all the other men he knew, very much to his own advantage. In fact, the poor man's brain was upset by anxiety, and he had got into that frame of thought which consists in persistently stating one's case against destiny, proceeds into an active contemplation of self, and ends in Bedlam. Morley saw this after a time, and counteracted it as well as he was able. On the whole, however, he did Turner much good, and made life easier for Rebecca.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A SUDDEN SURPRISE.

One Saturday night her father was in a very silent, thoughtful mood, and would not speak at all, but sat brooding, and now and then would kneel down and pray, to poor Rebecca's great discomfiture. How many bitter tears she shed that night, who can tell? She saw that he was not angry with her, for even when he sat by the half-hour together, looking steadily at her, his look was not unkind. This little fact saved her from hysterics, for, to an exceedingly sensitive nature like hers, the fact of having a stern old man, sitting perfectly silent before her, hour after hour, and staring at her with intervals of prayer, was nearly too much. She was relieved when he took his candle and prepared to go to bed.

"Rebecca," he said, "I desire that you will be ready for Mr. Morley to-morrow morning by the first boat."

"What does he want with me?"

"I do not know; but you will have the goodness to go with him. Good night"; and he went.

It would be very difficult to say what Rebecca's thoughts were that night. They were, one would fancy, not very profound. She had tact enough to



see that Mr. Morley would, most probably, ask her no question requiring any immediate answer; yet he might. Long before morning dawned she had thought it all through, and had come to the resolution that if on this occasion, or on any other, Mr. Morley chose to put a certain question to her, that he would have a most decided and emphatic answer; an answer which would prevent his ever repeating his question. "For we do love him, Mab, don't we?" she said, to her little dog. "The only question is, what does he think of us?"

She had breakfast ready for him, and was nicely dressed when he came. "Well, Mr. Morley," she said, "and so I am to have a Sunday out with you? If you are pleased, I am sure I am. This is very kind and considerate of you, indeed. Where are we going?"

"I was going to ask you to come down to Limehouse with me."

"I am dressed, ready to go where you will. Now we will start, or you will be late for your service."

Morley rose and leant against the chimney-piece, and Rebecca stood before him. The man had resolved the night before to examine her character more closely, in times of trial, for another six months. He had resolved that he would see her under every form of temptation before he committed himself irrevocably; he had determined that he would see how far he could mould her character,—had made a hundred priggish resolutions. But as she stood before him at that moment, she looked so grand, so noble, and withal so good, that his resolutions all went to the wind; and, like a true man as he was, he spoke his mind.

"Rebecca, child, I love you more than all the world besides."

She only flushed up and stood quite still. She was as utterly unprepared for this as he was himself.

She hardly thought it would come at all; still less on this day; still less at the beginning. But these accidents happen, and Rebecca, although prepared with her answer, could not give it from sheer surprise.

"Are you angry with me? Is there another?" he said; and she quickly found her tongue: "Oh! no, no! no other. Please try to love me, Mr. Morley, and I will do my very best."

And so they kissed one another and jogged out to the steamboat arm in arm, with no further words which would assist the telling of this story; and it was all over and done, for ever and ever, a great deal sooner than either of them dreamt of. And men of the world have informed me that this is frequently the case. "If a man and a woman," said one of them sententiously, "have made up their minds to make fools of themselves, they no more know at what particular time they will do it any more than you or I do. They, however, always do it before they mean to."

They jogged out arm in arm down the lane in the most sedate manner conceivable. But you cannot keep that sort of thing quiet; it will show itself. Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin were taking the refreshment of shag tobacco, out of the style of pipe which they called "long churchwardens," when Mr. Morley and Rebecca passed. They saw what had happened directly. Mr. Akin said, —

"She's took him."

Mr. Spicer said, "He has got her, hard and fast."

"He is a Methodist, ain't he?" said Mr. Akin.

"Oh!" said Mr. Spicer, "but he is a sailor Methodist. Why, that man," he went on, pointing after

the disappearing Mr. Morley with his pipe-stem, "has been a bursted up, with shipwrecks, and earthquakes, and gales of wind, more than any skipper as sails upon the sea. He has got a good 'un, and she has got a good 'un. There is her little dog a coming out, Jim, a trying to foller; send her back. Hish back, little dog. Hish back, little pretty pet."

But Jim Akin, having secured Mab, with that intense love of a highly bred dog which seems almost ingrained in the Londoner's nature, possessed himself of Mab's person, and made her take breakfast on a chair among his children. Mab, as great a radical as her mistress, enjoyed this extremely, and was in fact not taken back till just before chapel time; by which time our two friends were landing far down the river.

The steamer was nearly empty, for it was very early, and they sat alone and talked.

"When did you think of this first, my beloved?" said Morley.

"Only very lately. I am utterly taken by surprise."

"And I also. I never dreamt of speaking so soon. My own, I have no home to offer you. I am bound for the sea."

"And I must stay by father," she said. "So that happens well."

"Then will you wait, Rebecca?"

"Wait for what?"

"To be married."

"Of course I will wait, any time. I have got your heart; I care for nothing more."

"Now I am going to say something which will offend you," said Mr. Morley.

"I think not," said Rebecca; "but say it."

"All this has been talked over, time after time, between Hetty, Jack Hartop, and I."

"No, really! Well, I am very glad of that. Does Hetty think she will like me, dear?"

"You shall find out that for yourself."

"I am content. Alfred, this is the first day I have ever felt peace in my whole life. When may I know Hetty?"

"When she comes back from America, perhaps."

"Only perhaps. Are you going to America, Alfred?"

"I am going farther than what one generally calls America. I have failed here to a certain extent. I am only popular among sailors, and sailors come and go; and the regular connection at Limehouse dislike me for preaching pure moralisms, and for consorting with the men of the Establishment. They are right. But I am a scholar and a gentleman, and it is a sore temptation for me to mix with the men of the Establishment, who are, some of them, scholars and gentlemen. And as for preaching moralisms, what can one preach else, when the heart is sick? And, again, Hetty, my darling Hetty, is a standing scandal to a certain set, the rich set, down there; and so I am going abroad; and I have no home to give you."

"But," said Rebecca, "if you have power among the sailors, they should keep you."

"Well, you see your brother-in-law, Hagbut, has gone so terribly against Hetty. And he is all-powerful there."

"I will ask no more about Hetty," said Rebecca, laughing, "because I sha'n't be told. But all dissenters are not so narrow as these?"

"Bless you, no. It is only our little connection, fighting for sheer existence, which is so narrow."



Any one of the larger sects would welcome me,—ay, and Hetty with me."

"And you could not join them?"

"No," said Morley. "Theoretically, our people are the only pure Christians. Practically, from ignorance, vanity, and stupidity, we are the weakest of all sects. But I am no turncoat."

"Where thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," murmured Rebecca; and so they went on their Sabbath-day's journey,

Until the forward creeping tides  
Began to foam and they to draw,  
From deep to deep to where they saw  
The great ships lift their shining sides.

And Mr. Morley said, "This is Limehouse. Do you think you shall like it?"

"I'll see," said Rebecca, as they went on shore.

He was very anxious to know, for he had his plans; but he did not press her, but waited anxiously, for Limehouse is not at all an attractive place. Rebecca's first impressions of it were, that it was very dirty; that it smelt of tar and coals; that the ladies of Limehouse did not do their hair at their first toilet, or levee, and that they stood in the middle of the street, with their arms crossed, and stopped talking to stare at her. That there were too many bare-armed ladies leaning out of upper windows, who talked to one another across the street, and had the same disconcerting habit of being perfectly and suddenly dumb, as she and Mr. Morley went by. Likewise the gentlemen, although evidently sailors, were by no means sailors of the Hartop type, being far less deferential and far more ostentatious in the admiration of her beauty than was at all desirable; and, moreover, she could not disguise from herself that but a few of these gentlemen were exactly sober, though only one was drunk,—a Norwegian skipper, a short, stout man, with a great blonde curling beard down over his broad chest, who had been making a night of it, and was bent on making a day of it, but who was being taken to his ship by a select committee or caucus of experienced toppers, and whose reiterated argument was that his ship lay off the back-door of every public-house which he passed. This was strange, and not very agreeable, to Rebecca, and she still withheld her opinion.

But, when they went further, she began to alter her opinion, and, in fact, changed it altogether.

On the edge of the brimming river they came on a quiet, peaceful row of houses. These houses partly faced the river one way, and on the other a dock, in which ships, small ones it is true, but still real ships which had fought the great ocean, with their yard-arms against the windows of the houses.

They came along this dock in approaching the river, and Rebecca looked down on the decks of the ships, and began wondering how those dull, inert masses must look at the mercy of all the fury of wind and sea combined against them. There was no sign of the great sea struggle on them now,—only a waste of coiled ropes on deck, and cobweb-like rigging aloft. On one of them was a boy, a coaly boy, in a blue jersey. He, in the surrounding silence and peace, was remarkable. On board another was another boy (washed, this one), who played with the skipper's dog: this boy was an event; on another was the skipper's boy climbing up a high ladder to shore with the Sunday's dinner of neck-of-mutton, with potatoes under it, and a solitary onion atop, balanced on his head, going to the

baker's, while, from below, the skipper's wife, baby on arm, watched him breathlessly.

"I shall like this place very much indeed," she said emphatically and suddenly.

"That is well," said Morley.

"Do you know these people?" asked Rebecca.

Morley stood still until the boy with the potatoes and mutton had effected his dangerous landing on that iron-bound coast, and continued to look down on to the deck of the ship. After a time the skipper's wife's eye, being diverted from the very dangerous landing of that bold young mariner the apprentice, rested on Mr. Morley. Whereupon she danced the baby, and "hailed" Mr. Morley in that peculiar yell with which the wives of coasting skippers hail the wives of other coasting skippers, their gossips, on the high sea. C in alto staccato, I suppose, not being musical myself, notes inaudible to the male ear on the waste of waters, but perfectly audible in dock to a priest as well used to sailors' wives as Mr. Morley. While Rebecca was reading on the stern of the vessel, Jane, Ilfracombe, she heard the following dialogue.

"My dear, tender heart, how be ye?"

"All well here, Mrs. Camp?"

"He has a gone to chapel, my dear," said Mrs. Camp, "and he is a going to stay. So nice and kind he is. And I'm coming if the boy is back in time; but I can't leave the ship."

"Listen to me," said Morley, in a strangely emphatic voice. "Have you any fire on board?"

"No," said Mrs. Camp, coming close under him, and speaking eagerly.

"Then, if the boy don't come back, leave the ship and come and communicate. Remember, it may be the last chance either of you will have to communicate together forever. Come and kneel with him. There will be an empty place in his heart some day, maybe, if you do not."

The woman said "Wait," and went into the cabin, and in a moment had reappeared with a bonnet on, not clean, and a gray shawl over her shoulders (for these people were not rich), and her baby on her arm. "Now," she said, "minister, I am ready. God bless you for pointing it out."

And they three walked away together. And Rebecca took all these things and hid them in her heart.

Now baby had not occurred as a difficulty to Rebecca, but Mrs. Camp had provided for baby, and was going to leave him on the way with one Mrs. Tryon, widow of a deceased warrant officer, R. N., who lived on his pension, and on the letting of lodgings to dissenting skippers. She was the most terrible tartar in that peaceful waterside community, and the most difficult to manage. "No one," said the dwellers in Ropewalk Terrace, "could get to the windward of Mrs. Tryon, save Mr. Morley, and a sailor's wife in distress."

Now it so happened, in the everlasting fitness of things, that Captain Moriarty, of Waterford, a Papist, had run his schooner, the Ninety-eight, in on the tide opposite her house, and had then incontinently gone ashore and amused himself. And that schooner, finding herself deserted by the tide, with no hawsers laid out to larboard, had, in an idiotic and beery way, heeled over and poked her foretop-sail-yard through Mrs. Tryon's best parlor window, to the destruction of property. If it had been a Protestant ship, she would not have cared; but a Papist ship, the Ninety-eight (she was old enough to remember Hoche), was too much. The damage



to property was small; but if a stanch dissenting Protestant woman's windows were to be broken by the yard-arm of a Papist ship, why then — So she had laid in wait for Captain Moriarty.

Captain Moriarty had kept away like a good sailor and a dexterous Irishman, till he supposed she had started for chapel. But it was no good. As Mr. Morley and Rebecca came up, they were hard at it. Both Mr. Moriarty and Mrs. Tryon were sincerely religious in their very various ways; and Mrs. Tryon, knowing this well, exercised him principally on religious grounds, until he was half crazy with anger.

"That is what the old fool at Rome tells you to do, is it? To break into widows' houses with your foretop-sail-yard, and for a pretence make long prayers. O yours is a precious religion, yours is."

"You insult my religion, Mrs. Tryon," said the Irishman; "I never insulted yours. It was an accident, and I am very sorry."

"Accident!" said Mrs. Tryon. "Why, if my poor man that is gone had come home the worse for drink, and had moored his ship as you have moored yours, me and my gal would have gone out in the dead of the darkest night, and have taken the hawser to larboard ourselves. Bah!"

By this moment our party had arrived, and had heard what had been said. There was no need for any interference on the part of Mr. Morley, for Mrs. Camp stepped up to Mrs. Tryon with baby, and said, —

"My dear, mind baby for me. I want to go to chapel with Mr. Morley, and take Sacrament with my old man. For we are going to the old Cameroons, on the West Coast, and we shall never come back no more, I doubt."

Hard-featured Mrs. Tryon flushed up. "Here, Keziab," she said, to her maid, "take this baby; I am going to chapel. Moriarty, don't mind my tongue, for you are a good man; mind your larboard hawser."

And so they all went together. And Rebecca said, as they went, "I think I shall like this place very much indeed."

When they came out from chapel, there was a brimming flood tide under a bright sun, with the ships passing upwards under a good brisk wind from the free, happy sea beyond.

"How far is it to the sea, Alfred?" asked Rebecca, in a whisper, for the congregation was still round them.

"Fifty miles."

"We shall sail on it together one day, sha'n't we, with Hetty and Hartop?"

"I hope so," said Mr. Morley, quietly; "but much must happen first. I must provide a home."

"Yes. I do not mean that," said Rebecca; "I was only thinking of your sermon. Why did you take such a text on such a happy day as this, and preach only of the cruelty of the sea? Such a wild strange text, — 'The burden of the desert of the sea.'"

"I only wished to check your fanciful love for it, Rebecca. A day will come when you will not love it as well as you do now."

And Rebecca said only, "Well, the present is with us, and I am very happy."

"I want to ask you, Rebecca, if you have any objection to my telling what has happened between us two to a few intimate friends?"

"I have none at all, Alfred, if you think it right. I am very proud of it, I assure you."

I, for my part, don't think that there was much necessity for any announcement at all. The whole congregation might run and read, and in fact did so. When they saw their very handsome and eminently marriageable minister with a beautiful young lady on his arm, to whom he talked in whispers, they formed their own conclusions, and generally "overhauled" her (we are in a nautical neighborhood) at their one o'clock dinner, some saying she was too fine for him, but the most of them thinking that she would do, but that her beauty put them too strongly in mind of that poor Mrs. Hartop; they hoped that he might have better luck with his wife than he had had with his daughter, but generally acquiesced in what did not in the least concern them, and wished their good minister well. Two young ladies seceded for a week or so, and met one another at various chapels in the neighborhood for a few Sundays; but even they got over it in time. The "minister's wooing" was a patent thing to all.

But here were the minister and his sweetheart (we have no better word than that dear old English one, except that abominable French one, *fiancée*!) on the breezy quay, with all the congregation gone except a very few, dreaming and whispering. They were aroused by the emphatic voice of Mrs. Tryon, a woman given to management from her youth upwards, who said, —

"Where do you take your dinner to-day, minister?"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Morley, with a start. "I had not thought about that."

"No one ever believed that you had," said Mrs. Tryon. "But here are Captain and Mrs. Camp, making an extraordinary proposal."

And indeed, there was no one on the wharf, but Mrs. Tryon and Mr. and Mrs. Camp, when Mr. Morley turned round to speak to them.

"My dear friends," he said, "I want to tell you something. This young lady has promised to be my wife."

"So I should have supposed," said Mrs. Tryon the irrepressible. "And a lucky woman too, if she only knows it. Well, my dear, I wish you all joy and happiness. There's no such good husbands in the world as sailors, my dear. And he is a sailor, true blue, every inch of him! But what do you say to this ridiculous proposal of Captain and Mrs. Camp?"

Captain Camp stood meekly behind his wife and pushed her forward prompting her in whispers from behind his hand; and Mrs. Camp did the talking.

"Mr. Morley, me and my old man thought that you being a real sailor, and having made no arrangements for dinner, and Mrs. Tryon's windows being broke in —"

"By the yard-arm of a Papist fore-top-sail schooner," interposed Mrs. Tryon, with emphasis.

"Quite so, thank you," said Mrs. Camp, turning to Mrs. Tryon gratefully, as if from the stores of Mrs. Tryon's wisdom she had been assisted with an additional argument which had previously escaped her.

"Mrs. Tryon's house being broke into by Captain Moriarty, a dear loved friend, I am sure, but incautious, we thought that perhaps, — seeing that we're for the Cameroons, and might never come back, — that you would have your dinner aboard. But the young lady. Mrs. I humbly wish you every joy; but I doubt it would n't do for you, miss."

"Please let me go, Alfred. Do let me go," said Rebecca, eagerly. Whereupon Captain Camp came forward, and Rebecca looked at him.



A splendid young sailor, truly, but not of the Har-top type. Very blonde, with a golden beard, cool, deliberate, but wanting vitality, — a man who is apt to knock under on a bad coast, an anxious man, who kills himself by worrying about his responsibilities, when coarser natures, often culpably careless, lose their ships and make such a good sailor-like show before the Board, that they keep their certificates, while men like Captain Camp have theirs suspended. This young man said to them, very quietly, —

"If it was possible, Mr. Morley, that you could dine with us, it would give us great pleasure. If this lady is to be a true wife to you, and if you are the same man as ever, she will fare rougher than she will to-day. Our last voyage was to Levant, miss, and we can give you pretty and delicate things to eat, which you could scarcely buy in shops."

"Please let me go, Alfred!"

"My dear, I am not preventing you. I should like you to go. Only I thought —"

"Never mind what you thought. I am very hungry, and Mrs. Camp's mutton must be on its way home, so we had better get on board ship as soon as possible."

"You will do, my dear," said Mrs. Tryon. "Camp, you had better start your boy up to my place for some knives and forks and things. You shall have my place with your back against the mizzen-mast."

"Are you coming?" said Rebecca, as they walked. "I am glad of that."

"Are you, my dear? Well, that is good hearing, for it is few like me. As for coming, I make it a rule never to dine ashore on Sundays — Rabbit the man, he will never be quiet in his grave till he has had my house down!"

This last exclamation was tortured out of her as they rounded the corner and had come in sight of her own house, and the reason of it was this: the schooner Ninety-eight had righted with the rising tide, and, in so righting herself, pulled away the whole of Mrs. Tryon's veranda. It was really a serious disaster in a small way, and Mrs. Camp dreaded a terrible storm. She took Mrs. Tryon the terrible by the arm, and said, —

"Don't be angry with him, dear; he is only an Irishman. Think where we have been together to-day, and don't be angry with him, he is such a good fellow."

"I won't be angry with him, my dear," said Mrs. Tryon. "But I will have it out of his owners if there is a law in the land."

"And then the Board will stop his certificate," said Mrs. Camp. "Don't 'ee say anything, don't 'ee. He was so kind to us, when my man got his ship ashore at Fayal. Don't 'ee say anything. Minister, ask her not to quarrel with him."

"I will take no steps at all," said Mrs. Tryon, "further than asking him to moor his ship opposite some other widow's house. But how has he managed to do it? My old man used to say when talking of gunnery, that the angle of incidence was equal to the angle of reflection. So I should have supposed that when he had once poked his yard-arm through my window, he could have taken it out again, without pulling half the wall down. I see, this is your Irish seamanship."

Captain Moriarty was straight in their way, and it was unavoidable that there should be an interchange of broadsides. They were all a little ner-

vous as the frigate Tryon ranged alongside the frigate Moriarty. Moriarty prepared to fire.

Mrs. Tryon delivered her broadside and passed on, leaving Moriarty in a state of collapse.

"Seas and tidal waters," she said, "are free to all nations, in times of peace. At the same time, Captain Moriarty, the next time it pleases you to knock a Protestant widow's house about her ears, I would trouble you to remember that it is better seamanship, according to English Protestant lights, to let a ship right as she went over, and not to alter her angle by useless hawsers. Likewise, if you had let go your larboard tacks and sheets, your yard-arm would have come out of my parlor without carrying away the veranda. Whereas, there they are all taut now to shame you, as taut as any standing rigging. Have you navigated Mrs. Camp's baby to death, or has it escaped?"

No, Mrs. Camp's baby was waiting for them opposite Captain's Camp's ship. Keziah had made it ill with ipecacuanha lozenges; but babies generally are ill, as far as I have ever observed, and so it did not much matter. Not only the baby was here, but the boy, arriving from the baker's, with the mutton on his head, and going across the ladder (for it was now high tide), before them, without apology, feeling himself master of the situation. In less than three minutes Rebecca found herself, with her back to the mizzen-mast, in a rather small cabin, eating baked mutton and potatoes, — and liking it too.

"I hope you like your dinner, Miss Turner?" said Mrs. Camp, anxiously.

"I like it very much," said Rebecca. "And I like the place I eat it in, and I like the people I eat it with."

"So you can make your mind easy, Mrs. Camp," struck in Mrs. Tryon. And to Rebecca: "I knew you were one of us, my dear, the first moment I set eyes on you."

"I'll do my best," said Rebecca. "If people will be kind to me, I will do anything. But I am foolish. If any one is unkind to me, I will sit moping and dull without any power of action, for days and days."

"That's bad," said Mrs. Tryon; "but it is better than flying out and saying things you never meant, and which you can't recall. If a man don't love a woman, her hard words are nothing. If he does, her words mean more than she thought, and he wants time to forget them, and don't always do that. And a man's hard words to a woman are worse, because a woman can't ship for a voyage as a man can, and come home like a bridegroom. As for me, I only speak of what I have seen in others, for I have had no experience myself."

"You were married a long time, Mrs. Tryon?" said Rebecca.

"Yes, but me and my old man never had words. We both had tempers, and so, knowing that, we kept them. And he was a good husband to me; and the parting was bitter. With the Sacrament in my mouth, I should not bear ill-will; but it was that African squadron killed him, and so I bear ill-will to the Cameroons. It did n't much matter. Our minister has assurance that we shall meet again. And then all doubts will be cleared up, and old love revived (as if it wanted reviving); and we shall go on hand in hand through eternity. Therefore, Miss Turner, what does such a trifling parting as ours matter?"

"Then we shall meet our loved ones again?" said Rebecca.



"Certainly," said Mrs. Tryon: "unless the Book lies, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.' I think that finishes the argument, miss, if there were any. Piff."

The gentle Mrs. Camp changed the conversation, by arriving, after a short absence with her husband, laden with quaint boxes and quainter bottles, the spoils of the East.

"We sailed to Levant last voyage, miss," she said, "and we brought these things home for friends. And if Mr. Morley and his sweetheart (I know no better word, Miss Turner) are not friends, who are? Here are figs from Syra, better than you can buy, and here are the little grapes from Xante (you call them currants), which I laid in sugar by my own hand, just before baby was born. You don't take wine, I doubt; but take a little to-day, for our sakes; this is some that my old man bought at St. Lucaz, Spanish wine, strong, but very good. Do be hospitable, my dear young lady, with a Devonshire woman, and drink a little drop of wine with us."

Rebecca consented most willingly, and indeed the wine was most admirable wine, like port, a wine not got in this country.

"You find this cabin close, now," said Mrs. Camp, as soon as the boy, who had waited perfectly, as he waited from good-will, had been sent to his dinner, and baby was established on his throne. "You would feel baked in such a little cabin as this."

"It is the nicest place I have ever been in," said Rebecca. "I suppose it is different in a gale of wind at sea?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Camp. "I have been through it all more than once, with the old man in this cabin. This ain't our first baby, Miss Turner. Our first was drowned down there, under that locker behind you, when I lay drowned, and nigh dead on this very place, with my head cut open."

"Well, we don't want to hear about that," said Mrs. Tryon. "Sailors' wives have their trials, and you have had yours. Similarly I have had mine. Similarly Miss Turner will have hers. Why, my boy was eighteen when he sailed for the West Coast, and never came home again. Therefore, what are your troubles to mine?"

"That is very true, Mrs. Tryon," said the humble Mrs. Camp; "and I am wicked to think of my little troubles, in any way. But I think I am sentimental to-day; and that is what a sailor's wife should never be. I suppose it is because I went to Sacrament with the old man for the last time."

"What do you mean by the last time?" said Mrs. Tryon, sternly.

"I didn't mean any harm," said Mrs. Camp. "But we are going to the West Coast."

"Better folks than you have been to the West Coast, and come back again," said Mrs. Tryon. "Don't cry out before you are hurt. The Cleopatra has only lost ten hands in eighteen months. Of course, if you, in your lazy, merchant way, choose to moor in a mangrove swamp, you will all die. Veer out a couple of cables, and lie well off shore, out of the land fog, as Her Majesty's ships do, and you will come to no harm at all. If you sneak into fever holds, you will have fever. Mr. Morley, I am going to chapel."

Mr. Morley, who had been having a quiet conversation at the end of the table with Mr. Camp, asked Rebecca if she was inclined to go, but told Mrs. Camp that he was not going to chapel, but had provided for his duty.

"Then why not stay longer with us?" said Captain Camp. "We shall never see you again."

"She and I have much to speak of, as you may understand," said Mr. Morley. "I only said the words to her this morning."

"You have a prize," said Captain Camp.

"Yes, indeed," said Morley. "I have known her and watched her for long."

"What does Hetty think of her?" said Captain Camp.

"She has never seen her; and Rebecca knows nothing of Hetty. Jack Hartop is the only one of our local connection who has ever seen her."

"But, my dear minister, is this concealment wise?"

"Hagbut hates Hetty so; and he is all-powerful."

"That is true. Well, Miss Rebecca is a trump, at all events. Good by."

And Mr. Morley and Rebecca crossed the ladder, and stood again on the wharf. The afternoon had become wild and rainy, and the tide was going down; and Mr. Moriarty's ship's maintopsail-yard was (through Mr. Moriarty's careless arrangement of hawsers) rapidly approaching Mrs. Tryon's bedroom window. Mrs. Tryon had resigned herself to this fresh desecration of her hearthstone, and gone to chapel: the Camps had got ready for a sailors' dawdle among the ships. But our two set their heads westward, knowing that their end for the present was Walham Green.

"Could you get on with such people as those, Rebecca?" said he. "If I was long away, could you live with them?"

"I could live and die with them," said Rebecca. "Those people are alive, ours are dead. Is the sea so cruel as they tell us, dear?"

"The sea is very cruel. The world is cruel also. Come, you have seen that."

"I shall have to wait for you?"

"Yes."

"I wish I could wait for you there. Mrs. Tryon is better than Miss Soper; and I do so dearly like those Camps."

"You will hardly see much of them," said Mr. Morley; "they are bound on a long voyage."

Ay, indeed, they were. An old, old story, read in the papers every day; but a wearisome one to tell, from sheer reiteration. The Camps sailed away on ebb tide, a week after this, with their baby, and their apprentice, and five hands all told. And they sailed westward, before the east wind of late March; and they sailed away into the golden west of early spring, and nothing was ever heard of them from that day to this. Nothing will ever be heard of them until the sea gives up her dead. They had taken the Sacrament together for the last time on earth.

To Rebecca they had been like a bright gleam of sunshine, on the happiest, most April like day of her whole life. In the times soon to come, when she was all alone, watching a dying life, behind windows which quivered and rattled in the furious blast, she would hear the cry of sailors mooring their ship. And she, in that vague, foolish superstition, of which those who have watched long by the beds of the dying can tell you, would slip down silently, saying, "That is Camp's ship." But it never was Camp's ship, and it never will be; for Camp's ship, wife, baby, boy, and all her crew, are at the bottom of the blue, wandering sea.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## HOME AGAIN.

Rebecca got home soon after afternoon chapel, and Mr. Morley left her at the door. She was very quiet and cool over what had happened, not seeing any great reason why she should be otherwise. Mr. Morley had bidden her tell her father at once, and she went up stairs to do so very quietly.

He was sitting alone with the little dog on his knee, reading the Pilgrim's Progress. His mind was perfectly quiet and unclouded this day, and he brightened up when he saw his handsome daughter before him. The little dog wriggled and scolded in his lap to get at her, and Mr. Turner put her down and smiled when she ran to Rebecca.

"My dear father, I hope you have not been dull?"

"No, daughter. I have been very happy. I was at the Communion with you in spirit; and I was glad to think that you were in pleasant goodly company. Come and tell me where you have been."

"Please, pa," said Rebecca, kneeling at his feet, "I want to tell you something very particular indeed. Mr. Morley has asked me to marry him, and I have said that I would, if you would let me. And you will let me, won't you?"

"I am very glad of this," said Mr. Turner; "this is the only wish I had in this world, I think. I am very glad, my dear; God bless you. Try to be worthy of him."

"I will, father, indeed."

"I doubt you will be very poor," said Mr. Turner, as soon as Rebecca was seated. "You will have about £120 a year,—he will never have anything to speak of. He is not a drawing man, to any except the poor. But I don't see why you should not be happy. I'll tie your money up, and you shall have it when you marry. Four thousand pounds is all I can guarantee you. There may be a little more, but I can't tell. Hagbut is a near man."

"I was not thinking of money, father," said Rebecca.

"It would be extreme indecent if you were," said Mr. Turner; "but I was. I have secured you from actual poverty, and Hagbut is hard and near; and I gave my word to certain things with regard to Carry, or we should have had her on our hands forever and a day; and my word is as good as my bond. Beyond this four thousand pounds I can only give you Hobson Bay scrip, which may be worth something or nothing, but which has escaped that man's ferret-eyes. You won't starve, Rebecca."

"Pa, don't talk about money to-day."

"Well, I won't. Get me my tea."

She soon did that, and made him comfortable before the fire. "Come," he said, "don't take all the good things to yourself; give me the little dog"; and Mab, a black peaked nose, and hair, was handed reluctantly to him by Rebecca.

Mab had a great idea of Mr. Turner, considering him in the light of an idol or fetish, requiring continual propitiation and flattery. So she scuffled over his waistcoat, licked his face, and only desisted from her cultus of him when he gave her a little slap, after which she was quiet. Rebecca thought that she had seen the same sort of thing before in certain chapels; and indeed one may see the same in certain churches also.

"Pa," she said, when Mab was quiet, "tell me all about the Establishment."

"I don't know much about it. Is he going to join it?"

"Lor, no! He would die sooner. Only I wanted to know."

"Well, the Establishment is the gentleman's church. Never mind the Establishment. You listen to me, girl, and never you mind the Established Church."

"I was only talking to amuse you, sir; and I will trouble you to remember that I have taken brevet rank, that I am engaged to Mr. Morley. So no airs."

They were but silly words, but they were said so prettily that Turner himself laughed for a moment.

"Come, girl," he said, "you are happy to-day, and indeed, old Rebecca, I am happy in your happiness. I assure you that I am; but I am in trouble after trouble. Are you going to him at once, for I am sore bested, and I want you at home?"

"My dear father, he has asked me to wait a very long time, and I have told him that I could not leave you, and that he must wait a very long time."

"That is good," said Mr. Turner; "that is very good. Listen carefully to me, for my mind is unclouded to-night, and it may be clouded again to-morrow; for I have had a hard life of it, child. I have never had a day's holiday: and your mother—well, never mind her, poor dear, you have made it square between us—and my head goes at times; listen now, and be mute."

Rebecca listened intently.

"You have heard of the great house of Gorhambury & Co. (limited, in all ways save an unlimited smash)?"

Rebecca nodded.

"Well, they are hopelessly smashed for two millions and a half of money. They have been bankrupt for a long while; and their last effort was to get our Cousin Ducetoy's title-deeds, and lease money on them, by which he would have been brought into the bankruptcy. His father had meddled and muddled with them in the old times, before they were a Company; and they thought they could connect him with the Company. I have saved him—utterly illegally."

"But he is nothing to us."

"He was your mother's cousin, and I owe her reparation," he said, gloomily; "I have papers which would tell one way, I don't say which. But they dare not ask for them."

"You mean papers which would involve Lord Ducetoy?"

"Yes, and I am acting illegally in withholding them."

"Then why do you withhold them?" asked Rebecca. "Be sure it is best to follow the law."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Turner; "I have seen too much of law. These papers, if produced, would put Lord Ducetoy's property into the bankruptcy."

"But the creditors," said Rebecca, aghast; "the poor souls who have invested their money,—have you no pity for them?"

"They would take any advantage of the Company, and they must take their chance."

"But, pa, wrong can't make right. I am sorry for Lord Ducetoy, but for Heaven's sake restore these papers."

"I can't," said Mr. Turner.

"Nonsense. Why not?" asked Rebecca.

"Because I have burnt them," said Mr. Turner.

"Now, as you have your father's character, and in



consequence his life in your hands, I wish to point out another little matter, more in your way of business."

Rebecca, sitting pale and calm, was dumb from that moment and forever about her father's felony. But their relations from this moment were altered, never to be replaced on their former footing.

She never showed this fact to him, but he knew it, and acted on it. He was deferential to her after this. Sometimes he was insolent to her, but very seldom, and for a very short time; he was generally easy and almost jocular with her, but from this moment she was in a way mistress of the situation.

She had now entered into a community of guilt with her father. That her father's motives were of the highest order was certain, but still her father might be a convict to-morrow.

What was the effect of this singular community of fault between them? A strange one to ordinary eyes. A love which had never existed before. If pity, combined with admiration and fear for the object, does not produce love, what does? Again, if admiration and trust do not produce love, what again does? These two hearts were together now.

But I must return to the original conversation. Rebecca said: "But these documents will be demanded of you, pa!"

"No, they won't, my dear. I have too many forgeries, those of my own name among others, by Sir Gorhambury, and Captain Gorhambury, for them ever to ask for them. Our danger does not lie here."

"Where does it lie then, father?" said Rebecca.

"In this," said Mr. Turner: "they will try to get into the house, and murder me to get at their own forgeries. So don't leave me, girl, and let the little dog sleep with me."

And so he went to bed. And Rebecca spent the first evening of her engagement in brooding over the fire, alone and terrified.

[To be continued.]

## ATHLETICS.

ENGLISHMEN may be slow to entertain novelties, but when the first disinclination is overcome, they usually go to the opposite extreme, and prosecute them with extraordinary ardor and persistency. A dozen years ago athletic sports were almost unknown in this country; now they are celebrated over the length and breadth of the land. A dozen years ago there was here and there a gymnasium; but the youth of England rather pooh-poohed parallel bars and exercises on the *traverse*. They were voted slow; there was a suspicion that they were too nearly akin to calisthenics, an accomplishment that figured side by side with music and the use of the globes in the prospectuses of young ladies' schools; very few people went to see them, and but little *ludos* attached to the performer. He might be a star of the first magnitude, but his light was obscured; and altogether there was something unbusiness-like and unpractical about the whole affair that debarred all but a select few from taking part in it. But, during the interval between that time and the present, the gospel of Muscular Christianity has been more fully preached and expounded. It has been shown that a man who can run, jump, box, and ride is a much more agreeable fellow, and much more likely to get on in the world, than another who can only shut himself up in his study and read dull books; that, if a large amount of brains is a good thing, a large biceps is a better; and that, though it

may be a fine thing to understand the Differential Calculus, or to be able to elucidate obscure — and usually improper — puns in Aristophanes, it is far more profitable to comprehend the full use of your arms and legs, and to avail yourself of them with ease and dexterity. Pattern heroes were created who at college vexed the souls of tutors and of deans by their total neglect of rules and ordinances, but for whom were reserved, in the third volume, the highest prizes that the novelist can award, — the rich heiress, the lordly estate, the agreeable remembrance in the millionaire's will. And, in contrast, the fate of the immaculate student was exhibited, retiring, after every statute has been religiously observed and every ordeal successfully passed, pale, prematurely bald, with a permanent stoop and diminished clearness of vision, and, for his reward, the spiritual charge of a remote parish seldom free from fever, the society of an insipid wife, and the undisputed parentage of a small army of children.

It is no wonder that the youth of England studied the two pictures thus set before it, hastened to model itself after the man of muscle instead of the man of mind, and enrolled itself under the banners of the new religion, that enjoins its disciples above all things to fear God, and run a mile in four minutes and a half. All over the country athletics became the rage. Boys of fourteen began to train, to get into condition, to take breathers, to examine the development of their muscles, to measure the circumference of their arms. They regulated their diet; even the accustomed pudding was abandoned, if necessary, and the sweet-shop left unvisited; they got to know what was meant by being drawn too fine, or being a bit above themselves; they studied times to a fraction of a second; they compared their own performances with those accomplished at other schools, and acquired a shrewd notion of handicapping; and there arose a demand in the land for thin jerseys and racing-drawers that quite revolutionized that branch of trade.

Even at schools athletics soon became a business; but at the Universities they were speedily exalted almost into a profession. If the intelligent foreigners who recently visited our public schools, and were astonished at the amount of time devoted to cricket, had extended their travels to Oxford and Cambridge, they would have found matter for increased wonderment. They would have discovered that the academical year is conveniently divided into terms named according to the particular pursuits to which they are principally devoted. They would have suggested that perhaps there was a classical term, and a mathematical term, and a philosophical or historical term; and they would have been told that such was by no means the case, but that rather there was a cricket term, and a rowing term, and an athletic term. If some slight signs of incredulity were manifested, they would have been taken, if the occasion were favorable, to the running ground. They would have seen a large gathering of persons actively engaged, and of others looking on, criticising, comparing, but all alike, whether actors or spectators, displaying that gravity and serious earnestness which show the workman to have his heart in his work. They would have seen one young gentleman careering with bewildering rapidity round the running path, and another travelling with a very similar action, but with less velocity; and the difference between running and walking would have been pointed out to them, and they would have failed to comprehend it. They would



have seen another young gentleman apparently leaping wildly into infinite space, and another hopping playfully over a series of hurdles, and another holding a chronometer, and another making notes for future guidance, and yet another whirling a fearful and wonderful instrument, called a hammer, round his head, and finally letting it fly in any and every direction except that originally contemplated. And, moved by the perils of this last exercise to a sense of the duty of providing for their own safety, they would have moved off and would have heard that this was a fac-simile of what went on day after day, until every college had tried its own men, and then the picked men of each college had contended among themselves; and lastly, that, on the principle of the survival of the fittest, the picked men of the University had made a solemn expedition to London, and done battle against similarly selected representatives of the other University. And on returning into the town, it would have been pointed out that the prizes for which these athletes strove were by no means crowns of parsley, but tankards and goblets and medals of silver, a goodly array of which could be seen glittering in the shop-windows of the chief silversmiths, or on the sideboards of the most successful competitors; nay, that was not an unheard-of thing for prizes more valuable still, say a mastership at a public school, to be given solely on account of proficiency in manly sports. And we think that the intelligent foreigners would have gone away much humbled at having been so ignorant of the aims and ends of English University education.

But in truth athletics are only one sport, or occupation, or business, whichever any one pleases to call them, out of many that are cultivated in a spirit of rivalry and competition, each University striving to outdo the other. Besides the boat-race, and the cricket-match, and the athletics, there are inter-University billiard-matches, tennis-matches, racket-matches, steeple-chases; and in a year or two, we suppose, if the velocipede mania spreads much in England, there will be inter-University bicycle matches also. For some one or other of these pastimes nearly every man has more or less aptitude. That aptitude is soon found out after his arrival at the University; and then he is so plagued and pestered to cultivate it, — for the sake of your University, you know, — that he is dragged *volens volens* into the routine of training and practising. And it is astonishing how much time must be devoted to training and practising before a man can become a University champion in any branch of sport. Athletics offer temptations to an unusually large number of men. The new men who are likely to distinguish themselves in cricket or rowing can be generally counted on one's fingers; but in athletics there is a chance for every one. If a man cannot run, he can perhaps jump; or, if he can do neither, he may very probably be a good walker; while the more solid athletes, who generally possess strength without agility, can go through their ponderous exercises with the shot and the hammer. Again, if a man is not good enough for the University Sports, every college holds its own, and there is besides an open event at most college sports, and in addition the introduction of handicapping has given renewed chances to the most indifferent performers. So that, on the whole, — even apart from the substantial character of the prizes, — there are more inducements to men to devote themselves to athletics than to any other sport. They are purposely arranged and organized so as to attract, not the best men, but the largest number of

men. We are therefore justified in speaking of them as a business, which is so worked that as many shareholders as possible may be drawn into it. And the result is that the Universities are becoming more and more schools for the systematic education of the human muscles, — a fact of which parents may take note if they please.

It is not to be understood that we are hostile to athletic sports. Far otherwise; but we believe that their least valuable parts are the most brought forward, that they are supported by objectionable and adventitious aids, and that they are being pushed to undue extremes. First, the least valuable parts of an athletic education are those which are connected with flat racing. Naturally, they are held in the most estimation. The best athletic exercise is undoubtedly boxing. It is invigorating, not a tax on the constitution, and has also the merit of being of great use; for a man who can defend himself and use his fists is a man ready armed.

Naturally, this is the exercise that is most neglected; so much so, that at the recent meeting of the Amateur Athletic Club, not a single contest could be got up either for the light or the heavy weight prizes. Running is the least valuable athletic exercise, for Englishmen are not in the habit of running away from their enemies, and their friends are not worth the trouble of racing at the rate of ten miles an hour to catch them. It is also the most injurious exercise, as is proved by the sad tales of heart-aches — real, not imaginary — with which the young men of the day trouble their physicians. It is the running, say the physicians, that does the mischief; but still they run on at an unnatural pace, and struggle against nature, and finish "very much distressed," as the papers express it, — in other words, staggering along, and very often falling just after the finish from sheer exhaustion. It is curious, too, that men destined for the most part to pass a dull, sober, sedentary life, should prepare for it by exercises more suitable to a hunter in the backwoods; but perhaps it is natural. We all remember the King of Bohemia, whose only passion in life was for navigation, though geographical circumstances prevented him from organizing a national navy. Secondly, we object to athletic sports being backed up by such an objectionable practice as that of rewarding the winners with silver cups and medals. Gentlemen do not expect such solid compliments when they get fifty or a hundred runs at a cricket-match, and the introduction of the custom into any University contest is a vulgar innovation. And lastly, we will support our assertion that athletics are being pushed to undue extremes by a narration of facts. A week or two ago the Thames Rowing Club held their sports, the proceedings at which were duly reported in the leading sporting papers. At the close of the day, after the customary events had been brought off, there was a two-mile steeple-chase. The competitors had to clear twenty hurdles, and also to get in, through, or over a water jump, thirteen feet wide, with four feet of water, and a hedge of hurdles placed in front at the take off. Thirteen started, and the majority quietly jumped into the ditch, and scrambled out, — no great athletic feat, but rather calculated to induce rheumatics. This had to be repeated six times, and we believe only two or three of the competitors attempted to clear the ditch at all.

So far the steeple-chase was a failure, except that there are always spectators who like to see people looking damp and miserable, and on this occasion they must have been abundantly gratified. But the







mals, cheese is the cheapest, and eggs are the dearest.

To reckon the worth of substances forming a vegetable diet is a work of greater uncertainty than the calculations relating to animal food. Wheat-flour and potatoes contain farina, which is obtained from both in different factories, and has in commerce a very variable market price. Farina made from wheat is dearer than that prepared from potatoes; as a nutritive substance, however (heat-giving substance), the value of each is the same. In calculating the worth of wheat-flour, the price of wheat-farina cannot be taken; and if, as is done in the following calculations, the price of potato-farina is adopted, this also is too high, as the cost of production is included in it, which has nothing to do with the nutritive value. This circumstance, however, is of little importance in considering generally their nutritive value.

**Wheat-flour.**—1 cwt. of wheat-flour at wholesale price costs 20s. (240d.), in which are contained—

20 lbs. water, ashes, cellulose	
77 lbs. farina, at 15s. 6d. per cwt. (starch)	128d.
15 lbs. albuminate	112d.
112 lbs.	240d.

Accordingly, 1 lb. of albuminate in wheat-flour costs 7½d.

**Peas.**—1 bushel weighs 60 lbs., and costs, wholesale 10s. (120d.). These 60 lbs. contain—

15 lbs. water, ashes, cellulose	
33 lbs. farina	61d.
12 lbs. albuminate (legumin)	59d.
60 lbs.	120d.

Thus 1 lb. of albuminate in peas costs nearly 5d.

**Potatoes.**—1 lb. of potatoes costs 1d.: 100 lbs. 100d. They contain—

80 lbs. water	
2 lbs. albumen	70d.
18 lbs. farina	30d.
100 lbs.	100d.

In potatoes, therefore, 1 lb. of albuminate costs 35d.

These comparisons are intended to demonstrate the differences existing in these articles of food, and to show that the price of each has nothing to do with the amount of albuminate, or heat-producing matter, which it contains.

Farina and fat are employed for various other purposes as well as for food, and this circumstance has an influence on their price. The albuminates, on the other hand, important as they are in nutrition, have no commercial value; only gluten, for example, which, in the manufacture of wheat-starch, is turned to profit as an adventitious product, is used by shoemakers as glue, the only use, I believe, to which it is put.

When we know of what certain articles of food are composed, it is easy to calculate what mixture of substances containing most nutrition will cost least. We must not forget, however, that the prices of those articles of food are essentially influenced by the cost of their preparation. The transforming of wheaten flour into bread is the least expensive operation. Peas, in order to transmute them into a perfect article of food, require certain additions which must be taken into account. Peas contain, for example, more albuminate than wheat-flour, but very much less farina (heat-producing matter). In food this farina may be replaced by fat, 10 parts fat having the same value, as heat-producing matter, as 24 parts farina. Thus we reckon that to 100 lbs.

of peas 19 lbs. of fat must be added, in order to give the mess of peas the same effect as wheaten flour, always supposing the latter to be unbolted.

100 lbs. peas = 148 lbs. wheat flour.  
in which are

20 lbs. albuminate	20 lbs. albuminate.
55 lbs. farina }	101 lbs. farina.
10 lbs. fat = 46 lbs. farina }	

Taking the price of 100 lbs. of peas at 200d., and the price of 19 lbs. of fat at 209d., the mess of peas will cost 409d.; and as the price of 148 lbs. of wheat-flour is only 308d., the mess of peas will cost one fourth more. By replacing the fat partly by farina, — for instance, by adding to 100 lbs. of peas 5 lbs. of fat and 34 lbs. of farina, — the price of the dish of peas will be nearly the same as wheat flour (321d.). If we add to the 100 lbs. of peas 3½ lbs. of extract of meat, the nutritive value of the mess will be raised by 100 lbs. of meat, — that is to say, the 20 lbs. albuminate in the peas will bear the same relation to the organization of him who eats them as if he had taken the same in the form of meat.

From the above calculation, it is clear that the price of 1 lb. albuminate in different sorts of food is as follows:—

1 lb. albuminate in cheese costs	29d.
1 lb. " milk	35d.
1 lb. " meat	42d.
1 lb. " eggs	113d.

#### In vegetables.

1 lb. albuminate in wheat-flour costs	7½d.
1 lb. " peas	5d.
1 lb. " potatoes	35d.

The albuminates in vegetables must of necessity be much cheaper than in meat: were it not so, the production, at a reasonable price, of the latter by feeding cattle would be impossible.

To these calculations no greater value must be attached than they deserve. My aim will be attained if I have succeeded in convincing the reader that even when we eat we may do so according to fixed principles; and he who has learned to do so has learned something of the art of prolonging life. Even the act of eating and drinking may teach us that we are under the influence of natural laws which act upon our bodily condition, and, as a consequence of such influence, on our acts also. A knowledge of natural laws contributes to make man what he ought to be; they determine the rank he holds above the other animals, and it is just this in which their value lies.

#### WHITE GUNPOWDER.

For seven hundred years and more, even granting the invention to have been Roger Bacon's, the dull black mixture of sulphur, nitre, and charcoal — it is only a mixture, not a chemical compound — has had the monopoly of guns, large and small. It has answered every purpose moderately well, perhaps more than moderately. Nevertheless, from time to time the desire has arisen to evolve out of chemical stores some new compound, mechanical or chemical, that should do better duty. Somewhat extraordinary, indeed, the case seems that, amidst all the improvements of guns and gunnery, all the advancement of chemistry and mechanism, the gaseous motor for gun projectiles should be composed as at first. The explanation is not difficult. Gunpowder occupies a sort of half-way ground between things innocent and things dangerous; a me-



dium quality favoring its many applications. Exploding readily enough for all convenient needs, it never spontaneously explodes,—a great point in its favor. Then, its power of water-absorption not being very great, it stores tolerably well. But, more than anything else, gunpowder has held its long and almost exclusive sway over guns and gunners owing to the two following circumstances: it can be made of any desired percentage composition, and it may be corned or grained to any degree of coarseness or fineness. As employed for different purposes, it is necessary that gunpowder should have various strengths: not that strength is a wholly unobjectionable word, but without circumlocution, we should have difficulty in finding a better. To a considerable extent the strength of gunpowder, by varying the relative amount of its components, can be modified; but the great adjustive resource consists in increasing or lessening the dimension of its grains. Much was once hoped and expected of certain explosive chemical compounds,—fulminating gold, silver, and mercury, for example,—as well as certain more recent explosive developments. If pyroxyline, or gun-cotton, be excepted,—and this for a special reason to be adduced by and by,—no chemical compound has justified, or gone far to justify, the expectation of coming up to gunpowder for projectile purposes, and partly for the reason of its being a chemical compound. It is one of the very first principles of chemistry that the percentage composition of the same chemical compound is fixed and invariable. As nature makes a chemical compound, and force determines, so, for better, for worse, must man take it. An explosive chemical compound will have, popularly speaking, the same composition strength to-day as to-morrow, to-morrow as throughout all time. Neither do chemical compounds, with perhaps only one exception (pyroxyline), admit of any variation of strength by the device of graining or any treatment functionally analogous. In this way do we recognize in chemical explosives an unyielding, unadaptive nature, unfitting them for the multifarious requirements of gunnery.

Having taken account of certain special good qualities of gunpowder, we now come to certain of its bad qualities. Safe it indeed is in the sense of not igniting spontaneously; but it deteriorates by keeping, the more especially if in a moist atmosphere. If gunpowder be thoroughly wetted, then may it be considered wholly spoilt. In burning, gunpowder evolves much heat, much smoke; it also deposits much foulness. On the debtor side of gunpowder must be reckoned, also, the danger attendant on manufacture. It would be a great advantage if possible to devise a gunpowder that should acquire its usefully dangerous qualities with the very last manufacturing touch, whereby in every incipient stage it might be stored without possibility of risk. Reverting to the enormous heat developed by gunpowder ignition, this is a function of especial disadvantage now that breech-loading fire-arms have come so much into use, and promise to come still more. It avails nothing that the mechanical adaptations of a breech-loading fire-arm admit of opening and shutting, loading and firing, some fabulously frequent number of times in the minute, if, long before the mechanical limit be reached, the breeching has grown too hot to handle,—so hot, perhaps, as to cause unwonted explosion of a powder-charge. More or less this defect of heating has made its disadvantages felt in every system of breech-loading yet devised. The Prussians, using their national military fire-arm,

the *Zündnadel-gewehr*, or needle-gun, obviate the difficulty as best they can by a manual expedient. A Prussian soldier can load and fire, *does* commonly load and fire, without handling the barrel of his weapon at all. Bending the left arm, and grasping the barrel between arm and fore-arm, he can load and fire with only small inconvenience from heat developed. All danger incidental to premature explosion is obviously as great under this system of management as under any other. The needle-gun might be loaded and fired, and a fresh charge would explode of itself, to the shooter's probable destruction.

It will have been gathered, then, that gunpowder, ordinary black gunpowder, though it has seen some service and done some hard duty in its time, is not so perfect as to fulfil all requisitions desired; wherefore from time to time experiments have been directed to the manufacture of a substitute.

To indicate a tithe of the explosive mixtures chemists have prepared, or can prepare, would be tedious and to no avail. The explosive function is by no means so simple an affair as popular belief accredits it with being. The only fundamental quality whereby members of the explosive or detonating family are allied is the evolution of gas or gases, as the result of sudden chemical energy, the latter generally, though not invariably, one of combustion. The power of explosives is of various kinds. Whereas some detonating bodies put forth enormous shattering power, visited upon materials in contact with them or in their immediate vicinity, the projectile or propelling energy of the same being inconsiderable, other explosives transpose the relation of these functions. Obviously, for projectile uses the desideratum is not to shatter the gun, but to propel the gun-charge; a need that at once determines theoretically the quality of propelling agents. All explosive force is dependent on the sudden evolution of gas or gases; and according as the volume of gases set free is smaller or larger, more or less tardy, so will the explosive function vary between the extreme and practically unattainable limits of shattering without propulsion, and propulsion without shattering. Contrary to what might have been imagined, some of the most violent of explosive bodies do not evolve most gas. Neither chloride of nitrogen nor the fulminates of gold, silver, or mercury, gun-cotton, nor nitro-glycerine, for example, evolve, weight for weight, so much gas as gunpowder.

Then, further, examining the known varieties of black gunpowder, experiment has proved that best rifle-powder evolves a smaller volume of gas than does coarse blasting and cannon gunpowder. More extraordinary still, the finest sporting-powder manufactured (finest as to quality, not grain, which may be large or small, for one and the same composition, at the manufacturer's will) deposits more solid residue or foulness than coarse common or blasting-powder. This fact is made evident by the result of some masterly experiments a few years ago undertaken by Bunsen and Schiskoff, and is amply explained by analysis. The gravity of fouling does not so much depend on the quantity as the sort of foulness. If of such nature as to easily dislodge, then the fouling matter is less prejudicial than if it stick more tightly. Bunsen and Schiskoff have proved, amongst other points, that not only do no two varieties of gunpowder (ordinary black powder) give the same combusive results, but that one and the same variety of gunpowder will yield different results, ac-



according to the degree of pressure and other circumstances under which it may be exploded. Fine rifle-powder yields considerable residue or foulness, truly; but in this deposit carbonate of potash, or of "potassium," as modern chemistry will now have it, preponderates. This material forms soap with the lubricant employed, and hence the explanation.

However adapted, in respect to definite gas evolution, in defined units of time, an explosive material may be to projectile usage, still, without one property superadded, — the property of grainage, or equivalent of grainage, to wit, — it must remain forever inapplicable to purposes of gunnery. To this conclusion all practical gunners have long since come, the opinions of chemists notwithstanding. Slight consideration will prove why this must be. From the following postulate the conclusion is arrived at.

There certainly does not exist one substance otherwise applicable as a gunnery-projectile the velocity of whose explosion is not in some degree influenced by the closeness of its impaction. This is well manifested by different modes of treating ordinary black gunpowder. If confined in a gun in such manner that air-spaces may intervene between various portions of the material, and then fired, combustion is very rapid, as the most inexperienced in these matters well know. If, on the other hand, the same material as to percentage composition be rammed hard, as into a rocket-case, the combustion is tardy and non-eruptive. Now, for all gunnery-projectile purposes, the first condition is needed. The combustion must be rapid, yet not too rapid. A constant has, in mathematical language, to be evolved once as for all, otherwise the projectile urged by different qualities and amounts of force would fly in a trajectory defying all calculation. The device of grainage is wellnigh the only one capable of evolving this constant. True, in the case of gun-cotton and under the ingenious manipulation of Baron Lenk, and still later Mr. Abel, an equivalent to grainage has been found, so as on the score of definite combustion that material leaves little, if anything, to be desired. If gun-cotton were not self-explosive and destructible by time, it might enter the category of hopeful, if not acknowledged, gunnery-projectile forces.

These necessary preliminaries bring us to the point at which we have been steadily aiming, viz., a description of the white, or rather, tawny-colored powder lately devised by Captain Schultze of the Prussian service, and which, under the auspices of at least one London gunmaker, is finding large application amongst English sportsmen. The process of manufacture is most safe, as it is most ingenious. Only at the final stage of making this gunpowder is the process subject to any explosive contingency. In illustration of this, the following circumstance should be stated; in July, 1868, the manufactory of Captain Schultze at Potsdam, near Berlin, was consumed, *burned quietly to the ground*, — burned, not exploded. The accident is altogether unprecedented; nothing like it could have happened to a manufactory of common black gunpowder.

We now come to the process of manufacture. The inventor begins by taking any of the common woods (he keeps the wood steeped in water) which have acquired celebrity for yielding gunpowder-charcoal, and saws them transversely into plates of the required thickness by a veneers-saw. The plates, when sliced, are laid under a manifold punch and submitted to pressure, whereby grains of not merely

definite and unvarying size, but definite and unvarying shape (a matter of some moment as influencing the constancy of impaction), result. Grains are thus evolved at the very commencement of the manufacturing operation, unlike what happens in the case of black gunpowder, wherein the operation of grainage is the last operation but one, — glazing; and sometimes, powder not being invariably glazed, the last absolutely. The punched grains, being collected in a mass, are subjected to a treatment of chemical washing, whereby calcareous and various other impurities are separated, leaving hardly anything behind save pure woody matter, cellulose or lignine. The next operation has for its end the conversion of these cellulose grains into a sort of incipient xyloidine, or gun-cotton material, by digestion with a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acids. Practically it is found that absolutely perfected xyloidine (of which ordinary gun-cotton is the purest type) not only decomposes spontaneously by time, the chief products of combustion being gum and oxalic acid, but it is moreover liable to combustion of a sort that may be practically called spontaneous, so slight and so uncontrollable are the causes sufficing to bring it about. Cellulose or woody matter, otherwise termed lignine, partially converted to xyloidine, is, Captain Schultze affirms, subject to neither of those contingencies. Chemists will understand that, inasmuch as the wood used as a constituent of the Schultze gunpowder is not charred, its original hydrogen is left, and by and by, at the time of firing, will be necessarily utilized towards the gaseous propulsive resultant. Next, washed with carbonate-of-soda solution and dried, an important circumstance is now recognizable.

The grains, brought to the condition just described, are stored away in bulk, not necessarily to be endowed with final explosive energy until the time of package, transport, and consignment. Only one treatment has to be carried out, and it is very simple. The ligneous grains have to be charged with a certain definite percentage of some nitrate, which is done by steeping them in the nitrate solution and drying. Ordinarily a solution of nitrate of potash (common saltpetre) is employed; but in elaborating certain varieties of white powder Captain Schultze prefers and uses nitrate of baryta.

Having traced the new powder to its final stage, we may contemplate it under the light of two distinct scrutinies, — theoretical and practical. Review of the chemical agencies involved, or that may be evolved, suggests the reaction, especially under prolonged moisture, of the sulphur and nitre of ordinary powder, whereby sulphide of potassium should result. Practice is confirmatory; under the condition indicated sulphide of potassium, more or less, does result, and proportionate to the extent of decomposition is the powder deteriorated. Inasmuch as the Schultze gunpowder is wholly devoid of sulphur, so is the particular decomposition adverted to impossible; and theory, at least, fails to suggest any other decomposition as probable or even possible.

The specific gravity of the Schultze gunpowder may be roundly taken at half the specific gravity of ordinary gunpowder; or, in other words, for equal weights of the two, the bulk of Schultze's powder will be double that of its rival. Hereupon an important question is raised, the drift of which will be obvious to any practical gunner. Is the available projectile force of one volume of Schultze's powder equivalent to the available projectile force of two volumes of black powder? If not, it may be



averred with tolerable confidence that the new material could never come into extensive practical use as a gunnery-projectile.

If the era of breech-loading had not so completely set in, the exact length of column in any gun-barrel occupied by any powder-charge would not, perhaps, of itself determine the issue of acceptance or rejection. But the question of length of column occupied by any explosive gun-charge is one of the most vital importance in all that concerns breech-loaders. If by chance an otherwise efficient substitute for gunpowder should be discovered, occupying, power for power, less space than gunpowder, then intrinsically would it be better in direct ratio to the diminution. Having regard, however, to existing systems of breech-loading, the intrinsic superiority contemplated would prove a bar to utilization. The breeching-gear of every breech-loader is laid out to a scale of very minute fractions of an inch. The breeching-chamber must be full of material, — it can be no more than full. The breech slot, screw, hole, or other contrivance for admitting the charge, is equally amenable to minute scales of measurement.

Assuming the ratios of volume reversed, theoretical advantages of variation depart, and fundamental objections make themselves manifest. It is a settled conviction in the minds of military authorities that the shorter a military cartridge admits of being made, the better. Thereby not merely is the gun-maker's labor facilitated, it being easier to fashion short than long breeching-gear, but the cartridge itself is more strong and serviceable. From time to time the question has arisen, whether the small-bore type of weapon may not be advantageously substituted for the regulation Enfield type. Nobody doubts the increased accuracy and far-shooting of small bores; and the defect of their more speedy fouling, often adduced, hardly applies to the case of breech-loading small bores. Still, various military men oppose the military use of small bores; not the objection of least weight being the necessarily inconvenient length of cartridge. A small-bore cartridge, they say, is too much like a pencil-case, too delicate for rough military usage.

These considerations would seem to have had due weight with Captain Schultze. His powder is so devised and elaborated that each effective charge shall occupy equally the same space as a charge of common powder would have occupied. All his gunnery arrangements, therefore, are taken on the basis of matching volume against volume, the equivalent in weight to one volume of his powder being two volumes of ordinary gunpowder.

I have made no experiments with the Schultze powder, either by fire-arm practice or by chemical analysis. All that I know of it comes from conversation with gunmakers, and observation of general appearances. (It has taken fair hold on the English sportsman's appreciation, as before stated; but, as may be assumed, drawbacks, real or alleged, to its use there are, otherwise it would have gone further than it has to displace ordinary black powder. The chief disparagement I have heard alleged against it, is the difficulty, — rather the impossibility, — of measuring out charges with the accuracy needful to practice. It is necessary to weigh the charges, gunmakers aver, if identity of result be contemplated. This allegation, if well borne out, implies a serious defect. Practical people will grasp its full purport, however much the unpractised may make light of it.

A few words of explanation now relative to a

point some way back adverted to. It was stated that gun-cotton, under the ingenious manipulation of Baron Lenk, was subjected to a treatment that obviated the necessity of grainage. The treatment is this: inasmuch as the filamentary structure of gun-cotton is incompatible with the formation of grains, Baron Lenk seeks and finds an equivalent in threads of varying degrees of fineness and closeness. A close-spun yarn of gun-cotton undergoes more rapid combustion than its opposite; taking advantage of this fact and applying it, Baron Lenk thereby secures any amount of combustive velocity. A still further modification on gun-cotton has been lately effected by Mr. Abel. He reduces his xyloidine to a sort of paper pulp. His process has been made known since this article was written, or, further reference would have been made to a device which has the merit of ingenuity, though the gunnery value of gun-cotton in this or any other state would seem to be small, if any.

### FOREIGN NOTES.

CHARLES DICKENS, JR., will have an article in the April number of *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

A GRAND religious service has been performed in the Cathedral of Madrid in honor of Lamartine.

ACCORDING to an announcement in the English papers, the *London Review* and the *Examiner* have "amalgamated."

MR. BAYLE BERNARD's new play, founded on Victor Hugo's voluminous story, "*Les Misérables*," entitled "*The Man with Two Lives*," has been produced at Drury Lane.

ONE of the last survivors of those who planned and carried out the *coup d'état*, M. de Saint Georges, has died at Brussels, where for the last several years he has lived in absolute retirement.

THE Emperor Napoleon, the Empress, the Prince Imperial, Prince Napoleon, and all the Imperial Family will pay a visit in August next, to Corsica, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Napoleon I.

THE servants of favorite actresses and singers in Paris are said to do quite a lucrative business in selling to the flower-girls the bouquets which their mistresses receive at the hands of their enthusiastic admirers; and the flower-girls sell them over again.

THE death is announced of that celebrated political economist Carl Theodor Welcker, who died at Heidelberg at the age of 79. His long life was one of restless activity. From 1813 till the time of his death, he was constantly employed in doing the work of an academical teacher, an author, and a politician.

THE Paris correspondent of the *London Telegraph* says that Gustave Doré has painted a marvellous picture which he calls "*Titania*." "The whole picture is moving with fairies and fairy-like life. The very leaves of the trees are peopled with little imps. Indeed, M. Gustave Doré has contrived to put so much life in a square foot of canvas that the picture is itself an exhibition."

THE late Lord Brougham has been one too many for English inland revenue authorities. Sometime before his death, he transferred his property to his brother, and therefore his heirs have had to pay neither probate nor legacy duty. Aversion to



trouble about money matters is said to have suggested this arrangement; aversion to paying duty may possibly have had something more to do with it.

THE following curious statistics, showing the number of men killed in action between the years 1854 and 1868, are published in the *Gazette de Fiènes*. The sum total in both continents of human beings sacrificed to Bellona is thus given: The war in the Crimea, 748,900; Italy, 44,000; Schleswig-Holstein, 3,500; North America, 281,000; South America, 519,000; Germany, 45,000; Asia and Africa, 95,000; sum total, 1,736,400.

GENERAL JOMINI, the great military writer whose death at Passy, near Paris, has been announced, was in the 91st year of his age. Jomini's talents first attracted the attention of Ney, who recommended him to the Emperor for a division. Napoleon, however, refused to employ him, and Jomini indignantly quitted the French service, and for a time entered the Russian army, without, however, engaging in active operations against his countrymen.

HANS BREITMANN'S Ballads have had a great success in England, where of late years American humor has found its warmest admirers. Messrs. Triibner & Co., of London have just brought out a second and third series of the famous "poems," and have arranged with Mr. Leland, who is about to visit England, for a fourth collection of the ballads. These will be printed from the author's MS. and will constitute a copyright in England, thus rendering it impossible for any other English firm to issue a complete edition of Hans Breitmann's delightful lyrics. Messrs. Triibner & Co. have issued a sixpenny edition of the first series in order to protect themselves against an unauthorized reprint.

No less than twenty-one French editors are candidates for the forthcoming general election of members of the Legislative Assembly. Among the best known of them we notice the names of Prevost Paradol (*Debats*), put up for the Bouches-du-Rhône, Henri Rochefort (*Lanterne*) for Paris, Lavertuon (*Gironde*) for Bordeaux, Leon Say (*Debats*) for Versailles, Guérout (*Opinion Nationale*) and Jules Ferry (*Temps*) for Paris, Frederick Morin for Lyons, Viscount Keratry (*Revue Moderne*) for Finistère, Clement Duvernois (*Peuple*) for the Upper Alps, Dreolle (*Public*) for the Gironde, Cassagnac (*Pays*) for the Gers, Cacheval-Clairigny (*Presse*) for the Pas de Calais, and Pelletan (*Tribune*) for Paris.

THE Land and Water says that the "Zoological Gardens of Paris are going to set the example, not only of writing the various names of the animals in the cages and enclosures, but of appending to each name a colored portrait. In the gardens in question, generally known as the Jardins d'Acclimatation, where nearly all the quadrupeds are ruminant and harmless, a goodly number are congregated together, and people with no zoology in their soul are sorely puzzled to know which is the yak and which is the llama. In the cages filled with tropical birds, and where the brilliant plumage of Brazil is seen fluttering with the gaudiest colors of India, most of us require an illustrated dictionary, and we humbly venture to thank the authorities for coming to our rescue."

MR. ROEBUCK has made what he calls his political testament, in the shape of four pieces of advice

to the people of England: "Beware of Trades' Unions," "Beware of Ireland," "Beware of the United States," and "Beware of Mr. Gladstone." His running commentary seems to explain that "Beware of Trades' Unions," means beware of Councils of Conciliation, or letting in any mediator between masters and men; that "Beware of Ireland," means beware of the Catholic priests, and rectifying at their request imaginary grievances. "Beware of the United States," means, divide them if you can; at all events, beware of their ambition, and their passionate desire to crush us. "Beware of Mr. Gladstone," means beware of a statesman who changes his mind. Mr. Roebuck's political testament is like his political life,—a neat *résumé* of presumptuous blunders and virulent affronts.

SCIENTIFIC discovery has destroyed another of our most popular theories. Hemlock, to which Socrates and Phocion were said to owe their death, is pronounced by Mr. Harley and other eminent toxicologists, to be no poison at all. Sixty grains of tincture of hemlock were administered to a young woman without any apparent effects, and Mr. Harley, after a dose of 24 grains of the pure juice of the leaves of the hemlock, only experienced a slight muscular numbness, which passed off after an hour. From further experiments it appears that the common hemlock is neither a poison nor even a medicinal remedy. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks that the facts relating to Socrates and Phocion may be reasonably explained in another way. "Hitherto dictionaries have always translated the Greek *κόνιον* and the Latin *cicuta* by our word hemlock." Some change of classification has no doubt taken place. What the ancients called hemlock was perhaps the *cicuta vivosa*, L., which is, in fact, a most poisonous plant."

"MEN as well as women," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article on the dress of Englishwomen, "sometimes dress in an eccentric manner from mere caprice, or from an idea that it is unworthy of a 'sensible' person to take any trouble whatever about dress. They think it is creditable to them to say, 'I do not care how I dress.' In reality, it only shows that they are untidy by nature. No man pays his brains a compliment by going about the streets a sloven. Men of talent, great writers, and great orators, must cherish the belief that they are superior to dress, or the shabbiest men in the community would not be found so often in their ranks. Why is it that a great man of one party, who is necessarily much observed by the public, will always wear light-colored trousers?"

"Why does he never wear a dark color for a change? Has he no friend near him to take away his trousers in the night, and put a new pair by his bedside, as they used to be done with Dr. Johnson? To be sure he is no worse than the mainstay of the opposite party. Both are simply unsightly objects, so far as mere dress can render them so. Have these eminent men any right to appear before the world to a disadvantage? They do not pay their intellects any homage by wearing clothes which seem part of a discarded wardrobe given in charity to some hospital. Clever women usually show the same contempt of dress. If untidiness were confined to them, it would not be of very much consequence, but it is more general with their sex, strange to say, than with ours. And yet very few women can prudently disregard the attractions which they might derive from dresses of grateful tints and perfect



shape. The draggled appearance of married women of the poorer classes is, we do not doubt, one cause of the preference which their husbands show for the public-house. It must be a miserable thing to live in the same house with a woman who is, figuratively speaking, down at heel all over.

"We believe it to be true that Englishwomen attach less importance to dress than their sisters in America or France. They like to look well at home rather than to make a great show out of doors. When they have this ambition and succeed in it, they are to be commended; but too often they do not succeed."

A WRITER in the last number of Chambers's Journal gossips very pleasantly about mediæval book-binding. We copy the following passages from his readable paper.

"The old stamped leather bindings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are often beautifully executed, and exceedingly interesting. Jean Grolier, Viscount d'Aguisi, one of the four treasurers of France (born at Lyon 1479, died 1565), collected a magnificent library, and had the books splendidly bound. In 1675, his library was dispersed. Gascon, the celebrated binder of that time, was chiefly employed by Grolier, but the designs are said to have been composed by himself in moments of leisure. A woodcut of one of these bindings will be found in Shaw's 'Decorative Arts, Ecc. and Civil, of the Middle Ages.' It had the usual inscription: '*Io grolierii et amicorum*,' indicating that it was for the use of his friends as well as himself. The collection of Mr. Edwards was very rich in these volumes, and large prices were realized. A colored plate of great beauty will be found in Shaw's work, of a book belonging to the same style and period, though it cannot be proved to have belonged to the Chevalier Jean Grolier. Aldus, the famous printer of Venice, printed the works of Machiavelli in 1540, in four volumes. Grolier had his copy bound in four different patterns, and one volume was sold at the Libri sale for one hundred and fifty pounds. At the same sale, two volumes, which formerly belonged to the library of Diana of Poitiers, beautifully bound, were sold for eighty and eighty-five pounds respectively. The celebrated artist, 'le petit Bernard,' is said to have been employed on them. At the library at Treves is a manuscript studded with heads wrought in fine cameos.

"In the middle of the sixteenth century, leaves of paper were pasted together for bindings, wood having been previously used for the purpose. Mr. Thoms says the originator of binding in cloth was Mr. R. E. Lawson, of Stanhope Street, Blackfriars, formerly in the employ of Mr. Charles Sully; and the first book bound in cloth was a manuscript volume of music, which was subsequently purchased by Mr. Alfred Herbert, the marine artist. On the volume being shown to the late Mr. Pickering, who was at that time (1823) printing a diamond edition of 'the classics,' he thought this material would be admirably adapted for the covers of the work. The cloth was purchased at the corner of Wilderness Row, St. John's Street, and five hundred copies of the Diamond Classics were covered by Mr. Lawson with cloth. Shakespeare's plays were also issued in this form, and these works were the first books bound in cloth.

"The custom of chaining books to desks in churches is said to have originated from an act of Convocation in 1562, ordering that Nowell's Cate-

chism, the Articles, and Bishop Jewell's Apology should be taught in universities and cathedral churches. But the custom has been traced back as far as Sir Thomas Lyttleton, who, by his will, dated 1481, ordered some of his works to be chained in different churches. St. Bernard, in 1153, in one of his sermons, actually alludes to some such custom.

"It is probable that there was no specimen of velvet binding before the fourteenth century. In the will of Lady Fitzhugh, c. 1427, several books are bequeathed: 'I wyl that my son Robert a Sautre covered with rede velvet, and my doghter Mariory a Primer cou'd in rede, and my doghter Darcy a Sauter cou'd in bleu, and my doghter Mal de Eure a Prim'r cou'd in bleu.' Queen Elizabeth had a little volume of Prayers bound in solid gold suspended by a chain at her side. The Countess of Wilton in her *Art of Needlework*, says the earliest specimen of needlework binding remaining in the British Museum is Ficetus (Guil.) Rhetoricum, Libri tres (Impr. in Membranis), 4to, Paris ad Sorbonæ, 1471. It is covered with crimson satin, on which is wrought with the needle a coat of arms, a lion rampant in gold thread in a blue field, with a transverse badge in scarlet silk: the minor ornaments are all wrought in fine gold thread.

"The next in date in the same collection is a description of the Holy Land, in French, written in Henry VII.'s time. It is bound in rich maroon velvet, with the royal arms, the garter and motto embroidered in blue; the ground crimson; and the fleurs-de-lis, leopards, and letters of the motto in gold thread. A coronet of gold thread is inwrought with pearls, the roses at the corners are in red silk and gold. In the Bodleian Library is a volume of the Epistles of St. Paul (black-letter), the binding of which is embroidered by Queen Elizabeth; round the borders are Latin sentences, &c. Archbishop Parker's *De Antiquitate Britannicæ Ecclesiæ* (1572), in the British Museum, is richly bound in green velvet, embroidered with animals and flowers, in green, crimson, lilac, and yellow silk, and gold thread. In the same collection is a Bible bound for James II., showing on the cover his initials, J. R., surmounted by a crown, and surrounded with borders of laurel, the four corners being filled with cherubim.

"The writer of this paper once saw at Broomfield, in Essex, a Bible which belonged to Charles I. (date 1529, Norton and Bell printers). It is a folio, bound in purple velvet; the arms of England, richly embroidered in raised work on both sides, and on the fly-leaf is written: 'This Bible was King Charles the First's; afterwards it was my grandfather's, Patrick Young, Esq., who was library-keeper to his Majesty; now given to the church at Broomfield by me, Sarah Aitwood, Aug. 4th 1723.' It is a relic little known.

"Various kinds of insects, popularly called book-worms, do much injury to books. A mite (*Acarus eruditus*) eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding, and loosens it. The caterpillar of another little moth takes its station in damp old books, between the leaves, and there commits great ravages. The little boring wood-beetle also attacks books, and will even pierce through several volumes. Mr. W. R. Tymms mentions an instance of twenty-seven folio volumes being perforated in a straight line by the same insect, in such a manner, that by passing a cord through the perfectly round hole made by it, the twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once."



## TWO SISTERS.

## FIRST SISTER.

WHEN dusk descends and dews begin  
 She sees the forest ghostly fair,  
 And, half in heaven, is drinking in  
 The moonlit melancholy air :  
 The sons of God have charge and care  
 Her maiden grace from foes to keep,  
 And Jesus sends her unaware  
 A maiden sanctity of sleep.

## SECOND SISTER.

In dreams, in dreams, with sweet surprise  
 I see the lord of all these things ;  
 From night and naught with eager eyes  
 He comes, and in his coming sings :  
 His gentle port is like a king's,  
 His open face is free and fair,  
 And lightly from his brow he flings  
 The young abundance of his hair.

## FIRST SISTER.

O who hath watched her kneel to pray  
 In hours forgetful of the sun ?  
 Or seen beneath the dome of day  
 The poising seraph seek the nun ?  
 Her weary years at last have won  
 A life from life's confusion free :  
 What else is this but heaven begun,  
 Pure peace and simple chastity ?

## SECOND SISTER.

O never yet to mortal maid  
 Such sad divine division came  
 From all that stirs or makes afraid  
 The gentle thoughts without a name :  
 Through all that lives a sacred flame,  
 A pulse of pleasant trouble, flows,  
 And tips the daisy's tinge of flame,  
 And blushes redder in the rose.

## FIRST SISTER.

From lifted head the golden hair  
 Is soft and blowing in the breeze,  
 And softly on her brows of prayer  
 The summer-shadow flits and flees :  
 Then parts a pathway in the trees,  
 A vista sunlit and serene,  
 And there and then it is she sees  
 What none but such as she have seen.

## SECOND SISTER.

O if with him by lea and lawn  
 I pressed but once the silvery sod,  
 And scattered sparkles of the dawn  
 From aster and from golden-rod,  
 I would not tread where others trod,  
 Nor dream as other maidens do,  
 Nor more should need to ask of God,  
 When God had brought me thereunto.

## APRIL.

AFTER the snow, before the thunder ;  
 When March no more, with stormy hours,  
 Keeps sea-fowl from the sea asunder,  
 And space grows thin 'twixt foam and flowers ;  
 And rainbows come, and winds are less,  
 And clouds are ebony now, now pearl ; —

Then dead may seem my bitterness,  
 Drown'd — where the woods their flags unfurl  
 In music of the merle.

Dead ; and a new blue violet wreath  
 Is found each morning on its grave :  
 Drown'd ; but it dies a harder death  
 With each fresh spring's returning wave.  
 Dead ; but, ah ! youth being parted, now  
 Joy is as grief, slayer as slain ;  
 Drown'd ; but its drowning arms, I trow,  
 Have clasped me, nor shall loose again,  
 Till sunset thwarts the main ; —

Till sunset thwarts the sea, where striving  
 Of swimmers is, and wreck of ships ;  
 Till the great giver comes, whose giving  
 Is sweet, and very pale his lips.  
 Ah ! Youth of mine that I have spent !  
 Can Life, thy glorious flush that knew,  
 Survive thee ? — yea ; the firmament  
 Still hangs, nor is one whit less blue,  
 O'er Hellas and Peru.

O hours of dreaming o'er a tress !  
 O days of glamour, not of gold !  
 O unreturning carelessness ! —  
 And yet — the sweet times are the old —  
 Were they so sweet, those days of old ?  
 Alas ! — if all the west o' th' wind  
 Of Youth be Memory, — Age will whirl  
 A bitter blast on me who find,  
 Now, scarce more solace than the churl,  
 In music of the merle.

## RAIN SONG.

Is the rain sad ? Ah, no !  
 Not the dear April rain,  
 The sweet, white rain :  
 These are glad tears that flow,  
 Not tears of pain.

Through the blue heavens take  
 The clouds their bird-swift way,  
 Their white, pure way :  
 The clouds that part and break  
 In diamond spray.

The clouds that die in show  
 Hues of the rainbow give,  
 Its beauty give,  
 That in its dyes the flowers  
 May brightly live.

Faint odors of the spring.  
 The subtle breath of fields,  
 Of grass in fields,  
 Scents that to mosses cling,  
 The sweet rain yields.

The song of its delight  
 To the warm noon it sings,  
 Tenderly sings,  
 And to the quiet night  
 Its music brings.

All happy things rejoice  
 In the bright April rain  
 The freshening rain,  
 Exulting that its voice  
 Is heard again.

WILLIAM SAWYER.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869.

[No. 174.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LXXXIV.

#### SELF-SACRIFICE.

TREVELYAN, when his wife had left him, sat for hours in silence pondering over his own position and hers. He had taken his child to an upper room, in which was his own bed and the boy's cot, and before he seated himself, he spread out various toys which he had been at pains to purchase for the unhappy little fellow, — a regiment of Garibaldian soldiers, all with red shirts, and a drum to give the regiment martial spirit, and a soft fluffy Italian ball, and a battledore and a shuttlecock, — instruments enough for juvenile joy, if only there had been a companion with whom the child could use them. But the toys remained where the father had placed them, almost unheeded, and the child sat looking out of the window, melancholy, silent, and repressed. Even the drum did not tempt him to be noisy. Doubtless he did not know why he was wretched, but he was fully conscious of his wretchedness. In the mean time the father sat motionless, in an old worn-out but once handsome leathern arm-chair, with his eyes fixed against the opposite wall, thinking of the wreck of his life.

Thought deep, correct, continued, and energetic is quite compatible with madness. At this time Trevelyan's mind was so far unbinged, his ordinary faculties were so greatly impaired, that they who declared him to be mad were justified in their declaration. His condition was such that the happiness and welfare of no human being — not even his own — could safely be intrusted to his keeping. He considered himself to have been so injured by the world, to have been the victim of so cruel a conspiracy among those who ought to have been his friends, that there remained nothing for him but to flee away from them and remain in solitude. But, yet through it all, there was something approaching to a conviction that he had brought his misery upon himself by being unlike to other men; and he declared to himself over and over again that it was better that he should suffer than that others should be punished. When he was alone, his reflections re-

specting his wife were much juster than were his words when he spoke either with her, or to others, of her conduct. He would declare to himself not only that he did not believe her to have been false to him, but that he had never accused her of such crime. He had demanded from her obedience, and she had been disobedient. It had been incumbent upon him — so ran his own ideas, as expressed to himself in these long, unspoken soliloquies — to exact obedience, or at least compliance, let the consequences be what they might. She had refused to obey or even to comply, and the consequences were very grievous. But, though he pitied himself with a pity that was feminine, yet he acknowledged to himself that her conduct had been the result of his own moody temperament. Every friend had parted from him. All those to whose counsels he had listened had counselled him that he was wrong. The whole world was against him. Had he remained in England, the doctors and lawyers among them would doubtless have declared him to be mad. He knew all this, and yet he could not yield. He could not say that he had been wrong. He could not even think that he had been wrong as to the cause of the great quarrel. But he was one so miserable and so unfortunate that even in doing right he had fallen into perdition!

He had had two enemies, and between them they had worked his ruin. These were Colonel Osborne and Bozzle. It may be doubted whether he did not hate the latter the more strongly of the two. He knew now that Bozzle had been untrue to him, but his disgust did not spring from that so much as from the feeling that he had defiled himself by dealing with the man. Though he was quite assured that he had been right in his first cause of offence, he knew that he had fallen from bad to worse in every step that he had taken since. Colonel Osborne had marred his happiness by vanity, by wicked intrigue, by a devilish delight in doing mischief; but he, he himself, had consummated the evil by his own folly. Why had he not taken Colonel Osborne by the throat, instead of going to a low-born, vile, mercenary spy for assistance? He hated himself for what

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



he had done; and yet it was impossible that he should yield.

It was impossible that he should yield, but it was yet open to him to sacrifice himself. He could not go back to his wife and say that he was wrong; but he could determine that the distinction should fall upon him and not upon her. If he gave up his child and then died,—died, alone, without any friend near him, with no word of love in his ears, in that solitary and miserable abode which he had found for himself,—then it would at least be acknowledged that he had expiated the injury that he had done. She would have his wealth, his name, his child to comfort her, and would be troubled no longer by demands for that obedience which she had sworn at the altar to give him, and which she had since declined to render to him. Perhaps there was some feeling that the coals of fire would be hot upon her head, when she should think how much she had received from him and how little she had done for him. And yet he loved her with all his heart, and would even yet dream of bliss that might be possible with her, had not the terrible hand of irresistible Fate come between them and marred it all. It was only a dream now. It could be no more than a dream. He put out his thin, wasted hands and looked at them, and touched the hollowness of his own cheeks, and coughed that he might hear the hacking sound of his own infirmity, and almost took glory in his weakness. It could not be long before the coals of fire would be heaped upon her head.

"Louey," he said at last, addressing the child, who had sat for an hour gazing through the window without stirring a limb or uttering a sound,—"Louey, my boy, would you like to go back to mamma?" The child turned round on the floor, and fixed his eyes on his father's face, but made no immediate reply. "Louey, dear, come to papa and tell him. Would it be nice to go back to mamma?" And he stretched out his hand to the boy. Louey got up and approached slowly and stood between his father's knees. "Tell me, darling,—you understand what papa says?"

"Altro!" said the boy, who had been long enough among Italian servants to pick up the common words of the language. How indeed could it be otherwise?

"Then you shall go to her, Louey."

"To-day, papa?"

"Not to-day, nor to-morrow."

"But the day after?"

"That is sufficient. You shall go. It is not so bad with you that one day more need be a sorrow to you. You shall go,—and then you will never see your father again," Trevelyan, as he said this, drew his hands away so as not to touch the child. The little fellow had put out his hand, but seeing his father's angry gesture, had made no further attempt at a caress. He feared his father from the bottom of his little heart, and yet was aware that it was his duty to try to love papa. He did not understand the meaning of that last threat, but slunk back, passing his untouched toys, to the window, and there seated himself again, filling his mind with the thought that when two more long, long days should have crept by, he should once more go to his mother.

Trevelyan had tried his best to be soft and gentle to his son. All that he had said to his wife of his treatment of the boy had been true to the letter. He had shared no personal trouble, he had done all that he had known how to do, he had exercised all

his intelligence to procure amusement for the boy; but Louey had hardly smiled since he had been taken from his mother. And now that he was told that he was to go and never see his father again, the tidings were to him simply tidings of joy. "There is a curse upon me," said Trevelyan. "It is written down in the book of my destiny that nothing shall ever love me."

He went out from the house and made his way down by the narrow path through the olives and vines to the bottom of the hill in front of the villa. It was evening now, but the evening was very hot, and though the olive-trees stood in long rows, there was no shade. Quite at the bottom of the hill there was a little sluggish muddy brook, along the sides of which the reeds grew thickly, and the dragon-flies were playing on the water. There was nothing attractive in the spot, but he was weary and sat himself down on the dry, hard bank, which had been made by repeated clearing of mud from the bottom of the little rivulet. He sat watching the dragon-flies as they made their short flights in the warm air, and told himself that, of all God's creatures, there was not one to whom less power of disporting itself in God's sun was given than to him. Surely, it would be better for him that he should die than live as he was now living without any of the joys of life. The solitude of Casalunga was intolerable to him, and yet there was no whither that he could go and find society. He could travel if he pleased. He had money at command, and, at any rate, as yet there was no embargo on his personal liberty. But how could he travel alone, even if his strength might suffice for the work? There had been moments in which he had thought that he would be happy in the love of his child,—that the companionship of an infant would suffice for him, if only the infant would love him. But all such dreams as that were over. To repay him for his tenderness, his boy was always dumb before him. Louey would not prattle as he had used to do. He would not even smile, or give back the kisses with which his father had attempted to win him. In mercy to the boy, he would send him back to his mother,—in mercy to the boy, if not to the mother also. It was in vain that he should look for any joy in any quarter. Were he to return to England, they would say that he was mad!

He lay there by the brookside till the evening was far advanced, and then he arose and slowly returned to the house. The labor of ascending the hill was so great to him that he was forced to pause and hold by the olive-trees as he slowly performed his task. The perspiration came in profusion from his pores, and he found himself to be so weak that he must in future regard the brook as being beyond the tether of his daily exercise. Eighteen months ago he had been a strong walker, and the snow-bound paths of Swiss mountains had been a joy to him. He paused as he was slowly dragging himself on, and looked up at the wretched, desolate, comfortless abode which he called his home. Its dreariness was so odious to him that he was half-minded to lay himself down where he was, and let the night air come upon him and do its worst. In such case, however, some Italian doctor would be sent down who would say that he was mad. Above all the things, and to the last, he must save himself from that degradation.

When he had crawled up to the house, he went to his child, and found that the woman had put the boy to bed. Then he was angry with himself in



that he himself had not seen to this, and kept up his practice of attending the child to the last. He would, at least, be true to his resolution, and prepare for the boy's return to his mother. Not knowing how otherwise to manage it, he wrote that night the following note to Mr. Glascock:—

"CASALUNGA, Thursday Night.

"MY DEAR SIR,— Since you last were considerate enough to call upon me, I have resolved to take a step in my affairs which, though it will rob me of my only remaining gratification, will tend to lessen the troubles under which Mrs. Trevelyan is laboring. If she desires it, as no doubt she does, I will consent to place our boy again in her custody,—trusting to her sense of honor to restore him to me should I demand it. In my present unfortunate position I cannot suggest that she should come for the boy. I am unable to support the excitement occasioned by her presence. I will, however, deliver up my darling either to you, or to any messenger sent by you whom I can trust. I beg heartily to apologize for the trouble I am giving you, and to subscribe myself yours very faithfully.

"LOUIS TREVELYAN.

"The Hon. C. Glascock.

"P. S.— It is as well, perhaps, that I should explain that I must decline to receive any visit from Sir Marmaduke Rowley. Sir Marmaduke has insulted me grossly on each occasion on which I have seen him since his return home."

## CHAPTER LXXXV.

### THE BATHS OF LUCCA.

June was now far advanced, and the Rowleys and the Spaldings had removed from Florence to the Baths of Lucca. Mr. Glascock had followed in their wake, and the whole party were living at the Baths in one of those hotels in which so many English and Americans are wont to congregate in the early weeks of the Italian summer. The marriage was to take place in the last week of the month; and all the party were to return to Florence for the occasion,—with the exception of Sir Marmaduke and Mrs. Trevelyan. She was altogether unfitted for wedding joys, and her father had promised to bear her company when the others left her. Mr. Glascock and Caroline Spalding were to be married in Florence, and were to depart immediately from thence for some of the cooler parts of Switzerland. After that, Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley were to return to London with their daughters, preparatory to that dreary journey back to the Mandarins; and they had not even yet resolved what they had better do respecting that unfortunate man who was living in seclusion on the hill-top near Siena. They had consulted lawyers and doctors in Florence, but it had seemed that everybody there was afraid of putting the law in force against an Englishman. Doubtless there was a law in respect to the custody of the insane; and it was admitted that if Trevelyan were dangerously mad, something would be done; but it seemed that nobody was willing to stir in such a case as that which now existed. Something, it was said, might be done at some future time; but the difficulties were so great that nothing could be done now.

It was very sad, because it was necessary that some decision should be made as to the future resi-

dence of Mrs. Trevelyan and of Nora. Emily had declared that nothing should induce her to go to the Islands with her father and mother unless her boy went with her. Since her journey to Casalunga she had also expressed her unwillingness to leave her husband. Her heart had been greatly softened towards him, and she had declared that where he remained, there would she remain,—as near to him as circumstances would admit. It might be that at last her care would be necessary for his comfort. He supplied her with means of living, and she would use these means as well as she might be able in his service.

Then there had arisen the question of Nora's future residence. And there had come troubles and storms in the family. Nora had said that she would not go back to the Mandarins, but had not at first been able to say where or how she would live. She had suggested that she might stay with her sister; but her father had insisted that she could not live on the income supplied by Trevelyan. Then, when pressed hard, she had declared that she intended to live on Hugh Stanbury's income. She would marry him at once,—with her father's leave, if she could get it, but without it if it needs must be so. Her mother told her that Hugh Stanbury was not himself ready for her; he had not even proposed so hasty a marriage, nor had he any home fitted for her. Lady Rowley, in arguing this, had expressed no assent to the marriage, even as a distant arrangement, but had thought thus to vanquish her daughter by suggesting small but insuperable difficulties. On a sudden, however, Lady Rowley found that all this was turned against her, by an offer that came direct from Mr. Glascock. His Caroline, he said, was very anxious that Nora should come to them at Monkham as soon as they had returned home from Switzerland. They intended to be there by the middle of August, and would hurry there sooner, if there was any intermediate difficulty about finding a home for Nora. Mr. Glascock said nothing about Hugh Stanbury; but, of course, Lady Rowley understood that Nora had told all her troubles to Caroline, and that Caroline had told them to her future husband. Lady Rowley, in answer to this, could only say that she would consult her husband.

There was something very grievous in the proposition to Lady Rowley. If Nora had not been self-willed and stiff-necked beyond the usual self-will and stiff-neckedness of young women, she might now have been herself the mistress of Monkham. It was proposed now that she should go there to wait till a poor man should have got together shillings enough to buy a few chairs and tables, and a bed to lie upon! The thought of this was very bitter. "I cannot think, Nora, how you could have the heart to go there," said Lady Rowley.

"I cannot understand why not, mamma. Caroline and I are friends, and surely he and I need not be enemies. He has never injured me; and if he does not take offence, why should I?"

"If you don't see it, I can't help it," said Lady Rowley.

And then Mrs. Spalding's triumph was terrible to Lady Rowley. Mrs. Spalding knew nothing of her future son-in-law's former passion, and spoke of her Caroline as having achieved triumphs beyond the reach of other girls. Lady Rowley bore it, never absolutely telling the tale of her daughter's fruitless victory. She was too good at heart to utter the boast, but it was very hard to repress it. Upon the whole, she would have preferred that Mr. Glas-



cock and his bride should not have become the fast friends of herself and her family. There was more of pain than of pleasure in the alliance. But circumstances had been too strong for her. Mr. Glascock had been of great use in reference to Trevelyan, and Caroline and Nora had become attached to each other almost on their first acquaintance. Here they were together at the Baths of Lucca, and Nora was to be one of the four bridesmaids. When Sir Marmaduke was consulted about this visit to Monkham, he became fretful, and would give no answer. The marriage, he said, was impossible, and Nora was a fool. He could give her no allowance more than would suffice for her clothes, and it was madness for her to think of stopping in England. But he was so full of cares that he could come to no absolute decision on this matter. Nora, however, had come to a very absolute decision.

"Caroline," she said, "if you will have me, I will go to Monkham."

"Of course we will have you. Has not Charles said how delighted he would be?"

"O yes,—your Charles," said Nora, laughing.

"He is mine now, dear. You must not expect him to change his mind again. I gave him the chance, you know, and he would not take it. But, Nora, come to Monkham, and stay as long as it suits. I have talked it all over with him, and we both agree that you shall have a home there. You shall be just like a sister. Olivia is coming too after a bit; but he says there is room for a dozen sisters. Of course it will be all right with Mr. Stanbury after a while." And so it was settled among them that Nora Rowley should find a home at Monkham, if a home in England should be wanted for her.

It wanted but four days to that fixed for the marriage at Florence, and but six to that on which the Rowleys were to leave Italy for England, when Mr. Glascock received Trevelyan's letter. It was brought to him as he was sitting at a late breakfast in the garden of the hotel; and there were present at the moment not only all the Spalding family, but the Rowleys also. Sir Marmaduke was there and Lady Rowley, and the three unmarried daughters; but Mrs. Trevelyan, as was her wont, had remained alone in her own room. Mr. Glascock read the letter, and read it again, without attracting much attention. Caroline, who was of course sitting next to him, had her eyes upon him, and could see that the letter moved him; but she was not curious, and at any rate asked no question. He himself understood fully how great was the offer made,—how all-important to the happiness of the poor mother,—and he was also aware, or thought that he was aware, how likely it might be that the offer would be retracted. As regarded himself, a journey from the Baths at Lucca to Casalunga and back before his marriage would be a great infliction on his patience. It was his plan to stay where he was till the day before his marriage, and then to return to Florence with the rest of the party. All this must be altered, and sudden changes must be made, if he decided on going to Siena himself. The weather now was very hot, and such a journey would be most disagreeable to him. Of course he had little schemes in his head, little amatory schemes for pre-nuptial enjoyment, which, in spite of his mature years, were exceedingly agreeable to him. The chestnut woods round the Baths of Lucca are very pleasant in the early summer, and there were excursions planned in which Caroline would be close by his side,—almost already his wife. But, if he did not go, whom could

he send? It would be necessary at least that he should consult her, the mother of the child, before any decision was formed.

At last he took Lady Rowley aside, and read to her the letter. She understood at once that it opened almost a heaven of bliss to her daughter; and she understood also how probable it might be that that wretched man, with his shaken wits, should change his mind. "I think I ought to go," said Mr. Glascock.

"But how can you go now?"

"I can go," said he. "There is time for it. It need not put off my marriage,—to which, of course, I could not consent. I do not know whom I could send."

"Monnier could go," said Lady Rowley, naming the courier.

"Yes,—he could go. But it might be that he would return without the child, and then we should not forgive ourselves. I will go, Lady Rowley. After all, what does it signify? I am a little old, I sometimes think, for this philandering. You shall take his letter to your daughter, and I will explain it all to Caroline."

Caroline had not a word to say. She could only kiss him, and promise to make him what amends she could when he came back. "Of course you are right," she said. "Do you think that I would say a word against it, even though the marriage were to be postponed?"

"I should,—a good many words. But I will be back in time for that, and will bring the boy with me."

Mrs. Trevelyan, when her husband's letter was read to her, was almost overcome by the feelings which it excited. In her first paroxysm of joy she declared that she would herself go to Siena, not for her child's sake, but for that of her husband. She felt at once that the boy was being given up because of the father's weakness,—because he felt himself to be unable to be a protector to his son,—and her woman's heart was melted with softness as she thought of the condition of the man to whom she had once given her whole heart. Since then, doubtless, her heart had revolted from him. Since that time there had come hours in which she had almost hated him for his cruelty to her. There had been moments in which she had almost cursed his name because of the aspersion which it had seemed that he had thrown upon her. But this was now forgotten, and she remembered only his weakness. "Mamma," she said, "I will go. It is my duty to go to him." But Lady Rowley withheld her, explaining that were she to go, the mission might probably fail in its express purpose. "Let Louey be sent to us first," said Lady Rowley, "and then we will see what can be done afterwards."

And so Mr. Glascock started, taking with him a maid-servant, who might help him with the charge of the child. It was certainly very hard upon him. In order to have time for his journey to Siena and back, and time also to go out to Casalunga, it was necessary that he should leave the Baths at five in the morning. "If ever there was a hero of romance, you are he," said Nora to him.

"The heroes of life are so much better than the heroes of romance," said Caroline.

"That is a lesson from the lips of the American Browning," said Mr. Glascock. "Nevertheless, I think I would rather ride a charge against a Paynim knight in Palestine than get up at half-past four in the morning."



"We will get up too, and give the knight his coffee," said Nora. They did get up, and saw him off; and when Mr. Glascock and Caroline parted with a lover's embrace, Nora stood by as a sister might have done. Let us hope that she remembered that her own time was coming.

There had been a promise given by Nora, when she left London, that she would not correspond with Hugh Stanbury while she was in Italy, and this promise had been kept. It may be remembered that Hugh had made a proposition to his lady-love, that she should walk out of the house one fine morning, and get herself married without any reference to her father's or her mother's wishes. But she had not been willing to take upon herself as yet independence so complete as this would have required. She had assured her lover that she did mean to marry him some day, even though it should be in opposition to her father, but that she thought that the period for filial persuasion was not yet over; and then, in explaining all this to her mother, she had given a promise neither to write nor to receive letters during the short period of her sojourn in Italy. She would be an obedient child for so long; but, after that, she must claim the right to fight her own battle. She had told her lover that he must not write; and of course she had not written a word herself. But now, when her mother threw it in her teeth that Stanbury would not be ready to marry her, she thought that an unfair advantage was being taken of her, — and of him. How could he be expected to say that he was ready, deprived as he was of the power of saying anything at all?

"Mamma," she said, the day before they returned to Florence, "has papa fixed about your leaving England yet? I suppose you'll go now on the last Saturday in July?"

"I suppose we shall, my dear."

"Has not papa written about the berths?"

"I believe he has, my dear."

"Because he ought to know who are going. I will not go."

"You will not, Nora. Is that a proper way of speaking?"

"Dear mamma, I mean it to be proper. I hope it is proper. But is it not best that we should understand each other? All my life depends on my going or my staying now. I must decide."

"After what has passed, you do not, I suppose, mean to live in Mr. Glascock's house?"

"Certainly not. I mean to live with — with — with my husband. Mamma, I promised not to write, and I have not written. And he has not written, because I told him not. Therefore nothing is settled. But it is not fair to throw it in my teeth that nothing is settled."

"I have thrown nothing in your teeth, Nora."

"Papa talks sneeringly about chairs and tables. Of course, I know what he is thinking of. As I cannot go with him to the Mandarins, I think I ought to be allowed to look after the chairs and tables."

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"That you should absolve me from my promise, and let me write to Mr. Stanbury. I do not want to be left without a home."

"You cannot wish to write to a gentleman, and ask him to marry you."

"Why not? We are engaged. I shall not ask him to marry me. That is already settled. But I shall ask him to make arrangements."

"Your papa will be very angry if you break your word to him."

"I will write, and show you the letter. Papa may see it, and if he will not let it go, it shall not go. He shall not say that I broke my word. But, mamma, I will not go out to the Islands. I should never get back again, and I should be broken-hearted." Lady Rowley had nothing to say to this; and Nora went and wrote her letter. "Dear Hugh," the letter ran, "Papa and mamma leave England on the last Saturday in July. I have told mamma that I cannot return with them. Of course you know why I stay. Mr. Glascock is to be married the day after to-morrow, and they have asked me to go with them to Monkham's some time in August. I think I shall do so, unless Emily wants me to remain with her. At any rate, I shall try to be with her till I go there. You will understand why I tell you all this. Papa and mamma know that I am writing. It is only a business letter, and, therefore, I shall say no more, except that I am ever and always yours, — NORA." "There," she said handing her letter to her mother. "I think that that ought to be sent. If papa chooses to prevent its going, he can."

Lady Rowley, when she handed the letter to her husband, recommended that it should be allowed to go to its destination. She admitted that, if they sent it, they would thereby signify their consent to her engagement, — and she alleged that Nora was so strong in her will, and that the circumstances of their journey out to the Antipodes were so peculiar, that it was of no avail for them any longer to oppose the match. They could not force their daughter to go with them. "But I can cast her off from me, if she be disobedient," said Sir Marmaduke. Lady Rowley, however, had no desire that her daughter should be cast off, and was aware that Sir Marmaduke, when it came to the point of casting off, would be as little inclined to be stern as she was herself. Sir Marmaduke, still hoping that firmness would carry the day, and believing that it behoved him to maintain his parental authority, ended the discussion by keeping possession of the letter, and saying that he would take time to consider the matter. "What security have we that he will ever marry her if she does stay?" he asked the next morning. Lady Rowley had no doubt on this score, and protested that her opposition to Hugh Stanbury arose simply from his want of income. "I should never be justified," said Sir Marmaduke, "if I were to go and leave my girl as it were in the hands of a penny-a-liner." The letter in the end was not sent; and Nora and her father hardly spoke to each other as they made their journey back to Florence together.

Emily Trevelyan, before the arrival of that letter from her husband, had determined that she would not leave Italy. It had been her purpose to remain somewhere in the neighborhood of her husband and child; and to overcome her difficulties, or be overcome by them, as circumstances might direct. Now her plans were again changed, or, rather, she was now without a plan. She could form no plan till she should again see Mr. Glascock. Should her child be restored to her, would it not be her duty to remain near her husband? All this made Nora's line of conduct the more difficult for her. It was acknowledged that she could not remain in Italy. Mrs. Trevelyan's position would be most embarrassing; but as all her efforts were to be used towards a reconciliation with her husband, and as his state utterly precluded the idea of a mixed household, — of any such a family arrangement as



that which had existed in Curzon Street, — Nora could not remain with her. Mrs. Trevelyan herself had declared that she would not wish it. And, in that case, where was Nora to bestow herself when Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley had sailed? Caroline offered to curtail those honeymoon weeks in Switzerland, but it was impossible to listen to an offer so magnanimous and so unreasonable. Nora had a dim romantic idea of sharing Priscilla's bedroom in that small cottage near Nuncombe Putney, of which she had heard, and of there learning lessons in strict economy; but of this she said nothing. The short journey from the Baths of Lucca to Florence was not a pleasant one, and the Rowley family were much disturbed as they looked into the future. Lodgings had now been taken for them, and there was the great additional doubt whether Mrs. Trevelyan would find her child there on her arrival.

The Spaldings went one way from the Florence station, and the Rowleys another. The American minister had returned to the city some days since, — drawn there nominally by pleas of business, but, in truth, by the necessities of the wedding breakfast, — and he met them at the station. "Has Mr. Glascock come back?" Nora was the first to ask. Yes, he had come. He had been in the city since two o'clock, and had been up at the American minister's house for half a minute. "And has he brought the child?" asked Caroline, relieved of doubt on her own account. Mr. Spalding did not know. Indeed, he had not interested himself quite so intently about Mrs. Trevelyan's little boy as had all those who had just returned from the Baths. Mr. Glascock had said nothing to him about the child, and he had not quite understood why such a boy should have made a journey to Siena, leaving his sweetheart behind him, just on the eve of his marriage. He hurried his womenkind into their carriage, and they were driven away; and then Sir Marmaduke was driven away with his womenkind. Caroline Spalding had perhaps thought that Mr. Glascock might have been there to meet her.

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

### MR. GLASCOCK AS NURSE.

A message had been sent by the wires to Trevelyan, to let him know that Mr. Glascock was himself coming for the boy. Whether such message would or would not be sent out to Casalunga Mr. Glascock had been quite ignorant; but it could, at any rate, do no harm. He did feel it hard as in this hot weather he makes the journey, first to Florence, and then on to Siena. What was he to the Rowleys, or to Trevelyan himself, that such a job of work should fall to his lot at such a period of his life? He had been very much in love with Nora, no doubt; but, luckily for him, as he thought, Nora had refused him. As for Trevelyan, Trevelyan had never been his friend. As for Sir Marmaduke, Sir Marmaduke was nothing to him. He was almost angry even with Mrs. Trevelyan as he arrived tired, heated, and very dusty, at Siena. It was his purpose to sleep at Siena that night, and to go out to Casalunga early the next morning. If the telegram had not been forwarded, he would send a message on that evening. On inquiry, however, he found that the message had been sent, and that the paper had been put into the Signore's own hand by

the Sieneze messenger. Then he got into some discourse with the landlord about the strange gentleman at Casalunga. Trevelyan was beginning to become the subject of gossip in the town, and people were saying that the stranger was very strange indeed. The landlord thought that if the Signore had any friends at all, it would be well that such friends should come and look after him. Mr. Glascock asked if Mr. Trevelyan was ill. It was not only that the Signore was out of health, — so the landlord heard, — but that he was also somewhat — And then the landlord touched his head. He ate nothing, and went nowhere, and spoke to no one; and the people at the hospital to which Casalunga belonged were beginning to be uneasy about their tenant. Perhaps Mr. Glascock had come to take him away. Mr. Glascock explained that he had not come to take Mr. Trevelyan away, but only to take away a little boy that was with him. For this reason he was travelling with a maid-servant, — a fact for which Mr. Glascock seemed to think it necessary that he should give an intelligible and credible explanation. The landlord seemed to think that the people at the hospital would have been much rejoiced had Mr. Glascock intended to take Mr. Trevelyan away also.

He started after a very early breakfast, and found himself walking up over the stone ridges to the house between nine and ten in the morning. He himself had sat beside the driver, and had put the maid inside the carriage. He had not thought it wise to take an undivided charge of the boy even from Casalunga to Siena. At the door of the house, as though waiting for him, he found Trevelyan, not dirty as he had been before, but dressed with much appearance of smartness. He had a brocaded cap on his head, and a shirt with a laced front, and a worked waistcoat, and a frockcoat, and colored bright trousers. Mr. Glascock knew at once that all the clothes which he saw before him had been made for Italian and not for English wear, and could almost have said that they had been bought in Siena and not in Florence. "I had not intended to impose this labor on you, Mr. Glascock," Trevelyan said, raising his cap to salute his visitor.

"For fear there might be mistakes, I thought it better to come myself," said Mr. Glascock. "You did not wish to see Sir Marmaduke?"

"Certainly not Sir Marmaduke," said Trevelyan, with a look of anger that was almost grotesque.

"And you thought it better that Mrs. Trevelyan should not come."

"Yes, I thought it better, — but not from any feeling of anger towards her. If I could welcome my wife here, Mr. Glascock, without a risk of wrath on her part, I should be very happy to receive her. I love my wife, Mr. Glascock, — I love her dearly. But there have been misfortunes. Never mind. There is no reason why I should trouble you with them. Let us go in to breakfast. After your drive you will have an appetite."

Poor Mr. Glascock was afraid to decline to sit down to the meal which was prepared for him. He did mutter something about having already eaten; but Trevelyan put this aside with a wave of his hand as he led the way into a shannon room, in which had been set out a table with almost a sumptuous banquet. The room was very bare and comfortable, having neither curtains nor matting, and containing not above half a dozen chairs. But an effort had been made to give it an air of Italian luxury. The windows were thrown open, down to the



ground, and the table was decorated with fruits and three or four long-necked bottles. Trevelyan waved with his hand towards an arm-chair, and Mr. Glascock had no alternative but to seat himself. He felt that he was sitting down to breakfast with a madman; but if he did not sit down, the madman might perhaps break out into madness. Then Trevelyan went to the door and called aloud for Catarina. "In these remote places," said he, "one has to do without the civilization of a bell. Perhaps one gains as much in quiet as one loses in comfort." Then Catarina came with hot meats and fried potatoes, and Mr. Glascock was compelled to help himself.

"I am but a bad trencherman myself," said Trevelyan, "but I shall lament my misfortune doubly if that should interfere with your appetite. Then he got up and poured out wine into Mr. Glascock's glass. "They tell me that it comes from the Barne's vineyard," said Trevelyan, alluding to the wine-farm of Ricasoli, "and that there is none better in Tuscany. I never was myself a judge of the grape, but this to me is as palatable as any of the costlier French wines. How grand a thing would wine really be, if it could make glad the heart of man! How truly would one worship Bacchus if he could gladden one's heart! But if a man have a real sorrow, wine will not wash it away,—not though a man were drowned in it, as Clarence was."

Mr. Glascock hitherto had spoken hardly a word. There was an attempt at joviality about this breakfast,—or, at any rate, of the usual comfortable luxury of hospitable entertainment,—which, coming as it did from Trevelyan, almost looked his life. He had not come there to be jovial or luxurious, but to perform a most melancholy mission; and he had brought with him his saddest looks, and was prepared for a few sad words. Trevelyan's speech, indeed, was sad enough, but Mr. Glascock could not take up questions of the worship of Bacchus at half a minute's warning. He ate a morsel, and raised his glass to his lips, and felt himself to be very uncomfortable. It was necessary, however, that he should utter a word. "Do you not let your little boy come in to breakfast?" he said.

"He is better away," said Trevelyan, gloomily.

"But as we are to travel together," said Mr. Glascock, "we might as well make acquaintance."

"You have been a little hurried with me on that score," said Trevelyan. "I wrote certainly with a determined mind, but things have changed somewhat since then."

"You do not mean that you will not send him?"

"You have been somewhat hurried with me, I say. If I remember rightly, I named no time, but spoke of the future. Could I have answered the message which I received from you, I would have postponed your visit for a week or so."

"Postponed it! Why, I am to be married the day after to-morrow. It was just as much as I was able to do, to come here at all." Mr. Glascock now pushed his chair back from the table, and prepared himself to speak up. "Your wife expects her child now, and you will never break her heart by refusing to send him."

"Nobody thinks of my heart, Mr. Glascock."

"But this is your own offer."

"Yes, it was my own offer, certainly. I am not going to deny my own words, which have no doubt been preserved in testimony against me."

"Mr. Trevelyan, what do you mean?" Then,

when he was on the point of boiling over with passion, Mr. Glascock remembered that his companion was not responsible for his words. "I do hope you will let the child go away with me," he said. "You cannot conceive the state of his mother's anxiety, and she will send him back at once if you demand it."

"Is that to be in good faith?"

"Certainly, in good faith. I would lend myself to nothing, Mr. Trevelyan, that was not said and done in good faith."

"She will not break her word, excusing herself because, I am—mad?"

"I am sure that there is nothing of the kind in her mind."

"Perhaps not now; but such things grow. There is no iniquity, no breach of promise, no treason that a woman will not excuse to herself—or a man either—by the comfortable self-assurance that the person to be injured is—mad. A bound without a friend is not so cruelly treated. The outlaw, the murderer, the perjurer, has surer privileges than the man who is in the way, and to whom his friends can point as being—mad." Mr. Glascock knew or thought that he knew that his host in truth was mad, and he could not, therefore, answer this tirade by an assurance that no such idea was likely to prevail. "Have they told you, I wonder," continued Trevelyan, "how it was that, driven to force and an ambuscade for the recovery of my own child, I waylaid my wife and took him from her? I have done nothing to forfeit my right as a man to the control of my own family. I demanded that the boy should be sent to me, and she paid no attention to my words. I was compelled to vindicate my own authority; and then, because I claimed the right which belongs to a father, they said that I was—mad. Ay, and they would have proved it, too, had I not fled from my country and hidden myself in this desert. Think of that, Mr. Glascock! Now they have followed me here,—not out of love for me; and that man whom they call a governor comes and insults me; and my wife promises to be good to me, and says that she will forgive and forget! Can she ever forgive herself her own folly, and the cruelty that has made shipwreck of my life? They can do nothing to me here; but they would entice me home because there they have friends, and can fee doctors,—with my own money,—and suborn lawyers, and put me away,—somewhere in the dark,—where I shall be no more heard of among men. As you are a man of honor, Mr. Glascock,—tell me; is it not so?"

"I know nothing of their plans,—beyond this, that you wrote me word that you would send them the boy."

"But I know their plans. What you say is true. I did write you word, and I meant it. Mr. Glascock, sitting here alone from morning to night, and lying down from night till morning, without companionship, without love, in utter misery, I taught myself to feel that I should think more of her than of myself."

"If you are so unhappy here, come back yourself with the child. Your wife would desire nothing better."

"Yes, and submit to her, and her father, and her mother. No, Mr. Glascock, never, never. Let her come to me."

"But you will not receive her."

"Let her come in a proper spirit, and I will receive her. She is the wife of my bosom, and I



will receive her with joy. But if she is to come to me and tell me that she forgives me, — forgives me for the evil that she did, — then, sir, she had better stay away. Mr. Glascock, you are going to be married. Believe me, no man should submit to be forgiven by his wife. Everything must go astray if that be done. I would rather encounter their mad doctors, one of them after another till they had made me mad, — I would encounter anything rather than that. But, sir, you neither eat nor drink, and I fear that my speech disturbs you."

It was like enough that it may have done so. Trevelyan, as he had been speaking, had walked about the room, going from one extremity to the other with hurried steps, gesticulating with his arms, and every now and then pushing back with his hands the long hair from off his forehead. Mr. Glascock was in truth very much disturbed. He had come there with an express object; but, whenever he mentioned the child, the father became almost ruid in his wrath. "I have done very well, thank you," said Mr. Glascock. "I will not eat any more, and I believe I must be thinking of going back to Siena."

"I had hoped you would spend the day with me, Mr. Glascock."

"I am to be married, you see, in two days; and I must be in Florence early to-morrow. I am to meet my — wife, as she will be, and the Rowleys, and your wife. Upon my word I can't stay. Won't you just say a word to the young woman and let the boy be got ready?"

"I think not, — no, I think not."

"And am I to have had all this journey for nothing? You will have made a fool of me in writing to me."

"I intended to be honest, Mr. Glascock."

"Stick to your honesty, and send the boy back to his mother. It will be better for you, Trevelyan."

"Better for me. Nothing can be better for me. All must be worst. It will be better for me, you say; and you ask me to give up the last drop of cold water wherewith I can touch my lips. Even in my hell I had so much left to me of a limpid stream, and you tell me that it will be better for me to pour it away. You may take him, Mr. Glascock. The woman will make him ready for you. What matters it whether the fiery furnace be heated seven times, or only six. In either degree the flames are enough. You may take him. You may take him." So saying, Trevelyan walked out of the window, leaving Mr. Glascock seated in his chair. He walked out of the window and went down among the olive-trees. He did not go far, however, but stood with his arm round the stem of one of them, playing with the shoots of a vine with his hand. Mr. Glascock followed him to the window and stood looking at him for a few moments. But Trevelyan did not turn or move. There he stood gazing at the pale, cloudless, heat-laden, motionless sky, thinking of his own sorrows, and remembering too, doubtless, with the vanity of a madman, that he was probably being watched in his revery.

Mr. Glascock was too practical a man not to make the most of the offer that had been made to him, and he went back among the passages and called for Catarina. Before long he had two or three women with him, including her whom he had brought from Florence, and among them Louey was soon made to appear, dressed for his journey, together with a small trunk, in which were his gar-

ments. It was quite clear that the order for his departure had been given before that scene at the breakfast-table, and that Trevelyan had not intended to go back from his promise. Nevertheless, Mr. Glascock thought it might be as well to hurry his departure, and he turned back to say the shortest possible word of farewell to Trevelyan in the garden. But when he got to the window, Trevelyan was not to be found among the olive-trees. Mr. Glascock walked a few steps down the hill, looking for him, but seeing nothing of him, returned to the house. The elder woman said that her master had not been there, and Mr. Glascock started with his charge. Trevelyan was manifestly mad, and it was impossible to treat him as a sane man would have been treated. Nevertheless, Mr. Glascock felt much compunction in carrying the child away without a final kiss or word of farewell from its father. But it was not to be so. He had got into the carriage with the child, having the servant seated opposite to him, — for he was moved by some undefinable fear which made him determine to keep the boy close to him, and he had not, therefore, returned to the driver's seat, — when Trevelyan appeared standing by the roadside at the bottom of the hill. "Would you take him away from me without one word?" said Trevelyan, bitterly.

"I went to look for you, but you were gone," said Mr. Glascock.

"No, sir, I was not gone. I am here. It is the last time that I shall ever gladden my eyes with his brightness. Louey, my love, will you come to your father?" Louey did not seem to be particularly willing to leave the carriage, but he made no loud objection when Mr. Glascock held him up to the open space above the door. The child had realized the fact that he was to go, and did not believe that his father would stop him now; but he was probably of opinion that the sooner the carriage began to go on, the better it would be for him. Mr. Glascock, thinking that his father intended to kiss him over the door, held him by his frock; but the doing of this made Trevelyan very angry. "Am I not to be trusted with my own child in my arms?" said he. "Give him to me, sir. I begin to doubt now whether I am right to deliver him to you." Mr. Glascock immediately let go his hold of the boy's frock and leaned back in the carriage. "Louey will tell papa that he loves him before he goes?" said Trevelyan. The poor little fellow murmured something, but it did not please his father, who had him in his arms. "You are like the rest of them, Louey," he said. "Because I cannot laugh and be gay, all my love for you is nothing, — nothing. You may take him. He is all that I have, — all that I have, — and I shall never see him again." So saying he handed the child back into the carriage, and sat himself down by the side of the road to watch till the vehicle should be out of sight. As soon as the last speck of it had vanished from his sight, he picked himself up, and dragged his slow footsteps back to the house.

Mr. Glascock made sundry attempts to amuse the child, with whom he had to remain all that night at Siena; but his efforts in that line were not very successful. The boy was brisk enough, and happy, and social by nature; but the events, or rather the want of events, of the last few months had so cowed him, that he could not recover his spirits at the bidding of a stranger. "If I have any of my own," said Mr. Glascock to himself, "I hope they will be of a more cheerful disposition."



As we have seen, he did not meet Caroline at the station, thereby incurring his lady-love's displeasure for the period of half a minute; but he did meet Mrs. Trevelyan almost at the door of Sir Marmaduke's lodgings. "Yes, Mrs. Trevelyan, he is here."

"How am I ever to thank you for such goodness?" said she. "And Mr. Trevelyan,—you saw him?"

"Yes, I saw him."

Before he could answer her further, she was up stairs, and had her child in her arms. It seemed to be an age since the boy had been stolen from her in the early spring in that unknown, dingy street near Tottenham Court Road. Twice she had seen her darling since that,—twice during his captivity; but on each of these occasions she had seen him as one not belonging to herself and had seen him under circumstances which had robbed the greeting of almost all its pleasure. But, now he was her own again, to take whither she would, to dress and undress, to feed, to coax, to teach, and to caress. And the child lay up close to her as she hugged him, putting up his little cheek to her chin, and burying himself happily in her embrace. He had not much as yet to say, but she could feel that he was contented.

Mr. Glascock had promised to wait for her a few minutes,—even at the risk of Caroline's displeasure,—and Mrs. Trevelyan ran down to him as soon as the first craving of her mother's love was satisfied. Her boy would at any rate be safe with her now, and it was her duty to learn something of her husband. It was more than her duty,—if only her services might be of avail to him. "And you say he was well?" she asked. She had taken Mr. Glascock apart, and they were alone together, and he had determined that he would tell her the truth.

"I do not know that he is ill, though he is pale and altered beyond belief."

"Yes, I saw that."

"I never knew a man so thin and haggard."

"My poor Louis!"

"But that is not the worst of it."

"What do you mean, Mr. Glascock?"

"I mean that his mind is astray, and that he should not be left alone. There is no knowing what he might do. He is so much more alone there than he would be in England. There is not a soul who could interfere."

"Do you mean that you think—that he is in danger—from himself?"

"I would not say so, Mrs. Trevelyan; but who can tell? I am sure of this,—that he should not be left alone. If it were only because of the misery of his life, he should not be left alone."

"But what can I do? He would not even see papa."

"He would see you."

"But he would not let me guide him in anything. I have been to him twice, and he breaks out—as if I were—a bad woman."

"Let him break out. What does it matter?"

"Am I to own to a falsehood,—and such a falsehood?"

"Own to anything, and you will conquer him at once. That is what I think. You will excuse what I say, Mrs. Trevelyan."

"O Mr. Glascock, you have been such a friend! What should we have done without you?"

"You cannot take to heart the words that come from a disordered reason. In truth he believes no ill of you."

"But he says so."

"It is hard to know what he says. Declare that you will submit to him, and I think that he will be softened towards you. Try to bring him back to his own country. It may be that were he to—die there, alone, the memory of his loneliness would be heavy with you in after days." Then, having so spoken, he rushed off, declaring, with a forced laugh, that Caroline Spalding would never forgive him.

The next day was the day of the wedding, and Emily Trevelyan was left all alone. It was of course out of the question that she should join any party the purport of which was to be festive. Sir Marmaduke went with some grumbling, declaring that wine and severe food in the morning were sins against the plainest rules of life. And the three Rowley girls went, Nora officiating as one of the bridesmaids. But Mrs. Trevelyan was left with her boy, and during the day she was forced to resolve what should be the immediate course of her life. Two days after the wedding her family would return to England. It was open to her to go with them, and to take her boy with her. But a few days since how happy she would have been, could she have been made to believe that such a mode of returning would be within her power! But now she felt that she might not return and leave that poor, suffering wretch behind her. As she thought of him, she tried to interrogate herself in regard to her feelings. Was it love, or duty, or compassion which stirred her? She had loved him as fondly as any bright young woman loves the man who is to take her away from everything else, and make her a part of his house and of himself. She had loved him as Nora now loved the man whom she worshipped and thought to be a god, doing godlike work in the dingy recesses of the D. R. office. Emily Trevelyan was forced to tell herself that all that was over with her. Her husband had shown himself too weak, suspicious, unmanly,—by no means like a god. She had learned to feel that she could not trust her comfort in his hands,—that she could never know what his thoughts of her might be. But still he was her husband, and the father of her child; and though she could not dare to look forward to happiness in living with him, she could understand that no comfort would be possible to her were she to return to England and to leave him to perish alone at Casalunga. Fate seemed to have intended that her life should be one of misery, and she must bear it as best she might.

The more she thought of it, however, the greater seemed to be her difficulties. What was she to do when her father and mother should have left her? She could not go to Casalunga if her husband would not give her entrance; and if she did go, would it be safe for her to take her boy with her? Were she to remain in Florence, she would be hardly nearer to him for any useful purpose than in England; and even should she pitch her tent at Siena, occupying there some desolate set of huge apartments in a deserted palace, of what use could she be to him? Could she stay there if he desired her to go; and was it probable that he would be willing that she should be at Siena while he was living at Casalunga,—no more than two leagues distant? How should she begin her work; and if he repulsed her, how should she then continue it?

But during these wedding hours she did make up her mind as to what she would do at once. She would certainly not leave Italy while her husband remained there. She would for a while keep her



rooms in Florence, and there should her boy abide. But from time to time—twice a week perhaps—she would go down to Siena and Casalunga, and there form her plans in accordance with her husband's conduct. She was his wife, and nothing should entirely separate her from him, now that he so sorely wanted her aid.

[To be continued.]

## ODDS AND ENDS OF ALPINE LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

(Fourth Paper.)

§ X. (Continued.)

OUR first inquiry now had reference to the supply of water. We could, of course, always melt the snow, but this would involve a wasteful expenditure of heat. The cliff at the base of which the hut was built overhung, and from its edge the liquefied snow fell in showers beyond the cabin. Four ice-axes were fixed on the ledge, and over them was spread the residue of a second tent which I had left at Breuil in 1862. The water, falling upon the canvas, flowed towards its centre. Here an orifice was formed through which the liquid descended into vessels placed to receive it. Some modification of this plan might probably be employed with profit for the storing up of water in drouthy years in England.

I lay for some hours in the warm sunshine, in presence of the Italian mountains, watching the mutations of the air. But when the sun sank, the air became chill, and we all retired to the cabin. We had no fire, though warmth was much needed. A lover of the mountains, and of his kind, had contributed an India-rubber mattress to the cabin. On this I lay down, a light blanket being thrown over me, while the guides and porters were rolled up in sheepskins. The mattress was a poor defence against the cold of the subjacent rock. I bore this for two hours, unwilling to disturb the guides, but at length it became intolerable. The little circles, with a speck of intensified redness in the centre, which spotted the neck of our volunteer porter, prevented me from availing myself of the warmth of my companions, so I lay alone and suffered the penalty of isolation. On learning my condition, however, the good fellows were soon alert, and, folding a sheepskin round me, restored me gradually to a pleasant temperature. I fell asleep, and found the guides preparing breakfast, and the morning well advanced when I opened my eyes.

It was past six o'clock when the two Maquignazs and myself quitted the cabin. The porters deemed their work accomplished, but they halted for a time to ascertain whether we were likely to be driven back or to push forward. We skirted the Cravatte, and reached the ridge at its western extremity. This we ascended along the old route of Bennen and myself to the conical peak already referred to, which, as seen from Breuil, constitutes a kind of second summit of the Matterhorn. From this point to the base of the final crag of the mountain stretches an arête, terribly hacked by the weather, but on the whole horizontal.\* When I first made the acquaintance of this savage ridge, it was almost clear of snow. It was now loaded, the snow being bevelled to an edge of exceeding sharpness. The slope to the left, falling towards Zmutt, was exceedingly

steep, while the precipices on the right were abysmal. No other part of the Matterhorn do I remember with greater interest than this. It was terrible, but its difficulties were fairly within the grasp of human skill, and this association is more elevating than where the circumstances are such as to make you conscious of your own helplessness. On one of the sharpest teeth of the Spalla Joseph Maquignaz halted, and, turning to me with a smile, remarked, "There is no room for giddiness here, sir." In fact, such possibilities, in such places, must be altogether excluded from the chapter of accidents of the climber.

It was at the end of this ridge, where it abuts against the last precipice of the Matterhorn, that my second flag-staff was left in 1862. I think there must have been something in the light falling upon this precipice that gave it an aspect of greater verticality when I first saw it than it seemed to possess on the present occasion. Or, as remarked in my brief account of our attempt in the Saturday Review, we may have been dazed by our previous exertion. I cannot otherwise account for our stopping short without making some attempt upon the precipice. It looks very bad, but no climber with his blood warm would pronounce it, without trial, insuperable. Fears of this rock-wall, however, had been excited long before we reached it. At three several places upon the arête I had to signalize points in advance, and to ask my companions in French (which Bennen alone did not understand) whether they thought these points could be reached without peril. Thus, bit by bit, we moved along the ridge to its end, where further advance was declared to be impossible. It was probably the addition of the psychological element to the physical; the reluctance to encounter new dangers on a mountain which had hitherto inspired a superstitious fear, that quelled further exertion.

To assure myself of the correctness of what is here stated, I have turned to my notes of 1862. The repusal of them has interested me, and a portion of them may possibly interest some of the readers of this magazine. Here, then, they are, rapidly thrown together, and embracing our passage from the crags adjacent to the Col du Lion to the point where we were compelled to halt.

"We had gathered up our things, and bent to the work before us, when suddenly an explosion occurred overhead. Looking aloft, in mid-air was seen a solid shot from the Matterhorn describing its proper parabola through the air. It split to pieces as it hit one of the rock-towers below, and its fragments came down in a kind of spray, which fell wide of us, but still near enough to compel a sharp lookout. Two or three such explosions occurred afterwards, but we crept along the back-fin of the mountain, from which the falling boulders were speedily deflected right and left. Before the set of sun we reached our place of bivouac. A tent was already there. Its owner had finished a prolonged attack upon the Matterhorn, and kindly permitted the tent to remain, thus saving me the labor of carrying up one of my own. I had with me a second and smaller tent, made for me under the friendly supervision of Mr. Whympy, which the exceedingly nimble-handed Carrel soon placed in position upon a platform of stones. Both tents stood in the shadow of a great rock, which sheltered us from all projectiles from the heights.

"As the evening advanced, fog, the enemy of the climber, came creeping up the valley, and heavy

\* On the geological section this ridge is called the Spalla (shoulder).



floances of cloud draped the bases of the hills. The fog thickened through a series of intermittences which only a mountain land can show. Sudden uprushings of air would carry the clouds aloft in vertical currents, while at other places horizontal gusts wildly tossed them to and fro; or, impinging upon each other at oblique angles, formed whirling cyclones of cloud. The air was tortured on its search of equilibrium. Explosive peals above us, succeeded by the sound of tumbling rocks, were heard from time to time. We were swathed in the densest fog when we retired to rest, and had scarcely a hope that the morrow's sun would be able to dispel the gloom. Throughout the night I heard the intermittent roar of the stones as they rushed down an adjacent couloir. Looking at midnight through a small hole in the canvas of my tent, I saw a star. I rose and found the heavens without a cloud; while above me the black battlements of the Matterhorn were projected against the fretted sky.

"It was four A. M. before we started. We adhered to the hacked and weather-worn spine, until its disintegration became too vast. The alternation of sun and frost have made wondrous havoc on the southern face of the Matterhorn; cutting much away, but leaving brown-red masses of the most imposing magnitude behind, — pillars, and towers, and splintered obelisks, clearly cut out of the mountain, — grand in their hoariness, and softened by the coloring of age. At length we were compelled to quit the ridge for the base of a precipice which seemed to girdle the mountain like a wall. It was a clean section of rock, with cracks and narrow ledges here and there. We sought to turn this wall in vain. Bennen swerved to the right and to the left to make his inspection complete. There was no alternative, over the precipice we must go, or else retreat. For a time it was manifest our onset must be desperate. We grappled with the cliff. Walters, an exceedingly powerful climber, went first. Close to him was Bennen, with arm and knee and counsel ready in time of need. As usual, I followed Bennen, while the two porters brought up the rear. The behavior of all of them was admirable. A process of reciprocal lifting continued for half an hour, when a last strong effort threw Walters across the brow of the precipice, and rendered our progress thus far secure.

"After scaling the precipice, we found ourselves once more upon the ridge with safe footing on the ledges of gneiss. We approached the conical peak seen from Breuil, while before us, and, as we thought, assuredly within our grasp, was the proper summit of the renowned Matterhorn. To test Bennen's feelings I remarked, 'We shall at all events reach the lower peak.' There was a kind of scorn in his laugh as he replied, stretching his arm towards the summit, 'In an hour, sir, the people of Zermatt will see our flagstaff planted yonder.' We went upward in this spirit, a triumph forestalled, making the ascent a jubilee.

"We reached the first summit, and on it fixed our flag. But already doubt had begun to settle about the final precipice. Walters once remarked, 'We may still find difficulty there.' It was, perhaps, the pressure of the same thought upon my own mind that caused its utterance to irritate me. So I grimly admonished Walters, and we went on. The nearer, however, we came to the summit, the more formidable did the precipice appear. From the point where we had planted our flagstaff a hacked and extremely acute ridge (the Spalla), with ghastly abysses right and left of it, ran straight against the final

cliff. We sat down upon the ridge and inspected the precipice. Three out of the four men shook their heads, and muttered 'Impossible.' Bennen was the only man amongst them who refused, from first to last, to utter the word.

"Resolved not to push them beyond the limits of their own clear judgments, I was equally determined to advance until that judgment should pronounce the risk too great. I, therefore, pointed to a tooth at some distance from the place where we sat, and asked whether it could be reached without much danger. 'We think so,' was the reply. 'Then let us go there.' We did so and sat down again. The three men murmured, while Bennen himself growled like a foiled lion. 'We must give it up,' was here repeated. 'Not yet,' was my answer. 'You see yonder point quite at the base of the precipice; do you not think we might reach it?' The reply was, 'Yes.' We moved cautiously along the arête, and reached the point aimed at. So savage a spot I had never previously visited, and we sat down there with broken hopes. The thought of retreat was bitter. We may have been dazed by our previous efforts, and thus rendered less competent than fresh men would have been to front the danger before us. As on other occasions, Bennen sought to fix on me the onus of returning, but with the usual result. My reply was, 'Where you go I follow, whether it be up or down.' It took him half an hour to make up his mind. Had the other men not yielded so utterly, he would probably have tried longer. As it was, our occupation was gone, and hacking a length of six feet from our ladder, we planted it on the spot where we halted." So much is due to the memory of a brave man.

Seven hundred feet, if the barometric measurement can be trusted, of very difficult rock work now lay above us. In 1862 this height had been underestimated by both Bennen and me. Of the 14,800 feet of the Matterhorn, we then thought we had accomplished 14,600. If the barometer speaks truly, we had only cleared about 14,200. Descending the end of the arête, we crossed a narrow cleft, and grappled with the rocks at the other side of it. Our ascent was oblique, bearing to the right. The obliquity at one place fell to horizontality, and we had to work on the level round a difficult protuberance of rock. We cleared the difficulty without haste, and then rose straight against the precipice. Joseph Maquignaz drew my attention to a rope hanging down the cliff, left there by himself on the occasion of his first ascent. We reached the end of this rope, and some time was lost by the guide in assuring himself that it was not too much frayed by friction. Care in testing it was doubly necessary, for the rocks, bad in themselves, were here crusted with ice. The rope was in some places a mere hempen core surrounded by a casing of ice, over which the hands slid helplessly. Even with the rope, in this condition it required an effort to get to the top of the precipice, and we willingly halted there to take a minute's breath. The ascent was virtually accomplished, and a few minutes more of rapid climbing placed us upon the crest of the mountain. Thus ended an eight years' war between myself and the Matterhorn.

The day thus far had swung through alternations of fog and sunshine. While we were on the ridge, below, the air at times was blank and chill with mist; then with rapid solution the cloud would vanish, and open up the abysses right and left of us. On our attaining the summit, a fog from Italy rolled over us, and for some minutes we were clasped by a



cold and clammy atmosphere. But this passed rapidly away, leaving above us a blue heaven, and far below us the sunny meadows of Zermatt. The mountains were almost wholly unclouded, and such clouds as lingered amongst them only added to their magnificence. The Dent d'Erin, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn, the Mischabel, the range of heights between it and Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Breithorn were all at hand, and clear; while the Weisshorn, noblest and most beautiful of all, shook out a banner towards the north, formed by the humid southern air as it grazed the crest of the mountain.

The world of peaks and glaciers surrounding this immediate circle of giants was also open to us to the horizon. Our glance over it was brief, and our enjoyment of it intense; for it was eleven o'clock, and the work before us soon claimed all our attention. I found the *débris* of my former expedition everywhere,—below, the fragments of my tents, and on the top a piece of my ladder fixed in the snow as a flagstaff. The summit of the Matterhorn is a sharp horizontal arête, and along this we now moved eastward. On our left was the roof-like slope of snow seen from the Rifel and Zermatt, on our right were the savage precipices which fall into Italy. Looking to the further end of the ridge, the snow there seemed to be trodden down, and I drew my companions' attention to the apparent footmarks. As we approached the place, it became evident that human feet had been there two or three days previously. I think it was Mr. Elliot who had made this ascent,—the first accomplished from Zermatt since the memorable one of 1865. On the eastern end of the ridge we halted to take a little food; not that I seemed to need it. It was the remonstrance of reason, rather than the consciousness of physical want, that caused me to do so.

Facts of this kind illustrate the amount of force locked up in the muscles which may be drawn upon without renewal. I had quitted London ill, and when the Matterhorn was attacked the illness had by no means subsided. In fact, this climb was one of the means adopted to drive the London virus from my blood. The day previously I had taken scarcely any food, and on starting from the cabin half a cup of bad tea, without any solid whatever, constituted my breakfast. Still, during the five hours' climb from the cabin to the top of the Matterhorn, though much below par, physically and mentally, I felt neither faint nor hungry. This is an old experience of mine upon the mountains. The Weisshorn, for example, was climbed on six meat lozenges, though it was a day of nineteen hours. Possibly this power of long-continued physical effort without eating may be a result of bad digestion, which deals out stingily, and therefore economically, to the muscles the energy of the food previously consumed?

We took our ounce of nutriment and gulp of wine (my only sustenance during the entire day), and stood for a moment silently and earnestly looking down towards Zermatt. There was a certain official formality in the manner in which the guides turned to me and asked, "*Etes-vous content d'essayer?*" A sharp responsive "*Oui!*" set us immediately in motion. It was nearly half-past eleven when we quitted the summit. The descent of the roof-like slope already referred to offered no difficulty; but the gradient very soon became more formidable. One of the two faces of the Matterhorn pyramid seen from Zermatt, falls towards the Zmutt

glacier, and has a well-known snow-plateau at its base. The other face falls towards the Furgge glacier. We were on the former. For sometime, however, we kept close to the arête formed by the intersection of the two faces of the pyramid, because nodules of rock jutted from it which offered a kind of footing. These rock protuberances helped us in another way: round them an extra rope which we carried was frequently doubled, and we let ourselves down by the rope as far as it could reach, liberating it afterwards (sometimes with difficulty) by a succession of jerks. In the choice and use of these protuberances the guides showed both judgment and skill. The rocks became gradually larger and more precipitous, a good deal of time being consumed in dropping down and doubling round them. Still we preferred them to the snow-slope at our left as long as they continued practicable.

This they at length ceased to be, and we had to commit ourselves to the slope. It was in the worst possible condition. When snow first falls at these great heights, it is usually dry, and has no coherence. It resembles, to some extent, flour, or sand, or sawdust. Shone upon by a strong sun it shrinks and becomes more consolidated, and when it is subsequently frozen, it may be safely trusted. Even though the melting of the snow and its subsequent freezing may be only very partial, the cementing of the granules adds immensely to the safety of the footing; but then the snow must be employed before the sun has had time to unlock the rigidity imparted to it by the night's frost. We were on the steepest Matterhorn slope during the two hottest hours of the day, and the sun had done his work effectually. The snow seemed to offer no foothold whatever; with cautious manipulation it regulated, but to so small an extent that the resistance due to regelation was insensible to the foot. The layer of snow was about fifteen inches thick. In treading it, we came immediately upon the rock, which in most cases was too smooth to furnish either prop or purchase. It was on this slope that the Matterhorn catastrophe occurred; it is on this slope that other catastrophes will occur, if this mountain should ever become fashionable.

Joseph Maquignaz was the leader of our little party, and a cool and competent leader he proved himself to be. He was earnest and silent, save when he answered his brother's anxious and oft-repeated question, "*Es-tu bien placé, Joseph?*" Along with being perfectly cool and brave, he seemed to be perfectly truthful. He did not pretend to be "*bien placé*" when he was not, nor avow a power of holding which he knew he did not possess. Pierre Maquignaz is, I believe, under ordinary circumstances, an excellent guide, and he enjoys the reputation of being never tired. But in such circumstances as we encountered on the Matterhorn he is not the equal of his brother. Joseph, if I may use the term, is a man of high boiling point, his constitutional *sang-froid* resisting the ebullition of fear. Pierre, on the contrary, shows a strong tendency to boil over in perilous places.

Our progress was exceedingly slow, but it was steady and continued. At every step our leader trod the snow cautiously, seeking some rugosity on the rock beneath it. This, however, was rarely found, and in most cases he had to establish practicable attachments between the snow and the slope which bore it. No semblance of a slip occurred, in the case of any one of us, and had a slip occurred, I do not think the worst consequences could have



been avoided. I wish to stamp this slope of the Matterhorn with the character that really belonged to it when we descended it, and I do not hesitate to express the belief that the giving way of any one of our party would have carried the whole of us to ruin. Why, then, it may be asked, employ the rope? The rope, I reply, all its possible drawbacks under such circumstances notwithstanding, is the safeguard of the climber. Not to speak of the moral effect of its presence, an amount of help upon a dangerous slope that might be measured by the gravity of a few pounds is often of incalculable importance; and thus, though the rope may be not only useless but disastrous if the footing be clearly lost, and the glissade fairly begun, it lessens immensely the chance of this occurrence.

With steady perseverance, difficulties upon a mountain, as elsewhere, come to an end. We were finally able to pass from the face of the pyramid to its rugged edge, feeling with comfort that honest strength and fair skill, which might have gone for little on the slope, were here masters of the situation.

Standing on the arête, at the foot of a remarkable cliff-gable seen from Zermatt, and permitting the vision to range over the Matterhorn, its appearance was exceedingly wild and impressive. Hardly two things can be more different than the two aspects of the mountain from above and below. Seen from the Riffel, or Zermatt, it presents itself as a compact pyramid, smooth and steep, and defiant of the weathering air. From above, it seems torn to pieces by the frosts of ages, while its vast facettes are so foreshortened as to stretch out into the distance like plains. But this under-estimate of the steepness of the mountain is checked by the deportment of its stones. Their discharge along the side of the pyramid was incessant, and at any moment, by detaching a single boulder, we could let loose a cataract of them, which flew with wild rapidity and with a clatter as loud as thunder down the mountain. We once wandered too far from the arête, and were warned back to it by a train of these missiles sweeping past us.

As long as the temperature of our planet differs from that of space, so long will the forms upon her surface undergo mutation, and as soon as equilibrium has been established, we shall have, not peace, but death. Life is the product and accompaniment of change, and the self-same power that tears the flanks of the hills to pieces is the mainspring of the animal and vegetable worlds. Still, there is something chilling, if not humiliating, in the contemplation of the irresistible and remorseless character of those infinitesimal forces, whose summation through the ages pulls down even the Matterhorn. Hacked and hurt by time, the aspect of the mountain from its higher crags saddened me. Hitherto the impression it made was that of savage strength, but here we had inexorable decay.

This notion of decay implied a reference to a period of prime, when the Matterhorn was in the full strength of mountainhood. Thought naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin. Nor did it halt there, but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded, and with good reason, as the proximate source of all material things. Could the blue sky above be the residue of that haze? Would the azure, which deepens on the heights, sink into utter darkness beyond the atmosphere?

I tried to look at this universal cloud, containing

within itself the prediction of all that has since occurred; I tried to imagine it as the seat of those forces whose action was to issue in solar and stellar systems, and all that they involve. Did that formless fog contain potentially the *sadness* with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the *thought* which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? If so, had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force; for if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition which omits life and thought must be inadequate, if not untrue. Are questions like these warranted? Are they healthy? Ought they not to be quenched by a life of action? Healthy or unhealthy, *can* we quench them? And if the final goal of man has not been yet attained; if his development has not been yet arrested, who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and the growth of diviner powers? When I look at the heavens and the earth, at my own body, at my strength and imbecility of mind, even at these ponderings, and ask myself, Is there no being or thing in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do? what is my answer? Does antagonism to theology stand with none of us in the place of a religion? Supposing our theologic schemes of creation, condemnation, and redemption to be dissipated; and the warmth of denial, which, as a motive force, can match the warmth of affirmation, dissipated at the same time; would the undeflected mind return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards these ultra-physical questions? Is such a position one of stable equilibrium? The channels of thought being already formed, such are the questions without replies, which could run through the mind during a ten minutes' halt upon the weathered spire of the Matterhorn.

We shook the rope away from us, and went rapidly down the rocks. The day was well advanced when we reached the cabin, and between it and the base of the pyramid we missed our way. It was late when we regained it, and by the time we reached the ridge of the Hörnli, we were unable to distinguish rock from ice. We should have fared better than we did if we had kept along the ridge and felt our way to the Schwarz-See, whence there would have been no difficulty in reaching Zermatt, but we left the Hörnli to our right, and found ourselves incessantly checked in the darkness by ledges and precipices, possible and actual. We were afterwards entangled in the woods of Zmutt, but finally struck the path and followed it to Zermatt, which we reached between one and two o'clock in the morning.

Having work to do for the Norwich meeting of the British Association, I remained several days at the Riffel, taking occasional breathings with pleasant companions up the Riffelhorn. I subsequently crossed the Weisssthor with Mr. Paris to Mattmark; and immediately afterwards returned to England.

On the 4th of last September, Signor Giordano, to whom we are indebted for a most instructive geological section of the Matterhorn, with Joseph Maquignaz and Carrel as guides, followed my route over the mountain. In a letter dated Florence, 31st December, 1868, he writes to me thus:—

"Quant à moi je dirai que vraiment, j'ai trouvé cette fois le pic assez difficile... J'ai surtout trouvé difficile la traversée de l'arête qui suit le pic Tyndall du côté de l'Italie. Quant au versant Suisse, je l'ai



trouvé moins difficile que je ne croyais, parce que la neige y était un peu consolidée par la chaleur. En descendant le pic du côté de Zermatt j'ai encouru un véritable danger par les avalanches de pierres. . . . Un de mes deux guides a eu le havresac coupé en deux par un bloc, et moi-même j'ai été un peu contusionné."

### ALL FOOLS' DAY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, JR.

WHY the First of April should have been specially devoted to the service of All Fools, is not very clear. That all Fools should have a day set apart for their especial honor is reasonable and intelligible enough, there are so many of them, and they fill occasionally positions of so much dignity and importance; but for what special reason the First of April should have been chosen as the fête day of fools is a very doubtful point. The Hindoos from time immemorial have had their fools commemoration, the feast of Huli, on the thirty-first of March, and it would certainly appear as if there ought to be some old legendary reason for this particular time being so generally selected. History and tradition, however, are alike silent on the subject. The French (a Frenchman is nothing if not daring) dash boldly into etymological vagaries, and have pretended, by a somewhat forced perversion, to derive their *poisson d'Avril*, anglicised April Fool, from *passion d'Avril*. The *Encyclopédie des Bons Gens*, however, while offering this explanation for the consideration of such of its readers as may be credulous enough to believe it, cautiously expresses its opinion that it is not worth much, and propounds another solution of its own.

This story has it, that a prince of the house of Lorraine, confined in one of Louis the Thirteenth's prisons, made his escape on the First of April by swimming across the moat, and is accordingly commemorated as a *poisson d'Avril* to this day. Why this should be so is not very clear, inasmuch as the jailers, and not the prince, would have been the April Fools on the occasion. A later version of the same story would appear to be the correct one. Here the prince and his wife, escaping in the disguise of peasants on the First of April, were recognized by a servant-maid as they were passing out of the castle gates. She immediately made for the guard-room, giving the alarm to a sentinel by the way, but, unfortunately for her, though happily for the fugitives, although she may have forgotten that it was All Fools' day the soldiers on guard had not. The information was treated with the utmost contempt, the soldiers declining to be made game of, and while the royal prison-breakers got clear off, it is said that the luckless informer was soundly buffeted by the guard for her ill-timed jocularity. This version of the story, however, goes to prove nothing beyond the fact that the custom of making April Fools was well known in the time of Louis the Thirteenth, but in no wise accounts for the curious expression, *poisson d'Avril*. The swimming story explains the fish, but leaves one to believe that the incident was not the origin of the dedication of the first of April to fools. Shakespeare, who photographs all the customs of his time with strict fidelity, nowhere mentions April Fools, although he delights in fools in general; there can be little doubt that, had the custom existed, Shakespeare would have somewhere alluded to it. His only mention of the

First of April marks a tragic incident, for King John is informed,

"the first of April died  
Your noble mother."

On the other hand, it seems difficult to believe that Malvolio was not an April Fool. The plot devised for the discomfiture of the pompous steward is most excellent April fooling. It proceeds more by implication than by direct assertion; the cross-gartering has the ring of the true hoax. Unfortunately in this case, the "O You April Fool!" when the joke had run its course, was rather hard and cruel, and more like a very bitter practical joke than a merry conceit. The damp straw and the metaphysics of the supposititious Sir Topas the curate, were rather severe penalties for the poor man who, after all, had only been taken in by an excellently contrived piece of deceit.

No April fooling should result in physical pain. Such a state of things degrades it to the level of the lowest form of misallied fun ever devised by malicious mortals, the practical joke, a villanous piece of business which is not considered complete unless the patient is damaged in person or in property.

Neither should he be held as a true April Fool, and derided accordingly, who is taken in by an assertion, a mere statement of non-existent facts.

To stop in the street a lady fresh from her toilet, and to say, "Madam, you have a black on your face," when, in point of fact, there is no such black, is merely a mendacious impertinence. When, under such circumstances, the handkerchief is raised to remove the offending blot, the ungallant cry of "April Fool," is entirely out of place. The victim has merely trustingly believed, not reading aright the deceitful nature of her interlocutor, and is no fool, not even an April Fool, for that. But to address the lady with a horrified expression, and to say, "Excuse me, madam, but you have something on your face!" to be answered, "On my face? where? what?" and, with a smile of gratified triumph to reply, "Your nose, madam. This is the First of April," is to retail one of the oldest and most complete "sells" appropriate to the day.

The Washing of the Lions at the Tower, if brought to the notice of the intended fool by some such card as "Admit the bearer to view the washing of the lions on the First of April, 1869, at twelve precisely," is, if swallowed with an easy and unsuspecting credulity, an excellent way to manufacture your *poisson d'Avril*, and has indeed been more than once adopted on a grand scale and with distinguished success. You must be careful, however, not to season this fish with the sauce of assertion; you must by no means venture on any statement that the lions will absolutely and positively be washed. Similarly, to induce any one to visit Trafalgar Square, on the First of April, by a distinct assertion that the statue of Lord Nelson would descend from his column with the aid of his coil of rope, would merely be the triumph of reckless and unblushing mendacity over sheer stupidity. On the other hand, by dexterous hint and innuendo, to persuade the fool to take a special room at Morley's to view certain extraordinary sights not actually specified, would fulfil the conditions of the festival, and the landing of such a fish would be a just cause of satisfaction to the April angler.

The old-fashioned schoolboy tricks were good in this respect. You were sent to the cobbler's for strap oil; you were not told anything as to the nature of the article, neither, indeed, were you actu-



ally informed that the cobbler sold it. If, therefore, your unassisted reasoning powers were not sufficient to lead you, first to inquiry, and ultimately to discovery, you were a fool, and richly merited the application of strap which it was the cobbler's pleasure to administer. It should be obvious, again, to the meanest capacity that pigeon's milk is not an article in common domestic use, and he who is fool enough to go fetch it deserves to be treated accordingly.

Harder and more malicious is the conventional deception of the Scotch April Fool. The selected sacrifice, deluded by false promises, is persuaded to take a letter, and if also a heavy parcel so much the better, to a distant joker. Arriving, he presents his credentials, which are gravely received and opened. The letter, as the recipient well knows will be the case, contains the simple words, "Hunt the gowk another mile"; and the gowk, or ninny, is accordingly persuaded to continue on his bootless errand for another mile, and yet another, by successive wags, until he either gives in from sheer fatigue, or becomes with disgust aware of the real state of things.

Such proceedings as these should be condemned, if for no other reason, for their short-sightedness, inasmuch as the gowk, who in the nature of things must, in the first instance, be of a confiding and easy nature, will probably, soured by his bitter experience, become suspicious and churlish, and strongly averse to running of errands, and to putting himself out of the way to oblige his neighbor.

Too much care cannot be employed in the selection of a fool, or gowk, as it occasionally happens that immediate and painful physical vengeance is wreaked upon the incautious joker. For instance, when you meet Jehu rattling along, big with conscious pride at the neatness of his equipage, and salute him with, "Hi! sir! your wheel," it is well, when the unconscious butt pulls up abruptly, with the startled cry, "Eh? what? What's the matter with my wheel?"—it is well, I say, to remember, before completing your jest, that a cut from a whip-lash is not pleasant, and can be administered occasionally from very unexpected distances. London street-boys have a fine appreciation of this prudent policy. They fly from before the fool without even waiting to observe the effect they have produced. It is true that, under these circumstances, the wag loses half the pleasure of his joke; but discretion is, no doubt, in these matters the better part of valor, and critical contemplation cannot always be enjoyed with impunity. But it is, at all times, sufficient satisfaction to the London street-boy to know that he has succeeded in making himself thoroughly disagreeable and obnoxious.

How aggravating he can be, he himself is scarcely able to appreciate. He wants the finer sense to know how painful is the position of an April Fool, especially if proclaimed to be so publicly. And a painful and degraded position it is. For what can you do? No man really likes a joke at his own expense, even when it happens to be a good one; but to be taken in by some stale old first-of-April street-slang, is exasperating to the last degree. You are sold. The hoaxer is off with an exulting chuckle, and an exulting whoop of triumph, down the next street: you look hastily round to see if your discomfiture has been noted by the public, and are gratified to observe that a sweep, a bricklayer, a shoe-black, and several dirty little children are in ecstasies of appreciation, while even the policeman who is sauntering by allows the muscles of his face to relax from their official sternness, and treats himself to a smile at

your expense. You feel as if for the rest of the day you would be a marked man, with April Fool inscribed in legible characters upon you. But there is absolutely nothing whatever to be done. No consciousness of intellectual superiority, no moral contempt for the grinning vulgar, will avail you in this strait. You have been made an April Fool. Sheepish you feel; sheepish you needs must look. If it so happen that the offending boy is not quick enough in making good his retreat, and if, haply, you are befriended by Fortune to the extent of being able to avenge your wrongs by a good bang with your umbrella, then, and only then, you will have the best of it, and may go on your way rejoicing and with deliberate step. In the other event it is better to conceal your mortification with the best imitation of a smile you can muster, and to make off as fast as possible. It makes so very much difference whether the laugh is on your side or no.

No one but the genuine Londoner can know how intensely and cruelly aggravating the London boy can be; and I feel sure that the artist who drew an April Fool cut, which appeared in *Punch* some years back (to the best of my recollection it was Mr. Tenniel), must have seen in London streets the incident he illustrated. A gentleman, adorned with mustaches, of unnatural symmetry,—mustaches, by the way, were not so universal then as now,—is walking with a charming young lady, presumably the girl of his heart. A terrible boy accosts him with, "Hi! captain! There's one of your mustaches dropped off!" The nervous raising of the hand to the lip, produced by the terrible consciousness of the reality of the danger, is followed by the fatal "Yah! April Fool!" The young lady's suspicions are evidently excited, and it is difficult to imagine a more painfully embarrassing situation than that of the unwilling hero of the scene. This hoax, although not exactly corresponding to the canons laid down in the earlier portion of this treatise, is, nevertheless, in its way, a very perfect specimen.

It is just as well not to attempt to make April Fools of those in authority; it is advisable, indeed, to avoid any appearance of such an attempt. This truth must, after a time, have become sufficiently plain to the French lady, of whom a well-known April Fool story is told. This personage, who, it must be confessed, appears to have been no better than she should have been, was accused of stealing a watch, and stoutly denied the charge. In especial she was very positive in her statements that the watch could in no way be found at her lodgings, and earnest in her request that some one might be sent to search them. The magistrate, ungallant enough to doubt this assertion, despatched, after some hesitation, an officer to search accordingly. The precaution was presently justified by the return of the messenger bearing the missing property. This was an awkward situation; but, the lady nothing daunted, and remembering that the day was the first of April, burst into a well-feigned fit of laughter, and, loudly proclaiming the excellence of the joke, derided the tip-staff and magistrate as veritable *poissons d'Avril*. The magistrate, however, who was evidently a prosaic sort of person, did not see it, and intimating that all was fish that came to his net, sent the unlucky joker to jail until the next first of April, to meditate on the obtuseness of officials, and the advisability of suiting your jokes to your company.

So long-lived are customs attached to particular days, that it is very probable that April Fools, together



with Guy Fawkes and Jack in the Green will survive through many generations, although the observances of the day may be more or less modified by special circumstances. At any rate, the idea of an April Fool is at the present day so strong, that he would be a bold man who would start any enterprise on the First of April, and to be married on that day would call down all sorts of jeers on the heads of the devoted couple. In this latter case the jokers could appeal to precedent, and to an important precedent too. The most famous marriage recorded to have taken place on All Fools' day was that of Napoleon the First and Maria Louisa, which cannot be looked upon as an instance of successful matrimonial speculation, and is undoubtedly an example to be avoided. It seems singular that Napoleon, well knowing how fatal in French estimation is the power of ridicule, should have laid himself open to the ill-natured jokes of the Parisian farguers on an occasion of so much importance to himself and his dynasty.

Timour the Tartar is said to have died on the First of April. No, young gentlemen, who only know this warrior in his penny plain and twopence colored phase, I am not making April Fools of you. Some of the authorities really assert that the great Tamerlane finished his career on All Fools' day. Of course the authorities differ. They would scarcely be authorities if they did not, and as to such a date as this contradiction is obviously proper, if only to keep up the character of the day.

A French writer on All Fools' day, who had evidently been much maltreated by the wags, waxes excessively bitter as to the "*mauvaises plaisanteries*" in vogue, for which he predicts early extinction, and takes refuge in a piece of gastronomic advice. "*Du reste*," he says, "*le vrai poisson d'Avril, c'est le maquereau.*" He must have forgotten the salmon.

## HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THALATTA.

THE very next afternoon Mr. Morley called, and was told by the little maid that Miss Turner was too ill to see him, but she gave him a note, which he, as is usual in such cases, opened and read.

"DEAR SIR,—Let yesterday be as though it never had been. Forget it, and forget me. It was all a mistake from beginning to end. I should like to have seen Hetty; but that can never be. My love for you is unalterable. I never loved any one on earth as I do you. But what we talked of yesterday is utterly and entirely impossible.

"REBECCA."

Morley stepped into Mr. Turner's study, and taking pen and ink, wrote:—

Come down stairs directly, and tell me all about it. Don't keep me waiting, for I have news for you, and but little time to give you. Look sharp, and don't dawdle.

"A. M."

So she came down. She was very pale, but there was no sign of wildness about her. He was shocked at her appearance, but he did not show it at all. He received her affectionately, and kissed her.

"My dear Rebecca," he said, "can you explain to me the meaning of the note you sent me down just now?"

"No, Alfred," she said; "an explanation would involve others."

"So I have supposed for a very long time," he answered. "I have quite expected to hear of something like this for a year past. But that note I got this morning from you was never written. It don't exist."

"I am no fit wife for you," said Rebecca.

"I am surely the best judge of that. You are held to your words, Rebecca. Have you repented of that silly note? Cannot you trust me, as I am going to trust you?"

"If you knew all, Alfred!"

"Bah! sweetheart; I know more than all. Do you think that your sister knows nothing? Do you think that Hagbut has not got it out of her? Do you not think that Russel and Soper have not heard of it from him, and illustrated it. My story is that your father has raised money on Lord Ducetoy's title-deeds, to pay Carry's marriage portion."

"You never dared believe it of him?" said Rebecca.

"Not for one instant," said Mr. Morley, laughing, "only, this being the report about him in our little society, I asked his daughter to marry me. There is very little time to talk nonsense, my dear; let us therefore talk sense. If your father's affairs got utterly wrong, what earthly difference would it make between us? And under any circumstances, you know," he went on, laughing louder, "you can never be the plague and disgrace to me that Hetty has been."

Whenever he mentioned Hetty, a smile came on his face, and a brightness in his eye. What had Rebecca to say to such wooing? Why, nothing.

"I repent. I am all yours. I will never distrust you again."

"Bravely said. Now I am going utterly away from you, to leave you entirely alone, without one solitary friend, for a long time. I have no hopes in England; my chapel is only full of sailors, and sailors do not pay. But our connection has given me the new Tahiti mission, wisely and well, for at Tahiti every one can manage the natives, but no one the sailors. Another man was appointed, but has got a good chapel and has refused. They offered it to me this morning, and it came to me like a gleam of light, pretty bird, that my work for my Master lay among the sailors, and I said yes."

"I see," said Rebecca, nodding her head, and smiling; "this is good."

"I am half a sailor myself, you know, and I can talk to our wild boys in their own language without affectation and without mistake, which is a great thing; for men dislike following a man who exhibits ignorance on their own *spécialité*. They say, he talks seamanship, and makes errors which the cook's mate would be ashamed of; how can we trust him in other things? It is silly and illogical on their parts; but they are silly and illogical. For my part, I think the priest who simply confesses ignorance, and applies to them for instruction, will have a good chance with them; possibly better than mine. I mean the man who will show them his ignorance, and then show them their own. But we have not these men. Our men are all too scholastic; they will talk to our fellows about the one thing of which they know nothing,—seamanship. Hagbut preached a nautical sermon at my chapel once, which made my ears burn with sheer shame; and the lubber believes to this day that he produced a profound impression,



— as indeed he did, — of his own utter pretentious imbecility. I have not time to go into this. I feel that I am the right man in the right place; and, to use our Saviour's own words humbly and reverently, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' Are you content?"

"I am more than content. You are doing well. Shall you be away long?"

"A year at least."

"A whole year? And when do you go?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"That is very sudden. But is all right and well, and very good, Alfred? I shall know that you are not lost but working, and shall stay by home to prove to you that I am worthy of you. Yes. This is a little hard, and a little bitter, too; but it is right and good. You have forgiven my folly of this morning?"

"Why, I really don't know that there was any folly to forgive. You acted exactly as I should have wished my wife to act. You are the dearer to me for it."

"May I help you with your preparations?" she asked.

"My chest is always packed," he answered, with a smile. "It does not take long to ship such an old sailor as me. One chest of clothes, and one of books, are all I own; and my landlady has taken good care of them."

"But I may come and see you off?" she asked.

"Surely," he said; and they passed on to talk of other matters, and talked until it was time for him to go.

She scarcely knew how to break this sudden resolution to her father; whether he would think it a kind of desertion on Mr. Morley's part, she could not tell. He took it quite quietly, and only said, "So soon, hey! Well, I am glad he has left me you. We will wait for him together, my child; and perhaps when he comes to fetch you away, you shall take me with you out of this hateful, miserable place to a happier one."

There was a wild, surging wind from the north-west, bringing with it occasional heavy showers of cold rain and brilliant gleams of cold sunshine, — one of those bitter days which are almost worse than any weather in England, except east. The river was brisk though dull, leaden, and muddy, dashing in short, crisp waves against the piles of Trafalgar Terrace. Mr. Morley was gone on board a little higher up the river, and Rebecca had said the last words to him; she was standing at the edge of the river, in the piercing blast, wrapped up from head to foot, shielding her little dog from the cold, and watching the ships pass swiftly seaward until his should come.

It was not long in coming. A beautiful schooner eager for her battle with the sea, curving her sharp, high bows in triumphant anticipation, flying before the swift squall with only a foretop-sail set. He stood upon the poop and waved his hand, and so the ship passed on eastward, under a gleam of sun towards a heavy black cloud which lay upon her path, and he was gone. And she stood silently weeping on the shore, and holding her little dog, close to nearly the most desolate heart which beat in England that day.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### HOMeward ALONE.

But by degrees her silent crying stilled itself, and, the cold blast arousing her, she turned resolute-

ly westward against the wind, which, cold as it was, caused her but little annoyance, for the heavy weariness which showed itself in her gait, and the feeling of solitude which gnawed at her heart, made her indifferent to the weather.

A gleam of such happiness so rapidly overclouded. She had only had him for three days, and had never realized actually her position towards him. Never. Until she saw him on the deck of the schooner passing rapidly eastward down the river. Then she knew really, for the first time, that the man had wooed her so well, — had, that is to say, understood her thoroughly, and persistently shown her the best side of herself, and of himself also; had petted and encouraged what was good in her, and ignored what was bad; nay, had gone so high in the art of wooing, that he had shown her herself at her best, and himself as something better still; that she found there was no one like him, in the whole of her little world, and she believed no one like him in the larger world beyond hers. She knew that she loved him entirely, with her whole heart.

There was not much sentimentality in her love for him. He was very handsome, certainly, of a rare and peculiar beauty, dangerous to "the peace of mind" of most young ladies, but she thought little of that. It was his "way" which was so irresistible, and the impression left on her mind was that he had selected her, the poor wild girl who had been a plague to every one, to do her the highest honor that man can do woman. That he was a penniless, friendless, and unpopular man she never considered. She looked on him as having descended from a high pedestal of perfect truth and perfect virtue, to do honor to her. She could not understand it, for, like most very noble people, she utterly undervalued herself; but the fact was the same. He loved her, and she had lost him.

So she thought as she set her face westward, in her solitude, towards her miserable home. If there was any mere sentimentalism in her deep love, it was not for Morley. She could not be romantic and sentimental about him. In fact, a sentimental young lady would scarcely have liked her lover sailing away in a foretop-sail schooner, for a twelvemonth, three days after he had proposed to her. In Rebecca's sensible eyes this only made him nobler and more dear to her; she was assured of his love, and could laugh at Russel and Soper, and all the rest of them.

But this young lady had a good deal of sentimentality also, but, strangely enough, or rather, *naturally* enough, she reserved all her stores of that article, not for Morley, but for his daughter *Hetty*, whom she had never seen.

If one was a Frenchman one might write, "Sentimental love is born of Mystery. Calypso steps from her pedestal and assists Eros to bind the napkin over his eyes." But, I am not a Frenchman, and so will not say it. There was certainly nothing Calypso about Rebecca's love for Mr. Morley.

But with regard to his daughter. That young lady was a consummate mystery to her (which made Calypso step from her pedestal). And she had certainly, in some way or another, broken through all rules, which caused Rebecca to love her, while knowing nothing about her. (Calypso binds the eyes of Eros.) And so, fighting westward against the wind, she found herself thinking very much about Hetty. "She will be home before him, and we can talk together about him. I know that I shall love her."

Stereoscopes are to me only magnified photo-



graphs. Others have the stereoscopic eye. Let us look at her with a different eye, — say the left.

There went wearily along the streets of Bermondsey that day a weak, ill-clad woman with a baby on her arm, against the wind westward. There came such a driving, furious storm of cold rain that this poor woman was forced to put into an archway, and took this opportunity of opening her bosom and giving the baby her milk.

While she was doing so, a shadow passed before her, and she hurriedly was drawing her shawl over the arrangement, when she saw that it was only a woman, and was more at her ease.

It was a singular woman, too. Very young, very handsomely dressed, and wrapped up from head to foot in a shawl the price of which would have kept that cowering woman for a twelvemonth. Her hat was of golden sealskin, the value of which that poor woman had reason to know, and in it was set a storm petrel, a bird that woman knew too well, also. She carried her head high, this lady, and was so beautiful in face and in carriage that the cowering woman turned away.

In her bosom this splendid lady had something which was not a baby, only a little dog with bright eyes, who put its head out to sneeze.

She put her grand head down to look at it, and caught sight of her shivering companion. She spoke at once, in the high, clear, splendid voice of an unaffected English lady.

"My dear creature, you are very cold."

"Yes, my lady," said the woman, "but my master is colder."

"Where is he?" said Rebecca.

"He is gone to sea, my lady, with half his kit, poor dear. He broke his arm in the frost hauling a rotten foretopsail halyard, and he missed a voyage, and we have pawned everything, and now my man is gone to sea again."

"So is mine," said Rebecca, without thinking.

"Yes, my dear lady, but your good gentleman has his full kit aboard, no doubt. My poor man will be up reefing topsails in the snow, thin clad, while yours is warm and comfortable."

"Do you worry and vex yourself all the time your husband is away?" asked Rebecca.

"What would be the good?" the woman answered; "I've got to live, and to hope."

"Has he left you money to live on?" asked Rebecca.

"Lord bless you, no, he had n't got none to leave. He will bring back some, though."

"And what have you to live on, then?" asked Rebecca, deeply interested.

"Charing and needlework."

"Have you plenty of it?"

"Yes," she said; "I don't need to be beholden; I have a connection among seafaring men and women, and I can make my three shillings a week till he comes back."

"Look here," said Rebecca, suddenly and quickly, "our cases are similar in some way, but your necessity is greater than mine. I have money, you have not. Take this five pounds. I meant it to buy a present for him, but had not time. When you want more, write to me."

"But I might be an impostor, miss," said the woman, aghast.

"Your words show that you are none," said Rebecca. And, giving her address, she walked quickly away.

Quiet, through having got thoroughly well tired,

she turned, after an eight miles' walk, into her own dismal lane, and found herself confronted with Miss Soper and Mrs. Russel.

In small communities news fly fast; the whole earth is a small community now, thanks to the telegraph; hence our telegrams, which always require to be emphatically contradicted next day. It had got about in the small Walham Green connection, that Mr. Morley was going to marry Miss Turner, but that she had shown such abominable temper that he had shipped on board a fast brig and gone to sea; and that she had started, early that morning, down to the docks to bring him to book. This was too good a thing for Russel and Soper to miss. She must come home some time in the afternoon, and so Russel and Soper cruised off the end of the lane, as Anson did for the Acapulco plate ship; knowing that if they could lay her by the board, they would have something to reward them.

Their cruise was (comparatively speaking) as long as Lord Anson's, and in the end very little more successful. They made raids into the lane, and took Akin's house and Mr. Spicer's house — with tracts; but they were always soon on their post off the lane's end; and after a time the Acapulco ship arrived, and they boarded her, to the intense delight of Akin and Mr. Spicer, who were watching.

Rebecca, tall, handsome, fresh from the sea, head in air, with sealskin hat and storm-petrel for ornament, thinking of things far away, was arrested by Russel and Soper. Mab, who had not been let to walk, had accommodated herself to circumstances so far; but Soper was too much for her, and she barked so furiously at that good lady that she was put down, a liberty which she used for a cloak of licentiousness, for she bit Soper's gown without a moment's hesitation, and kept hold of it, too; which so agitated Soper that fat old Russel had to do the talking.

"She is a varmint little thing," said Akin to Spicer, in the distance.

"So is her mistress," said Mr. Spicer.

"My dear," said Russel, "we were here, and saw you coming. Are we to congratulate you?"

"On what?" said Rebecca. "Mab, you naughty little thing, be quiet."

"On your approaching marriage with Mr. Morley."

"No, I think not," said Rebecca. "He sailed for Tahiti this morning. But I am very much obliged to you, all the same."

"Is he coming back soon?" said Miss Soper, who had been delivered from Mab by Rebecca.

"I should think not," said Rebecca. "It is quite impossible that he can be back under a twelvemonth; possibly, not for two years. But it is of no consequence that I know of."

And so those two very good people went away, and told the whole truth to the connection. And the whole truth was, that Mr. Morley had found out too much, and had shipped for Tahiti.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### HAGBUT IN A NEW LIGHT.

But to Rebecca's great and never-ending astonishment, Hagbut came out in an entirely new line at this juncture. Hagbut was stupid, vain, avaricious, and selfish. You will find such characters in every form of religion, just as you will find Morley's



But Hagbut was an exceptional man. The man had power. He had put a few ends before him, social and religious; and in steadily pursuing those ends, he looked neither to the right nor the left. The success of his own small religious connection, and his own personal governance of that connection, were his two great objects. Take him apart from those objects, and you would find a *man*, not without strength, but who seemed narrow, because he referred all matters in heaven and earth to his own services and that of his own sect. If any matter did not appear to him to interfere with these two objects, he *could* be as just and even generous.

Now Rebecca had done no such thing as the scandalous Hetty; and besides—and besides—well, he had been fond of Rebecca once on a time. And sometimes, when Carry was most religious, and most affectionate,—when he was wearied with religious work, and would gladly have heard something of the world which he was bound to despise in words, Hagbut thought seriously that he had made a mistake. Rebecca would not have him, it is true; still Carry with her money was a great bore, and Rebecca was worth ten of her.

Russel and Soper invaded him when he was thinking of these things, and saying to himself that he was glad the poor girl was so well fitted with Morley; and honestly and, as far as he was able, tenderly wishing her good luck, Russel and Soper did not meet with the reception they anticipated.

"He has gone and left her," said Miss Soper. "Rebecca Turner was down after him to the docks this morning; but he has gone and left her."

"He has gone to provide a home for her," said Mr. Hagbut.

"Mr. Hagbut, it is not so. Mr. Morley has run away. She told us with her own lips that he was gone away, and that she did n't care when he came back."

"I know she did n't say *that*," said Hagbut, bending his ugly pale face on Miss Soper, and thrusting out his powerful jaw in a way which Miss Soper did not like. "What were her words?"

"Her words were that he was gone for a twelve-month, and that it was no matter," said Mrs. Russel.

"See how you stand cross-examination, you two," said Hagbut. "I can't trust a word you say. Now look you here, you two. That girl is my sister-in-law, and a good girl, too; and Morley is the most refined and educated man in our connection,—a connection which wants, what I have not got, refinement and education, more than most. I won't have Rebecca's name pulled about. She is a fine creature."

The more cowardly Russel was abashed at once; not so the more resolute and sourer Soper, who had never felt a man's influence, but who had got her living by bullying girls.

"You pulled her name about at one time pretty freely yourself," said she.

"Yes, but that was my business. This is none of yours. You mind what I say and leave the girl alone. I won't have her meddled with. Mind, I mean what I say."

And, indeed, he looked very much as if he did. Pale, ugly, and generally lazy, as he was, there was an immense amount of powerful animation in the man, with a good deal of shrewd sense. Russel and Soper had brains enough to find out this; Rebecca had brains enough to find out more.

She was alone that evening, with an atlas before

her, following Morley across the map, when the little maid told her that Mr. Hagbut was come to see her. And she said, "Show him in."

Mr. Hagbut came in, and they greeted one another civilly; after which, Mr. Hagbut pointed to the atlas, and said:—

"After him?"

"Yes."

"You are a happy woman, Rebecca, if it is all right between you and Morley. Come, sister-in-law, tell me that it is."

"It is 'all right,' as you call it," said Rebecca, laughing. "He is going to be away for an indefinite time; but we are, what the world calls, engaged."

"I wish you happy, most heartily," said Hagbut, leaning his ugly face on his great fat hands, and looking at her. "It is your own fault if you are not. He is refined, and a gentleman; I am neither the one nor the other."

"I think you are a very good man, Mr. Hagbut," she said, looking him frankly in the face.

"I do among vulgar people, being vulgar myself. And I do good where a gentleman would fail. But, Rebecca, it is well we did not marry."

"It is very well, indeed," said Rebecca.

"I suppose you have often put this case to yourself, with regard to me,— 'If I had married that ugly, fat man, without ideas, without the manners of a gentleman, without education, death would have been better than life.' You have put it so; have you not?"

"Not so strongly as that, Mr. Hagbut; but still very strongly," said Rebecca, with resolution.

"Did you ever put the other side of the question?" asked Hagbut. "Did you ever think of me? Did you ever think for one instant what a hell on earth (I beg pardon) my life would have been,—tied for life to a beautiful, clever, refined, and furiously rebellious woman like yourself? You congratulate yourself on your escape; congratulate me on mine. We should not have lived together a month in decency; for my will is immovable."

Rebecca paused for a long time. At last she said:—

"It seems to me, brother-in-law, that you are a very honest man. You served me ill once; but let us forget all, and be friends: God knows I want them. Come, brother-in-law, do not be my enemy, although we can never be companions; for we should squabble so dreadfully over ways of speech on religious matters, you know: and I doubt if we should agree with regard to Hetty."

"What do you know of her?" said Mr. Hagbut.

"Nothing. What has she done?"

"If you do not know, I see no reason for telling you. I have taken my side there, and will maintain it."

"Well, if you go against her, you will spare me?" said Rebecca.

Hagbut would not have taken an oath in a court of justice to save his life; but, in his heart, without speech, he swore a deep and terrible oath then. No religionist can be without sentiment; and the deepest sentimental part of Hagbut's soul was aroused by the spectacle of this utterly solitary and defenceless girl, whom he had once thought that he had loved, in spite of his fear of her, alone against the world. Hagbut made affirmation silently to himself, that he would stand between this poor child and the world, which meant their small connection. And he did it, like a leal and loyal soul. It is easy to see the worst of these men. You must



know them to find out the best of them. For my part, I have known many ministers of religion. Roman Catholic verbiage, or Dissenting verbiage, may be offensive to the ear; but in twenty years I have only known two bad ministers of religion of any sect, and that is not a large percentage, after all; one speaks, of course, merely of a large personal acquaintance. Being on dangerous ground, I will step off it, merely enrolling my opinion, that the ministers of religion, with all their eccentricities, are the most valuable class in the community.

Hagbut spoke to Rebecca no more after this. Carry would have been jealous, had she known that he had said so much. But Russel and Soper's villipendings of Rebecca were now reduced to sniffs and glances.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE GAZETTE.

And so it came about, that Rebecca, who began at the very beginning of this story by wishing herself dead, wished nothing of the kind now; but only wished, like Jane Eyre, "that she might keep in good health and not die."

Yet she was infinitely worse off than in the old times when she wished herself dead. She was in utter and entire solitude, for her father was not much better company than can be found in the saner side of Bedlam. She had not a soul to speak to in any sort of way approaching the confidential, except Mab, and Mab could not answer her.

Although Hagbut had stilled all tongues, with his fat emphatic fist, yet even he could not prevent people looking at Rebecca in chapel: and she knew that they were looking at her, and she hated it. She never saw them looking at her, but she felt it; and the effect of this consciousness on her face was to produce an expression of calm, careless anger, which assisted devotion in no way whatever.

Had she known that they were only studying, in an humble way, her imperial magnificent beauty, reading it like a book, and learning from it, as one learns art at first, from a great and traditionally authenticated picture; she might have been content, and have given them at times softer developments of her not very mobile face. But she thought they were only staring at her; and she hated her chapel worse than ever.

She felt this more than ever one morning, when she had gone alone, her father being too ill to come. "I will never go again," she said. "They hate me." And she stalked out through the crowd with her head in the air.

Soper was helping Russel along, and said, "Did you ever see anything like *that*?"

"A bold-faced jig," said Russel.

"I mean," said Soper, the schoolmistress, "did you ever see such a beauty in all your life; because I have had some experience, and I never did."

Soper and Russel went their ways, and Rebecca went hers. But she was followed home by two admirers.

Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer. When they had turned into their own lane, they came up beside her, one on each side, and spoke to her boldly and eagerly.

"Glad to see you about, miss. Mr. Turner is quite well, I hope?"

"My father is not at all well," said Rebecca. "I am so glad to see you two at chapel."

"We will leave that alone, miss, at present," said

Mr. Spicer. "We want to speak to you very particular indeed, miss. Don't us, Jim?"

"Indeed we do."

"You see, miss," said Mr. Spicer the sweep, "we sweeps as a general rule are the cleanest of all working chaps, always taking a bath afore we turns in. But we have what we call the black bed, into which we turns in all our crock when there's a difficult flue early in the morning. And we got orders for Beaufort House, and (you won't tell on a man for breaking the act) I lay in the black bed with my youngest son Tom, to put he up the flue before the police was round. It was again the law I know, but that boy loves his profession; I should say his art; for that boy is as much an artist in a crooked flue, as the great Anelay is in the Mysteries of London. With a father's feelings I went with him of course, and we was no sooner out of our house, than he said,—

"See to those coves round Mr. Turner's, father."

"Burglars?" asked Rebecca.

"There was two on them, miss. It was pretty dark, but we could see. One was a young swell, and the other I knowd."

"This is very alarming," said Rebecca. "What did you do?"

"I called out the name of the man I knowd. I said, 'Bob Syers, you hook it.' And he offered in return a low remark, referring to a misfortune of mine in years gone by; but he hooked it all the same."

"Whatever shall we do?" said Rebecca.

"Put the police to watch. Syers is well knowd, as is doubtless the young swell."

"I *can't* employ the police," said Rebecca, incantiously. "Whatever shall I do?"

In the following paragraph I am only speaking of what I have seen with my own eyes. It is wrong and immoral, but there it is, for better or for worse, — a great deal for worse, I should say.

Rebecca had won these men. Not by her beauty, for their eyes were too utterly untrained to see her beauty. They would probably have pronounced Buckingham Palace to be finer than Wells, Bayeux, or Salisbury, and have called Winchester a barn. They would possibly have called a red-faced Devon lass far prettier than Rebecca; it was not her beauty which had won these men, it was her sympathy and geniality. They were neither of them very respectable men, but either of them would have fought for her, merely in return for kind words and kind acts to their wives, at any time. Now that she had confessed to them that there was something the matter in her father's house, which forbade the police being called in, they would die for her or risk it. There was a new bond of sympathy between her and these gentlemen now, which made them ready for anything in her behalf. It is all wrong and bad, but so it is. You don't know where the criminal class begins. *Still less do you know where the sympathy with the criminal class begins.*

And further, Mr. Turner, solicitor and Methodist, had been an offensive person to them both, by his mere existence hitherto. Now that there was an obvious hitch in his affairs, insoluble by these enemies of mankind, the Metropolitan police, they began to have a fellow feeling with him, which they never had before. The sympathies of people like Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin are distinctly *not* on the side of the law. On all sentimental grounds they were perfectly ready to assist Rebecca.



"Lord bless you, miss," said Mr. Spicer, "don't vex yourself. We will watch. You have got a little dog as will bark."

"Yes," said Rebecca, showing Mab.

"Pretty dear," said Jim Akin, "there she is. Let me have the handling of her, miss, please. She is worth ten pound, miss; there ain't a pint about this dog which is at fault, miss," he continued, nursing Mab.

"Never mind the dog, Jim," said Mr. Spicer.

"Ah, but I *do* mind the dog, Tom," said Mr. Akin. "You ain't a cynosure in dogs, you see."

"He'd serve six months for a rat-tailed terrier, miss," said Mr. Spicer. "We all have our fancies. But see here, durst you fire a gun?"

"Yes, I know how; my father has shown me."

[To be continued.]

### GENERAL JOMINI.

AMONG all the soldiers who had seen and shared Napoleon's victories General Jomini had the highest reputation as a theorist, and he had hardly any superior in practical knowledge of the art of war. He was one of the few remaining actors in the great scenes of the first years of the present century. His youth and early manhood were active and eventful. His middle life was laboriously studious. His old age was spent in honorable repose. After surviving by many years the French Emperor and his Marshals, his career, like theirs, has become a portion of that history which has been in great part written by his own industrious and impartial pen. It is true that the name of Jomini hardly appears in the record of any campaign, for it was his part to plan what others executed. But in the most glorious pages of French military history is written the name of Ney, and Ney never performed Napoleon's orders so effectually as when they were interpreted for his guidance by the military intuition of his chief of staff, Jomini.

Like many other soldiers of European reputation, Jomini was by birth a Swiss. He was born in the village of Payerne, in the canton of Vaud, in the year 1779. His desire for a military career would have carried him, according to the custom of his countrymen, into the service of one of the Great Powers, and it happened that he chose what was in those years the winning side. Perhaps his talents would never have been discovered in Germany, and at any rate they were employed and appreciated by France. Yet he was obliged for some years to be content with a commercial situation, and it was not until he had become known as a military writer that he obtained an appointment on the staff of Marshal Ney. The first two volumes of his *Treatise on Grand Military Operations* were published in 1804, and in the five following years he served with Ney in the campaigns of Ulm, Jena, Eylau, and Spain. When Napoleon directed the corps of Soult and Ney against Sir John Moore, it may be supposed that Jomini was with his chief. But Napoleon checked the march of Ney, considering Soult's corps sufficient to drive Moore to his ships; and thus Jomini did not see any actual collision of English and French troops. He had seen almost everything else that war could show. He was sent from Spain, by Ney, to Napoleon, whom he found in occupation of Vienna, and with whom he remained until the war with Austria was finished by the battle of Wagram, in July, 1809.

For the next three years he was occupied at

Paris in writing the history of Napoleon's campaigns. When war broke out with Russia, he did not wish to fight against the Emperor Alexander, from whom he had received handsome offers of employment, and therefore he solicited from Napoleon a civil government. But being made Governor of Smolensk, and the French army having begun its disastrous retreat from Moscow, his military capacity was necessarily exercised. At the Beresina he was employed, in conjunction with the Engineer-General Eblé, to select points for the erection of bridges for the passage of the army. Next year he was appointed to his old post as chief of the staff of Marshal Ney; and he gave advice in anticipation of Napoleon's order, which, if it had been promptly and fully carried out, would have made the battle of Bautzen a victory like that of Friedland. Ney recommended him for the promotion which he had well deserved; but by the jealousy of Berthier, the chief of Napoleon's staff, who had always been his enemy, this promotion was refused, and he was even charged with incapacity and threatened with arrest. Hereupon he quitted the French service for that of Russia, so that he began the campaign of 1813 on one side and finished it on the other. When France was driven within her frontier, his influence with the Emperor Alexander saved Switzerland from absorption by Austria. He was at Paris in 1815, and so warmly opposed the execution of his old leader, Ney, that it was proposed to strike his name from the list of Russian generals. But he continued in the Russian service, and placed his sons in it. One of his daughters married in Russia, and two in France, and he died last week near Paris. Among all the soldiers of fortune, as they used to be called, that his country has produced, he was the most distinguished, and perhaps he was the last; for public opinion now condemns the employment of mere mercenaries, and the hardy youth of Scotland or Switzerland cannot seek, as they used to do, the service of whatever prince or potentate promised the most liberal reward to valor and fidelity.

It might be hastily assumed that Jomini's literary power was greater than his generalship. But if his opportunities of service in the field had not been limited by jealousy of his foreign origin, he might have been himself a marshal, instead of being the head which guided a marshal's hand. Napoleon owed much to Ney, and Ney in turn owed much to Jomini. Ney could and would do anything, if only he knew what was wanted, and this Jomini could always tell.

One of the most brilliant conceptions of Napoleon was the battle of Friedland, but that conception might have been formed in vain if he had not had Ney to execute it. As we read Jomini's description of this battle, we imagine him riding by the side of Ney, and comprehending at a glance the fault of Benningsen's position, and the movements by which Napoleon prepared to profit by it. Before these movements were complete, it was five o'clock of a summer afternoon, and in order that Ney's attack might be effective, it was necessary that it should be prompt and vigorous. If Napoleon's orders miscarried, Jomini could supply them; if they arrived, he could explain and enforce them. One of the difficulties of Jomini's career was the hostility of the wife of Ney, to whose ears came reports, spread by injudicious friends of Jomini, that her husband's most successful operations were advised by his chief of staff. These reports were probably only too true. We do not know how far



Jomini contributed to Ney's success at Friedland, but we can hardly doubt that he was present at the battle which he has so clearly described. We do know that he was present six years afterwards at Bautzen, and he has shown us what Ney did and did not do to make that place another Friedland, although the plan of his work did not permit him to inform us how far his own advice was taken. In the work to which we now refer Napoleon is made by Jomini the narrator of his own exploits. "My manoeuvre," says he, "accomplished its object. The allies reinforced Milaradowitsch in the mountains, and Ney concentrated the third and fourth corps behind Klis, ready to strike, the next day, a blow not inferior to either Ratisbon or Friedland in the importance of its results."

At break of day the battle was commenced throughout the whole line. Napoleon renewed against the left of the allies in the mountains the demonstration of the previous day. His centre was deployed to impose on the enemy, but not to engage him. Ney crossed the Spree at Klis, pushed his divisions behind the right flank of the Allies, and "these forces afterwards directed their march on the spires of Hochkirch." Although Jomini does not mention his own name here, he has elsewhere told us that the direction of this march was suggested to Ney by him. He read, by what we have called his military intuition, Napoleon's plan of battle. He knew that Napoleon's attack on the left and front of the Allies would dislodge them from their position in the mountains, and he advised Ney to place himself across the roads by which they must have retreated. Here was the opportunity for another Friedland, and there was all the day to use it. "The manoeuvre was perfect, and ought to have produced incalculable results; but several unfortunate circumstances marred its success." An order which Napoleon wrote to Ney was delayed in transmission, but Jomini anticipated its tenor. Thus far no harm was done. But, unfortunately, Ney did not appreciate the position he had gained. An attack made upon him by Blücher caused him to forget the direction of Hochkirch, which he had indicated in the morning, and he deviated entirely from the manoeuvre by which Napoleon designed to get possession of the enemy's line of retreat. Meanwhile that part of the battle which was under Napoleon's eye was shaped according to his scheme. "At twelve o'clock Ney's cannon announced that the moment had come for striking at the centre." And Napoleon struck as he always did strike for such an object. The attacks which he directed dislodged the Allies as he had calculated, and, at the same time, Ney, advancing in the wrong direction which he had chosen, found no enemy to oppose, but saw them defiling by a road to which he had been much nearer than they were two hours before.

If Ney had executed precisely the order which was sent to him, and which Jomini, as we have seen, had anticipated, and had shown one half of the energy which he showed at Friedland and many other places, the enemy would have lost the greater part of his army and all his *matériel* of war. The Allies could never have saved their left wing and their cavalry. "The fate of my empire thus depended on the faulty movement of the most valiant of my generals. It is just, however, that I should take my own share of the blame." After the left wing, under Ney, was on the decisive point of the battle, Napoleon should have moved there himself with his guard and cavalry; or at least he should have sent

to Ney a more detailed order. With proper support of cavalry, Ney would have captured Blücher's infantry. A great victory over the Allies would have deterred Austria from joining them, and Napoleon might have retained his throne. Thus much depended on Ney's adherence for two hours to Jomini's advice "to direct his march on the spires of Hochkirch." As it was, Napoleon took no prisoners, and found on the field only a few dismounted cannon. For the second time in that campaign he had sacrificed twenty thousand men without any adequate result.

When Ney was next called upon to execute Napoleon's orders, he had not Jomini by his side to explain their meaning. An armistice followed the battle of Bautzen, and when hostilities were renewed, Jomini was in the camp of the Allies, among whom Austria was now numbered. The plans of the Allies were discussed in an unwieldy council, of which Jomini and also Moreau were members. Moreau was a Frenchman who served against his country's army in the honest belief that the overthrow of Napoleon was necessary to her happiness. Jomini had a well-founded belief that he had been exceedingly ill-treated, and so he changed sides with a facility which was common in the seventeenth century, but has gone out of fashion in the nineteenth. When we remember how the passions of Englishmen were excited by this conflict, and still more with what popular ardor Germany rushed to arms against Napoleon, we cannot but regard with wonder the calmness with which Jomini transferred himself from the side of Napoleon to his enemies. Yet it is hard upon the native of a country too small to go to war on its own account, that his military capacity should be forbidden to display itself at a time when all the Great Powers of Europe are in arms.

Napoleon expressed no resentment at Jomini's departure, but acknowledged the greatness of his services and the reality of the grievance of which he complained. It was soon made manifest that Marshal Ney had lost his head. The defeat which he suffered at Dennewitz enabled Jomini to say of him, "Ney's intellect shone only in the midst of a battle when the balls were flying round him. There his discernment, his coolness, and his vigor were incomparable. But he was unable to combine his operations in the silence of the cabinet, while studying his maps." This disaster of Ney, and others which befell Napoleon's lieutenants about the same time, balanced the great victory which Napoleon himself gained over the Allies at Dresden. The causes of Napoleon's reverses in 1812-13 have been excellently explained by Jomini. "He fell from the height of his greatness because he forgot that the mind and strength of man have their limits, and that the more enormous the masses which are set in motion, the more subordinate does individual genius become to the inflexible laws of nature, and the less is the control which it exercises over events." There was, however, for Napoleon the hope that his enemies would blunder more seriously than his own generals. Chaos reigned supreme at the allied headquarters. Even Napoleon's genius could not command four hundred thousand men, and Schwartzberg, who was opposed to Napoleon, was a mere ordinary man. It had been proposed to give the chief command to the Archduke Charles of Austria, who alone had shown adequate capacity, but, says Jomini, "private interests defeated this object." So Schwartzberg was the nominal general of this unwieldy army, and the Emperor Alexander had



the "indirect control" of it, and probably consulted Jomini sufficiently to prevent any more such enormous blunders as that which incurred defeat at Dresden. The picture of confusion in the allied councils is the more interesting because England was spending millions to pay and equip troops which seemed destined to useless slaughter. However, by force of numbers and perseverance, the Allies finally prevailed, and Napoleon was driven out of Germany. We cannot know how far this result was attributable to Jomini, because the counsels which were really his went forth as those of the Emperor of Russia.

Next year Jomini entered France with the Russian Emperor, and was then permitted by him to go to Switzerland, which needed an influential protector against Austria. Thus the year 1814 was the last of Jomini's active service. He had seen as many battles as most men of his age, and he enjoyed fifty years of leisure to think and write on war. His death is like the closing of an era, for there can be few men left to speak, as he could speak, from personal recollection, of the fields of Jena, Eylau, Wagram, Bautzen, and Leipsic, and to say, as he might say, of the great events which he recalled, *quorum pars magna fui*. The most remarkable result of his large experience of war is perhaps the declaration which he somewhere makes that he had seen positions carried by troops with shouldered arms, but that in the line of battle he never saw a conflict with the bayonet.

#### MR. JOHN STOTT'S DIFFICULTY.

LESS than forty years ago, in a certain west-country town of England, lived Mr. John Stott, head of the constabulary, so astute a thief-catcher, that his friends thought it a pity he should throw his wits away upon provincial vagabonds, and not give them broad and noble scope as a Bow Street runner. His enemies, the local scoundrels, thought the same; but contented themselves with observing darkly that "he was so sharp that he would one day probably cut himself," or that "he was too clever to live." In spite of these intellectual advantages, or in consequence of them, Mr. Stott was as vain as a peacock, and made the not uncommon mistake of imagining himself even a cleverer fellow than he really was. He kept the little town (for it was a little one then) so clear of evil-doers, and got so complimented thereupon by the bench of magistrates, that he could not conceive that any misdemeanor could be committed which his sagacity should be unable to ferret out, or should fail to bring it home to the true culprit. "I don't pretend for to say," was one of his favorite remarks, "as I was *never* puzzled in my profession, but this I *will* say, as no man ever took me in *twice*"; and then he would resume his pipe with the air of a man who has modestly confessed to a weakness, which no other person would have dreamed of attributing to him. Even his wife believed in Mr. John Stott, and so doubtless would his *valet de chambre*, if he had happened to have kept one.

"Burglary at Sir Robert Air's last night," said he, sententially, as he sat smoking after supper in his snug little parlor, one summer evening, while his wife mixed his gin-punch after his own particular receipt.

"You have got the wretches, of course," observed Mrs. Stott, paring the lemon-peel so that you could see through it, "or else it would not be my John."

"Well, no," returned the great man, rightly appropriating the last observation as a compliment rather than an expression of doubt as to his personal identity. "The fact is, it's very queer; but I have *not* got the wretches. I shall have them to-morrow, but at present they are absolutely at large."

"Lor, John! I can scarcely believe you when you tell me. Why, how on earth could they have got away from you? They could not have been ordinary burglars."

"You are right, ma'am," returned the chief-constable, with a gratified look; "you have hit the nail exactly on the head. They were not ordinary men; they were acrobats."

"Acrobats!" answered Mrs. Stott, softly; "dear me!"

She had no very accurate idea what "acrobats" were; they might be a religious sect, or they might be a savage tribe, or, possibly, even both. But she had long passed for a woman of sense and sagacity, through maintaining a discreet silence except when her husband's talents seemed to demand her eulogies, and she was not going to risk that reputation now. She had a full share of the curiosity of her sex, but she had more than their ordinary patience. She waited to be informed upon the subject in question, without hazarding the remark which occurred to her, that acrobats had white hair and pink eyes, and therefore could at least be easily recognized by the constabulary; and she had not to wait long.

"Yes, it must have been them Tumblers," mused Mr. Stott, sipping his punch out of the teaspoon; "and less than three and the boy could never have done it. It was her Ladyship's dressing-room window, as looks out on the back, as they broke in at, and no ladder could have been put there because of the flower-stand. It must have been that little devil in the tights and spangles at top of the three others. I have measured the height from the ground, and it just tallies. That's what comes of allowing them itinerants to be in the place at all. The idea of the mayor letting them have the Town-hall to show their tricks in! I'd put a stop to everything of that sort, if I had my way; and I will do it, too, in future."

"But you will not interfere with Mr. Shaw, John, I do hope, since he has been so pleasant and civil."

"No, ma'am, no. Mr. Shaw is a man of science, in his line, and what is more, a man of substance. Mr. Shaw's exhibition is itinerant, it is true, but that is from the necessity of the case. His collection of wild animals is interesting in a high degree, as the rector was observing to me only yesterday. But them acrobats is quite another matter. However, liksom as they are, they must run a little faster, and climb a little higher, I can promise them, before they can get out of the reach of John Stott."

"They stood upon one another's shoulders, and the boy clambered up them, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am, that was their ingenious method; and if they had had to do with a common mind, — though I say it who should not say it, — the manner in which the thing was done would have remained a mystery. If a ladder had been used, it must needs have made some mark upon the mignonette-box. My men were all agape when I stated that circumstance, and began looking up in the air, as though some bird had done it. But, of course, when I said 'Them Tumblers!' they saw everything clear enough. Sir Robert, who assisted our investigations in person, was so good as to say that



I reminded him of Christopher Columbus and his egg."

"You don't say so!" said Mrs. Stott, admiringly, and wondering within herself what that story was, and whether Mr. Christopher Columbus could possibly have been an oviparous animal. "And did her Ladyship lose much?"

"Some rings and pins, and three or four pounds in gold. Curiously enough, there was a bundle of bank-notes upon the dressing-table which entirely escaped the young rogue's attention, or her loss would have been much more serious."

"And yet, he was such a frank-faced, honest-looking little fellow, that I never should have thought harm of him," said good-natured Mrs. Stott; "but of course you're right."

"Well, most probably," observed her lord and master with a short, dry chuckle. "By ten o'clock to-morrow morning, when the justices meet, we shall have this honest-looking young gentleman and his friends in the Town-hall, taking part in a public performance of another kind than that with which they favored the town last week. And then we shall see what we shall see."

Mr. Stott arose, took his official hat down from its peg, and prepared to go his rounds, a nightly precaution he seldom omitted, notwithstanding the absence of all native criminals from his strictly preserved territory; as for the acrobats, they had fled with the first dawn of morning, and were not likely to return till they were brought back; but he had despatched two of his small "force" in pursuit of them, and hence there was the more need for his personal vigilance.

"I shall be back at two, as usual, my dear, if not before," said Mr. John Stott.

About two A. M., from long habit, the wife of the chief-constable was accustomed to awake, and presently to hear her husband's heavy footfall coming up the stairs; but upon the present occasion there was no such welcome sound. She sat up in bed with her nightcap tucked behind her ears, and listened attentively, but in vain for him. Notwithstanding his precarious calling, Mr. Stott was a model of punctuality, and as Time (which in her opinion was almost the only thing that could do it) went on without him, she began to be seriously alarmed lest this admirable man, whom human ingenuity had never yet baffled, had been overwhelmed by envious Fate. There had been thunder in the air that night, and a bolt might have struck him. But at daylight she heard the front-door open, and a slow tread come up the stairs. The wife of a chief-constable should be above the suspicion of trepidation, but it was so unlike his ordinary step, that it made her heart go pitapat. However, it was her husband, whose noble spirit something had evidently cast down. Instead of kicking his boots across the room, as usual, he drew them off, and then sat in his stockings, thinking.

"John," said she, in much confusion and alarm, "what is the matter, my dear? Have you not caught them albatrosses? — I mean albinos."

"Yes, ma'am, they're safe enough. But the deuce of it is that — in their absence — there has been another burglary. Mrs. Colonel Peewit's house has been broken into just in the same way, — through the second-floor back window. It's nothing less than magic, for *that* had a mignonette-box, and there is no mark of a ladder to be found there neither. I've had my bull's-eye over every square inch of it."

"Lor, John!"

"There was nobody in the room," went on the chief-constable, musing, "and the window was open, so that the thing might have been done easy enough, when he had once got there. But how he ever *did* get there, — that's the question, — unless the devil had wings."

"But the Devil has wings!" was Mrs. Stott's involuntary exclamation; the good lady was so flustered by her late anxiety, that for once she spoke in a hurry.

"You will presently cause me to imagine that I have made a *second* mistake in my life, ma'am, — in the having married a fool," was her husband's stern rejoinder. Then he went on soliloquizing. "The thief, whoever he was, took the same things, — rings and pins, and such-like, — but he also took a plated inkstand. That looks as if he did not know his trade. And yet, to have effected an entrance just where nobody would have thought such a thing practicable, he must have been most uncommon cunning. Cunning? No, for then I should see the thing as plain as the church tower. It's downright unaccountable. How is it humanly possible that things can be stole out of a second-floor window without a ladder, or anything to climb up by, unless it's a water-spout, — *that's* what I want to know. And what's more, even if he got up, how did he ever get down again?"

Hearing these remarks put aloud, and in an interrogative form, Mrs. Stott thought it incumbent upon her to speak, and the more so, as she had ingeniously elaborated a theory of her own to account for the whole mystery.

"If nobody could have got in from the outside, John, people as was inside could have done it easy enough. It was one of them trapesing servant-girls, who dresses so fine, and is always wanting money to buy gewgaws, you may take my word for it."

"I don't suppose, ma'am," returned the chief-constable, with supreme contempt, "that the Bench of Justices would 'take your word for it,' even if I was weak enough to do so, — which I am not. The servants are all above suspicion, both at Sir Robert's and Mrs. Peewit's, — that was the first thing as we looked to, of course. But even if it were otherwise, do you suppose that thieving is an epidemic, that it should break out in one household to-day, and in another to-morrow, as this has done? You had better go to sleep, ma'am, and leave me to think the matter out alone." Which, accordingly, this great man, having drawn his nightcap on, the better to consider in, proceeded to do. "Two burglaries on two following nights, in a town under his personal superintendence, and nobody yet in custody! He had never imagined that such a plot could befall his 'scutehon! It was not impossible, in a town so slenderly guarded, that a ladder might have been employed without detection, but, most certainly in neither of these cases had such an instrument been used. The flower-boxes had, in both instances, projected beyond the sill, so that the top of any ladder must have rested on them, and left its mark. There was also no trace of the foot of it in the soil below, — or sign of an attempt to remove such trace, — although, in the case of Sir Robert's house, there was a flower-bed immediately beneath the window." Mr. Stott, in short, brought all his intelligence to bear upon this problem in vain, and nothing came of it but headache.

Next day, the whole town was in a state of intense alarm. The previous robbery had created



much excitement among the inhabitants, but not so much on account of the crime as of the sagacious manner in which their chief-constable had discovered the mode of depredation; but now, not only had a second outrage been committed, but the fact of its occurrence while the acrobats were away had proved their innocence of this particular offence (though the magistrates, not knowing how else to account for their seizure, committed them for a month, as rogues and vagabonds), and negatived Mr. John Stott's solution of the riddle altogether. The chairman of the Bench, who had been accustomed to suck that official's brains before addressing his audience in the Town-hall, had nothing to say upon the subject except to recommend people to shut their second-floor windows, which, since it was very warm weather, and most of them cultivated flower-boxes, did not give general satisfaction.

The next night, the mayor's own house was robbed in a precisely similar manner.

It was on a Friday, and the local papers, which came out the next day, published second and third editions, to describe the details. Besides the burglary, a sort of sacrilege had been committed. The thief had actually possessed himself of the Municipal Mace. This beautiful object, although not intrinsically valuable, had apparently excited his greed, for he had dragged it out of its case as far as the window, and thence let it fall with a report that had alarmed the house, and dented the ground below. When the door was opened, however (which the servants declined to do, until the "proper authorities" arrived), the marauder had vanished, and with him this Emblem of Authority, as well as a pair of his Lordship's boot-hooks. There happened to be nothing kept in that room but the mayor's boots and the town mace. But the incident was, of course, as distressing to Mr. John Stott as though the regalia had been plundered. He felt that his great reputation was giving way under these repeated shocks; while the rest of the constabulary were of course overwhelmed with disgrace; and the Tory newspaper openly advocated "stringent measures" and the calling out of the Yeomanry.

"I suppose," sighed his wife, upon this Saturday afternoon, "there is no chance of your going with me to-night to the show? And yet it seems such a pity, after that civil Mr. Shaw has sent us these tickets; and you know I never enjoy anything—let it be wild beastesses, or what not—without you, John. How fine they look, with this picture of the lion and the unicorn, — though the bill says as the unicorn is dead, — with *Shaw's Show*, 'patronized by all the crowned heads of Europe,' and 'admit the bearer,' with his autograph in the corner, in red ink! Why, the mayor's own invitations are not more splendid."

"Don't talk of the mayor, woman, for that makes me think of the mace," replied her husband, with a shiver. "I don't wish to see any show but one, and that's the man that stole that mace, with a pair of handcuffs on him, or, what would be better still, a-standing underneath a bit of wood, with a rope round his neck, and a parson by his side. But there, it's no good wishing. Upon my life, I sometimes wonder if the Devil himself is not a-doing on it all to vex me."

"Lor, John, you make me creep!"

"Well, I can't make you fly, I reckon," replied Mr. Stott, surlily; "and yet that's what this fellow can do, confound him! He's like a bird of the air, — a bird of prey."

"Well, John, do you know I can't help sometimes thinking — only I would not have mentioned it unless you had — that, perhaps, after all, it is a bird! You know a magpie is a thief by nature."

"And so you suppose a magpie could have stolen the town mace, do you? Why, you are a greater fool than the newspapers."

"I forgot the mace, John," observed Mrs. Stott, humbly.

"I wish I could forget it," growled the chief-constable. "You had better put on your bonnet, and take my ticket round the corner to Mrs. Jones, who will be glad enough to go with you; only take care Shaw don't keep you both, and put you in a cage for a pair of owls. There, I'm sorry to be so rude, Mrs. Stott; but the fact is I feel as I shall go out of my mind unless I tackle this mystery; and I must be left alone to think it out."

So Mrs. Scott, obedient wife as she was, attired herself in gorgeous apparel, and, accompanied by her friend and neighbor, the parish doctor's wife, honored Mr. Shaw's menagerie with her presence. It was a sort of fête which that practical student of Natural History (which included some knowledge of mankind) had given to the inhabitants of the town, and everything was on a very splendid scale. The show was lit up by rows of chandeliers, made of circlets of wood and candles, from the latter of which, as they of necessity hung very low, the tallow dripped upon the heads of the company; but that was not found out till the next morning.

The floor and cages had been thoroughly swept and garnished, and some attempt had even been made, by means of unguents and spices (or, in other words, chlorate of lime), to mitigate the odor that hangs about all establishments devoted to the reception of wild beasts. But it must be confessed that this last refinement was a failure, — it was like the jar of *ottar*, which, "do what you will, the scent of the roses would cling to it still"; only in this case the perfume was the result of a combination; the hyena and the musk-rat, the royal Bengal tiger and the marmoset, each contributed their *soupon*. In place of the usual showman, Mr. Shaw himself, with an elegant white wand, pointed out the various objects of interest, explained their habits, and narrated anecdotes of their extraordinary sagacity. The monkey-cages, as usual, were the chief attraction; their innocent gambols, and the remarkable *penchant* they exhibited for biting each other's tails, were the admiration of the beholders. Mrs. Stott, while regarding these parodies upon mankind with a contemplative air, was very nearly — indeed, literally within half an inch or so — paying a great penalty for her philosophic abstraction. A ribbed-face baboon of gigantic size, looking not unlike one of Mr. Cooper's Indian heroes in his war paint, made a snatch at her fingers, which, loaded with rings, happened to be ungloved, for she had just been taking refreshments.

"Your charms even vanquish the brute creation," Mrs. Stott, observed the clerk to the magistrates gallantly; "the enamored animal seeks your hand."

"Yes; but, like the rest of the male sex, for what is in it, or on it," replied Mrs. Jones, who had been an heiress in a small way, till her husband removed from her that invidious distinction by spending all her money.

The ribbed-face baboon screamed with disappointment, and swung by his rope headforemost, and with his eyes shut, for the rest of the evening.

It was 1 A.M. and the chief constable's wife had



been in bed since midnight, but she had not yet fallen asleep. She was awaiting the arrival of Mr. Stott, in hopes that he might have some good news to tell her, or to comfort him with her sympathy in case he had n't. It was a beautiful night, and she had left the window open, through which the soft fresh air came gratefully enough after the atmosphere of the menagerie. She would be able to catch the majestic footfall of her lord while it was yet a great way off, and she was listening for it. Presently through the deep summer stillness, sounded a human step, which, albeit not that she was expecting, seemed familiar to her. It was a step which, although it moved with quickness, had a slight limp such as she had noticed in the gait of Mr. Shaw. Yet he had himself assured her that very evening that he was a man of early habits, and always shut up his house on wheels before twelve o'clock. It was most unlikely that on the night of his fete, of all nights, he should have made an exception to this salutary practice; and yet she knew no other step than his like that step. It stopped beneath the window, and then there was a sliding, scrambling noise, as though something were struggling up the water-pipe that ran down the side of the house, and she felt at once that the mystery of these nightly Thefts was about to be solved.

She was frightened, of course; but she did not shut her eyes and put her head under the bed-clothes, as most ladies would have done under such circumstances; on the contrary, she stared so hard at the window, that the sides seemed to meet, and leave no window at all. Or was it that the space had become obscured by the presence of the marauder? Yes, that was it: and what a marauder!

The face of the intruder she could not catch; but she saw that he was quite black, very inadequately attired, and provided with a long tail. That late imprudent reply of hers to her husband, 'But the Devil *has* wings,' came into her mind with terrible emphasis. No wonder that even the chief-constable's vigilance had failed to—

Ah, that face! There was no mistaking those very strikingly marked features! It was, without doubt, her late admirer, the ribbed-face baboon; and, whether from motives of delicacy or fear, Mrs. Stott did dive under the bedclothes then, with only her nose left out to breathe through, like the elephant when under water, as Mr. Shaw had instructively informed her not three hours ago.

She could hear a little, however, as well as breathe; and she distinctly caught the quiet chuckle of her visitor, and the clink of her rings as he swept them off the dressing-table with his hairy paws. Presently, there was a shrill whistle from below, and the chuckling ceased; and then came the sliding scrambling noise again. The ribbed-face baboon had put the rings in his mouth,—having no pocket,—and slid down the water-spout to his master with the spoil.

"John," cried Mrs. Stott, when the chief-constable put in his long-wished-for appearance, and as soon as he had got inside the door, "I've found it all out."

"Pshaw!" said her husband, contemptuously.

"Lor," cried she, "well, you are a wonder! How ever did you find out it was Mr. Shaw and his ribbed-face baboon?"

"Never you mind, ma'am," rejoined Mr. Stott with his old confident air; "I have found it out. And now let me hear how far your testimony goes in corroboration of my views."

The next day, "from information received," as he

darkly hinted, the chief-constable apprehended the keeper of the menagerie, and searched his house on wheels with such effect that all the stolen property was recovered. Mr. Shaw, it appeared, had trained the ribbed-face baboon to climb up water-spouts and sweep from dressing-tables all articles that glittered, which accounted for his taking the plated inkstand and the municipal mace. If his education had been suffered to progress, he would doubtless in time have been taught to carry off bank-notes and railway dividends. But, thanks to Mrs. Stott, his occupation was henceforth gone. The chief-constable, however, got all the credit for the discovery, and was held by everybody, including his wife, in higher estimation for sagacity than ever. It was true that he had been at fault at first, and in more than one instance; but then, as he himself observed: "I may still say as no man ever took me in twice,—for this was not a Man, but a Hape."

The above curious incident happened at Shrewsbury in 1834, and was without doubt the circumstance on which Edgar Poe founded his famous story of "The Murder in the Rue Morgue."

### THE RING AND THE BOOK.

THE last three volumes of Mr. Browning's poem have more than fulfilled the promise of the first volume. The book rises in dignity as it goes on; the poet warms with his subject; the abrupt and fragmentary style is changed for a continuous flow; the hints and outlines of character, which in the first volume tantalized and at times irritated the reader, become expanded into full-length portraits, of which every portion has been deeply considered and blended into harmony with the rest. And not only is the actual delineation and workmanship of the later divisions of the poem superior to the beginning, but the poem gains much in intelligibility by being studied as a whole. The introduction itself, which on the first reading seemed difficult and obscure, is illuminated by the light which is shed on it by what comes afterwards. There are few writers who can so little afford to be judged by isolated parts of their works as Mr. Browning. He seems to say to his readers, Take all or none; those who are unwilling to read the whole of what he presents to them as one piece can seldom understand any portion of it properly. This is the characteristic of a profoundly intellectual mind; and herein lies the most striking difference between Mr. Browning and his great living rival. In Tennyson, what clings to the reader's mind is not the broad conception of any of his works, but the concentration and power with which intense thoughts are compressed into single lines. The difficulty which is so noticeable in many passages of "In Memoriam" results, as in Tacitus, from the brevity of the expressions; the difficulty in "Paracelsus," or the "Ring and the Book," results from the subtlety and generality of the thought.

It is not necessary to repeat the account of the plot which we gave in our review of the first volume. No new fact comes out in the succeeding portions; the facts already given are merely filled out and animated with living breath; the glow of color is added to the scanty sketch which is sufficient for the merely material part of the transaction narrated. There is, no doubt, much inequality. The picture which Mr. Browning presents to us is on a large scale; it is comparable to the gigantic productions of some of the Venetian painters. And while the main elements of Mr. Browning's work



have to the full extent the unity and massiveness of those great men, there is, perhaps, in his subordinate parts, a failure to depict minute and commonplace events with that grace and exquisite perfection which Veronese threw even over his trivialities. Few of his readers will not feel a little resentment at Dominus Hyacinthus de Archangelis, and Juris Doctor Johannes-Baptista Bottinius. These characters ought to have acted (and are intended to act) as a foil to the deep tragedy of the piece; there should have been no effort in their delineation, they should have been a relaxation after the severe problems which Guido and Caponsacchi present to us, they should have represented the grace of a more commonplace and ordinary life in contrast to the struggles of ambition and passion. They are, however, too irredeemably silly, and that not with a humorous but with a wearisome silliness; it is an effort to take any interest in them at all; and the length of their lucubrations does not add to the easiness of perusing them. And their arguments for and against Count Guido are of the most indifferent, where some real light was needed to be thrown on the curious circumstances of the case. Indeed, Mr. Browning throughout, in his treatment of the question which he sets forth, shows much more of the subtlety of the psychologist than of the lawyer. While analyzing with the greatest skill the turns and windings of thought and impulse in his imagined characters, he hardly pays sufficient attention to the material parts of the case, — to the actual question of evidence, of what did or did not happen; he assumes rather than conclusively demonstrates the portentous guilt of Guido Franceschini. But, after all, a poet cannot be expected to be a lawyer; and we should not have touched upon this point had it not been for the somewhat formal aspect of legal advocacy which appears on the surface in the *Ring and the Book*.

Of the twelve divisions of the poem, five are undeniably superior to the rest; the two speeches of Guido, and the speeches of Caponsacchi, Pompilia, and the Pope. Vivid description and strong passion mark the speech of Caponsacchi; dramatic skill and profound insight into character appear in the two of Guido; while the meditation of the Pope displays that intensity of thought on religious problems which is more continual in Mr. Browning than in any other poet of the same eminence. Pompilia is hardly so perfect as the others; a wife, however estranged from her husband, however much she had suffered at his hands, would scarcely have been able to regard him in so purely indifferent a manner, from so external a point of view, as Pompilia takes up with respect to Count Guido. We allude to such lines as the following: —

"And when next lay the cavalier who came  
..... proved Guido Franceschini, — old  
And nothing like so tall as I myself,  
Hook-nosed and yellow in a bush of beard,  
Much like a thing I saw on a boy's wrist,  
He called an owl and used for catching birds, —  
And when he took my hand and made a smile, —  
Why, the uncomfortableness of it all  
Seemed hardly more important in the case  
Than, — when one gives you, say, a coin to spend, —  
Its newness or its oldness."

This is very Browningsque. But surely the intimacy of Pompilia with one so vile as Guido must have left on her mind too deep a horror to admit of her expressing herself in this fashion. Yet there are in Pompilia's speech passages charming in their simplicity, as for instance the following: —

"When I was a mere child, my mother . . . . that's  
Violante, you must let me call her so  
Nor waste time, trying to unlearn the word . . . .  
She brought a neighbor's child of my own age  
To play with me of rainy afternoons;  
And since there hung a tapestry on the wall,  
We two agreed to find each other out  
Among the figures. 'Tishe, that is you,  
With half-moon on your hairknot, spear in hand,  
Flying, but no wings, only the great scarf  
Blown to a bluish rainbow at your back;  
Call off your hound and leave the stag alone!' —  
'And there are you, Pompilia, such green leaves  
Flourishing out of your five finger-ends,  
And all the rest of you so brown and rough:  
Why is it you are turned a sort of tree?'  
You know the figures never were ourselves  
Though we nicknamed them so. Thus, all my life, —  
As well what was, as what, like this, was not, —  
Looks old, fantastic, and impossible:  
I touch a fairy thing that fades and fades."

But Caponsacchi and Guido are Mr. Browning's most signal triumphs. We question if, since the great dramatists of the Elizabethan age, English poetry has ever produced characters so solid so complex, so carefully thought out. How superior is Guido to Count Cenci, in Shelley's play! Cenci is a motiveless monster; he has a fiendish delight in cruelty and lust, but we recognize in him no community of nature with ourselves; the possibility of becoming like him does not occur to us in our wildest imaginations. But Guido is, every inch of him, a man of passions, reasonings, volitions, the like of which may be seen (though not in the same combination) in many of those whom we meet in our daily life. The union of his cold sceptical nature with the heat of his fierce revenge might have seemed contradictory if portrayed by an inferior master; but in Mr. Browning's hands the apparent inconsistency proves to be one of nature's contrasts, the more veritable because so unexpected. And again, it is true of him, what is true perhaps of every real human being, but what is not found in the exaggerated villains of novelists, that in spite of all his degradation we may admire somewhat in him, — namely, the courage and coolness with which he conducts his defence. He has not indeed the physical courage to be able to face immediate death, and at the very last he breaks down in laments and supplications; but on no occasion on which forethought and prudence can be of any value to him does he flinch. Take his own account, in his first speech, of the murder he had committed; how plausible it is! How he had paused, in doubt as to the guilt or innocence of his wife; how he had determined to test her with the name of her lover; how he had pronounced outside the door the name "Caponsacchi"; —

"And the door  
Opened. And then, — why, even then, I think,  
I' the minute that confirmed my worst of fears,  
Surely, — I pray God that I think aright! —  
Had but Pompilia's self, the tender thing  
Who once was good and pure, was once my lamb,  
And lay in my bosom, had the well-known shape  
Fronted me in the doorway, stood there faint  
With the recent pang, perhaps, of giving birth  
To what might, though by miracle, seem my child, —  
Nay, more, I will say, had even the aged fool  
Pietro, the dotard, in whom folly and age  
Wrought, more than enmity or malevolence,  
To practise and conspire against my peace, —  
Had either of these but opened, I had paused.  
But it was she, the hag, she that brought hell  
For a dowry with her to her husband's house . . . .  
There was the end!"

Then was I rapt away by the impulse, one  
Immeasurable everlasting wave of a need  
To abolish that detested life."

What follows is no whit inferior. But it is in his second speech that the genuine nature of Guido is most revealed; for here he is speaking privately, in pris-



on, to the two ecclesiastics that are sent to prepare him for death, and consequently he gives much freer rein to his impulses than he had done in his public defence. On the surface, indeed, he seems to be laying aside all reserve, and uttering the very thoughts of his heart. Probably even he appeared to himself to be doing so, and it is not till the last moment, when the officers come to lead him to execution, that the deeper depth, the more vivid reality, is disclosed in his piercing cry for life. He tells his hearers that all he had hitherto said was vanity, — the conceit of the head, not the truth of the heart, — and he departs appealing to Pompilia for aid : —

"Abate, — Cardinal, — Christ, — Maria, — God, . . . .  
Pompilia, will you let them murder me ?"

So powerful a contrast between what a man deceives himself into thinking that he thinks, and what he really thinks when tried by the touchstone of reality, has rarely been described in poetry. It cannot be appreciated unless the whole of Guido's subtle, shifting arguments are perused, arguments replete with a mocking cynicism, an affected carelessness, and a would-be heroism.

The fiery and open nature of Caponsacchi, is a striking contrast to the character we have just been describing. His speech is of a kind which is a novelty in Mr. Browning's writings; there is in it so much of straightforward description, so little of argumentative subtlety. The poet is here deserting what has hitherto been his strongest ground; but few of his readers will regret the change. Here is a vivid piece : —

"Suddenly I saw  
The old tower, and the little whitewalled clump  
Of buildings, and the cypress-tree or two, —  
'Already Castelnuovo — Rome !' I cried,  
'As good as Rome, — Rome is the next stage, think ;  
This is where travellers' hearts are wont to beat.  
Say you are saved, sweet lady !' Up she woke.  
The sun was fierce with color from the sun  
Setting. She screamed out 'No, I must not die !  
Take me no farther, I should die : stay here !  
I have more life to save than mine !'

She swooned.  
We seemed safe : what was it foreboded so ?  
Out of the coach into the inn I bore  
The motionless and breathless, pure and pale  
Pompilia, — bore her through a pitying group,  
And laid her on a couch, still calm and cured  
By deep sleep of all woes at once. The host  
Was urgent, 'Let her stay an hour or two !  
Leave her to us, all will be right by morn !'  
O, my foreboding ! But I could not choose."

We have touched lightly on the faults of the "Ring and the Book." They are, in truth, considerable, but they lie mostly on the surface. The length of the poem is far too great; the form of it is clumsy; the repetitions numerous. Here and there is a passage full of Mr. Browning's old contortions and obscurities, which have rendered "Paracelsus," and so many of his lyrics sealed books to the multitude. But, all deductions being made, he has in the present volumes given to the world a poem that must be considered one of the most considerable of the nineteenth century.

#### THE CITY OF THE SIMPLE.

In the whole world there can be nothing quite so bizarre, so eerie, so utterly unlike preconceived ideas, so at variance with everything one ever heard, or read of, or saw, as the town of Gheel. At least, that is our impression while fresh from the vivid account of the place, just published by the Author of "Flemish Interiors," and will, we believe, be that of every one who thinks for half an hour over that remarka-

ble little narrative. It is strange to enter Pompeii, and see the life of two thousand years ago still petrified around you; and it must be still more strange to observe the Cambodian ruins, to study those endless flying arches which no man in Asia could reproduce, and which were piled in almost wanton profusion by a race whose very name has been obliterated by some unknown calamity; but a visit to Gheel, a place where all are free and half are mad, — where the sane and the insane are indistinguishable, — where the children are bred up at the knees of madmen, and old people do not fear monomaniacs, — where the strongest tradition is the lore of mental medicine and the liveliest commerce the lodging of the insane, — where a mother has been known to place her child in the arms of a furious maniac because her duty was to pacify him, — where the inns are hospitals, the farmhouses cells, the tradesmen warders, the workwomen nurses, the government a mad doctor, the passers-by patients, the history for twelve hundred years a vast register of mania, — a visit to such a place must be the strangest of all. Yet such a place exists, and has existed from the days of Charlemagne, in one of the best known countries in the world; and yet unique as it is, both in history and in circumstances, it has almost escaped European, and more especially British attention.

For more than twelve hundred years, it is believed, has the little town of Gheel, twenty-six miles southeast of Antwerp, with the villages about it, been a great asylum for lunatics, and its people for forty generations a population of warders, till they have grown to understand mental disease as it were by instinct, and their relation to men so afflicted appears radically to differ from that of the rest of mankind. That fear of lunacy which must be instinctive with some races, or lunatics could never have been so cruelly treated in the West, while almost revered in the East, has been by long and traditional habit totally eradicated, and with it has departed all disposition to oppression, and every vestige of the desire to mock. Lunatics are to the Gheelois simply afflicted persons, whom it is their traditional business to protect and if possible to cure, but who are welcome to the town as tourists to Florence or Lucerne, and excite an interest almost of the same kind, though gentler and nobler in its manifestations. There, and there alone in the world, they are made part of the population. There, "where they come and go as they please, they feel themselves as much at liberty as the other inhabitants of the place, and recognize no inequality in their condition, and there we find they act as they see others act, and it never occurs to them to complain of their position. What should they seek to escape from? the whole place is theirs; if they leave the house, no one asks them whether they are going, or how long they will be absent; and if, through inadvertence, they wander along the road which takes them out of the village, it is never with a view to withdraw themselves, and they are only too thankful to be brought back."

If they are actively dangerous, they are placed in the farm-houses scattered over the vast heath or "Campine" (campagna) which surrounds Gheel, or, if a little less dangerous, in an intermediate circle; but the great majority, including men whom we should deem dangerous monomaniacs, are billeted in Gheel itself, every inhabitant of the 600 households, though he pursues some ordinary trade or handicraft, being also a professional "nourricier." Once



received, — and he is always welcomed to his home by a little family festival, — the patient is left to himself, not watched, not restrained, unless his fits render a padded ankle-chain a necessity; not forced or even requested to work, but allowed to join in it or in household occupations if he will, — left, in fact, as free as he would be in any city in which his passport must be viséd before leaving. The lunatics assemble even in the inn at will, and our traveller, as he arrived, was informed that of the group of twelve seated in the inn parlor chatting, laughing, smoking, and drinking beer, one half were lunatics, and in a few moments obtained full confirmation of the statement. The worthy Gheelois do not mind, have no more feeling about the presence of such patients than Englishmen would have about the presence of a few guests with gout, and treat their strange fellow-townsmen as skilfully as if they were all mad-doctors. This is the more remarkable, because no trace of special capacity or feeling is to be found in the surrounding province or the neighboring towns, where, on the contrary, the dread and dislike of lunacy are manifested with unusual strength. The quality, fostered of late, no doubt, by self-interest, has been a specialty of the Gheelois for centuries, and is due, like the success of many beast-tamers, in the first place, to a total absence of fear.

There is more in it, however, than this, a sort of intuitive shrewdness as to the most complicated of all the phenomena of madness, namely, the permanent motives of the mad, and as to the means of suspending a dangerous fit by turning the mind from its contemplation of the then dominant idea. We quote from a mass of similar instances a story in illustration of each of these points. One of the patients was incessantly threatening suicide, till his "nourricier," a cobbler, who had been attentively studying his boarder, at last remarked to him:—

"I'll tell you what it is, Yvon, you've talked of this so often that I am quite tired of the subject, and I am persuaded you are right, and that the best thing you can do is to try the window, since you are not satisfied with going out at the door." — "But I shall be killed!" replied the lunatic, completely taken aback by the coolness of his host. — "O, that is *your* lookout; see here, I'll help you as far as opening the window goes, but the rest you must do for yourself." And he rose and deliberately opened the lattice, which was only one story from the ground, and below it was a dunghill, reaching fully half the distance. "Now," he continued, "I am going down to dinner, so I'll say 'good by,' for I suppose you don't want *me*." — If the cobbler felt any alarm for the result of his experiment, he was soon reassured, for the lunatic, looking steadily at him to see if he could possibly be in earnest, walked to the casement and closed it, observing, "To dinner, you said? Well, I don't mind if I dine too; I can do this afterwards."

Another patient, who was considered doubtful, furious at the incessant though guarded watch kept over him, seized a huge pair of tailor's shears, and declared that he would murder his "nourricière":—

"The woman, who, doubtless from her long familiarity with the various forms of this frightful malady, had preserved all her presence of mind, rose from her seat, and holding her child between herself and the weapon, placed herself in front of him, gradually making him back till he reached a low chair at the farther end of the room, into which he dropped.

No sooner was he seated than she threw the child into his lap, and taking advantage of the state of surprise into which he was struck, she nimbly gained the door, rushed from the room, and turned the key upon this singular group. The babe, naturally alarmed at the suddenness of the transaction, began to scream violently, to the great consternation of the maniac, whose thoughts were thus drawn from himself; and, strange as it may seem, the voice of the lunatic was heard through the door soothing and pacifying the child."

The mother fainted outside, but the child was unharmed, and when the door was opened, the attack had entirely passed away. Such scenes are, however, rare, for the patients, unharassed by confinement, never contradicted, never compelled to compulsory idleness, learn to control themselves, go out into the fields when afflicted with the desire to rave, tear up worthless articles when the destructive fit is on them, and acquire the most touching attachment for those with whom they reside, an attachment constantly reciprocated, and extending even to the children, who, "reared from their earliest years with, and often by, these unhappy creatures, acquire a tender veneration for their infirmity, and the affectionate sympathy reciprocally entertained between them and the children is almost incredible to a stranger."

A child is as safe with them as if they were sane, though, as we have said, the lunatics move about at will, pursue all trades, wander on all roads, and even frequent the inn, — where, however, excess in drinking is prohibited by heavy penalties on the landlord, — only sixty-eight out of some eight hundred being under the smallest physical restraint. The cures under this treatment are numerous, though the statistics are not given, but the main result is the comparative happiness experienced by human beings who must otherwise be wretched.

To us the most curious fact in all this strange history is not the conduct of the lunatics, who, though free, are really under the most steadfast of all supervisions, that of an entire population, but that of the Gheelois townsmen. In themselves they are rough peasants or workmen very like ordinary Flemings, with no special education or peculiarities, yet it is certain that they have acquired a special temper of mind towards the insane, a fearlessness, a gentleness, and, as it were, a reverence which are exhibited by all classes alike, by women as well as men, which extend even to the children, and are deemed by great physicians absolutely peculiar to themselves. Much, no doubt, is due to the life-long character of their occupation, much to the skilful training of a succession of superintendents, invested apparently with considerable legal powers, and much to the relation between their pursuit and their incomes; but after all these allowances, something still remains not easily to be accounted for, — an intuitive relation, so to speak, between themselves and the insane which can only be traced to the effect of a habitude continued during centuries, an explanation which suggests problems almost stranger than the one it solves. Clearly, such an occupation is in this one department equivalent to cultivation, but then does hereditary cultivation increase the inborn faculty for receiving culture? If it does, the human race has a future to which its past is nothing; but if it does, why do hereditary priesthoods always tend to intellectual stereotyping?



## FOREIGN NOTES.

IMPRISONMENT for debt, excepting in special cases, is to be abolished in England.

THE Examiner and London Review is only the old Examiner *plus* all the advertisements and *minus* the brilliancy of the late London Review.

A NEW comedy in three acts, written by Mr. Tom Taylor, and entitled "Won by a Head," has been produced at the Queen's Theatre, London.

It has become the fashion in the Turkish harems to learn music, and a teacher on the piano-forte (of course a lady) has made a fortune by giving lessons to the fair inmates of those peculiar institutions.

THE Mayor of Nîmes has published a decision interdicting the use of velocipedes in the interior of the town, or on the side pavements of public places and boulevards. They must, besides, be provided after night-fall with red lanterns.

PRETTY PATTI has returned to Paris from St. Petersburg, rich in gifts and Russian fame. Among other knick-knacks she brings with her a diamond of enormous size, which was given by Catherine II. to one of her favorites named Zotof.

At a recent soirée of the British Royal Society, Mr. Browning exhibited a direct vision spectroscope, small enough to be carried in the pocket, yet so powerful that it shows the D lines widely separated. The instrument contained ten prisms; four of these were of the great specific gravity 4.5. This is the densest glass that has been made for optical use in England.

M. OFFENBACH has not had his usual good luck of late. Not only has "Vert-Vert" failed at the Opéra Comique, where his "Barkouf" and "Robinson Crusoe" may have prepared him for that event; but even at the Bouffes Parisiens, the cradle of his success, with Mlle. Schneider to help him, "La Diva," his latest novelty, appears not to have achieved the anticipated triumph.

AN English curiosity-seeker recently purchased for a small sum an old picture from a furniture dealer in Windsor. Upon cleaning and examining the painting, it was discovered to be a genuine Ruysdael. The subject is a woodland scene, with a cottage ruins and brook, and several figures. It is said to be a gem of art, and has a number of the painter's private marks as well as his signature. Jacob Ruysdael painted in the seventeenth century, and the value of this picture, which has been examined by a number of connoisseurs, is set at several hundred guineas.

M. J. PERSONNE states, in "Comptes Rendus," that spirits of turpentine acts as an antidote to phosphorus. He considers it to have the property of arresting the action of phosphorus in depriving the blood of its oxygen, and thus causing death if the dose is large, or fatty degeneration, if small. He states, on the authority of M. Ambroise Tardieu, that French criminal statistics show that phosphorus has taken the place of arsenic as a popular poison, and that this has arisen from its employment in matches, and in the form of paste, to destroy noxious creatures. He refers to a statement of Dr. Letheby,

that in an English lucifer factory the workmen are protected against the fumes of phosphorus by carrying small open vessels of turpentine on their breasts.

AFTER the performance of the national piece, *Life for the Czar*, at the Maria Theatre, St. Petersburg, not long since a gentleman deputed by the public stepped on the stage and offered to Mlle. Lavrosky who performed the principal part, a bouquet and a magnificent bracelet. The lady accepted the former but declined the latter, declaring that she did not require so valuable a present to preserve forever a recollection of the kindness shown to her; she added that she received a very liberal salary from the manager, and expressed a wish that the jewel should be sold for the benefit of the poor.

AMONG the many sad episodes of the Reign of Terror was the execution of the young poet, André Chénier. His portrait has been painted by Bouché, and has been hung in the salon in the Palais de l'Industrie, where the Academy will open its annual exhibition of paintings in a few weeks. The guillotine, at least the principal one, in 1794, was erected on the Place de la Concorde, near the opening of the Avenue des Champs Elysées. It was here Marie Antoinette was beheaded, and Chénier. By a curious coincidence the case, containing the latter's portrait, upset in this very spot a few weeks ago, as it was en route for the Exhibition building.

THE London policemen are not obliged to shave now. The Pall Mall Gazette hopes "that for their own sakes the police will use with a little discretion the permission they have received to wear beards and mustaches. These ornaments will certainly improve their appearance, possibly their health, and will increase the expense of housekeeping generally by rendering them more irresistible to the British maid-servant; but it is another question whether it will have the same effect on the British rough, who, stifling his veneration for the patriarchal appearance of a bearded constable, will gladly take advantage of the beard as a useful leverage when struggling to escape from custody."

IN the April number of Stewart's Literary Quarterly Magazine, published at Saint John, N. B., Mr. Charles Sangster has a long and interesting paper on "Charles Heavyside and the New Edition of 'Saul.'" At the close of his enthusiastic examination of the poem, Mr. Sangster says: "The aim of the present writer has been chiefly to draw the attention of the too apathetic Canadian people, ever painfully lukewarm in all matters pertaining to true poetry, to the existence of a new and carefully revised edition of this great drama; to cull only its beauties and rare thoughts, which it has become necessary for some kind hand to do. It has been to him a labor of love, as well as an act of duty. Let us hope that it will assist somewhat in having the work placed in the hands and libraries of many thousands with loving hearts and wise heads in the New Dominion, and insure for it just such 'a Highland welcome' as it is entitled to, and that high place in general estimation, which it has long held in the opinion of the discerning few."

SOME time since a London surgeon called attention to eruptions produced by wearing stockings and socks dyed with a new material. Perhaps it is



the same that M. Tardieu has lately described to the French Academy as producing similar unpleasant effects, and which is known as "coralline."

M. Tardieu states that in May, 1868, he was consulted by a young man, twenty-three years old, of good constitution, but affected with a severe vesicular eruption on both feet, which, at first sight, might have been taken for eczema, but it had the peculiarity of being confined to the space pressed upon by his shoes, and this afforded a clew to its cause. It appeared that for some days he had been wearing silk socks of an elegant red tint, which were, just then, in fashion. These socks did not yield any coloring matter to cold water, or hot, or to water slightly acidulated; but alcohol, boiling at 85°, rapidly dissolved out of them the red coloring matter. This coloring matter was dried, then dissolved in a little alcohol, and a small quantity injected under the skin of the thigh of a dog, a rabbit, and a frog, all of which died.

MR. EDMUND YATES tells the following anecdote of the late J. F. Herring, the animal painter: A dozen years ago he painted a small picture for one of our best-known dealers, and received a check in payment. The check was written on a slip of paper, "Pay Mr. J. F. Herring," and duly signed, but without the insertion of the words "bearer," or "to order," and the clerk at the Union Bank looked very doubtfully, first at it and then at the person presenting it. The artist noticed this, and demanded what was wrong. The clerk explained. "Don't you see it's payable to J. F. Herring?" "I do," said the clerk. "Well, I am he." "How do I know that?" said the clerk. "Do you know what J. F. Herring is?" "Rather," said the clerk; "I've got the 'Three Members of the Temperance Society' at home." Herring was delighted. He seized the pen, and, on a sheet of blotting-paper lying on the counter, dashed off a sketch of some horses' heads. "What do you think of that?" said he, handing it across. The clerk paid him at once.

HANS BREITMANN'S "boems" are the cause of a lively controversy between two English publishing houses, — Messrs. Trübner & Co. and Mr. Hotten. The Athenæum thus neatly disposes of Mr. Hotten's edition of the ballads: —

"Hans Breitmann's Barty," which was published by Messrs. Trübner & Co. with the authority of Mr. Leland, in November last, has been reprinted by Mr. J. C. Hotten, in a sixpenny edition, together with a fragment of a new ballad which, Mr. Hotten says, he has printed "for the first time." Mr. Hotten seems to fancy that this fragment is a complete ballad. It would almost appear as if he did not know that this part of a ballad was printed in an American journal as part of a ballad, with a statement that the sequel would follow in due time. The poem, of which this fragment is a part, is of some importance in the Breitmann series; since it is a long poem, and one of the drollest in the collection. This whimsey is written on the new craze of the velocipede, which Breitmann calls a "philosopede," and runs to nearly three hundred lines. Mr. Hotten's fragment extends to ninety-six lines in all; so that, in fact, he gives one chapter as a book, one act as a play.

Mr. Trübner, as we learn from his notes, has given the second part of this ballad from Mr. Leland's manuscript. But this comical omission is not the funniest in Mr. Hotten's reprint. One of Mr. Le-

land's best things is "Hans Breitmann as a politician." This burlesque is contained in three cantos, each canto devoted to a peculiar part in the great business of a popular election in the United States. The first canto shows, in the first place, how members are "nominated"; in the second place, it describes a "committee of instruction"; in the third place, it gives Mr. Hiram Twine's explanation of being "Sound on the Goose." The second canto tells how Breitmann and Schmit were "reported to be log-rolling"; how they held a "mass meeting," and what Breitmann said in his great speech." The third canto shows "the vast intellectual superiority of Germans over Americans," and also how Mr. Hiram Twine "played off on Schmit." Of these three cantos, Mr. Hotten's reprint gives but one, — the first!

Hans Breitmann is not a writer of English who can be safely left to himself. He must be explained a little; Mr. Hotten has undertaken to explain him; and the explanations here given of Pennsylvanian German is, indeed, a "caution" to philologists. On the first page we have a note to the word "Frau." —

"I fell in luf mit a 'Merican frau,"

says the great bummer, and Mr. Hotten is good enough to say that "frau" is German, and that it means "wife," which in this case it does not mean. In the very next stanza this "frau" is called

"Der pootiest Fräulein in der hause."

Two pages farther on we read, —

"Did make demselfe to house,"

and we are told in a note that "to house" is an "Americanism for at home." Nothing of the kind. "Zu hause" is a Germanism for "at home"; and "to house" is not an American form of expression. "Schlog on der Kop," we are told, is a rendering of the German phrase, Schlagen an der Kopf (meaning, struck on the head), which is not a German phrase at all. The real German is *Schlagen auf den Kopf*. When we come to Breitmann as a turner, we find "liederlich apfel chor" explained as "apple-of-our-eye choral society!" Herrlich is not "gal-lant"; a Kneiperei, which Mr. Hotten misprints Kneiperie, is not a "beer-house"; Knasterbart is not a "nasty boy." We might go through this text from preface to finis, and find it all alike. One point only seems to be worth an additional note.

Mr. Hotten chooses to correct his author's French: —

"Nom de gare! Can it be,  
Dat he spooke of de teadmen com down to de sea!"

says Breitmann, in this reprint of his words. Mr. Hotten explains that "nom de gare" is "nom de guerre: Fr. fighting-name, nickname, but here used mistakenly for an oath." This is kindly meant, no doubt; but the kindness is actually wasted on a blunder introduced by Mr. Hotten into the American writer's text. Hans Breitmann wrote "nom de garce"; garce being an old French word for something quite different from a railway-station, as the editor of a Slang Dictionary ought to know.

This perversion of the text reminds us that the text generally suffers very much in the hands of Mr. Hotten's printers.

"Der Breitmann own drel Houser, mit a weinhandler in a stoht,"

ought to be "mit a weinhandle"; a wine-business, not a wine-merchant. Hundsfoot should be Hunds-fott, — a person, not a thing. Mr. Hotten's explanation of this term is absurdly wrong.



## ON THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS.

PUELLE.

WHENCE comest thou, and whither goest thou ?  
 Abide, abide ! longer the shadows grow ;  
 What hopest thou the dark to thee will show ?  
 Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Why should I name the land across the sea  
 Wherein I first took hold on misery ?  
 Why should I name the land that flees from me ?  
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

What wilt thou do within the desert place  
 Whereto thou turnest now thy careful face ?  
 Stay but a while to tell us of thy case.  
 Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

What, nigh the journey's end shall I abide,  
 When in the waste mine own love wanders wide,  
 When from all men for me she still doth hide ?  
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

Nay, nay ; but rather she forgetteth thee,  
 To sit upon the shore of some warm sea,  
 Or in green gardens where sweet fountains be.  
 Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Will ye then keep me from the wilderness,  
 Where I at least, alone with my distress,  
 The quiet land of changing dreams may bless ?  
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

Forget the false forgetter, and be wise,  
 And 'mid these clinging hands and loving eyes,  
 Dream not in vain thou knowest paradise.  
 Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Ah ! with your sweet eyes shorten not the day,  
 Nor let your gentle hands my journey stay !  
 Perchance love is not wholly cast away.  
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

Pluck love away, as thou wouldst pluck a thorn  
 From out thy flesh ; for why shouldst thou be born  
 To bear a life so wasted and forlorn ?  
 Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Yea, why then was I born, since hope is pain,  
 And life a lingering death, and faith but vain,  
 And love the loss of all I seemed to gain ?  
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

Dost thou believe that this shall ever be,  
 That in our land no face thou e'er shalt see,  
 No voice thou e'er shalt hear to gladden thee ?  
 Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

No longer do I know of good or bad,  
 I have forgotten that I once was glad ;  
 I do but chase a dream that I have had.  
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

Stay ! take one image for thy dreamful night ;  
 Come look at her, who in the world's despite  
 Weeps for delaying love and lost delight.  
 Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Mock me not till to-morrow. Mock the dead, —  
 They will not heed it, or turn round the head,  
 To note who faithless are, and who are wed.  
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

We mock thee not. Hast thou not heard of those  
 Whose faithful love the loved heart holds so close,  
 That death must wait till one word lets it loose.  
 Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

I hear you not: the wind from off the waste  
 Sighs like a song that bids me make good haste  
 The wave of sweet forgetfulness to taste.  
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

Come back ! like such a singer is the wind,  
 As to a sad tune sings fair words and kind,  
 That he with happy tears all eyes may blind.  
 Abide, abide ! for we are happy here.

AMANS.

Did I not hear her sweet voice cry from far,  
 That o'er the lonely waste fair fields there are,  
 Fair days that know not any change or care ?  
 Let me depart, since ye are happy here.

PUELLE.

O no, not far thou heardest her, but nigh, —  
 Nigh, 'twixt the waste's edge and the darkling sky.  
 Turn back again, too soon it is to die.  
 Abide ! a little while be happy here.

AMANS.

How with the lapse of lone years could I strive,  
 And can I die now that thou biddest live ?  
 What joy this space 'twixt birth and death can give.  
 Can we depart, who are so happy here ?

WILLIAM MORRIS.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

[No. 175.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER LXXXVII.

#### MR. GLASCOCK'S MARRIAGE COMPLETED.

THE Glascock marriage was a great affair in Florence; — so much so, that there were not a few who regarded it as a strengthening of peaceful relations between the United States and the United Kingdom, and who thought that the Alabama claims and the question of naturalization might now be settled with comparative ease. An English lord was about to marry the daughter of an American minister to a foreign court. The bridegroom was not, indeed, quite a lord as yet, but it was known to all men that he must be a lord in a very short time, and the bride was treated with more than usual bridal honors because she belonged to a legation. She was not, indeed, an ambassador's daughter, but the niece of a daughterless ambassador, and therefore almost as good as a daughter. The wives and daughters of other ambassadors, and the other ambassadors themselves, of course, came to the wedding; and as the palace in which Mr. Spalding had apartments stood alone, in a garden, with a separate carriage entrance, it seemed for all wedding purposes as though the whole palace were his own. The English minister came, and his wife, — although she had never quite given over turning up her nose at the American bride, whom Mr. Glascock had chosen for himself. It was such a pity, she said, that such a man as Mr. Glascock should marry a young woman from Providence, Rhode Island. Who in England would know anything of Providence, Rhode Island? And it was so expedient, in her estimation, that a man of family should strengthen himself by marrying a woman of family. It was so necessary, she declared, that a man when marrying should remember that his child would have two grandfathers, and would be called upon to account for four great-grandfathers. Nevertheless, Mr. Glascock was — Mr. Glascock; and, let him marry whom he would, his wife would be the future Lady Peterborough. Remembering this, the English minister's wife gave up the point when the thing was really settled, and benignly promised to come to the breakfast with all

the secretaries and attachés belonging to the legation, and all the wives and daughters thereof. What may a man not do, and do with éclat, if he be heir to a peer and have plenty of money in his pocket?

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were covered with glory on the occasion; and perhaps they did not bear their glory as meekly as they should have done. Mrs. Spalding laid herself open to some ridicule from the British minister's wife from her inability to understand with absolute clearness the condition of her niece's husband in respect to his late and future seat in Parliament, to the fact of his being a commoner and a nobleman at the same time, and to certain information which was conveyed to her, surely in a most unnecessary manner, that if Mr. Glascock were to die before his father, his widow would never become Lady Peterborough, although her son, if she had one, would be the future lord. No doubt she blundered, as was most natural; and then the British minister's wife made the most of the blunders; and when once Mrs. Spalding ventured to speak of Caroline as her ladyship, not to the British minister's wife, but to the sister of one of the secretaries, a story was made out of it which was almost as false as it was ill-natured. Poor Caroline was spoken of as her ladyship backward and forwards among the ladies of the legation in a manner which might have vexed her had she known anything about it; but, nevertheless, all the ladies prepared their best flounces to go to the wedding. The time would soon come when she would in truth be a "ladyship," and she might be of social use to any one of the ladies in question.

But Mr. Spalding was, for the time, the most disturbed of any of the party concerned. He was a tall, thin, clever Republican of the North, very fond of hearing himself talk, and somewhat apt to take advantage of the courtesies of conversation for the purpose of making unpardonable speeches. As long as there was any give and take going on in the mêlée of words he would speak quickly and with energy, seizing his chances among others; but the moment he had established his right to the floor, —

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



as soon as he had won for himself the position of having his turn at the argument, he would dole out his words with considerable slowness, raise his hand for oratorical effect, and proceed as though Time were annihilated. And he would proceed further even than this, for — fearing by experience the escape of his victims — he would catch a man by the button-hole of his coat, or back him ruthlessly into the corner of a room, and then lay on to him without quarter.

Since the affair with Mr. Glascock had been settled, he had talked an immensity about England, — not absolutely taking honor to himself because of his intended connection with a lord, but making so many references to the aristocratic side of the British constitution as to leave no doubt on the minds of his hearers as to the source of his arguments. Hitherto Mr. Spalding, though a courteous man in all personal relations, had constantly spoken of England with the bitter indignation of the ordinary American politician. England must be made to disgorge. England must be made to do justice. England must be taught her place in the world. England must give up her claims. In hot moments he had gone further, and had declared that England must be — whipped. He had been specially loud against that aristocracy of England which, according to a figure of speech often used by him, was always feeding on the vitals of the people. But now all this was very much changed. He did not go the length of expressing an opinion that the House of Lords is a valuable institution, but discussed questions of primogeniture and hereditary legislation, in reference to their fitness for countries which were gradually emerging from feudal systems, with an equanimity, an impartiality, and a perseverance which soon convinced those who listened to him where he had learned his present lessons. "The conservative nature of your institutions, sir," he said to poor Sir Marmaduke at the Baths of Lucca a very few days before the marriage, "has to be studied with great care before its effects can be appreciated in reference to a people, who, perhaps, I may be allowed to say, have more in their composition of constitutional reverence than of educated intelligence." Sir Marmaduke, having suffered before, had endeavored to bolt; but the American had caught him and pinned him, and the Governor of the Mandarins was impotent in his hands. "The position of the great peer of Parliament is doubtless very splendid, and may be very useful," continued Mr. Spalding, who was intending to bring round his argument to the evil doings of certain scandalously extravagant young lords, and to offer a suggestion that in such cases a committee of aged and respected peers should sit and decide whether a second son, or some other heir, should not be called to the inheritance both of the title and the property. But Mrs. Spalding had seen the sufferings of Sir Marmaduke, and had rescued him. "Mr. Spalding," she had said, "it is too late for politics, and Sir Marmaduke has come out here for a holiday." Then she took her husband by the arm, and led him away helpless.

In spite of these drawbacks to the success, — if aught can be said to be a drawback on success of which the successful one is unconscious, — the marriage was prepared with great splendor, and everybody who was anybody in Florence was to be present. There were only to be four bridesmaids, Caroline herself having strongly objected to a greater number. As Wallachia Petrie had fled at the first note of preparation for these trivial and unpalatable

festivities, another American young lady was found; and the sister of the English secretary of legation, who had so maliciously spread that report about her "ladyship," gladly agreed to be the fourth.

As the reader will remember, the whole party from the Baths of Lucca reached Florence only the day before the marriage, and Nora, at the station, promised to go up to Caroline that same evening. "Mr. Glascock will tell me about the little boy," said Caroline; "but I shall be so anxious to hear about your sister." So Nora crossed the bridge after dinner, and went up to the American minister's palatial residence. Caroline was then in the loggia, and Mr. Glascock was with her; and for a while they talked about Emily Trevelyan and her misfortunes. Mr. Glascock was clearly of opinion that Trevelyan would soon be either in an asylum or in his grave. "I could not bring myself to tell your sister so," he said; "but I think your father should be told, — or your mother. Something should be done to put an end to that fearful residence at Casalunga." Then, by degrees, the conversation changed itself to Nora's prospects; and Caroline, with her friend's hand in hers, asked after Hugh Stanbury.

"You will not mind speaking before him; will you?" said Caroline, putting her hand on her own lover's arm.

"Not unless he should mind it," said Nora, smiling. She had meant nothing beyond a simple reply to her friend's question, but he took her words in a different sense, and blushed as he remembered his visit to Nuncombe Putney.

"He thinks almost more of your happiness than he does of mine," said Caroline; "which isn't fair, as I am sure that Mr. Stanbury will not reciprocate the attention. And now, dear, when are we to see you?"

"Who on earth can say?"

"I suppose Mr. Stanbury would say something, only he is not here."

"And papa won't send my letter," said Nora.

"You are sure that you will not go out to the Islands with him?"

"Quite sure," said Nora. "I have made up my mind so far as that."

"And what will your sister do?"

"I think she will stay. I think she will say good by to papa and mamma here in Florence."

"I am quite of opinion that she should not leave her husband here in Italy," said Mr. Glascock.

"She has not told us with certainty," said Nora; "but I feel sure that she will stay. Papa thinks she ought to go with them to London."

"Your papa seems to have two very intractable daughters," said Caroline.

"As for me," declared Nora, solemnly, "nothing shall make me go back to the Islands, — unless Mr. Stanbury should tell me to do so."

"And they start at the end of July?"

"On the last Saturday."

"And what will you do then, Nora?"

"I believe there are casual wards that people go to."

"Casual wards!" said Caroline.

"Miss Rowley is condescending to poke her fun at you," said Mr. Glascock.

"She is quite welcome, and shall poke as much as she likes; only we must be serious now. If it be necessary, we will get back by the end of July, — won't we, Charles?"

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Nora.



"What, give up your honeymoon to provide me with board and lodgings! How can you suppose that I am so selfish or so helpless? I would go to my aunt, Mrs. Outhouse."

"We know that that would n't do," said Caroline. "You might as well be in Italy as far as Mr. Stanbury is concerned."

"If Miss Rowley would go to Monkham, she might wait for us," suggested Mr. Glascock. "Old Mrs. Richards is there; and though of course she would be dull —"

"It is quite unnecessary," said Nora. "I shall take a two-pair back in a respectable feminine quarter, like any other young woman who wants such accommodation, and shall wait there till my young man can come and give me his arm to church. That is about the way we shall do it. I am not going to give myself any airs, Mr. Glascock, or make any difficulties. Papa is always talking to me about chairs and tables and frying-pans, and I shall practise to do with as few of them as possible. As I am headstrong about having my young man, — and I own that I am headstrong about that, — I guess I've got to fit myself for that sort of life." And Nora, as she said this, pronounced her words with something of a nasal twang, imitating certain countrywomen of her friends.

"I like to hear you joking about it, Nora, because your voice is so cheery and you are so bright when you joke. But, nevertheless, one has to be reasonable, and to look the facts in the face. I don't see how you are to be left in London alone, and you know that your aunt, Mrs. Outhouse, — or, at any rate, your uncle, — would not receive you except on receiving some strong anti-Stanbury pledge."

"I certainly shall not give an anti-Stanbury pledge."

"And, therefore, that is out of the question. You will have a fortnight or three weeks in London, in all the bustle of their departure, and I declare I think that at the last moment you will go with them."

"Never, — unless he says so."

"I don't see how you are even to meet — 'him,' and talk it over."

"I'll manage that. My promise not to write lasts only while we are in Italy."

"I think we had better get back to England, Charles, and take pity on this poor destitute one."

"If you talk of such a thing, I will swear that I will never go to Monkham. You will find that I shall manage it. It may be that I shall do something very shocking, — so that all your patronage will hardly be able to bring me round afterwards; but I will do something that will serve my purpose. I have not gone so far as this to be turned back now." Nora, as she spoke of having "gone so far," was looking at Mr. Glascock, who was seated in an easy arm-chair close to the girl whom he was to make his wife on the morrow, and she was thinking, no doubt, of the visit which he had made to Nuncombe Putney, and of the first irretrievable step which she had taken when she told him that her love was given to another. That had been her Rubicon. And though there had been periods with her since the passing of it in which she had felt that she had crossed it in vain, that she had thrown away the splendid security of the other bank without obtaining the perilous object of her ambition, though there had been moments in which she had almost regretted her own courage and noble action, still,

having passed the river, there was nothing for her but to go on to Rome. She was not going to be stopped now by the want of a house in which to hide herself for a few weeks. She was without money, except so much as her mother might be able, almost surreptitiously to give her. She was without friends to help her, — except these who were now with her, whose friendship had come to her in so singular a manner, and whose power to aid her at the present moment was cruelly curtailed by their own circumstances. Nothing was settled as to her own marriage. In consequence of the promise that had been extorted from her that she should not correspond with Stanbury, she knew nothing of his present wishes or intention. Her father was so offended by her firmness that he would hardly speak to her. And it was evident to her that her mother, though disposed to yield, was still in hopes that her daughter, in the press and difficulty of the moment, would allow herself to be carried away with the rest of the family to the other side of the world. She knew all this, — but she had made up her mind that she would not be carried away. It was not very pleasant, the thought that she would be obliged at last to ask her young man, as she called him, to provide for her; but she would do that and trust herself altogether in his hands sooner than be taken to the Antipodes. "I can be very resolute if I please, my dear," she said, looking at Caroline. Mr. Glascock almost thought that she must have intended to address him.

They sat there discussing the matter for some time through the long, cool evening hours, but nothing could be settled further, — except that Nora would write to her friend as soon as her affairs had begun to shape themselves after her return to England: at last Caroline went into the house, and for a few minutes Mr. Glascock was alone with Nora. He had remained, determining that the moment should come, but now that it was there, he was for a while unable to say the words that he wished to utter. At last he spoke. "Miss Rowley, Caroline is so eager to be your friend."

"I know she is, and I do love her so dearly. But, without joke, Mr. Glascock, there will be as it were a great gulf between us."

"I do not know that there need be any gulf, great or little. But I did not mean to allude to that. What I want to say is this. My feelings are not a bit less warm or sincere than hers. You know of old that I am not very good at expressing myself."

"I know nothing of the kind."

"There is no such gulf as what you speak of. All that is mostly gone by, and a nobleman in England, though he has advantages as a gentleman, is no more than a gentleman. But that has nothing to do with what I am saying now. I shall never forget my journey to Devonshire. I won't pretend to say now that I regret its result."

"I am quite sure you don't."

"No, I do not, though I thought then that I should regret it always. But remember this, Miss Rowley, — that you can never ask me to do anything that I will not, if possible, do for you. You are in some little difficulty now."

"It will disappear, Mr. Glascock. Difficulties always do."

"But we will do anything that we are wanted to do; and should a certain event take place —"

"It will take place some day."

"Then I hope that we may be able to make Mr. Stanbury and his wife quite at home at Monk-



hams." After that he took Nora's hand and kissed it, and at that moment Caroline came back to them.

"To-morrow, Mr. Glascock," she said, "you will, I believe, be at liberty to kiss everybody; but to-day you should be more discreet."

It was generally admitted among the various legations in Florence that there had not been such a wedding in the city of flowers since it had become the capital of Italia. Mr. Glascock and Miss Spalding were married in the chapel of the legation, — a legation chapel on the ground-floor having been extemporized for the occasion. This greatly enhanced the pleasantness of the thing, and saved the necessity of matrons and bridesmaids packing themselves and their finery into close, fusty carriages. A portion of the guests attended in the chapel, and the remainder, when the ceremony was over, were found strolling about the shady garden. The whole affair of the breakfast was very splendid and lasted some hours. In the midst of this the bride and bridegroom were whisked away with a pair of gray horses to the railway station, and before the last toast of the day had been proposed by the Belgian Councillor of Legation, they were half-way up the Apennines on their road to Bologna. Mr. Spalding behaved himself like a man on the occasion. Nothing was spared in the way of expense, and when he made that celebrated speech, in which he declared that the republican virtue of the new world had linked itself in a happy alliance with the aristocratic splendor of the old, and went on with a simile about the lion and the lamb, everybody accepted it with good-humor in spite of its being a little too long for the occasion.

"It has gone off very well, mamma; has it not?" said Nora, as she returned home with her mother to her lodgings.

"Yes, my dear; much, I fancy, as these things generally do."

"I thought it was so nice. And she looked so very well. And he was so pleasant, and so much like a gentleman, — not noisy, you know, — and yet not too serious."

"I dare say, my love."

"It is easy enough, mamma, for a girl to be married, for she has nothing to do but to wear her clothes and look as pretty as she can. And if she cries and has a red nose, it is forgiven her. But, a man has so difficult a part to play! If he tries to carry himself as though it were not a special occasion, he looks like a fool that way; and if he is very special, he looks like a fool the other way. I thought Mr. Glascock did it very well."

"To tell you the truth, my dear, I did not observe him."

"I did, — narrowly. He had n't tied his cravat at all nicely."

"How you could think of his cravat, Nora, with such memories as you must have, and such regrets, I cannot understand."

"Mamma, my memories of Mr. Glascock are pleasant memories, and as for regrets, — I have not one. Can I regret, mamma, that I did not marry a man whom I did not love, — and that I rejected him when I knew that I loved another? You cannot know that, mamma."

"I know this, — that I was thinking all the time how proud I should have been, and how much more fortunate he would have been, had you been standing there instead of that American young woman." As she said this, Lady Rowley burst into tears, and Nora could only answer her mother by embrac-

ing her. They were alone together, their party having been too large for one carriage, and Sir Marmaduke having taken his two younger daughters. "Of course, I feel it," said Lady Rowley, through her tears. "It would have been such a position for my child! And that young man, — without a shilling in the world; and writing in that way, just for bare bread!" Nora had nothing more to say. A feeling that in herself would have been base was simply affectionate and maternal in her mother. It was impossible that she should make her mother see it as she saw it.

There was but one intervening day and then the Rowleys returned to England. There had been, as it were, a tacit agreement among them that, in spite of all their troubles, their holiday should be a holiday up to the time of the Glascock marriage. Then must commence at once the stern necessity of their return home, — home, not only to England, but to those Antipodean islands from which it was too probable that some of them might never come back. And the difficulties in their way seemed to be almost insuperable. First of all, there was to be the parting from Emily Trevelyan. She had determined to remain in Florence, and had written to her husband saying that she would do so, and declaring her willingness to go out to him, or to receive him in Florence at any time and in any manner that he might appoint. She had taken this as a first step, intending to go to Casalunga very shortly, even though she should receive no answer from him. The parting between her and her mother and father and sisters was very bitter. Sir Marmaduke, as he had become estranged from Nora, had grown to be more and more gentle and loving with his elder daughter, and was nearly overcome at the idea of leaving her in a strange land, with a husband near her, mad, and yet not within her custody. But he could do nothing — could hardly say a word — toward opposing her. Though her husband was mad, he supplied her with means of living; and when she said that it was her duty to be near him, her father could not deny it. The parting came. "I will return to you the moment you send to me," were Nora's last words to her sister. "I don't suppose I shall send," said Emily. "I shall try to bear it without assistance."

Then the journey from Italy to England was made without much gratification or excitement, and the Rowley family again found themselves at Gregg's Hotel.

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

CROPPER AND BURGESS.

We must now go back to Exeter and look after Mr. Brooke Burgess and Miss Dorothy Stanbury. It is rather hard upon readers that they should be thus hurried from the completion of hymeneals at Florence, to the preparations for other hymeneals in Devonshire; but it is the nature of a complex story to be entangled with many weddings towards its close. In this little history there are, we fear, three or four more to come. We will not anticipate by alluding prematurely to Hugh Stanbury's treachery, or death, — or the possibility that he after all may turn out to be the real descendant of the true Lord Peterborough and the actual inheritor of the title and estate of Monkham, nor will we speak of Nora's certain fortitude under either of these emergencies. But the instructed reader must be aware



that Camilla French ought to have a husband found for her. That Colonel Osborne should be caught in some matrimonial trap,—as, how otherwise should he be fitly punished?—and that something should be at least attempted for Priscilla Stanbury, who from the first has been intended to be the real heroine of these pages. That Martha should marry Giles Hickbody and Barty Burgess run away with Mrs. MacHugh is of course evident to the meanest novel-expounding capacity; but the fate of Brooke Burgess and of Dorothy will require to be evolved with some delicacy and much detail.

There was considerable difficulty in fixing the day. In the first place, Miss Stanbury was not very well,—and then she was very fidgety. She must see Brooke again before the day was fixed, and after seeing Brooke she must see her lawyer. "To have a lot of money to look after is more plague than profit, my dear," she said to Dorothy one day,— "particularly when you don't quite know what you ought to do with it." Dorothy had always avoided any conversation with her aunt about money since the first moment in which she had thought of accepting Brooke Burgess as her husband. She knew that her aunt had some feeling which made her averse to the idea that any portion of the property which she had inherited should be enjoyed by a Stanbury after her death, and Dorothy, guided by this knowledge, had almost convinced herself that her love for Brooke was treason either against him or against her aunt. If, by engaging herself to him, she should rob him of his inheritance, how bitter a burden to him would her love have been! If, on the other hand, she should reward her aunt for all that had been done for her by forcing herself, a Stanbury, into a position not intended for her, how base would be her ingratitude! These thoughts had troubled her much, and had always prevented her from answering any of her aunt's chance allusions to the property. For her, things had at last gone very right. She did not quite know how it had come about, but she was engaged to marry the man she loved. And her aunt was, at any rate, reconciled to the marriage. But when Miss Stanbury declared that she did not know what to do about the property, Dorothy could only hold her tongue. She had had plenty to say when it had been suggested to her that the marriage should be put off yet for a short while, and that, in the mean time, Brooke should come again to Exeter. She swore that she did not care for how long it was put off,—only that she hoped it might not be put off altogether. And as for Brooke's coming, that, for the present, would be very much nicer than being married out of hand at once. Dorothy, in truth, was not at all in a hurry to be married, but she would have liked to have had her lover always coming and going. Since the courtship had become a thing permitted, she had had the privilege of welcoming him twice at the house in the Close; and that running down to meet him in the little front parlor, and the getting up to make his breakfast for him as he started in the morning, were among the happiest epochs of her life. And then, as soon as ever the breakfast was eaten,—and he was gone, she would sit down to write him a letter. O those letters, so beautifully crossed, more than one of which was copied from beginning to end because some word in it was not thought to be sweet enough;—what a heaven of happiness they were to her! The writing of the first had disturbed her greatly, and she had almost repented of the privilege before

it was ended; but with the first and second the difficulties had disappeared; and, had she not felt somewhat ashamed of the occupation, she could have sat at her desk and written him letters all day. Brooke would answer them, with fair regularity, but in a most cursory manner,—sending seven or eight lines in return for two sheets fully crossed; but this did not discompose her in the least. He was worked hard at his office, and had hundreds of other things to do. He, too, could say—so thought Dorothy—more in eight lines than she could put into as many pages.

She was quite happy when she was told that the marriage could not take place till August, but that Brooke must come again in July. Brooke did come in the first week of July, and somewhat horrified Dorothy, he declaring to her that Miss Stanbury was unreasonable. "If I insist upon leaving London so often for a day or two," said he, "how am I to get anything like leave of absence when the time comes?" In answer to this, Dorothy tried to make him understand that business should not be neglected, and that, as far as she was concerned, she could do very well without that trip abroad which he had proposed for her. "I'm not going to be done in that way," said Brooke. "And now that I am here she has nothing to say to me. I've told her a dozen times that I don't want to know anything about her will, and that I'll take it all for granted. There is something to be settled on you, that she calls her own."

"She is so generous, Brooke."

"She is generous enough, but she is very whimsical. She is going to make her whole will over again now. And now she wants to send some message to Uncle Barty. I don't know what it is yet, but I am to take it. As far as I can understand, she has sent all the way to London for me, in order that I may take a message across the Close."

"You talk as though it were very disagreeable coming to Exeter," said Dorothy, with a little pout.

"So it is, very disagreeable."

"O Brooke!"

"Very disagreeable if our marriage is to be put off by it. I think it will be so much nicer making love somewhere on the Rhine than having snatches of it here, and talking all the time about wills and tenements and settlements." As he said this, with his arm round her waist and his face quite close to hers,—showing thereby that he was not altogether averse even to his present privileges,—she forgave him.

On that same afternoon, just before the banking hours were over, Brooke went across to the house of Cropper and Burgess, having first been closeted for nearly an hour with his aunt,—and, as he went, his step was sedate and his air was serious. He found his uncle Barty, and was not very long in delivering his message. It was to this effect,—that Miss Stanbury particularly wished to see Mr. Bartholomew Burgess on business, at some hour on that afternoon or that evening. Brooke himself had been made acquainted with the subject in regard to which this singular interview was desired; but it was not a part of his duty to communicate any information respecting it. It had been necessary that his consent to certain arrangements should be asked before the invitation to Barty Burgess could be given; but his present mission was confined to an authority to give the invitation.

Old Mr. Burgess was much surprised, and was at first disposed to decline the proposition made by the



"old harridan," as he called her. He had never put any restraint on his language in talking of Miss Stanbury with his nephew, and was not disposed to do so now, because she had taken a new vagary into her head. But there was something in his nephew's manner which at last induced him to discuss the matter rationally.

"And you don't know what it's all about," said Uncle Barty.

"I can't quite say that. I suppose I do know pretty well. At any rate, I know enough to think that you ought to come. But I must not say what it is."

"Will it do me or anybody else any good?"

"It can't do you any harm. She won't eat you."

"But she can abuse me like a pickpocket and I should return it, and then there would be a scolding match. I always have kept out of her way, and I think I had better do so still."

Nevertheless, Brooke prevailed, — or rather the feeling of curiosity which was naturally engendered prevailed. For very, very many years Barty Burgess had never entered or left his own house of business without seeing the door of that in which Miss Stanbury lived, — and he had never seen that door without a feeling of detestation for the owner of it. It would, perhaps, have been a more rational feeling on his part had he confined his hatred to the memory of his brother, by whose will Miss Stanbury had been enriched, and he had been, as he thought, impoverished. But there had been a contest, and litigation, and disputes and contradictions, and a long course of those incidents in life which lead to rancor and ill blood, after the death of the former Brooke Burgess; and, as the result of all this, Miss Stanbury held the property and Barty Burgess held his hatred. He had never been ashamed of it, and had spoken his mind out to all who would hear him. And, to give Miss Stanbury her due, it must be admitted that she had hardly been behind him in the warmth of her expression, — of which old Barty was well aware. He hated, and knew that he was hated in return. And he knew, or thought that he knew, that his enemy was not a woman to relent because old age and weakness and the fear of death was coming on her. His enemy, with all her faults, was no coward. It could not be that now at the eleventh hour she should desire to reconcile him by any act of tardy justice, — nor did he wish to be reconciled at this the eleventh hour. His hatred was a pleasant excitement to him. His abuse of Miss Stanbury was a chosen recreation. His unuttered daily curse, as he looked over to her door, was a relief to him. Nevertheless, he would go. As Brooke had said, — no harm could come of his going. He would go, and at least listen to her proposition.

About seven in the evening his knock was heard at the door. Miss Stanbury was sitting in the small up-stairs parlor, dressed in her second-best gown, and was prepared with considerable stiffness and state for the occasion. Dorothy was with her, but was desired in a quick voice to hurry away the moment the knock was heard, as though old Barty would have jumped from the hall-door into the room at a bound. Dorothy collected herself with a little start, and went without a word. She had heard much of Barty Burgess, but had never spoken to him, and was subject to a feeling of great awe when she would remember that the grim old man of whom she had heard so much evil would soon be her uncle. According to arrangement, Mr. Burgess was shown up stairs by his nephew. Barty Burgess had been born

in this very house, but had not been inside the walls of it for more than thirty years. He also was somewhat awed by the occasion, and followed his nephew without a word. Brooke was to remain at hand, so that he might be summoned should he be wanted; but it had been decided by Miss Stanbury that he should not be present at the interview. As soon as her visitor entered the room she rose in a stately way, and courtesied, propping herself with one hand upon the table as she did so. She looked him full in the face meanwhile, and courtesying a second time asked him to seat himself in a chair which had been prepared for him. She did it all very well, and it may be surmised that she had rehearsed the little scene, perhaps more than once, when nobody was looking at her. He bowed and walked round to the chair and seated himself; but finding that he was so placed that he could not see his neighbor's face, he moved his chair. He was not going to fight such a duel as this with the disadvantage of the sun in his eyes.

Hitherto there had hardly been a word spoken. Miss Stanbury had muttered something as she was courtesying, and Barty Burgess had made some return. Then she began: "Mr. Burgess," she said, "I am indebted to you for your complaisance in coming here at my request." To this he bowed again. "I should not have ventured thus to trouble you were it not that years are dealing more hardly with me than they are with you, and that I could not have ventured to discuss a matter of deep interest otherwise than in my own room." It was her room now, certainly, by law; but Barty Burgess remembered it when it was his mother's room, and when she used to give them all their meals there, — now so many, many years ago! He bowed again and said not a word. He knew well that she could sooner be brought to her point by his silence than by his speech.

She was a long time coming to her point. Before she could do so she was forced to allude to times long past, and to subjects which she found it very difficult to touch without saying that which would either belie herself, or seem to be severe upon him. Though she had prepared herself, she could hardly get the words spoken, and she was greatly impeded by the obstinacy of his silence. But at last her proposition was made to him. She told him that his nephew, Brooke, was about to be married to her niece, Dorothy; and that it was her intention to make Brooke her heir in the bulk of the property which she had received under the will of the late Mr. Brooke Burgess. "Indeed," she said, "all that I received at your brother's hands shall go back to your brother's family unimpaired." He only bowed, and would not say a word. Then she went on to say that it had at first been a matter to her of deep regret that Brooke should have set his affections upon her niece, as there had been in her mind a strong desire that none of her own people should enjoy the reversion of the wealth, which she had always regarded as being hers only for the term of her life; but that she had found that the young people had been so much in earnest, and that her own feeling had been so near akin to a prejudice, that she had yielded. When this was said, Barty smiled instead of bowing, and Miss Stanbury felt that there might be something worse even than his silence. His smile told her that he believed her to be lying. Nevertheless, she went on. She was not fool enough to suppose that the whole nature of the man was to be changed by a few words from her.



So she went on. The marriage was a thing fixed, and she was thinking of settlements, and talking to lawyers about a new will.

"I do not know that I can help you," said Barty, finding that a longer pause than usual made some word from him absolutely necessary.

"I am going on to that, and I regret that my story should detain you so long, Mr. Burgess." And she did go on. She had, she said, made some saving out of her income. She was not going to trouble Mr. Burgess with this matter, — only that she might explain to him that what she would at once give to the young couple, and what she would settle on Dorothy after her own death, would all come from such savings, and that such gifts and bequests would not diminish the family property. Barty again smiled as he heard this, and Miss Stanbury in her heart likened him to the Devil in person. But still she went on. She was very desirous that Brooke Burgess should come and live at Exeter. His property would be in the town and the neighborhood. It would be a seemly thing — such were her words — that he should occupy the house that had belonged to his grandfather and his great-grandfather; and then, moreover, — she acknowledged that she spoke selfishly, — she dreaded the idea of being left alone for the remainder of her own years. Her proposition at last was uttered. It was simply this, — that Barty Burgess should give to his nephew, Brooke, his share in the bank.

"I am damned if I do!" said Barty Burgess, rising up from his chair.

But before he had left the room he had agreed to consider the proposition. Miss Stanbury had of course known that any such suggestion coming from her without an adequate reason assigned, would have been mere idle wind. She was prepared with such adequate reason. If Mr. Burgess could see his way to make the proposed transfer of his share of the bank business, she, Miss Stanbury, would hand over to him, for his life, a certain proportion of the Burgess property which lay in the city, the income of which would exceed that drawn by him from the business. Would he, at his time of life, take that for doing nothing which he now got for working hard? That was the meaning of it. And then, too, as far as the portion of the property went, — and it extended to the houses owned by Miss Stanbury on the bank side of the Close, — it would belong altogether to Barty Burgess for his life. "It will simply be this, Mr. Burgess; — that Brooke will be your heir, — as would be natural."

"I don't know that it would be at all natural," said he. "I should prefer to choose my own heir."

"No doubt, Mr. Burgess — in respect to your own property," said Miss Stanbury.

At last he said that he would think of it, and consult his partner; and then he got up to take his leave. "For myself," said Miss Stanbury, "I would wish that all animosities might be buried."

"We can say that they are buried," said the grim old man; "but nobody will believe us."

"What matters, if we could believe it ourselves?"

"But suppose we didn't? I don't believe that much good can come from talking of such things, Miss Stanbury. You and I have grown too old to swear a friendship. I will think of this thing, and if I find that it can be made to suit without much difficulty, I will perhaps entertain it." Then the interview was over, and old Barty made his way down stairs, and out of the house. He looked over

to the tenements in the Close which were offered to him, every circumstance of each one of which he knew, and felt that he might do worse. Were he to leave the bank, he could not take his entire income with him, and it had been long said of him that he ought to leave it. The Croppers, who were his partners, — and whom he had never loved, — would be glad to welcome in his place one of the old family who would have money; and then the name would be perpetuated in Exeter, which, even to Barty Burgess, was something.

On that night the scheme was divulged to Dorothy, and she was in ecstasies. London had always sounded bleak and distant and terrible to her; and her heart had misgiven her at the idea of leaving her aunt. If only this thing might be arranged! When Brooke spoke the next morning of returning at once to his office, he was rebuked by both the ladies. What was the Ecclesiastical Commission Office to any of them, when matters of such importance were concerned? But Brooke would not be talked out of his prudence. He was very willing to be made a banker at Exeter, and to go to school again and learn banking business; but he would not throw up his occupation in London till he knew that there was another ready for him in the country. One day longer he spent in Exeter, and during that day he was more than once with his uncle. He saw also the Messrs. Cropper, and was considerably chilled by the manner in which they at first seemed to entertain the proposition. Indeed, for a couple of hours he thought that the scheme must be abandoned. It was pointed out to him that Mr. Barty Burgess's life would probably be short, and that he (Barty) had but a small part of the business at his disposal. But gradually a way to terms was seen, — not quite so simple as that which Miss Stanbury had suggested; and Brooke, when he left Exeter, did believe it possible that he, after all, might become the family representative in the old banking-house of the Burgessses.

"And how long will it take, Aunt Stanbury?" Dorothy asked.

"Don't you be impatient, my dear."

"I am not the least impatient; but of course I want to tell mamma and Priscilla. It will be so nice to live here and not go up to London. Are we to stay here, — in this very house?"

"Have you not found out yet that Brooke will be likely to have an opinion of his own on such things?"

"But would you wish us to live here, aunt?"

"I hardly know, dear. I am a foolish old woman, and cannot say what I would wish. I cannot bear to be alone."

"Of course we will stay with you."

"And yet I should be jealous if I were not mistress of my own house."

"Of course you will be mistress."

"I believe, Dolly, that it would be better that I should die. I have come to feel that I can do more good by going out of the world than by remaining in it." Dorothy hardly answered this in words, but sat close by her aunt, holding the old woman's hand and caressing it, and administering that love of which Miss Stanbury had enjoyed so little during her life and which had become so necessary to her.

The news about the bank arrangements, though kept of course as a great secret, soon became common in Exeter. It was known to be a good thing for the firm in general that Barty Burgess should be removed from his share of the management. He



was old-fashioned, unpopular, and very stubborn; and he and a certain Mr. Julius Cropper, who was the leading man among the Croppers, had not always been comfortable together. It was at first hinted that old Miss Stanbury had been softened by sudden twinges of conscience, and that she had confessed to some terrible crime in the way of forgery, perjury, or perhaps worse, and had relieved herself at last by making full restitution. But such a rumor as this did not last long or receive wide credence. When it was hinted to such old friends as Sir Peter Manerudy and Mrs. MacHugh, they laughed it to scorn, — and it did not exist even in the vague form of an undivulged mystery for above three days. Then it was asserted that old Barty had been found to have no real claim to any share in the bank, and that he was to be turned out at Miss Stanbury's instance, — that he was to be turned out, and that Brooke had been acknowledged to be the owner of the Burgess share of her business. Then came the fact that old Barty had been bought out, and that the future husband of Miss Stanbury's niece was to be the junior partner. A general feeling prevailed at last that there had been another great battle between Miss Stanbury and old Barty, and that the old maid had prevailed now as she had done in former days.

Before the end of July the papers were in the lawyer's hands, and all the terms had been fixed. Brooke came down again and again, to Dorothy's great delight, and displayed considerable firmness in the management of his own interest. If Fate intended to make him a banker in Exeter instead of a clerk in the Ecclesiastical Commission Office, he would be a banker after a respectable fashion. There was more than one little struggle between him and Mr. Julius Cropper, which ended in accession of respect on the part of Mr. Cropper for his new partner. Mr. Cropper had thought that the establishment might best be known to the commercial world of the west of England as "Cropper's Bank"; but Brooke had been very firm in asserting that if he was to have anything to do with it, the old name should be maintained.

"It's to be 'Cropper and Burgess,'" he said to Dorothy one afternoon. "They fought hard for 'Cropper, Cropper, and Burgess,' — but I would n't stand more than one Cropper."

"Of course not," said Dorothy, with something almost of scorn in her voice. By this time Dorothy had gone very deeply into banking business.

#### CHAPTER LXXXIX.

"I WOULD N'T DO IT, IF I WAS YOU."

Miss Stanbury at this time was known all through Exeter to be very much altered from the Miss Stanbury of old, or even from the Miss Stanbury of two years since. The Miss Stanbury of old was a stalwart lady who would play her rubber of whist five nights a week, and could hold her own in conversation against the best woman in Exeter, — not to speak of her acknowledged superiority over every man in that city. Now she cared little for the glories of debate; and though she still liked her rubber, and could wake herself up to the old fire in the detection of a revoke or the claim for a second trick, her rubbers were few and far between, and she would leave her own house on an evening only when all circumstances were favorable, and with

many precautions against wind and water. Some said that she was becoming old, and that she was going out like the snuff of a candle. But Sir Peter Manerudy declared that she might live for the next fifteen years, if she would only think so herself. "It was true," Sir Peter said, "that in the winter she had been ill, and that there had been danger as to her throat during the east winds of the spring, — but those dangers had passed away, and, if she would only exert herself, she might be almost as good a woman as ever she had been. Sir Peter was not a man of many words, or given to talk frequently of his patients; but it was clearly Sir Peter's opinion that Miss Stanbury's mind was ill at ease. She had become discontented with life, and therefore it was that she cared no longer for the combat of tongues, and had become cold even towards the card-table. It was so in truth; and yet perhaps the lives of few men or women had been more innocent, and few had struggled harder to be just in their dealings and generous in their thoughts.

There was ever present to her mind an idea of failure, and a fear lest she had been mistaken in her views throughout her life. No one had ever been more devoted to peculiar opinions, or more strong in the use of language for their expression; and she was so far true to herself, that she would never seem to retreat from the position she had taken. She would still scorn the new fangles of the world around her, and speak of the changes which she saw as all tending to evil. But, through it all, there was an idea present to herself that it could not be God's intention that things should really change for the worse, and that the fault must be in her, because she had been unable to move as others had moved. She would sit thinking of the circumstances of her own life and tell herself that with her everything had failed. She had loved, but had quarrelled with her lover; and her love had come to nothing — but barren wealth. She had fought for her wealth and had conquered, — and had become hard in the fight, and was conscious of her own hardness. In the early days of her riches and power she had taken her nephew by the hand, — and had thrown him away from her because he would not dress himself in her mirror. She had believed herself to be right, and would not, even now, tell herself that she had been wrong; but there were doubts, and qualms of conscience, and an uneasiness, — because her life had been a failure. Now she was seeking to appease her self-accusations by sacrificing everything for the happiness of her niece and her chosen hero; but as she went on with the work she felt that all would be in vain, unless she could sweep herself altogether from off the scene. She had told herself that if she could bring Brooke to Exeter, his prospects would be made infinitely brighter than they would be in London, and that she in her last days would not be left utterly alone. But as the prospect of her future life came nearer to her, she saw, or thought that she saw, that there was still failure before her. Young people would not want an old woman in the house with them, — even though the old woman would declare that she would be no more in the house than a tame cat. And she knew herself also too well to believe that she could make herself a tame cat in the home that had so long been subject to her dominion. Would it not be better that she should go away somewhere, — and die?

"If Mr. Brooke is to come here," Martha said to her one day, "we ought to begin and make the changes, ma'am."



"What changes? You are always wanting to make changes."

"If they was never made till I wanted them, they'd never be made, ma'am. But if there is to be a married couple, there should be things proper. Anyways, ma'am, we ought to know; oughtn't we?"

The truth of this statement was so evident that Miss Stanbury could not contradict it. But she had not even yet made up her mind. Ideas were running through her head which she knew to be very wild, but of which she could not divest herself. "Martha," she said, after a while, "I think I shall go away from this myself."

"Leave the house, ma'am?" said Martha, awestruck.

"There are other houses in the world, I suppose, in which an old woman can live and die."

"There is houses, ma'am, of course."

"And what is the difference between one and another?"

"I would n't do it, ma'am, if I was you. I would n't do it, if it was ever so. Sure the house is big enough for Mr. Brooke and Miss Dorothy along with you. I would n't go and make such change as that;—I would n't indeed, ma'am." Martha spoke out almost with eloquence, so much expression was there in her face. Miss Stanbury said nothing more at the moment, beyond signifying her indisposition to make up her mind to anything at the present moment. Yes, the house was big enough as far as rooms were concerned; but how often had she heard that an old woman must always be in the way, if attempting to live with a newly married couple? If a mother-in-law be unendurable, how much more so one whose connection would be less near? She could keep her own house no doubt, and let them go elsewhere; but what then would come of her old dream, that Burgess, the new banker in the city, should live in the very house that had been inhabited by the Burgesses, the bankers of old? There was certainly only one way out of all these troubles, and that way would be that she should—go from them and be at rest.

Her will had now been drawn out and completed for the third or fourth time, and she had made no secret of its contents either with Brooke or Dorothy. The whole estate she left to Brooke, including the houses which were to become his after his uncle's death; and in regard to the property she had made no further stipulation. "I might have settled it on your children," she said to him, "but in doing so I should have settled it on hers. I don't know why an old woman should try to interfere with things after she has gone. I hope you won't squander it, Brooke."

"I shall be a steady old man by that time," he said.

"I hope you'll be steady at any rate. But there it is, and God must direct you in the use of it, if he will. It has been a burden to me; but then I have been a solitary old woman." Half of what she had saved she proposed to give Dorothy on her marriage, and for doing this arrangements had already been made. There were various other legacies, and the last she announced was one to her nephew, Hugh. "I have left him a thousand pounds," she said to Dorothy,—"so that he may remember me kindly at last." As to this, however, she exacted a pledge that no intimation of the legacy was to be made to Hugh. Then it was that Dorothy told her aunt that Hugh intended to marry Nora Rowley, one of the ladies who had been at the Clock House during the days in which her

mother had lived in grandeur; and then it was also that Dorothy obtained leave to invite Hugh to her own wedding. "I hope she will be happier than her sister," Miss Stanbury said, when she heard of the intended marriage.

"It was n't Mr. Trevelyan's fault, you know, aunt."

"I say nothing about anybody's fault; but this I do say, that it was a very great misfortune. I fought all that battle with your sister Priscilla, and I don't mean to fight it again, my dear. If Hugh marries the young lady, I hope she will be more happy than her sister. There can be no harm in saying that."

Dorothy's letter to her brother shall be given, because it will inform the reader of all the arrangements as they were made up to that time, and will convey the Exeter news respecting various persons with whom our story is concerned.

"THE CLOSE, July 20, 1868.

"DEAR HUGH,—The day for my marriage is now fixed, and I wish with all my heart that it was the same with you. Pray give my love to Nora. It seems so odd that, though she was living for a while with mamma at Nuncombe Putney, I never should have seen her yet. I am very glad that Brooke has seen her, and he declares that she is quite *magnificently beautiful*. Those are his own words.

"We are to be married on the 10th of August, a Wednesday, and now comes my great news. Aunt Stanbury says that you are to come and stay in the house. She bids me tell you so with her love; and that you can have a room as long as you like. *Of course, you must come*. In the first place, you must because you are to give me away, and Brooke would n't have me if I was n't given away properly; and then it will make me so happy that you and Aunt Stanbury should be friends again. You can stay as long as you like, but, of course, you must come the day before the wedding. We are to be married in the cathedral, and there are to be two clergymen, but I don't yet know who they will be,—not Mr. Gibson, certainly, as you were good enough to suggest.

"Mr. Gibson is married to Arabella French, and they have gone away somewhere into Cornwall. Camilla has come back, and I have seen her once. She looked ever so fierce, as though she intended to declare that she did n't mind what anybody may think. They say that she still protests that she will never speak to her sister again.

"I was introduced to Mr. Barty Burgess the other day. Brooke was here, and we met him in the Close. I hardly knew what he said to me, I was so frightened; but Brooke said that he meant to be civil, and that he is going to send me a present. I have got a quantity of things already, and yesterday Mrs. MacHugh sent me such a beautiful cream-jug. If you'll come in time on the 9th, you shall see them all before they are packed up.

"Mamma and Priscilla are to be here, and they will come on the 9th also. Poor, dear mamma is, I know, terribly flurried about it, and so is Aunt Stanbury. It is so long since they have seen each other. I don't think Priscilla feels it the same way, because she is so brave. Do you remember when it was first proposed that I should come here? I am so glad I came,—because of Brooke. He will come on the 9th, quite early, and I do so hope you will come with him.

"Yours, most affectionately,

"DOROTHY STANBURY.

"Give my best, best love to Nora."

[To be continued.]



## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FACTOR.

LOOKING over the correspondence and other papers of my old friend William Laidlaw, long since deceased, and sleeping at the foot of a Highland hill, — Tor Achilty, — far from his beloved Tweed-side, it occurs to me that certain portions of the letters and memoranda might still possess interest to some readers, and not be without value to future biographers. Laidlaw, it is well known, was factor, or steward, to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and also occasional amanuensis. Lockhart has done justice to his gentle, unassuming character and merits. Still, there are domestic details and incidents unrecorded, such as we should rejoice to have concerning Shakespeare at New Place, with his neighboring hundred and seven acres of land, or from Horace, addressing the bailiff on his Sabine farm. Such personal memorials of great men, if sincere and correct, are seldom complained of, as Gibbon has observed, for their minuteness or prolixity.

William Laidlaw was a genuine Borderer, nine years younger than Scott. He was son of a farmer in Yarrow, fondly commemorated by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. On arriving at manhood, Laidlaw entered on extensive farming experiments; and, so long as the war lasted and high prices prevailed, his schemes promised to be ultimately successful. But with peace came a sudden fall in the market value of corn. He struggled on with adverse circumstances for a twelvemonth till capital and credit failed, and he was obliged to abandon his lease.

In the summer of 1817 we find him at Kaeside, on the estate of Abbotsford. At first this seemed a temporary arrangement. The two friends had kept up a constant intercourse after Scott's visit to the Yarrow in 1802. Presents of trout and blackcock from the country, and return presents of books from Castle Street, in Edinburgh, were interchanged; and, when Laidlaw's evil day was at hand, Scott said, "Come, to Abbotsford, and help me with my improvements. I can put you into a house on the estate, — Kaeside, — and get you some literary work from the Edinburgh publishers." The offer was cheerfully accepted, and the connection became permanent. Scott had then commenced building and planting on a large scale; and the same year he made his most extensive purchase, — the lands of Toftfield, for which he gave £10,000.

Accounts of the planting and rural work at Abbotsford are given by Lockhart. "But it is pleasant to see from the Laidlaw MSS. with what alacrity and zeal the noble friends of the poet came forward with kindly contributions. The Duke of Buccleuch sent bushels of acorns; the Earl of Fife presented seed of Norway pines; Lord Montagu forwarded a box of acorns and a packet of lime seed. One arboricultural missive to the factor says, "I send the seeds of the Corsican pine, got with great difficulty, and also two or three of an unknown species which grows to a great height on the Apennines. Dr. Graham says they should be raised in mould, finely prepared, under glass, but without artificial heat." A box of fine chestnuts came, from Lisbon; the box was sent on from Edinburgh to Abbotsford unopened, and before Laidlaw heard of them the chestnuts were peeled and rendered useless for planting. "Curse the chestnuts, and those who peeled them!" exclaimed Scott; "the officious blockheads did it by way of special favor." One object was to form at the tops of the dykes an impenetrable copse or

natural hedge or verdurous screen, — the poet uses all the epithets (Milton has "verdurous wall"); and for this purpose there were sent from Edinburgh 3,000 laburnums, 2,000 sweetbriers, 3,000 Scotch elms, 3,000 horse-chestnuts, loads of hollies, poplars for the marshy ground, and filberts for the glen. The graceful birch-tree, "the lady of the wood," was not, of course, neglected. "I am so fond of the birch," writes the poet; "and it makes such a beautiful and characteristic underwood that I think we can hardly have too many. Besides, we may plant them as hedges." He purchased, at this time, about 100,000 birches at 40s. per thousand.

"There are many little jobs about the walks," writes the busy and happy laird, "which, though Tom Purdie contemns them, are not less necessary towards comfort; a seat or two, for example, and covering any drains, so as to let the pony pass. In the front of the old Rispylaw (now Annie's Hill) is an old quarry which, a little made up and accommodated with stone-seats and some earth to grow a few honeysuckles and sweetbriers, would make a very sweet place. Many of the walks will *thole* [bear] a mending; for instance, that to the thicket might be completely gravelled, as Mrs. Scott uses it so much."

Here the kindly, loving nature of the man peeps out. Afterwards a thread of business was intermixed. He began to calculate on the probable return from the woods, not omitting the value of the bark used for tanning purposes.

"DEAR WILLIE, — How could you be such a *gouk* [fool] as to suppose I meant to start a hare upon you by my special inquiries about the bark? I am perfectly sensible you take more care of my affairs than you would of your own; but anything about wood or trees amuses me, and I like to enter into it more particularly than into ordinary farming operations. In particular, this of drying and selling our bark — at present a trifle — is a thing which will one day be of great consequence, and I wish to attend to the details myself. I think it should not be laid on the ground, but dried upon stools made of the felled wood; and if you lay along these stools the peeled trees, and pile the bark on them, it will hide the former from the sun and suffer them to dry gradually. I have been observing this at Blair-Adam. I have got a new light on larch planting from the Duke of Athole's operations. He never plants closer than eight feet, and says they answer admirably. If this be so, it will be easy to plant our hill-ground. Respecting the grass in the plantations, I have some fears of the scythe, and should prefer getting a host of women with their hooks, which would also be a good thing for the poor folks. [Another touch of the poet's kindly nature.] Tom must set about it instantly. He is too much frightened for the expense of doing things rapidly, as if it were not as cheap to employ twelve men for a week as six men for a fortnight. Yours,

"W. S."

In the matter of dwellings for the small tenants and laborers the laird of Abbotsford was equally careful and considerate. "I think stone partitions would be desirable on account of vermin, &c. If their houses are not comfortable, the people will never be cleanly. For windows I would much prefer the cast-iron lattices, turning on a centre, and not made too large. These windows being in small quarrels, or panes, a little breach is easily repaired, and saves the substitute of a hat or clout through a



large hole. Certainly the cottages should be rough-plastered." Perhaps the little iron lattices were as much preferred for their antique, picturesque associations as for their utility,—"something poetical," as Pope's old gardener said of the drooping willow; and the aged minstrel's hut near Newark Tower, it will be recollected, had such a window.

"The little garden hedged with green,  
A cheerful hearth and lattice clean."

When times were hard and winter severe he thought of the firesides of the laborers:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have your letter, and have no doubt in my own mind that a voluntary assessment is the best mode of raising money to procure work for the present sufferers, because I see no other way of making this necessary tax fall equally upon the heritors. . . . I shall soon have money, so that if you can devise any mode by which hands can be beneficially employed at Abbotsford I could turn £ 50 or £ 100 extra into that service in the course of a fortnight. In fact, if it made the poor and industrious people a little easier, I should have more pleasure in it than in any money I ever spent in my life.

"Yours, very truly,  
"W. S."

Again,—

"I think of my books amongst this snow-storm; also, of the birds, and not a little of the poor. For benefit of the former I hope Peggy throws out the crumbs; and a corn-sheaf or two for the game would be to purpose if placed where poachers could not come at them. For the poor people I wish you to distribute £ 5 or so, among the neighboring poor who may be in distress, and see that our own folks are tolerably off."

Scott introduced his friendly factor to Blackwood's Magazine, and Laidlaw used to compile for it a monthly chronicle of events, besides occasionally contributing a descriptive article, which the "Great Magician" overhauled previous to its transmission. There was, in the autumn of 1817, a great combustion in Edinburgh about the "Chaldee Manuscript," inserted in the magazine for October. An edition of 2,000 copies was soon sold, and 1,500 more were printed; so Blackwood writes to Scott. "He was dreadfully afraid," says Laidlaw, "that Mr. Scott would be offended; and so he would, he says, were it not on my account." The Ettrick Shepherd (who was the original concocter of the satire) was also alarmed. "For the love of God open not your mouth about the Chaldee MS.," he writes to Laidlaw. "There have been meetings and proposals, and an express has arrived from Edinburgh to me. Deny all knowledge, else, they say, I am ruined," &c. This once famous production is so local and personal that, although it is now included in Professor Wilson's works, it is almost unknown to the present generation. The subject is a bookseller's quarrel, a contest between the rival magazines of Blackwood and Constable, and it is one of the most harmless of all the parodies couched in scriptural phraseology. Professor Ferrier, the editor of Wilson's works, says it is quite as good, in its way, as Swift's "Battle of the Books"; but this is a monstrous delusion. There are some quaint touches of character in the piece. It may be compared to the parodies by Hone; but it is a sort of profanation to place it on a level with the classic satire of Swift.

It is never too late to do justice. In one of these

magazine missives, written in January, 1818, Blackwood refers to the Ettrick Shepherd. "If you see Hogg, I hope you will press him to send me instantly his 'Shepherd's Dog,' and anything else. I received his 'Andrew Gemmells'; but the editor is not going to insert it in this number." [Had Ebony really an editor, or was he not himself the great sublime?] "I expected to have received from him the conclusion of the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck'; there are six sheets of it already printed."

Now, the latter part of this extract seems distinctly to disprove a charge which Hogg thoughtlessly brought against Mr. Blackwood. His novel, the "Brownie of Bodsbeck," was published in 1818, and he suffered unjustly, as he states in his autobiography, with regard to that tale, as it was looked upon as an imitation of Scott's "Old Mortality." It was wholly owing to Blackwood, he asserts, that his story was not published a year sooner; and he relates the case as a warning to authors never to intrust booksellers with their manuscripts. But the fact is, "Old Mortality" was published in December, 1816; and we have Blackwood, in the above letter to Laidlaw, stating that he had not, in January, 1818—more than a twelvemonth afterwards,—received the whole of the "copy" of the "Brownie of Bodsbeck." How could he go to press with an unfinished story? How make bricks without straw? The accusation is altogether a myth, or, to use one of the Shepherd's own expressions, "a mere shimmera (chimera) of the brain."

Of Hogg's prose works Scott writes, "Truly, they are sad daubing, with here and there fine dashes of genius." The *daubing* is chiefly seen in the dialogues and attempts at humor; the *genius* appears in the descriptions of pastoral or wild scenery, as in the account of the "Storms," and in the fine introduction to the "Brownie of Bodsbeck," and in some of the delineations of humble Scottish life and superstition. Hogg is as true and literal as Crabbe. His peasants always speak and think as peasants; but he gives us, sometimes, coarse and poor specimens. It is certain, however, that even in the worst of his stories there are gleams of fancy—"fairy blinks of the sun"—far above the reach of writers immensely his superiors in taste and acquirements.

There was another person in whom Scott was interested with reference to the slashing articles in Blackwood's Magazine. He writes to Laidlaw, "So they let poor Charles Sharpe alone, they may satirize all Edinburgh, your humble servant not excepted." Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, with his antiquarian tastes, personal oddities, and aristocratic leanings, was a special favorite with Scott. He was a kind of Scotch Horace Walpole (so considered by his illustrious friend), but much feebler; perhaps stronger with the pencil, but infinitely weaker with the pen, and wholly wanting in energy. His celebrated sketch of the "Inimitable Virago," or Queen Elizabeth dancing *disposedly*, as described by the Scotch ambassador, Sir James Melville, was esteemed by Scott an unrivalled production. It is highly ludicrous and effective as a picture, but is too extravagant to serve even as a caricature representation of Elizabeth. Neither face nor figure has any resemblance. Hogarth, in his etching of old Simon Lord Lovat of the '45, seems, by a happy stroke of genius, to have hit the true medium in works of this class. He preserved the strong points in personal appearance and character,—combining them with irresistible humor and drollery of expression.

Visitors now began to appear at Abbotsford, an



increasing stream every season from 1817 to 1825. They consisted of persons of rank and fashion, literary men and artists of all nations, who travelled to the Tweed to pay homage to the poet. There was no envy or jealousy with the great Minstrel. Indeed, with the single exception of Byron, his position was such that he had no cause to fear any rival, and he could afford to throw largess to the crowd. All were welcome at Abbotsford. Washington Irving has described the cordial reception he experienced on the occasion of his visit in 1817, and Laidlaw thus notes the event:—

"We had a long walk up by the glen and round by the loch. It was fine sunshine when we set out, but we met with tremendous dashing showers. Mr. Irving told me he had a kind of devotional reverence for Scotland, and most of all for its poetry. He looked upon it as fairy-land, and he was beyond measure surprised at Mr. Scott, his simple manners and brotherly frankness. He was very anxious to see Hogg, and said that several editions of Hogg's different poems had been published in America."

Irving always regretted that he had not met with the Shepherd. Such a meeting could not have failed to give infinite pleasure to both. The gentle manners and literary enthusiasm of the American author would at once have attached the Shepherd, while the rustic frankness, liveliness, and perfect originality of Hogg possessed an indescribable attraction and charm, which the other would have fully appreciated. Many years after this period, Hogg retained a careless brightness of conversation and joyous manner which were seen in no other man. The union of the shepherd and the poet formed a combination as rare and striking as that of the Soldado with the divinity student of Marischal College, in the person of the renowned Dugald Dalgetty.

One day, after Hogg had been in London, Allan Cunningham chanced to meet James Smith of the "Rejected Addresses," at the table of the great bibliophile, John Murray. "How," said Smith aloud to Allan, "how does Hogg like Scotland's small cheer after the luxury of London?" "Small cheer!" echoed Allan; "he has the finest trout in the Yarrow, the finest lambs on its braes, the finest grouse on its hills, and, besides, he as good as keeps a *små* still [smuggled whiskey]. Pray, what better luxury can London offer?" All these sumptuosities the Shepherd cheerfully shared with the wayfarers who flocked to Altrive Cottage.

Another visitor at Abbotsford during the season of 1817, was Lady Byron. "I have had the honor," says Laidlaw, "of dining in the company of Lady Byron and Lord Somerville. Her Ladyship is a beautiful little woman, with fair hair, a fine complexion, and rather large blue eyes; face not round. She looked steadily grave, and seldom smiled. I thought her mouth indicated great firmness, or rather obstinacy. Miss Anne Scott and Lady Byron rode to Newark."

In the Waverley Novels, then appearing in that marvellously rapid succession which astonished the world, there was an ample reservoir of wealth, if it had been wisely secured, as well as of fame. But an alarming interruption was threatened by the illness of the novelist. His malady—cramp of the stomach, with jaundice—was attended with exquisite pain; but in the intervals of comparative ease his literary labors were continued; and it certainly is an extraordinary fact in literary history that under such circumstances the greater part of the

"Bride of Lammermoor," the whole of the "Legend of Montrose," and almost the whole of "Ivanhoe" were produced. The novelist lay on a sofa, dictating to John Ballantyne or to Laidlaw, chiefly to the latter, as he was always at hand, whereas Ballantyne was only an occasional visitor at Abbotsford. Sometimes in his most humorous or elevated scenes, Scott would break off with a groan of torture, as the cramp seized him, but when the visitation had passed, he was ever ready gayly to take up the broken thread of his narrative and proceed *currente calamo*. It was evident to Laidlaw that before he arrived at Abbotsford (generally about ten o'clock) the novelist had arranged his scenes for the day, and settled in his mind the course of the narrative. The *language* was left to the inspiration of the moment; there was no picking of words, no studied *curiosa felicitas* of expression. Even the imagery seemed spontaneous. Laidlaw abjured with some warmth the old-wife exclamations which Lockhart ascribes to him,—as "Gude keep us a"—"the like o' that!"—"eh, sirs! eh, sirs!" But he admitted that while he held the pen he was at times so deeply interested in the scene or in the development of the plot, that he could not help exclaiming, "Get on, Mr. Scott, get on!" on which the novelist would reply, smiling, "Softly, Willie; you know I have to make the story," or some good-humored remark of a similar purport. It was quite true, he said, that when dictating some of the animated scenes and dialogues in "Ivanhoe," Scott would rise from his seat and act the scene with every suitable accompaniment of tone, gesture, and manner. Both the military and dramatic spirit were strong in him,—too strong even for the cramp and calomel! The postscript to a short business letter from Edinburgh, June 14, 1819, refers to this business of dictation. "Put your fingers in order, and buy yourself pens,—I won't stand to the expense of your quills, so pluck the goose 'a God's name!" And it was plucked on this occasion to record the sorrows of the "Bride of Lammermoor."

In April, 1820, Sir Walter's eldest daughter was married. "Mr. Lockhart," he writes, "is the husband of her choice. He is a man of excellent talents, master of his pen and of his pencil, handsome in person and well-mannered, though wanting that ease which the *usage de monde* alone can give. I like him very much; for having no son who promises to take a literary turn, it is of importance to me, both in point of comfort and otherwise, to have some such intimate friend and relation whose pursuits and habits are similar to my own. So that, upon the whole, I trust I have gained a son instead of losing a daughter."

Early next year, Scott was in London, and on February 16th took place the unfortunate duel in which John Scott, editor of the London Magazine, fell. The antagonist of John Scott was Mr. Christie, a barrister, the friend of Lockhart. "I have had much to plague me here," writes Sir Walter, "besides the death of John Scott, who departed last night; so much for being slow to take the field!" And in another letter he recurs to the subject: "The death of my unlucky namesake, John Scott, you will have heard of. The poor man fought a most unnecessary duel to regain his lost character, and so lost his life into the bargain." The loss of life was chiefly owing to the blundering of John Scott's second in the duel, who permitted a second fire to take place after Mr. Christie had discharged his pistol down the field.



All went on smoothly and gayly at Abbotsford, the presiding genius throwing off his stores of fiction with scarcely diminished ease or success, until the commercial crisis of 1825 - 26. Every year had added to the beauty of the poet's domain, and to the richness of his various collections and library. The first note, however, of the alarm and confusion in the money market suspended all, and occasioned intense anxiety to Sir Walter. I add two letters as supplementing Lockhart's narrative:—

[December, 1825.]

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—The money market in London is in a tremendous state, so much so that, whatever good reason I have, and I have the best, for knowing that Constable and his allies, Hurst and Robinson, are in perfect force, yet I hold it wise and necessary to prepare myself for making good my engagements, which might come back on me suddenly, or by taking up those which I hold good security for. For this purpose I have resolved to exercise my reserved faculty to burthen Abbotsford with £8,000 or £10,000. I can easily get the money, and having no other debts, and these well secured, I hold it better to 'put money in my purse' and be a debtor on my land for a year or two, till the credit of the public is restored. I may not want the money, in which case I will buy into the funds, and make some cash by it. But I think it would be most necessary, and even improper not to be fully prepared.

"What I want of you is to give me a copy of the rental of Abbotsford, as it now stands, mentioning the actual rents of ground let, and the probable rents of those in my hand. You gave me one last year, but I would rather have the actual rents, and as such business is express I would have you send it immediately, and keep it all as much within as you think fair and prudent. Your letter need only contain the rental, and you may write your remarks separately. I have not the slightest idea of losing a penny, but the distrust is so great in London that the best houses refuse the best bills of the best tradesmen, and as I have retained such a sum in view of protecting my literary commerce, I think it better to make use of it, and keep my own mind easy, than to carry about bills to unwilling banks, and beg for funds which I can use of my own. I have more than £10,000 to receive before Midsummer, but then I might be put to vexation before that, which I am determined to prevent.

"By all I can learn, this is just such an embarrassment as may arise when pickpockets cry 'Fire!' in a crowd, and honest men get trampled to death. Thank God, I can clear myself of the *melée*, and am not afraid of the slightest injury. If the money horizon does not clear up in a month or two, I will abridge my farming, &c. I cannot find there is any real cause for this; but an imaginary one will do equal mischief. I need not say this is confidential.

"Yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT."

γ "16 December, Edinburgh."

"The confusion of 1814 is a joke to this. I have no debts of my own. On the contrary, £3,000 and more lying out on interest, &c. It is a little hard that, making about £7,000 a year, and working hard for it, I should have this botheration. But it arises out of the nature of the same connection which gives, and has given me, a fortune, and therefore I am not entitled to grumble."

## HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

### CHAPTER XXVI. (Continued.)

THE GAZETTE.

"THEN," said Mr. Spicer, "every time that little dog barks, you fire a gun out a winder, and me and Jim will be with you. They won't try it on often, if you do that, miss. Their nerves is never good. If it only comes to nothing at all, they will get scared; if we get 'em in the house, why, then we shall know what to do. You need n't bother about the policemen. In fact, we don't want no police round here."

"I will do what you tell me," said Rebecca. "If anything were to happen, you could hold your tongues,—keep silent,—could you not?"

Mr. Spicer sniffed, and Mr. Akin, in giving back Mab, winked. "Tell her about the backer, Tom," said this coarse young man.

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said Mr. Spicer. "What do you suppose the young lady would want to know about the running of a twopenny halfpenny, four hundred boxes of cigars, so high up the river as this, in a ballast lighter? I am ashamed on you. Good afternoon, miss; depend on us." And so they went.

Leaving Rebecca with the terrible impression that she had connected herself with the criminal classes, not through her own fault, but utterly without hope of extrication, she was so puzzled by her quaint position, that she was actually whimsical, almost humorous over it.

"I shall be in jail, my dear," she said to Mab. "And you will be reduced to bacon and cold potatoes, at Akin's, until I come out again. I wish father had not broken the law in this matter, even from his very high motives. Bother you," she continued, shaking her fist at the law of the land, "you will pass over Sir Gorham Philpott, and Lord Ducetoy, and you will catch my father. You Brute, not if I can stop it."

She had come at her purpose before she reached home. Her father was in a very difficult position: retaining papers which he had no right to detain: detaining them on very chivalrous grounds. But he had only seen part of the consequences in a sentimental, or, as she put it, Walham Green way; the first thing she had to do was to put the Limehouse view of the question before him.

So she burst in on him suddenly, and said. "Pa, you have made a nice mess of it. They are going to rob and murder us all. They were about the house two nights ago."

"So I suppose," said Mr. Turner.

"So you suppose," said Rebecca. "Well, I tell you, pa, that I am not used to it, and that I am not going to stand it. Trampling about in other people's gardens, indeed! I tell you, pa, that I am not going to endure it."

"Are you going to leave me, Becky?" said Mr. Turner.

Rebecca had not calculated on this. The thread of her argument was unravelled.

"Leave you, dear," she said, kneeling at his feet. "Why, father, father, I have no one left but you, now Alfred is gone. My dear, I will never leave you this side of the grave."

"Is Alfred Morley actually gone?" said Mr. Turner, eagerly.

"Yes, but he will come back. He is only gone for a



weary year or two,—just to leave us alone, you know."

"I thought from your manner that you were angry with me; stay by me."

"I was and am angry with you," said Rebecca; "you are moping and brooding when you should be acting. We want your brains to direct us; we will find hands to assist."

"We?" said Mr. Turner.

"Yes, we," said Rebecca; "Spicer and Akin and I, not to mention Mab. Tell us what to do."

"You have strange accomplices," said Turner.

"And you have done a strange thing. Their motives are as high as yours. They help us from mere love."

"What have they seen?" asked Mr. Turner, rousing himself.

"Our house was 'attempted' four days ago by two men. One, Syer, a burglar, and the other a young gentleman. Spicer the sweep knew Syer, and challenged him. The young gentleman he did not know."

Mr. Turner lay back in his chair and laughed;—laughed again almost heartily; then he began to speak.

"My dear child, this is exactly as I supposed. The man Syer is, as you tell me, you being acquainted with the criminal class so intimately, a burglar. Now the young gentleman who was with him, is Edmund Philpott, whose forgeries, those of my own name in particular, I hold."

"Well," said Rebecca.

"You may well say 'well,'" said Mr. Turner; "You don't understand business; indeed, no one will soon, and financing has come in, and the L. C. & D. can't exactly make out whether Mr. P. owes them six millions of money, or they owe him two and a half millions. But you understand enough for this. That a Limited Liability Company bought the Gorham-Philpott business for £500,000, and have made a mess of it, as limited companies always do and always will. We don't want limited liability, girl, we want unlimited responsibility. Ha! look at M. when he was short: what did the trade say to the limited liability companies? Why, they said, one and all, 'We will have the man and not a parcel of irresponsible shareholders. We know the man, and the man is honest as knows the business,' says they, 'but we don't know 500 irresponsible shareholders'; and the trade pulled the man through, and there he is now. Well, child, you can't understand this, though every reader of a newspaper can. This Gorham-Philpott business was sold; and I gave up my position as their attorney. And first of all I did a wrong thing for our relation, Lord Ducetoy,—I kept his papers here to save them from the smash. And secondly, to save Sir Gorham I kept all the papers which young Edmund had forged."

"And you did well and nobly," said Rebecca. "You have broken the law, I doubt not; but I am with you."

"Well, that is finely said," said Mr. Turner. "But don't you go breaking the law, you know one is quite enough in a family. Listen, and don't talk nonsense. The Limited Company has gone to unutterable ruin. The property of the old house was guaranteed to the Company, and their deeds must come into the Bankruptcy Court. Some I have burnt in my brooding folly, some are here still. I hardly know, child, what I have destroyed and what I have not. But young Philpott has forged

heavily; he believes that his forgeries are here, and he will murder us all."

"And, indeed, he will murder none of us," said Rebecca; "I'll sort him if he comes here. Pa, dear, what on earth ever caused you to be so silly?"

"As how?"

"As to burn those papers."

"Brooding and brooding," said Mr. Turner; "brooding about your mother eternally, for one thing. I don't know what I have burnt and what I have not."

"Can't you look and see, pa?"

"No. I am gone beyond that. It kills me to look at papers. I am a lost man."

"Are you in debt, pa?"

"No. There will be money enough when I am gone. But Hagbut told me, on our last meeting about business matters, that he saw no signs of grace in me. And he is an experienced man in spiritual matters; therefore I doubt that I have never been convinced of sin, and am damned everlastingly. That is all."

"This is worse nonsense than the other!" said Rebecca, furiously. "Pa, how can you sit there and talk like that, with the good God listening to you? Hagbut is a good fellow, but he ought to be hung, if he told you that."

"He did not, my dear. I know it," said Mr. Turner.

"Well, I can do nothing with you," said Rebecca, "except ask you not to talk nonsense. Do you think they will try the house again?"

"Certainly."

"Shall you shoot young Philpott if you meet him?" said Rebecca.

The answer was a curious one. Mr. Turner raised a wan, pale face to hers, from which every kind of expression was banished. Her father's brain had gone. The mechanical work of his office for so many years, his terrible troubles with his wife in old times, and this last miserable, silly, inextricable confusion had been too much for him. Rebecca saw that she could not trust him again.

Once see that dead stare in the eyes of one you love, and love may remain, but confidence has departed forever.

Rebecca repeated her question, with an artificial laugh. "You won't shoot young Philpott, will you, pa?"

His answer was worse than his silence. He looked at her steadily, and with some recollection of the old days of which she knew nothing, said,—

"Trout should be as bright as peacocks before you should catch them. Or, to be more correct, like the butterfly called Vanessa Io. You should lay them carefully in cowslips and grass; an orchis or two atop is not amiss; Morio or Pyramidalis would do; but above all things a sprig of 'Geum,' which the hinds call 'Avens,' Lord knows why. Seek also in the damp meadows for your Ophioglossum, and put a piece of it in your biggest trout's mouth. And when she sees it, she will know what you mean by her. And she will walk in the sun along the south wall, and will pick for you rose-mary, old man, and the flower which fools call 'prince's feather,' but which wise men call 'Love lies a-bleeding.' That is what she will do, and then go and marry George Somers."

"Lord help me!" said poor Rebecca, "his mind is gone."

Not gone, Rebecca, only babbling of green fields. Most men have lived at least three lives before they



get married, and once and for all, lay everything at the feet of one woman. He was only dazed a little in his brain, and, as I have noticed in dying men, reverting to the first of his lives, — a life she knew not of. He was shrewd enough next morning; his keenness was more painful to her than his wandering lie.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Mr. Turner slept, or pretended to, till nine o'clock, then he began furiously ringing his bell. Rebecca came to him in her dressing-gown.

"Is the Times come, child?" he said.

"How could it be come, pa?"

"Go Eastward, child, and meet it. Quick, go!"

She dressed herself and went Eastward; she had got nearly to the South Kensington Museum before she got the Times, and she hurried back with it. Her father sat up in bed while he opened it. After glancing at a column or so, he said, "What a thundering lie!"

"What, pa?"

"Philpott & Co., Limited," he answered, "bankrupt for £800,000. Why, child, I could account for £1,200,000. I will have another nap after that. If any genteel looking man calls, tell him, — well, tell him he had better call somewhere else. We know too much here."

What between Turner's wildness of the night before, and his shrewd jocularly now, poor Rebecca was utterly puzzled. One thing she knew, and that was that Morley, Hartop, and the never-seen Hetty were all at sea, that her father's mind was going, and that she with her affectionate heart were alone in the world together.

One can see how our nation has developed by turning over old novels; for one, over "Dombey and Son," written by Dickens, a man not unacquainted with the ways of this world, but by our new lights rather behind his time, in a few particulars.

For instance, Mr. Dombey goes bankrupt for the mean sum of one hundred thousand pounds. That was all very well in 1848, but we have improved on that since. Mr. Perch, the messenger, congratulated himself on the fact that Dombey had gone for "one hundred — thousand — pound." That is but a small smash now. Great, and heretofore trusted names in trade, seem to be vying with the worst of the old aristocratic scoundrels, and beating them hollow.

The frightful recklessness of the habitual gambler, Lord Mornington (about £700,000, leaving no one unpaid in the end), or that of the unhappy boy just dead (some £200,000), is fairly beaten out of calculation by the deficiencies of some of the clearest and best heads in the world of business. How these men can keep sane under such a nightmare of hopeless debt is the wonder to some. See if this little case of the Philpotts is overstated in any way. Do we not all know of an honored (justly honored) member of the House, now dead and beyond trouble, who sat later than any one at the House, — sat through the most wearisome of business, sooner than go home. There was a leaden weight of £300,000, on that man's soul. That hopeless deficiency of capital, which well used would have saved Bethnal Green, or the Isle of Dogs, from their present state, hanging on his mind, hanging round his neck. It was no error of his, but of younger branches of his family. He was one of the purest, best, and noblest

of men, but condemned to silence for the love which he bore to his family.

Such an old age is not good to think about. Better to study William Blake, when he is most wildly melancholy, and most unutterably sad. Still, in Blake's deepest sadness, there is always tenderness and hope. And so we should think of this poor member, who had never one selfish thought in his heart. Turn to Blake's great masterpiece, "Death's Door" \* (which I have known since I was six years old, and which never palls on one) when you think of an old man, dishonored through no fault of his, creeping to his tomb, as Sir Gorham Philpott was to his.

The younger members of a dishonored family will, however, sometimes make a fight to save what cannot be saved, more particularly where there has been criminality. Young Philpott was distinctly criminal. He had forged more boldly than Sir John Paul. He was, unlike that man, dissolute, dissipated, and utterly reckless. He was perfectly safe if he could recover his own forgeries, and he knew that Turner had them all. Could he get those forgeries in his own hand, he was well provided for. With a view to these contingencies, he had bought heavily in foreign funds, denying himself every kind of luxury to do so. In the case of a mere bankruptcy, these funds could not be tracked, but in the case of a criminal prosecution, his money was of little value to him, for he would spend his time at Portland. This made him desperate.

Another thing made him still more desperate. This young forger was a very handsome young fellow, of good manners. And his family had caused him to make a great alliance with another great house. And so he had married somewhat against his will, one of the most beautiful and charming women ever born.

He married her first, and fell in love with her afterwards, as is often the case. His love for her grew as time went on; her exquisite grace, her perfect, equable temper, her beauty, her deference to him, her intelligence, — all had their effect on him. And after two years, he awoke one morning, by her side, and saw the whole of his very ghastly position. He was a felon, who might be in Cold-Bath Fields to-morrow, and she thought him an honest and respectable man.

"She would stand the bankruptcy, but she could not stand *that*," was what he said. "By the Lord, I have a good mind to tell her the whole business and get it over."

So it happened one morning that Mrs. Philpott, turning over in her bed, found her husband kneeling at the bedside with the sheets bathed in blood. "I have hurt my head," he said. "I got out of bed incautiously and have broken my head over the dressing-table." She was piteous and tender

\* Notes are very unpopular, but one seems necessary here. The piece I mean is to be found at p. 224 of Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," but has been copied many times. A bent old man, dandied up with age, is hobbling on crutches into a vault. He is not well clad, and the winds of the world are blowing on him from behind, and helping him towards the dark doorway. — A half-open iron door set in cyclopean stonework. The attitude and gait of the old man are, as far as my experience goes, not only unapproached but unapproachable. Many Frenchmen — and a few Englishmen — can paint action in double-quick time. Blake here has expressed action, not in double-quick time, or even in quick time, but in *slow* time. I have no space to descend on the marvellous sentimental beauties of this wonderful piece, worthy to rank with Michael Angelo's "Ledaio de Medici." Below the feet of the old man, dimly seen in the darkness, are the barred windows of the charnel-house, to which we must all come. But above and aloft, in blazing sunlight, is the newly awakened figure of a young man rising naked and wondering into the wonders of the new life.



over his accident; little thinking that the young man in his mad despair, had rushed against the wall. Enough of such things; the man was desperate.

His desperation little matters to us, save that he brought it to Turner's house, and so involved our Rebecca, and her dog Mab. In a little story about homely facts like these one has not room for one's rascals. Neither has one the genius of Shakespeare, to develop one's rascal (Falstaff) until loving gets to be right, and one loves him."

Rebecca said to her father, "Pa, have n't you made a great mess of it?"

"Very great indeed, my dear."

"Why don't you tell the whole truth, pa?"

"Because I should be in Cold-Bath Fields Prison, my dear."

"But we can't come out of it, dear pa, any way."

"My dear child," said Mr. Turner; "the whole thing is a stale-mate at chess. No one dare move for his life. I have seen worse muddled matters than this got through." And indeed he gave her proof.

"Why, even in Paul's case," he said; "if it had not been for a high-minded and indignant parson, the whole thing would have dropped through. I tell you, child, that you don't know business. Nobody is safe except a magistrate's butler. I am very, very tired again, Rebecca. I am going to die."

"Pa, you had better go to bed again, if you talk such nonsense as that."

"I am going, my dear. I shall sleep through the day, and wake at night. They will try the house to-night. Be ready for them."

"How shall I be ready for them, father?"

"Bless the girl, I don't know. Ducetoy's deeds are in the iron safe. Philpotts' papers are in the box under my bed. Do the best you can, child; I am horrible drowsy, — deadly drowsy. They will try the house to-night, and if the house gets into the possession of the police, I can't say what will happen. Go and see to matters, I am going to sleep."

Rebecca, seeing that there was nothing more to be got out of her father, did probably the quaintest and most indiscreet thing which she ever did in all her life. Matters were very desperate with her. Anticipated disaster had been familiar with her for some time. But here was disaster itself, — disaster of the very worst kind. She knew perfectly well that in the opinion of experienced lawyers about the great bankruptcy of the Philpotts, her father must sooner or later, through his folly, be involved. How deep she knew not. Her father with the highest motives possible had broken the law. She went for advice and assistance to people whom she dreamt had had some experience that way themselves.

It was twelve o'clock, high noon, when she put her hat on, and stepped across the lane to Mrs. Akin.

Mrs. Akin was in a deluge of soapsuds. She took in washing. Rebecca said to her, "Mrs. Akin, is your husband at home?"

"Dear miss," she said, "no. He is out with his barrer. There is some husbands, miss, which you will find yourself, when you are married, and a nicer gentleman I never see, I am sure, who objects to any washing at home at all, but wants it all put out, and I am sure I hope for your favors, miss. Some will stand one washing day in the week, and some won't. But my dear man, he has a washing-day every week, and never grumbles. He may

come round home to dinner, miss, but I ask you to look at his little home, full of damp linen; you are a sneezing yourself. If he comes home, shall I make him step across?"

"If he would be so good," said Rebecca.

"He would step further than that for you, miss," she said; "there is a little one in heaven pleading for you with us, miss. The old fellow shall come across."\*

Rebecca left the costermonger's wife — not a noticeable woman in any way — and went next door to the chimney-sweep's wife, who was decidedly a noticeable person.

She was a very stout, florid woman, with all the ill-temper which is produced by the accumulation of fat round the heart; she scowled on Rebecca.

"Is Mr. Spicer at home, please?" she asked.

"No, he ain't."

"I am very sorry for that, for I wanted to speak to him."

"What about?"

"I only wanted a little advice," said Rebecca.

"I can give you some of that. Don't you go trampolining about with those Methodist parsons too much. They are no good."

"I shall not have the chance of doing so any more, Mrs. Spicer," said she.

"And a good job too. And now you have come to us for advice, I'll advise you a little more. Don't you come here unsettling my man's mind, and getting him to chapel, and setting his mind to the keeping of the law about the boys. Why, I suppose your advice has cost me a cool £20 a year. He won't send a boy up a flue now since he has taken to consort with you. And, if you knew anything at all, you would know there was flues which could not be sweep'd without boys. And our connection resents it naturally. My man says, 'It is agin the law,' and they make answer, 'Do you accuse us of abetting an' breaking the law?' and he, with his spirit, makes answer, 'I do.' 'Then you need not call again, Mr. Spicer,' they says; and that is your doing."

"You are very impertinent and entirely wrong," said Rebecca. "If I have prevented Mr. Spicer, my very good friend, from sending boys up these horrible chimneys, I am very glad. I would have any one transported who sent those children up the chimneys. I want to know when Mr. Spicer will be at home?"

"Then you just sha'n't. I don't want him near yours. There's worse gone on in that house than sending boys up flues. Better send a boy up a flue than chuck a woman down stairs. You sha'n't see him — you sha'n't see him — lawk, old man, is that you?"

It was indeed that worthy chimney-sweep, who had been awakened by his wife's voice, and had heard the whole of the argument while he was dressing. And a very fine, grave-looking man Mr. Spicer was, too; ugly, but rather grand, owing none of his good looks to his complexion, which was rendered very pale by daily applications of soot. He laid his hand on his wife's shoulder, and with the cool determination which seems almost a *specialité* in his trade,† beckoned to her to retire, which she did, perfectly dumb.

\* To meet any charge of want of verisimilitude from any one not acquainted with the laboring classes so well as myself, I have reproduced actual dialogue. One has no reply to criticism: which is a pity. A man who cares for the opinions of the most able of the weekly press writes in fetters — as I do. I suppose I should do otherwise; but abuse gets a wearisome thing after a time.

† Chimney-sweeps are but little known or understood. Very few



"We will walk across the road, miss, if you please," said Mr. Spicer, and he led the way. As soon as they were clear of the house, he said, "The best woman in the world, miss, if you only knew it."

"So I should fancy," said Rebecca; "she don't like me, but there are many others who don't. In fact, I don't at all like myself."

"Indeed, miss!" said Mr. Spicer.

"No," said Rebecca; "I don't like myself at all. I don't *hate* myself, Mr. Spicer; I only dislike and despise myself. For you know, Mr. Spicer, I am a most contemptible fool."

"Indeed, miss. Now, I should not have thought that, unless you had told me. But it is no doubt true. You are better educated than I am."

"You are not a gentleman, Mr. Spicer," said Rebecca, laughing in spite of herself.

"No, miss; but in what particular?"

"When any one accuses themselves to a *gentleman*, Mr. Spicer, the gentleman excuses them. Now, you have confirmed my view of myself, doubtless from politeness; but still, you are no gentleman. You should have told me that I was one mass of wisdom; as it is, you have merely confirmed my opinion, somewhat emphatically, that I am a contemptible fool."

"I only meant to mind my manners, miss; and my manners tell me that you should never contradict a lady. That is what Mr. Hagbut calls the unwritten law. That is about the size of *that*."

"Well," said Rebecca, "we must not joke any more, Spicer; I am in serious trouble."

"We know all about it, my dear miss," said Spicer; "the only question is, when and where?"

"The *when* is to-night, I am afraid; and the *where* will be inside the house."

"Then there is no reason for much talk, miss. The least said the soonest mended. Bob and I will come in and lay down anywhere."

"But I want to explain to you," went on Rebecca.

"Just exactly what we don't want, miss. We want to know nothing. Did you ever hear a man cross-examined?"

"No."

"Ah! If the grand jury would take the trouble to follow some of their 'true bills' down stairs, instead of going off to play billiards, they would not send so much down stairs as they do. I don't want no cross-examination, unless I can say no. Tell me and Bob what you want done, but nothing more."

"Can Mr. Akin and you sleep together in one garret? And can you know nothing at all?"

"We can sleep together well enough, and we can easily manage holding our tongues, if there is nothing told us to talk about."

"Then come about ten o'clock, please, and I will have everything arranged for you."

Her father slept all day, but at night got up and dressed himself, and took dinner and wine. Then, setting all the doors open, he walked up and down the house. At the last she told him what she had done; and he, having got feeble and ill again, was persuaded to go to bed, with his clothes and his pistol, all ready.

"I shall not sleep a wink," he said; and, saying so, lay his weary head over, and was asleep in one moment.

Then Rebecca began her tiger walk up and down the house, until Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer turned in. Mr. Akin, a scientific and experienced hand, got Mab, and put her to sleep in the small of his back; which, as he explained to his companion, was the wakefullest place of all for a dog. Mab was well enough content, and scarcely recognized her mistress, during her frequent visits to her two sleeping friends. For they soon slept, after a consultation about taking off their boots. Mr. Spicer could never, he said, sleep well in his boots, unless he was three quarters on. But Mr. Akin, having pointed out to him that this job would come to rough-and-tumble in any way, or might come to Chevy-chase, the grinder, Mr. Spicer determined to sleep without even the removal of his boots; which determination he put in force with the rapidity of a man who has to do his day's work long before other people are awake.

It was a wild night, dripping wet, with great rushes of wind from the westward—the middle of a wild spring—when Rebecca began her night watch. She set dim candles in different rooms, and began her walk up and down; going from her own room along the main passage at the head of the stairs, towards her father's door, and passing that to the room where her two indifferent, honest friends slept and snored.

The wind hurled at every window and door, in the crazy old house; and, with an ear tuned to concert-pitch by anxiety and nervousness, she listened for something more than the wind, but nothing came.

It would have been less dreary, perhaps, had the night been silent and still. But the dreariness of that house to one listening for suspicious sounds, and hearing a hundred, was terrible, even before the lane was still and asleep. After that, terror grew into horror, and horror into a kind of temporary loss of judgment.

Dim, inexpressible, causeless terrors come, I believe, on the most prosperous of us, when we wake in the night, in the dark. I know a military officer of good repute, excellent courage, respectable fortune, and without one solitary anxiety in this world, who takes his recreation in these sad, solitary hours, by thinking of *death*. By putting to himself that he must die some time or another, and trying to make out what the last, horrible hour will be like. Rebecca's fantasies, this night, were scarcely more reasonable than his.

There was very little cause for fear of any kind; there was nothing of what some call sensational about her position. She was splendidly protected. Her father had done a very quaint thing, but she had practically checkmated all consequences. Still, she was in a state of nervous anxiety: and that anxiety became precordial, and made her start with inexplicable terrors at every sound, and in passing every dark place. The physical effects of this nervousness was to make her knees tremble, and so cause her to walk unsteadily. The mental effects of it were still stranger.

For her anxiety began to take a single point as its culminating one. I do not think that this is by any means a rare case. A man confused in ruin, brought on by an accumulation of causes, will say, that he always knew that the beginning of it was some twenty-pound speculation. A man, dazed,

people know that that splendid young man Sadler, who raced Kelly himself so hard the other day, was a chimney-sweep. I was trying once to make peace between a working bricklayer (Harris) and a working cooper (Letwell). Old Harris struck out in pride of family, Letwell's sister (I think) had married a *sweep*. Old Harris afterwards got two months for a violent breach of the revenue laws, about which I had warned him; so I suppose there was no further question about family precedence.]



stunned, and ruined by his wife's death, will attribute it to her swallowing a pin ten years before, after his neighbors had been hearing her bark her heart out all the winter, with tubercular disease of the lungs. Not well chosen as examples, possibly, but which will do. When people's minds are confused, they will pick out a cause for a particular form of anxiety, seldom the right one. Rebecca did on this occasion. The door behind Carry's bed — disused, and locked and bolted for so many years — was the point she fixed on as the most horrible and dangerous point in the house.

It communicated, as the reader may remember, between the used portion of the house and the unused. Since her mother's death, that back staircase, and all the adjacent part of the house, had been closed up, and had been a mystery and a horror to them. In very early days, as early as Rebecca could remember, Carry used to have a habit of shrieking out suddenly, in the night, that some one was trying the door; after which she would fly, in her night-gown, and leave Rebecca in the terror of death. And now, on this, to her, as she believed, supreme night, Rebecca with a solitary candle, feebly lighting up the great room, stood before that door, and thought of what lay behind it.

What was there, locked up for twenty years behind Carry's bed? The skin of her head had a cold, nervous creeping in it (which is what the romantic people mean when they say that So-and-so's hair stood on end). She had a horror on her which was indescribable, as awful as the horror which occasionally precedes death; it had a somewhat singular effect on her, for she moved Carry's bed out of the way, and looked at the door: and as she did so she says that the handle was softly turned, and some one pressed on the door from the outside.

One bolt, and the lock, was all that opposed her. She had got into a state of horror by solitude and mystery. One simple physical movement, even of a door-handle, restored her to herself in an instant. "We will get this through, my gentlemen," she thought, with a low laugh; and suddenly and dexterously unlocked and unbolted the door, threw it open, and said, "Walk in, if you please."

No one was there. There was nothing before her but a dark passage, ending in darkness. The solitary glance at her feet showed her, not only that no one was there, but that no one had been there at all. The dust of twenty years, so lightly laid by the hand of ever busy Nature, was untouched. The foot of a spider might be traced on it, but not that of a man. The door had been tried by hands not of this world.

So her horror revived again tenfold; but, in her obstinacy, she went on into the passage. And as she went, she turned round, and saw the marks of her own footsteps in the dust. She was the first there. There were no other footsteps. The door had been tried by a ghost; and she went on, until she came to the head of the stairs, at the foot of which her mother had been picked up dead. And as she looked down them, her candle struck against something, and she saw that it was a halter hanging from the ceiling, with a noose in it, ready for any man to put his head into. Had there been a corpse as ghastly as that of Bewick's over the trout-stream in it, she could not have been more unutterably terrified. She fled swiftly, with some member of the other world's skinny hand entwined in her black hair, with a view of detaining her, and showing her a little more. But she was strong and resolute; and

when she had got back to her bedroom, locked and bolted the door, put Carry's bed back, and found her black hair unruffled, she began to believe that she had been making a fool of herself, and thought she would go and look at her friends.

Mr. Akin was what you may call a violent sleeper. Like the famous Hackney-coachman of our youth, Tamaroo, whatever he did was done with fury and effusion. The frantic physical exertion which that young man had to go through in going to sleep would have ruined some constitutions. It was a University race to him going to sleep, and a ten-mile handicap (he starting from Scratch) for him to wake up again. At this time he was quiescent. He had taken off his velvet coat, strangled himself with the arms round his neck, and suffocated himself by ramming his head into one of the hare-pockets. He likewise found it necessary to cross his left leg over his body, and hold on tight by his left boot with his right hand. It was impossible, in regarding this young man in his sleep, to avoid wondering what Mrs. Akin thought of it.

In a similar way, when one looked at Mr. Spicer at rest, one wondered whether Mrs. Spicer, in spite of accumulating wealth and good position, did not wish that there might be a few alterations in trifling details. For Mr. Spicer, though a quiet sleeper, lay on his back, and spread himself out in every possible direction, snoring magnificently. And, moreover, he talked in his sleep, very constantly, as people who sleep under constant expectation of being awakened always do. And Rebecca heard him say, as she watched them for a moment, "Jane's mother is a lie. The chaney and tea-spoons was give to you by word of mouth."

This was realistic enough to do away with the folly of the deserted staircase; her father's conduct dissipated her silly terror much more.

He was sitting up before his writing-table, examining papers and accounts. "Come in, old girl," he said. "Is there any news?"

"There is none yet, father," she said. "How are you to-night?"

"I am better, my love; hard at work, you see."

"Pa," she said, "is it wise of you to work?"

"My dear," he said, "believe an old man. Mere work never hurt any one in this world. Just look at the lives of our public men. Those who have lived the longest are generally found to have worked the hardest. Work don't kill; excitement does. This mechanical work which I am doing now is doing me more good than a doctor's shopful of medicine. Where have you been?"

"I have been frightened, father. I opened the door behind Carry's bed, and I got utterly terrified. There was a rope there with a noose to it, as though one was going to hang himself."

"You silly child, to frighten yourself with fancies, when there is real danger abroad. That is the rope of the old bell which hangs in the cupola."

"Gracious me!" said Rebecca. "What a gaby I must have been not to think of that."

"Did you see many ghosts?" said Mr. Turner.

"Heaps," said Rebecca.

"How many?"

"A dozen or two. One of them turned the handle of the door, under my nose."

"A ghost, you think? Be sure."

"O, yes, a ghost. The dust on the staircase was quite undisturbed."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, I am quite sure."



"Because we must mind that they do not get in that way."

"I will put my sheets on Carry's bed, and sleep there," said Rebecca.

"I would if I were you," said her father. "Ho! They will not come to-night."

"Will they come at all, father?"

"They will most certainly come, one would fancy. But they will come soon, I should think. It is possible that they have been round the house to-night, and have seen us moving. Leave those two good fellows to sleep here for another night or so. We can reward them."

Morning dawned, and there was no sign of any burglary. Rebecca had a consultation with Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin before they went away.

"My opinion is, miss," said Akin (and Spicer hung on his words, as on those of an expert), "that they won't try it on until everything is quiet. Is it plate, miss, or is it jewels?"

"Neither," said Rebecca. "Papers."

Spicer and Akin looked at one another, and laughed. "Lord love you, miss; that accounts for the swell being in it. Papers, oh? He'll get another professional hand, we sprung one, and they will make a mess of it at last. Have you got a pistol, or any kind of fire-arm?"

"We have pistols; but I am a little afraid of them."

"Well, we will sleep here, turn and turn about, for a week. After that, if you hear anything, fire your pistol, and we will be with you. The little dog is your best alarm. I wish you and your father slept closer together. You trust to us and the little dog."

"Do you know anything about the part of our house which is shut up?" asked Rebecca.

"The part under the bell-tower, miss? No, I don't, and I don't want to."

"Come with me, then," said Rebecca. "Good morning, Mr. Spicer, and a hundred thanks."

Akin, left alone with Rebecca, exhibited a strange unwillingness to follow her. Still, you would be utterly mistaken if you fancied that a cockney was neither chivalous nor superstitious. He would sooner have fought any man within a mile than have followed Rebecca. He would sooner have seen a man privately hanged than have gone into the disused part of the house, "where the accident was."

But she took him to her bedroom. "You see, Mr. Akin, you know more of this sort of thing than I do." (He knew more than he need have done.) "I am going to put my bed across this door. Just move that bed, — will you? — and come with me."

Akin followed most unwillingly, though it was broad day. "Do you see these footsteps?" she asked, when they were in the passage; "they are mine last night. Do you see any others?"

"There have been no footsteps, but those of yours, for twenty years, miss," said Akin, with emphasis. "Are you going any farther?"

"Yes," said Rebecca; "I want to see what is below."

And she led the way down the stairs, Akin following in the same state of mind as Shimei.

"You are quite right," she chattered, "the stairs are piled with dust. It was all my fancy last night about some one having got in here. There is not a footmark on the dust. See, here at the bottom of the stairs, is a shoe with a blue rosette; I will have that!"

"Come away, miss, and leave it alone," said

Akin, sharply; "there is ghostesses enough without youn." For Akin had a shrewd suspicion that this shoe had been left there after the removal of Rebecca's mother from the very same place.

Rebecca got scared also, and came back with him somewhat hurriedly with the ghost feeling at her back. But she brought the shoe with her too.

"If you put your bed across that door, miss," said Akin, "as you propose, you stop 'em that way. I can't make out myself which way they will come. There is plenty if we leaves watching."

"Do you think they will come at all, Mr. Akin?" said Rebecca, confidentially.

"Will they come? I gather that there is forged papers. I gather that there is a swell with cash. I gather that the governor has those papers here. And that swell will come after those papers, with professional assistance; as sure as they apple-trees will blossom next April. Sooner or later he will have those papers. Why, if he will get two years for 'em, it stands to reason that he will chance three (and it's seldom more for a first offence) for stealing 'em. He'll come fast enough."

"What can poor father do?" said Rebecca.

"That is easy enough to tell," said Akin; "let your pa write to that swell, and say, 'Here, Tom,' and he says, 'you have been a-writing of other folks' names here, and I have got the writings. None of your gammon,' says your father; 'I've got your forged writing, and I'll Old Bailey you as sure as there is a Old Bailey.' Says your pa again, 'You have been a-hanging about my little place, and giving a world of trouble, keeping Akin and Spicer up all night, and my daughter and me sleeps habitual with Armstrong revolvers in consequence of your goings on. Why,' says your pa, 'you are a regular nuisance, that is about what you are. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you,' says your pa; 'you send me ten thousand pounds, notes of the Bank of England, and you shall have they documents. Not otherwise. There's been several rows,' says your pa, 'about convicted swells being kep' in the okum yard at the 'Ouse of 'Crection, but Portland is bleak for delicate constutions in the spring months, and the beaks theirselves has been touched up in some of their speculations, and they mean Portland and nothing short.' That is what your father ought to say to this young swell. Your father, as a gentleman, would naturally dress it up, and draw it milder than an ignorant man like me. Still, I wish the plant was mine. I'd have the old girl to Rams-gate every year if it was."

"It might be yours," said Rebecca, suddenly, with that strange heedlessness which was the great fault in her.

"Don't say such dreadful things as those, miss," said Akin, turning pale; "that ain't worthy of you."

"What have I said?" said Rebecca, aghast.

"What was wrote in that book, miss, which you give us, about Charles Steward?"

"The Pretender, yes. What have I said?"

"It is wrote down in that book, miss, that Charles Steward, who had been up to some game or other, I never made out what, had thirty thousand pounds set on his head. And he was loose among the Highlanders (a bad lot) and not one of them gave the pleece the office on him, not one out of all them, — not for thirty thousand pound. And you would rank me lower than a common Highland drover."

"Dear Akin, I did not mean it. I spoke only in



compliment. I *know* you would never turn on us. Please don't be angry."

There was a child in heaven who had left her footprints behind her, which prevented Jim ever being angry with Rebecca. Still, she had heedlessly touched his honor. There is a mass of potential chivalry in this queer nation of ours, to which, under our present military *régime*, we do not get. I wish I had the Queen's commission to raise a regiment. Kingsley's foot should be as terrible as my granduncle's Kingsley's horse. And equally queer in their antecedents, I doubt. I should trouble Lord Shaftesbury for about two dozen from Field Lane to begin with.

To Rebecca the next fortnight was actually worse than any time since the breaking of the Gresham bank. Her father had told her that the house would be broken into for the forged papers, which was one evidence, and Akin, a most experienced man, had confirmed her opinion emphatically. So she believed in it day after day less and less, and after Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin had taken to sleep at home, she was quite comfortable. They were all wrong together. She had never really believed in it at all.

The weather might have been better, for even in this part of the metropolis it howled and raved. St. Swithin had been unpropitious, and the land was deluged and flown. Still, Mr. Morley was possibly safe, and wind was better than burglary.

"Pa," she said, one night, "they are not going to rob and murder us at all."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear; for I am getting very ill."

"Shall I sleep in your room, pa?"

"No. Let me have the little dog. That is a very dear little dog, Rebecca."

"You can have the dog, pa. She is very nice. Let me sleep in your room, dear."

"No, no," said Mr. Turner. "I am well enough, only I am very ill indeed."

"You have not been to the office for ten days, pa; you are not well."

"I am going to sell out of the business, my love. It was too much for me."

"And the papers?" said Rebecca.

"You will hear about *them*," said he. And they went to their respective beds.

Rebecca, with her bed across the mysterious door, went to sleep and dreamt of absolutely nothing. She told Alfred Morley in after times that she never dreamt less in her life than she did that night. After, as it seemed to her, a good night's sleep, she was awakened by what she thought was morning. But it was not morning at all. It was the light of a lantern on her face, held by a man with a black mask on, and two others behind him.

"Miss Turner," said this man, "we must trouble you to get up. If you speak, we shall use violence."

"How on earth did they get in?" thought Rebecca. "This is your burglary, is it? I'll manage *your* business," she added to herself. "Mr. Philpott, you have no possible business in a lady's bedroom. If you only came after your own forgeries, we should not care; but there are others. If you will retire, I will go to my father, and *your* rascalities shall be put into your own hand."

Young Philpott took the key from the door without one solitary word, and locked the door on the outside. The instant he did so, Rebecca was out of bed. She wrapped herself in her dressing-gown,

and pulling her bed aside, unlocked and unbolted the door, ran barefooted to the rope of the bell which hung in the turret.

Philpott heard the door unlocked, and ran in. But he was too late; the pluck and nerve of that solitary and defenceless girl had beaten his well-laid plot. The girl who was to have been intimidated, and held as hostage until the necessary papers were got from her father had passed through their net. Instead of cowering among them in terror, she was pulling resolutely at a rope, and sending forth upon the night air clang, clang, clang, in a terrible staccato, which in old times would have brought thirty thousand men out of St. Antoine, and even now would people it with ghosts, if there were a St. Antoine, a tocsin which promised to rouse Walham Green, if not St. Antoine.

Her enemies were utterly beaten. Philpott (no fool) was prepared for both pluck and obstinacy; for such rapidly acting dexterity he was not prepared. The girl's brains were keener than his. He was unused to crime, and accustomed to music. When he heard his burglary proclaimed at midnight in an amorphous staccato (I am sorry to use bad language), he fled. When he thought of the courage and dexterity through which Rebecca had outwitted him, he fled faster for mere shame. The bell, disused and dumb for twenty years, went on clang, clang, clang, 'clang, proclaiming him to the world as a ruined gamester, who had staked all to keep his wife's respect, and had lost. The poor fellow fled away.

Lost through the courage and dexterity of an idle girl, who was going to be married to a Methodist parson,—if he came back; but who had had messages from the sea which gave her sailor's courage and sailor's recklessness. And she still went on ringing that horrible bell. And if he had gone back and cut her throat, it would have been much the same. He had met with a nature more powerful than his own. He was beaten. His wife must know all now; and he was desperate, for he, potential felon as he was, did not trust her.

One hardly knows sometimes whether Providence is kind or unkind. In the end, it seems to me (and to others), that Providence always acts for the best. When you come to mere details, any one can say Providence should have done otherwise. One would say to those who question the government of this world that you must *wait*. One would say to them, *par exemple*, was not the 2d December the seal of Democracy, not of wax, but of iron?

I have only a very poor little illustration to offer for my pretentious theory. It gets infinitesimally small as one looks at it. Still, granting that the little dog Mab was not brought into the world for nothing, you must grant this.

When Rebecca began clanging the bell, Mab began to bark, and aroused Mr. Turner, who put on his trousers, and got hold of his pistol. Coming out, he met young Philpott in a mask, but knew him, and challenged him by name, holding his pistol towards him. Philpott, in his desperation, fired at him and wounded him, and Mr. Turner fell at the head of the stairs.

The whole district was gathered round now. Akin and Spicer were in and had Philpott and his accomplices in hand very quickly. Turner only said, "Let them go before the police come, and stop that bell. Where is Rebecca?"

Akin, the dexterous, assisted by Spicer, carried the captured men through Rebecca's bedroom to



get down the back stairs. On their way they came on Rebecca, ringing away as hard as ever.

"For Heaven's sake, miss, stop that noise," said Akin; "the parish engine's in the lane. Let us get these folks out this way. Is there any road this way?"

There was, it seemed, and Philpott and his friends were got out. There was nothing saved from the bankruptcy save his wife's fortune, and she knows nothing of his midnight meeting with Rebecca. To pleasanter matters.

[To be continued.]

### SELF-PORTRAITURE.

SOME people have a faculty of surveying themselves from without, of picturing to themselves the appearance they make, the figure they cut under striking or picturesque or unusual or even grotesque circumstances, which constitutes a very distinctive characteristic. It is not in them the moral insight of the poet, the gift of "seeing ourselves as others see us," nor is it the shadowy self-caricature sketched by nervous and often agonized apprehensions, as what they fear to be the impression made on others: it is an artistic perception, a real feat of the imagination, — a picture of fact, only so far colored and flattered as all art justifies. Nor is it a power essentially allied to egotism; other persons as egotistical, as full of themselves, as concentrated on their own affairs, may have nothing of this habit or gift. Indeed, the more remarkable examples of egotism in our experience are without it; they approach the one subject of their contemplation from another point of view: they tell us a great deal, but they do not draw pictures for the eye of our fancy of which self is the central figure. The power, such as we would define it, is purely intellectual, — a temptation, no doubt, to egotism, but not the thing itself. When it is kept in perfect check, we ought to feel grateful towards it, for it is a great enlivener of talk, as well as of the more familiar style of composition; and the most effective and telling of all ways of conveying a sensation of which there is no personal experience. To borrow an illustration from autobiography, which is talk upon paper of the kind we mean. The first time a man sees himself in print is an occasion which causes a little flutter of elation, a concentration of thought, not on his subject, but on his personal relation to it. The feeling is common, but not the power to depict it in action as we find it in Haydon, who was a remarkable instance of this faculty. He had written a letter to the Examiner, and dropped it into the letter-box with a sort of spasm. "Never shall I forget," he tells us, "that Sunday morning. In came the paper, wet, uncut; up went the breakfast knife, — cut, cut, cut. Affecting not to be interested, I turned the pages open to dry, and to my certain immortality saw, with a delight not to be expressed, the first sentence of my letter. I put down the paper, walked about the room, looked at Macbeth (his picture), made the tea, buttered the toast, put in the sugar, with that inexpressible suppressed chuckle of delight that always attends a condescending relinquishment of an anticipated rapture till one is perfectly ready. Who has not felt this? who has not done this?" Now the man who does this sort of thing in conversation, who raises an image by a few skilful touches, enabling us to transport him, such as he stands before us, into interesting circumstances, is a social stimulant. The company is visibly roused to attention. It is no

doubt imperative on politeness to assume interest when a person makes himself his theme, but beyond this an added excitement may be observed when a man who can express himself well on general topics is led to one of these personal displays. For one reason, his own eye quickens, his voice varies its modulations. Action, by ever so slight a gesture, relieves the monotony of our ordinary English demeanor. A little drama is performed before us. Whether the man means it for condescension or not, we are obliged to him for sacrificing reserve, which is supposed to be a national characteristic for our diversion.

But the man who illustrates subjects by his personal experience, who is reminded by what comes from others of something that has happened to himself, and tells it with that relish, that play of spirit, tenderness, pathos, self-banter, incidental to the situation, and which secures him willing attention, naturally finds it difficult to relapse gracefully into the general and abstract. Having been the hero of the moment, it is hard to permit the conversation to pursue a course which leaves him behind. We detect in him struggles to keep the hold he has got, and if he has voice and resolution in proportion to his other powers he succeeds, quite unconsciously, in putting a stop to all conversation that deserves the name in the circle where he reigns. All people noted for this talent are desultory, — that is, they make the talk within reach of their interference desultory; for they have a very definite aim, though it happens to be incompatible with the fair discussion of topics needing continuous thought. We see in them an uneasy sense of things becoming dull and wearisome when they drift out of their own experience. They habitually assume that people cannot be interested or amused unless it is they who interest or amuse them. So it is that many a quiet thinker is snubbed into silence; while he is arranging his ideas, the thread is snapped, the ground shifted, and he gives in with just a vague sense of something unsatisfactory.

The man who has abandoned himself to the fascinations of self-portraiture has no principles, — which are abstract things, — he has simply a picture to draw in an infinite variety of becoming lights. For this purpose he adopts views simply as picturesque settings. He is strict and austere in his principles when a Rembrandt arrangement of light and shade is indicated. Then he lays down the law; his example is a terror to the careless and undecided. Presently it suits him to be taken in the sunlight, and the austerity is all gone; he is tolerant, indulgent, latitudinarian. Now he is in full costume, gentlemanlike, fastidious, and punctilious; the next time we meet him he is in a reckless, careless vein, and affects the Bohemian. These transformations puzzle the observer, till the key is found in a repertory of good stories, or in the adventures of each day. People will simulate a hundred violent, strong, and startling opinions for the sole purpose of establishing a predominance for the hour, not with deliberate inconsistency, but because these are to them only stage properties.

Nothing leads to greater and more serious acts of indiscretion than this propensity when allowed to run riot. In the one object of painting an effective scene the rights of others are not thought of, and the character of all the accessories of the picture is at the mercy of a blind sense of the picturesque. Under its guidance the talker means so little harm, has so little positive intention, that he for-



gets what he has said when the occasion is over and his end is gained. The listener treats all as *bonâ fide*, and goes away with ill impressions of somebody — at first of the *dramatis personæ*, but in time of the garrulous dramatist himself. No person indulging a habit of self-portraiture is fit to direct others; he has disqualified himself from forming an unbiassed impersonal view. When by chance asked for advice, he can only fall back upon what he calls his experience, wherein he has observed, not society or the world in themselves, but only as he has acted and figured among them. But persons in any sense occupied with themselves and their own affairs cannot, even with the best intentions, assume into the position of counsellors, which needs a sympathy antagonistic to their habitual temper.

A practice of gentle detraction necessarily attends self-portraiture as a fixed habit, and that with as little malice prepense as may be, but solely from the need of playing first fiddle, of standing in the best place. Self always in the light necessarily implies others cast into the shade. In the mere interest of art the man learns to regard all his acquaintance as foils. And if we note one of these gentlemen in a compunctious mood, entertaining us with graphic confessions, we shall always find him the best of his company, nobler in his errors than his old associates, and of a higher type than they; even in the stories that tell most against himself implicating the absent more deeply than himself. Yet he has not the slightest feeling of what he is about. He would greet any of these betrayed or slandered victims with the cordiality of a clear conscience, for indeed he has not thought of wronging them; they have been sacrificed to a conversational necessity. Downright ill-nature is a rarer quality than some persons suppose. Half the detraction of society is done unconsciously and by good-natured, pleasant people. As for secrets, a secret is an impossible, almost an unintelligible, check to one of these communicative folks. He cannot keep his own secrets if they involve any dramatic effects, and this frankness, where his own interests might seem to be damaged by his disclosures, is supposed to acquit him of all collateral obligations. Self-interest — understanding by the term any long-sighted view of personal advantage — is so far from being the motive of this lavish self-display, that it is incompatible with it. This incontinence of speech has stranded more than one clever fellow in middle life, and is pretty sure to end in a boring and mendacious old age.

But all this tells nothing against the grace and merit of self-portraiture at fit times and under the restraints of taste and sympathy. When a man undertakes to talk about himself, some picturesque touches of the sort are almost essential. It does not do to be absolutely impersonal. Wordsworth in his general poems tells us of his thoughts and habits of mind. In his Tintern Abbey and Nutting we have a glimpse of him in the body; but only, as far as we remember, in his Prelude, which is autobiography, have we a portrait. The poet there condescends to own a recollection of undergraduate elation in the first sense of powder and silk stockings, and we are obliged to him for a touch which makes us see him in a new light: —

“As if the change  
Had waited on some fairy’s wand, at once  
Behold me rich in moneys, and attired  
In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair  
Powdered like riny trees, when frost is keen.  
My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,  
With other signs of manhood that supplied  
The lack of beard.”

Where there is habitual reserve, a single word sometimes betrays unwittingly a consciousness of manner at some critical juncture of a man’s past history. Thus Dr. Newman, in his *Apologia*, reports his and Froude’s interview with Dr. Wiseman at Rome: “I said, *with great gravity*, ‘We have a mission.’” And the instinct which imprints external self on the mind’s eye at the moment of realizing a career in prospect may also be seen at work at the instant of successful achievement. It prompted Gibbon’s more elaborate description of what he terms his “final deliverance:” “It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame.” Where such notices are rare and grave, like these, they convey a conviction in the writer of a great part to play, or of labor well done, which tells powerfully on the reader. Even where the reader and the self-portrayer are at odds as to the value and importance of the work done, or to be done, or as to his fitness for it, a genuine conviction expresses itself well in this form and engages our sympathies.

We do not think a great deal of the Rambler in these days, but we like to see Johnson in the act of naming it. “I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night by my bedside, resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. The Rambler seemed the best that occurred to me, and I took it.” Haydon, after borrowing £50 for the prosecution of one of his big pictures, tells us, “I never wrote ‘I promise to pay’ with such inspired fury before”; and the image of frenzied passion for his art, in which he so signally failed, fills us with a melancholy sympathy. The only occasion when it is impossible to sympathize with this habit is where the narrator of a scene, in which his emotions are professedly engaged for others, is really taken up with the thought of how he himself looked and acted in it.

Of course wit is prone to self-portraiture, and a very convenient engine it is in softening the sting of banter and raillery when directed towards others. The man who pictures himself in trying or ridiculous circumstances may the more safely play with the dignity of others without wounding their self-love. This was one of Sydney Smith’s felicities. Himself, under some disguise or posture of mind or body, was his constant illustration: “I see you crumble your bread,” — to a nervous young lady. “When I dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury, I crumble my bread with both hands.” “If I go to a fancy ball, of course I shall go as a Dissenter.” But all people’s memories are full of examples.

We began with speaking of the danger incident to this gift as leading to egotistical display and the disturbance of general conversation. Yet it may exist in its greatest charm under absolute control. It was possessed by one of the best conversers we have ever known, and in this capacity the most interested of listeners; happy also in an especial power of drawing out the thoughts and experiences of others. Telling an incident that had befallen him some twenty years before, with graphic detail, char-



aesthetic humor, and self-knowledge, his wife at the end remarked, "I never heard you tell that story before." "I never told it before," was the reply.

### THE EASTER EGG.

It stood on the mantel-piece of the best parlor, in a little ornamental egg-cup of gilt filagree work. I noticed it as soon as I entered the room, and wondered what it was. A close scrutiny showed me that it was intended for an "Easter egg." There were the variegated hues unmistakably plain, and underneath, on a gold plate on the stand, were inscribed the words, "To Joseph Clarke, from A. C. and S. C., in remembrance of Easter, 1850." That settled the question as to its being an Easter egg at once; but, at the same time, it roused my curiosity to know what event this novel souvenir was intended to commemorate.

I had just taken up my quarters at the "Crown and Dolphin," with the intention of spending a few days of my Easter vacation at that venerable hostelry, which was one of those old-fashioned country inns, — big, rambling, many-gabled houses, — well known to travellers in the old stage-coaching days. A good many of them exist still up and down England, but their glory has departed, and there is an air of solitude and desolation about them like that which reigned in the halls of Balclutha, over which Ossian sang his melancholy dirge. Mine host was Joseph Clarke, a portly, red-faced, plethoric personage, whose natural irascibility was not softened by constant attacks of gout. However, he was civil to me, his only guest, and was rather a pleasant companion on an evening, when he and I smoked our long clays together beside the parlor fire. Every morning at breakfast that egg used to attract my attention, and every day I resolved that I would satisfy my curiosity by asking old Clarke the history of it; but, somehow, I felt diffident in his presence. It might be some family matter, into which a stranger had no right to pry; so I held my peace.

One morning, — Easter Monday, in fact, — I was sitting as usual in the best parlor, in solitary grandeur, when a knock came at the door, and then mine host and his wife entered. There was an appearance of confusion in their looks, which puzzled me. The mystery was soon solved by mine host, who blurted out: "Mr. Morley, sir, my old 'oman and me, sir, has made bold to come and ask a favor of ye. Fact is, sir, it's our weddin'-day, and we allers has a family party. There's only sons and darters, and sons and darters-in-law, and gran'children, — a matter of a dozen, not more. And would ye mind takin' a bit o' dinner with us, sir?"

Before I had time to reply, Mrs. Clarke broke in: "Which, I know, sir, it's not for the likes of you to dine with sich as us in a general way; but to-day bein' our weddin'-day, and you bein' alone, sir, we made bold, sir, to think you would not be above eatin' a bit o' dinner with us."

I very readily accepted the invitation, much to the delight of the worthy couple; and to cut matters short, a very good dinner we had. I insisted upon the whole party adjourning to the best parlor after dinner, when mine host produced some choice port from the cellar. It being Easter Monday, and I having been, so to speak, admitted into the bosom of the family, I ventured to broach the question of the egg. If not of a private nature, what did it relate to? A general laugh, and a husky chuckle from old Joseph himself, suggested that there was

something amusing connected with the egg; and it did n't require much pressing to induce Mr. Clarke to tell the tale, which he did as follows: —

"Let's see, it must be goin' on for fifteen years since that happened. Howsumever, I'll begin at the beginnin'." Ye've, maybe, noticed that big house opposite. Well, there a Dr. Carter lives. He's a widower, — wife's been dead this ten years, I suppose; he has a couple o' darters, but they're married and settled elsewhere. It's one o' them as I'm goin' to tell ye of. Deary me! I remember when them darters of hissen was young girls, — what romps they used to have! D'ye see that round hole in the big door there, close to the latch? Well, that's where they used to stand a tip-toe and peep through when they heard any gentlemen a drivin' or ridin' up here, and we used to have a power o' young college gents then, — far more than now. But I'm gettin' off the line. Well, a matter o' fifteen years ago, there was a young chap stayin' here a learnin' medicine with Dr. Carter, — a Frenchman he was, Alfred Chabot they called him. A merry, nice-lookin' little feller he was, — far decenter to look at and talk to than ever I thought a furriner could ha' been. He was fond o' comin' here of an evenin', and would bring his fiddle with him, and sing to it as sweet as a bird. And he was that amusin' with it all, that I tell ye, I've many a time thought I'd ha' died with laughin' at him. I think he must ha' had some larks with the young ladies opposite, too, when the old man was away, for I've heard 'em laughin' in the garden like good 'uns, many a time. And my wife, she says to me one day, —

"I tell 'ee what, Joe, — that young French chap 'll be spliced to one o' them Miss Carters afore long, or my name ain't Betty Clarke."

"D'ye think so, Betty?" says I. For, to tell the truth, I never cast a thought on the matter afore, — women is such sharper hands than men, ye see, at findin' out them sort o' things.

"Think it!" says she, "I'm just certain of it; and what's more, 't is Miss Susie, the younger one, he's arter. Have n't I watched 'em lookin' at one another in church, so sly, when they thought nobody's eye was on 'em? La! bless yer, 't is we women folks that have the eyes; you men are as blind as bats."

"Well, after what Betty said, I thought I'd look at my lady and gentleman in church the next Sunday I was there. But never a sign did I see, bless ye, pass between 'em; their eyes seemed glued to their prayer-books, leastways hers were. What they were at in sermon time, I can't tell ye, for I generally listens to our parson with my eyes shut; it must bother a man, ye know, when he's preachin', to see folks all staring at him with their eyes wide open; so I always shuts mine."

"This young Chabot, he lived in lodgings in the village, in the very house where our Lott lives now. Old Billy Hawes and his wife lived there then, and Billy says to me, when we was smokin' our pipes together one evenin' beside the club-room fire: —

"Joe," says he, "my old 'oman tells me Dr. Carter won't let that young French chap have his darter."

"Nonsense!" says I, "you don't mean to say young Chabot has asked for one of 'em!"

"Ay! that he has, Joe; and old Carter stormed and swore dreadful at him, so my Sally says; but how she come to hear on 't, unless the young genel-m'n told her hisself, I don't know."



"Which of 'em did he ask for, — did Sally say?"

"Well, the young 'un I believe."

"Ah! then," says I, 'ye may depend upon it, it's because he did n't choose t' other. Ye see, the young 'un is young, and can afford to wait; but the old 'un, she is gettin' on in years, and it'll be hard to get rid of her soon.'

"Well, there's a deal o' truth in that, Joe," says Billy. Just then my missis came in, and Billy had to go a minute arter; so we did n't have any more talk about old Carter and his darter that night.

"Howsumever, young Chabot stayed on and seemed as friendly with the old man as ever, so I began to think that Billy Hawes' missis had been gammonin' him with some cock-and-bull story as was n't true.

"Well, time went on. Christmas came and went, and a mortal cold Christmas it was. Poor old Billy Hawes, he was laid up that bad with it that I never saw a sight of him for three months arterwards.

"On Easter Monday, old Carter went to Norfolk on some business or other. The day after he had gone, about six o'clock in the evenin', young Chabot comes into the bar, and says to me: —

"Mr. Clarke, I've got a friend here who has come to see me. We're going to travel up to London to-night by the last train from Welbeach. I want to know if you'll drive us over to Welbeach in your shandry. I've got a couple of small portman-teaus, and that's all our luggage."

"What time d'ye want to start from this?" I asked.

"O, a little after ten, — say a quarter past."

"Very well, then, sir," says I; 'I've no objection to drive ye; but I hope ye'll not keep me waitin', for it's a cold night to let a horse stand about in harness.'

"O, no fear of that. We'll be here punctually to the minute," says he, and without more words walks about his business.

"Ye see we had no line nearer than Welbeach in those days, and that was a good five miles off. I had a rattlin' mare then, though, that could cover the distance easy in twenty minutes.

"Well, by ten minutes past ten the shandry was ready, and just on the minute of the quarter my young gentleman comes up with his friend and a boy carryin' the portman-teaus. The horse bein' ready, and we three ready too, without more ado they hopped into the trap. Mr. Chabot sat in front with me, and his friend perched himself on the back seat, and off we drove.

"I had n't much time to look at Mr. Chabot's friend, but he seemed about the same height as the young Frenchman, with a little more beard and mustachios. Mr. Chabot and me, we talked away pretty fast, but the gent behind did n't put in a word; though, for the matter o' that, it ain't comfortable to talk from the back seat to a party in front. Once Mr. Chabot turned round and said: —

"Have you any cigars there, Philip? I dare say Mr. Clarke would like one; and I'm sure I should."

"O yes," says Mr. Philip, and hands over a case full. I took one, Mr. Chabot took one, and, as I heard Mr. Philip strike a match directly afterwards, I concluded he took one too.

"My old mare soon did the distance, and before we had been twenty minutes on the road the red lights of the station came in sight.

"We use to have a practice here then — it's gone out mostly now — o' takin' somethin' short at Easter time, out of the shell of an Easter egg. Mr. Chabot

proposed that we should have somethin' short in this way; so I pulled up at a public-house opposite the station, for we had ten minutes to spare. Mr. Chabot and I jumped down, to go into the public, but Mr. Philip he said he'd go on and get the tickets.

"I says: 'You'd better have a nip out of the Easter egg, sir; it's held lucky here to do that; and, any way, it'll warm ye.'

"He wanted a deal o' pressin', but at last he agreed; so we had an Easter egg-shell between us. Mr. Chabot drank first. Then Mr. Philip tried his hand. But, la! I saw he warn't used to neat spirits, he made sich a splutterin', and coughed till I thought he'd ha' choked.

"Gone the wrong way, sir," says I. He looked away, still coughin' and rubbin' his stomach.

"Burnt — my — inside — nearly to a cinder," I heard him blurt out to Mr. Chabot. Then he rushed off to get the tickets.

"Friend ain't partial to a raw nip, sir," says I. Mr. Chabot laughed, and said, —

"No; that's a taste he has n't acquired yet."

"In a few minutes we heard the train comin'. Mr. Chabot slipped a sovereign into my hand, and thanked me for drivin' him and his friend. I followed him to the platform; the two of 'em jumped into a first-class carriage, and the last I saw of 'em was as the train was movin' off. They both looked out of the window, laughin' and wavin' their hands at me. I waved my hand back to 'em, and then the train went out into the darkness and I lost them.

"The next mornin' there was such a hubbub and to-do over yonder as you never heard. Miss Susie was n't to be found anywhere, — had n't slept in her bed all night, and was gone nobody knew where. Ye see, they went to bed so early they had n't missed her over night. Well, d'ye know, I was that stupid that I never guessed what had happened, till my Betty she comes up to me and says, —

"You're a nice sort o' feller, Joe! A fine mess you've got yourself into! and you the father of a family, too!"

"Mess!" says I. 'What d'ye mean?'

"What do I mean?" says she. 'Why you ought to be ashamed o' yourself, not to know better than help a young girl like that to run away from her home! Ye're nigh as big a villain as the man she's run away with.'

"Will ye believe me, even then I did n't see what she was drivin' at, till she went on, with a face the color o' raw beef: —

"Don't tell me you know nothin' about it, — don't stand there and look so innocent. How would they ha' got away if it hadn't been for you drivin' them? Ah, get away with ye! it's enough to make an honest woman ashamed of her husband, so it is.'

"Now I saw it all plain enough. Mr. Chabot and his friend! — the drive to the station! It nearly took my breath away as the truth burst upon me. The young gentleman that sat behind had been — Miss Susie Carter! 'Well, of all the neat tricks ever played, there's none comes up to that,' says I to myself. Then I turns to Betty and says, —

"I'll take my solemn oath, Betty, I never guessed what was up till this minute. As true as I'm standin' here, I had no more notion that that young feller with Mr. Chabot was a lady, than I'd have now that you're Queen of England."

"It was a long time afore the old 'oman would believe me, but she come round at last; and when old Carter came to hear of it, my word, did n't he swear, and was n't he mad! Did n't he pitch into



me neither! But I gave him as good as I got; and when he told me I had helped his daughter to escape, I gave him the lie flat. He swore he'd have the law on me. But young Chabot wrote a letter exoneratin' me from all blame, and sayin' I was as innocent as a babe unborn, which was gospel truth; and the old man came to me afterwards, and said he was sorry for the hasty words he had spoken.

"I had a letter from the young scamp, too, thankin' me in the name of himself and his wife (they were married as soon as they got to Lontlon) for the kind service I had done them. He said *Mr. Philip* wished me to know that though he was willing to forgive, he never could forget the agony and torture I had put him to by pressing him into taking that dreadful hot brandy out of the lucky egg-shell, which he was afraid to refuse lest he should rouse suspicion.

"After holdin' out against 'em desperate for six months or more, old Carter came round and gave in, and made the best of it; and it was n't a bad thing, for young Chabot had money of his own. It was when they came down here, man and wife, to stay with the old man, that they gave me yonder egg you asked about. It's a pretty thing, tho' I don't know what it's made of,—some kind of French plaster, I take it. They said it was a fitting token to recall that memorable night: and more especially Miss Susie—Mrs. Chabot, that is—said, to keep alive the remembrance of that awful egg-shell full o' brandy.

"Well, I was riled a bit, at first, at the trick they had played on me, and at the way they had made me their tool, but I have never regretted doin' them the service. I believe it was a kindness to them after all; for they loved one another, and they'd only ha' been miserable, if they had been separated. And it's my belief, sir, that if there was a little more of that sort o' love which made them two young folks run away rather than be parted, between a many husbands and wives that gets married in a proper and respectable way, this world 'ud be a sight happier than it is."

#### MODERN VENETIAN GLASS AND ENAMEL MOSAICS.

At the extreme end of the Piazza of St. Mark there is observable a shop crowded with objects as varied and as exquisite in form as the clouds at sunset over the lagoons, as bright and tender, and harmonious in color as the necks and breasts of St. Mark's own doves. If you have a weakness for old Venetian glass, and have sought for specimens in amateur collections and old curiosity-shops throughout Europe, here your attention is at once arrested, and you are inclined to feel that you need seek no further. If, on the contrary, you have taken pride in the flashing, sparkling, angular antics of cut-glass, you will scarcely believe that the forms before you, and the forms to which you are accustomed, are of identical material, and that the difference results alone from the greater or less perception of the beautiful by the eye, and the swifter or slower obedience to its rule, of the hand of man. Entering, you will be surprised in either case to learn that those glowing, chastened, drooping chandeliers with their festoons and garlands, each leaf and tendril copied from Nature,—those lily-shaped vases and crocus bowls, ice-frosted flagons, opal beakers, filigree decanters, and flame-spiralled glasses,—those emerald, purple, or ruby-tinted chalices,

those agate or chalcedonic urns and silver-sprayed mirrors,—are all the handiwork of the modern glass-blowers of Murano, whose eye for color and delicacy of touch—once the lost secrets of the past—prove them worthy as well as lineal descendants of the Barovieri and Miotti, the Segusi, Barbini, and the legion of artists whose genius won worldwide fame for themselves, and wealth and honor for the *Serenissima*.

But for the commerce and industry of Venice in the past we should not gaze to-day on her marble-encrusted palaces and star-studded churches, and unless that commerce and industry be revived, we must not only lay aside all hope for her art life in the future, but must resign ourselves to see her priceless art-treasures of the past fade, and slowly but surely perish. It is admitted by all that no city of the Peninsula has suffered and lost, for the sake of unity and independence, more than Venice. In 1847 she had regained a fair portion of her ancient prosperity. With 1848 her disasters recommenced. To a direct outlay of fifty millions of francs during the siege of 1849,—which, for a population of one hundred and twenty thousand, was an enormous sum,—must be added the indirect burdens of stagnant commerce, trebled taxation, exiled sons, the resolve of her exasperated victors to exalt Trieste at her expense, and, finally, her separation from Lombardy by a custom-house line in 1859. In 1866, Italy welcomed with genuine cordiality this favorite sister, but the condition of the family finances prevented her from tendering much pecuniary assistance. Blunders, fortunately not irreparable, in commercial treaties; the futile attempt to compete with Trieste on unequal terms; and the delusion, common to all who have been for any time subject to despotic rule, that the Government ought forthwith to make and mend everything, without much effort in that respect on the part of the people;—these and minor mishaps have retarded the progress which in two years might reasonably have been expected. Still, some advance is visible. Schools are open and fairly attended; working-men's associations, co-operative societies, and a popular library founded; a technical institute or high commercial school established; water streets are being drained, the canal leading from the port of Malamocco to the Arsenal is being deepened to receive vessels of the largest size, while a regular line of steamers in correspondence with the Indian mail is established between Venice, Brindisi, and Alexandria. Projects for docks and bonded warehouses, for a direct water entrance to St. Mark's Place, and for establishing direct commercial relations with foreign countries, are on foot; and Parliament has just voted eleven millions for repairing and enlarging the Arsenal.

Meanwhile, foremost among accomplished facts, stand the manufactures of glass and of enamel mosaics: the rapid strides made during two years leaving no doubt that, if present efforts continue, and the commonest luck attend them, Venice will once more reign supreme in the magic regions from which she herself believed her children to be forever banished.

The "art of glass," as it is called to the present day, was, according to the most accredited historians, brought to the desert islands by the fugitives who first drove the piles and laid the foundations of the sea-girt city; and when it is remembered that the Romans were the first to learn that art from the Phenicians, and that the glass factories of Rome, up to the fall of the Empire, outrivalled those of



Syria and Egypt, there is no reason to doubt that the inhabitants of the most flourishing cities of the Roman Empire, when abandoning them to the inroads of the barbarians, carried with them, in their imaginations and at the tips of their fingers, this useful art, dependent merely on fancy, dexterity, and the simplest materials.

The first distinct record, however, is in 1090. From that date to 1291, the glass factories and furnaces increased so rapidly in Venice that — either because they exposed the city to frequent fires, or because of the peculiar color-brightening atmosphere of Murano — the *Maggior Consiglio* ordered them all to be removed to that island, then considered a suburb of the city. In the *Correr Museum* is preserved the *Mariegola dei fiolieri de Muran*, whence we glean the laws that regulated, the privileges granted, and the penalties that menaced this race of artists, dear as their own power to the republican aristocrats. They were divided into four classes: 1st, the glass-blowers; 2dly, the mirror and window-glass makers; 3dly, the bead-makers; 4thly, the workers in rods and enamels. Each class was governed by a body of nine members; five owners of factories, and four head artists, or *maestri*, chosen by the workmen, and subject to the political vigilance of the Council of Ten. Two individuals, chosen by this body, had the right of entry to all the workshops day and night, to see that all went on regularly. The workshops opened on the 1st October and closed on 31st July. The owners of factories and the foremen were required to contribute an annual sum for the maintenance of unfortunate manufacturers or unemployed foremen, for the aged and infirm; and every owner to give a ducat, and every foreman a day's wages, for the support of the schools. In order to attain to the rank of foreman, or *maestro*, an apprentice, or *garzone*, was required to execute a given work, and submit it to the judgments of the *comparto*, or body of nine. If the work was approved, he became a *maestro*; if rejected, he remained in the *garzonado*. When the foremen were too numerous, no further trials were permitted; when the apprentices exceeded the necessary number, foremen were forbidden to take fresh pupils.

Terrible were the punishments inflicted on any Muranese who taught his art to any but a native of the island. If he fled with his secret to a foreign land, he was peremptorily summoned to return; if he failed to obey the summons, his nearest relatives were imprisoned. If he still remained callous to his duty to the Republic, an emissary was commissioned to put him to death. It is difficult to ascertain when the first enamels were made in Venice; but it is certain that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries Byzantine artists taught the Venetians to perfect them; and such apt pupils did they prove, that "those who passed off enamels for precious stones were fined one thousand ducats, and condemned to two years' imprisonment in the *pozzi*."

The privileges conferred were no less important. The citizens of Murano were entitled to fill the first offices of the Republic. All the glass-workers might carry a *Vasina di coltelli*, i. e. two knives in a sheath. Neither the *Bargello* nor the *Sbirri*, nor even their chief, *Missier grande*, could land on the island; native magistrates alone could arrest a citizen, and send him to the supreme tribunals. The Muranese had the right of entering the first *peola*, or magnificently decorated bark, which accompanied the Doge on Ascension-day to wed the Adriatic, after

which ceremony they might coin their own gold and silver *oselle*. But the most precious privilege was conferred on the daughters of the manufacturers and of the foremen, who were allowed to wed with Venetian patricians, their children inheriting the father's rank, which privilege, considering the jealousy and exclusiveness of the aristocrats, gives one a fair notion of the esteem in which the glass art was held.

In 1546 the *Libro d'oro* was instituted; only those born in Murano of fathers also born there were inscribed as citizens. The book or parchment still exists in the Museum of Murano; 173 families were first registered, then other 17, by order of the Supreme Tribunal. Of these, 87 existed at the fall of the Republic, and 54 are still extant.

Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the art of glass flourished and progressed, bringing an annual revenue of eight millions of ducats to the *Serenissima*. In the eighteenth it was less flourishing, and with the fall of the Republic, like all else, decayed. The Austrians naturally encouraged the manufactures of Bohemia, Styria, and Carinthia, and, moreover, regarded the regulations and societies of the Muranese as dangerous political associations. Many of the *maestri* emigrated to other lands, bearing with them their magic art. With the exception of the bead manufacture, in which department Venice has ever held her own, the glass art was for a time utterly lost. The specimens of old Venetian blown glass were sought for as eagerly as pictures by her great masters, and purchased at fabulous prices; while, as a proof that the manufacture of enamels had almost ceased, it may be noted that Gregory XVI., born in Venice and educated at Murano, chose, as a gift to his birthplace, Roman enamels to be employed in the repairs of St. Mark. Not that the Muranese had forgotten the art, as, in 1811 and 1818, two exquisite tables in ornamental mosaic were wrought by Benedetto Barbaria for Napoleon I. and Francisco I. of Austria; but monumental mosaic being then altogether neglected, the demand, and consequently the supply of enamels ceased. About 1836, Lorenzo Radi and Francisco Torcellan, both Muranese, set to work to discover the lost secrets of the materials of which these enamels were made, and the still more difficult art of fusion. In 1840 they received the gold medal from the Venetian Academy for their gold and silver enamels; and the collection now existing in the Murano Museum is considered by connoisseurs equal in all respects, and in the flesh-tints superior, to those of the ancients. Fortunately for these persevering men, their efforts became known to Dr. Salviati, an enterprising, art-loving lawyer, who warmly espoused the idea set on foot by the Abbate Zannetti, of restoring to Venice one at least of her ancient glories. To have recovered the methods of manufacturing the old enamels was but one step in the right direction; artists must be trained to use them in the restoration of the old, and in the manufacture of new mosaics. So Salviati opened a mosaic school, chose the best artists from the Venetian Academy, summoned a first-rate mosaicist from Rome, and formed a drawing-class for working-men. Perhaps the first specimen of their skill was exposed to the public on the walls of the "Venetian Enamel Mosaic Works," on the grand Canal, where from a gold ground the figures of Titian and Tintoret stand out in exquisite relief, and bid fair to defy the moisture and cold of a climate that has destroyed all other attempts at



exterior mural painting. In 1861 the Commission appointed by the Imperial Royal Academy to visit the establishment expressed, as the result of the examination, "the conviction so strong that it could not well be stronger of the excellence displayed in every department of the works." Salviati's first great commission was received from the Queen for the Wolsey Chapel at Windsor, where the soffits of the twelve side windows and the twenty-eight panels of the blank west window are occupied with the full-length figures of kings and historic personages in mosaic on gold ground; while the spaces between the ribs of the groined roof are covered with angels, inscriptions, coat-of-arms, foliage, &c., covering 1,100 square feet. In St. Paul's the large picture of Isaiah and two angels was executed by Salviati's artists, who have also contributed much to the embellishment of the Albert Memorial, on the four pediments of which are allegorical figures on gold ground representing painting, architecture, sculpture, and poetry, and beneath the pediments, on spandrels, other figures illustrative of the arts symbolized by those above. The blue vault is studded with gold stars and coats-of-arms. These, together with the decorations of the Mausoleum at Frogmore, in the façade of the Wedgwood Memorial at Burslem, offer English amateurs fair opportunities of judging for themselves of the adaptation of enamel mosaic to interior and exterior mural decoration. When I last visited the studio on the Grand Canal, I found several of the mosaics of St. Mark's undergoing repairs on the floors and tables of the rooms.

In 1861, the administration of the Cathedral entered into a contract with Salviati to supply all the enamels required, and last year he contracted for all the repairs of the pavements and domes, to be executed in fourteen years, 20,000 francs to be paid annually for the mere labor. Already, twelve large figures in the cupola nearest the entry have been repaired, some literally manufactured. These mosaics are of the thirteenth century. When first examined from the pavement, they seemed intact; but, on closer inspection, it was found that, while the tesserae adhered closely to the cement, the cement had become almost entirely detached from the cupola, owing to the cracking of the walls, from subsidence of the foundations. Before displacing the figures, a tracing is taken, and an exact colored sketch made by a first-rate artist. Then the figure is taken down and carried to the studio, and the same tesserae, freed from the cement, used in the reproduction, except the flesh-tints, which have faded. The next undertaking is to be the Apocalypse, which is almost entirely ruined. This was the grand work of the mosaicists of the fifteenth century, from the cartoons of Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese. First-rate artists are now preparing the cartoons from antique sketches, preserved, it is said, in the archives of the Cathedral. The figures as yet replaced are such perfect reproductions that, looking upwards from the pavement, it is hardly possible for the finest judges to distinguish the modern from the ancient.

To those who have read Madame Sand's exquisite tale of "Les Maitres Mosaicistes," it will sound strange to hear of mosaics being manufactured in a studio; but to this possibility Salviati owes much of his present success. In olden days, the mosaic was executed on the spot, the tesserae being fixed one by one on the cement prepared; but Salviati has trained his men to reverse the cartoons, and put in the tesserae with the surface downwards,—a coarse

paper, on which is a rough sketch of the cartoon, covered with paste, serving to keep them together. When the subject is completed, it is carefully packed and sent to its destination, where a skilful artist fixes it on the wall or dome with a special cement, which Salviati affirms to be identical with that employed by the ancients. In this manner, 6,400 square feet of mosaic have been manufactured during the last year. The workmanship differs according to the point of view from which the decoration is to be seen. The finest specimens cost 125 francs, the coarsest 40 francs per square foot. This method does not apply to pictorial mosaic, which requires the utmost skill of a first-rate mosaicist, such as this establishment can boast in Podio, who executed the figure of Niccolo Pisano, from Leighton's cartoon, for the New Court of the Kensington Museum, and the Giorgione, Apelles, Benozzo Gozzoli, and William of Wykeham, which now adorn the walls. This artist improves at every fresh attempt. His portrait of Lincoln was a masterpiece. His Marco Polo, now in the show room at the establishment, and the Columbus, surpass for delicate gradation of tints, richness and vividness of color, flow of drapery, and grandeur of expression, all his former works. To this success Salviati has contributed not a little by his instruments for cutting the enamels into all conceivable geometrical figures, whereas, in past times, the tesserae were all cut in quadrangular shapes. Thanks to the sinews of war furnished by an English Company, the establishment on the Grand Canal is no longer dependent on the noble, persevering but erratic Radi for its enamels, but has furnaces of its own at Murano which produce nearly all the required tints. When stock was taken on 31st December, 1868, it was found that the company possessed 70,000 kilograms of enamel, of 1,700 different colors and gradations. Some of the *paste* still baffle them, such, for instance, as the famous *avventurino*, which is only produced by Bigaglia and Zecchin in perfection. The ingredients, and even the proportions, are known to all, but do not, in different cases, produce the desired result. Only last month I saw a large block, just removed from the furnace, as dull and lifeless as mahogany. The chemists and workmen—who, by the way, shut out masters and proprietors when they are making an experiment—were bitterly disappointed, and declared that they had found out everything save the right heat to be secured at the moment that the gold crystallizes. These experiments are too costly to be often repeated; and in these departments, artistic enthusiasm is considerably tempered by the representative of the English shareholders, who has brought into the concern a measure of worldly wisdom, the only element formerly wanting to insure success.

As soon as he had established his mosaic works on a sure foundation, Salviati turned his attention to the revival of Venetian blown glass, and in this department has exceeded the expectation of his most sanguine admirers. In the eighteenth century this art was so utterly lost that Giuseppe Briatie, in order to recover some of the secrets, worked as a porter in a glass factory in Bohemia, and on his return obtained from the Republic the exclusive right of manufacture, and a law prohibiting the introduction of any foreign glass into Venice. His manufactory existed until 1790, after which period, if we except a few successful attempts made by Domenico Bussolin, the author of a very interesting little pamphlet entitled "Les célèbres Verreries de Venise et de Mu-



rano, the art of glass seemed hopelessly lost. As late as June, 1866, Mr. Chaffers, in his paper on early Venetian glass, speaks of its chief beauties as things of the past.

The methods of manipulating reticulated glass, he tells us, "are yet undiscovered, and all attempts at imitation have been hitherto unsuccessful." He speaks of the rich sapphire color as lost, and gives an engraving of a cup, regarded as quite unique, for which Mr. Slade paid 6,000 francs. At the present moment you may set before Antonio Seguso, or Antonio and Giovanni Barovier, any specimen of old Venetian glass, and they will copy it with all its perfections, and, if you choose, its imperfections, and hand you a fac-simile in color, form, and weight, made under your own eye. Both in 1866 and 1868 I spent hours in the work-room of Murano, fascinated, despite the blinding heat, by the fairy forms and rainbow hues evolved before my eyes; by the intense, grave, silent enthusiasm of the workmen, which extends itself even to the small children admitted to watch the proceedings; by the impossibility of quitting the scene of labor until the piece in hand could be secured from failure by completion. On my first visit the head workman was requested by Salviati to make me any article I might fancy; I chose a wine-glass with deep bowl, initial stem, and broad, ruby-tinted foot. The man dipped his hollow iron rod into a pot of molten white glass, caught up a lump, rolled it on an iron slab, popped it into the furnace, blew through his rod, tossed it aloft, and a hollow ball appeared. His assistant handed him a rod of metal, in which a green serpent seemed coiled in a white cage; this he caught, and, quick as lightning, formed two initials, touching the bowl with the tip of the M, to which it adhered. Then his assistant offered more white glass, which was joined to the bottom of the M, spun round, opened with nippers, and so the foot was formed. Again into the furnace, and then the shears opened and hollowed the deep and slender bowl. Then the assistant handed a scrap of ruby molten glass, of which the master caught a hair, as it were, wound it round the rim of the bowl, and of the foot. Once more into an upper oven, where it must remain till the morrow to cool, and then I drew a long breath of relief; for — knowing that if the metal be too hot or too cold, if too much or too little be taken on the rod, the weight and color will be faulty; that too quick or too slow an action on the part of the assistant, in presenting or withdrawing his rod, may spoil the whole — one cannot watch such processes without intense excitement. This excitement the workmen share in their own silent fashion; and when any rare experiment is going on, all gather round the master in breathless anxiety, while no sound comes from the parted lips save in the form of a hint or caution. During my last visit the question was, how to remedy a defect in an exquisite antique ewer, of white and sapphire, lent by the Brescian Museum to be copied. The scroll handle, in the original, had a pinch, and the pinch was renewed in the copy. The workman said that it was necessarily produced by the assistant's shears in handing the scroll to be fixed. "Let him hold it higher," said one. "Then I shall fix the handle awry." And such was the result. He tried again, and this time the proper curve was not attained. Once more, and by a dexterous movement he caught the scroll in the air, it seemed to me, and fixed it in its right place, producing the sapphire ewer exactly, minus only the defective pinch.

But these men by no means restrict their efforts to servile copies. Salviati used to allow them two hours for original attempts; and Zannetti, a sort of superintendent, now that the heat of the furnace is too much for his eyes, is most fertile in producing new designs. The immense lampadaro — one of five ordered by Prince Giovanelli, to adorn the ball-room of his palace — is a sort of co-operative design. It is of white glass; the candlesticks, ruby-tinted, seemingly hung by frail, transparent links of purest glass; pinks and tulips, with their spiked upright leaves, blossom between the tiers; while — and this is the innovation — garlands of leaves and flowers, such as are now blossoming in the early spring, are hung beneath the bosses, which are generally ugly and forlorn. The hanging lampadaro is by far the largest ever blown, and is composed of innumerable different pieces; so that, if any get broken, they can be at once replaced. Salviati imagined the garlands, Zannetti designed the chandelier, Barovier grew the field-flowers, and Seguso wrought the parts. Such is the perfection to which this master has attained that he will turn out any given number of pieces of precisely the same size, form, and weight. This perfect obedience of the hand to the eye is the *ne plus ultra* of the artist in glass. In the same room with their fathers are two young lads, who work together, one week as master, the next as assistant. I watched them as they stood at the furnace mouth, — one sedate, stern, intent as his father; the other, the master of the week, bright-eyed, restless, but the dearest little imp imaginable. Beakers of nebulous opal, ewers, vases, and urns spun from his fairy rod; but, as his father pointed out, he could make no two things alike, neither could he yet manage to marry the colors. This is one of the modern triumphs of Murano. For two side cornices of the Casino Borghese, Zannetti had designed two exquisite chandeliers. A broad raised foot of opal, aventurin, and ruby, on which opaque white swans cluster, bears up the transparent tiers of candlesticks, each piece fitting into the piece above, so that the heavy iron rod in the centre is dispensed with. The difficulty experienced by Seguso in blowing his hollows of precisely the right size to receive the piece to be inserted was great, but he overcame it. Then, as though this were not sufficient, the foot did its utmost to plague him; the three *paste* declined to keep company; all would go peaceably into the annealing oven, but on the morrow the ruby had sprung, or the aventurin had cracked, or the opal itself gaped in despair at its refractory companions. Only after six trials did they all behave themselves, and the chandelier was sent to the casino on the appointed day. Another pretty device is the conjunction of opaque and transparent glass; for instance, dessert-plates with opaque white *lattice* centre, and sea-green, ruby, sapphire, or purple transparent borders. These opaque centres lend themselves kindly to the miniature-painter's brush, and very exquisite are the glasses, bowls, plates, and dishes ornamented with views of Venice, portraits of the Doges, and of children.

Whether so much time and skill should be lavished on such a fragile body is a question for purchasers to decide. The price of these productions must necessarily be high, as it often happens, as with porcelain, that the surface cracks in the furnace after the painter's work is perfected, and when this is the case it may be urged, with Mr. Ruskin, that it is a sin to waste so much time and exquisite handi-



work on such perishable material. This point conceded, it would still be matter for regret if the introduction of English capital were to involve the absolute sacrifice of beauty to utility. The wages of the glass artists are of course high, ranging from £2 to £4 per week. But then the masters are few and unique, — having been educated gradually for this newly revived art, — and the intense heat so seriously affects the eyesight that few can pass the age of forty at the furnace-mouth. The men might, of course, in lieu of devoting their time and labor to the production of such costly articles as we see in the show-room, turn out glasses and bottles by the thousand, and in such wise insure the commercial prosperity of the concern. Still, to turn the Murano studio into a mere glass and bottle manufactory would be to deny its origin, to say nothing of breaking the hearts of masters and men. Indeed, in this, as in most cases, beauty and utility can be combined. When the present Marquis Guiori, owner of the magnificent porcelain manufactory of the *Doccia*, a few miles from Florence, came of age, he found that from the time that his great-grandfather, the Marquis Carlo, founded the factory, in 1744, until the present time, immense sums of money had been sunk in the venture, and he was compelled to choose between three courses, — either to close the manufactory; to restrict his men to producing useful articles; or to make the pots and pans pay for the vases, urns, and other artistic ware, the completion of one of which will sometimes occupy an artist an entire month. He chose the last of the three, and while the produce and sale of his choicest porcelain is increased, he has brought the manufacture of common earthenware up, or rather down, to the wants of the poorest peasant who needs a pot in which to boil his beans. Why should not the Anglo-Italian Company imitate the ex-Syndic of Florence, and, side by side with their Murano studio, set up a common glass and bottle manufactory? That it is needed no one can deny; a common black bottle costs twopence — threepence — in Italy; and ten to one the neck flies in corking, so that most people buy common glassware of this kind of foreign manufacture. The company possesses large buildings and plenty of space at Murano, and could procure labor cheap, without interfering with their educated artists.

In one department the company has made great progress, and that is in the art of packing. In 1866, every article that came to Florence was smashed. I remember some friends of mine, who were enthusiastic about the revived "art of glass," and who awaited the arrival of their sundry purchases with almost childish impatience. When the cases arrived, no one could distinguish his special property; the entire contents were smashed. The present director of works has altered all this. I have just seen a case opened on its arrival, and there is not a piece broken; slender reticulated ewers, shell-shaped bowls, of filigree, ruby, and *avventurino*; opal vases, with scraps of colored marble confined, and snakes twining round the base; glorious hanaps, with opaque flowers on their bossed stems; ruby raised stands, with wine-glasses of every form and hue; crocus-flower cups, all intact, thanks to the careful hands that swathed and folded them in the sweet-scented *alga marina* of the lagoons. A depot has just been opened in Florence; and Salvati himself, who still remains the artistic director of the Venetian works, has already established one in Paris. Hearty good-will towards the Adriatic's Bride can-

not be better expressed than in wishing her as much success in all her undertakings as has hitherto attended her "enamel mosaics and glass revival."

## DOVECOTS.

TIMES must be very bad indeed if a faithful few are not still left to keep the sources of society sweet and wholesome. When corruption has gone through the whole mass and all classes are bad alike, everything comes to an end, and there is a general overthrow of national life; but while some are left pure and unspotted we are not quite undone, and we may reasonably hope for better days in the future. In the midst of the reign of the girl of the period, with her slang and her boldness, — of the fashionable woman, with her denial of duty and her madness for pleasure, — we come every now and then upon a group of good girls of the real old English type, the faithful few growing up silently among us, but none the less valuable because they are silent and make no public display, — doves who are content with life as they have it in the dovecot, and have no desire to be either eagles dwelling on romantic heights, or peacocks displaying their pride in sunny courts. We find these faithful few in town and country alike; but they are rifest in the country, where there is less temptation to go wrong than there is in the large towns, and where life is more simple and the moral tone undeniably higher.

The leading feature of these girls is their love of home and of their own family, and their power of making occupation and happiness out of apparently meagre materials. If they are the elders, they find amusement and more in their little brothers and sisters, whom they consider immensely funny, and to whom they are as much girl-mothers as sisters; if they are the younger, they idolize their baby nephews and nieces. For there is always a baby going on somewhere about these houses, babies being the great excitement of home life, and the antiseptic element which keeps everything else pure. They are passionately attached to papa and mamma, whom they think the very king and queen of humanity, and whom they do not call by even endearing slang names. It has never occurred to them to criticise them as ordinary mortals; and as they have not been in the way of learning the prevailing accent of disrespect, they have not shaken off that almost religious veneration for their parents which all young people feel naturally, if they have been well brought up and are not corrupted. The yoke in most middle class country-houses is one fitting very loosely round all necks; and there being no power of using greater freedom, if even they had it, the girls are not fretted by its pressure and are content to live under it in peace. They adore their elder brothers who are from home just beginning the great battle of life for themselves and confidently believe them to be the finest fellows going, and the future great men of the day if only they care to put out those splendid talents of theirs, and take the trouble of plucking the prizes within their reach.

They may have a slight reservation, perhaps, in favor of the brother's friend, whom they place on a pedestal of almost equal height. But they keep their mental architecture a profound secret from every one, and do not suffer themselves to let it grow into too solid a structure unless it has some surer foundation than their own fancy. For, though doves are loving, they are by no means love-sick damsels; they are too healthy and natural and qui-



etly busy for unwholesome dreams. If one of them marries, they all unite in loving the man who comes in among them. He is adopted as one of themselves, and leaps into a family of idolizing sisters who pet him as their brother, — with just that subtle little difference in the petting that it comes from sisters unaccustomed, and so has the charm of novelty if not the excitement of naughtiness. But this kind of thing is about the most dangerous to a man's moral nature that can befall him. Though pretty to see, and undeniably pleasant to experience, and though perfectly innocent in every way, still nothing enervates one so much as this idolatrous submission of a large family of women. In a widow's house, where there are many daughters and no sons, and where the man who marries one marries the whole family and is worshipped accordingly, the danger is of course increased tenfold; but if there are brothers and a father, the sister's husband, though affectionately cooed over, is not made quite such a fuss with, and the association is all the less hurtful in consequence.

The life of these girls is by no means stupid, though it is quiet and without any spasmodic events or cataclysms of fortune in any way. They go a great deal among the village poor, and they teach at the Sunday-school, and attend the mothers' meetings and clothing-clubs and the like, and learn to get interested in their humbler friends, who, after all, are Christian sisters. They read their romances in real life instead of in three-volume novels, and study human nature as it is, — in the rough, certainly, but perhaps in more genuine form than if they learnt it only in what is called society. Then they have their pleasures, though they are of an unexciting kind and what fast girls would call awfully slow. They have their horses and their croquet parties and their archery meetings; they have batches of new music, and a monthly box from Mudie's, and they know the value of both; and they go out to tea sometimes, and sometimes to dinner, in the neighborhood; and enjoy the rare county balls with a zest unknown to London girls who are out every night in the week.

They have their village flower-shows, which the great families patronize in a free-and-easy kind of way, and which give occupation for weeks before and subject for talk for weeks after; their school feasts, where the pet parson of the district comes out with his best anecdotes, and makes mild jokes at a long distance from Sydney Smith; their periodical missionary meetings, where they have great guns from London, and where they hear unctuous stories about the saintliness of converted cannibals, and are required to believe in the power of a change of faith to produce an ethnological miracle; they have their friends to stay with them, — school-girl friends, — with whom they exchange deep confidences, and go back over the old days, — so old to their youth! and their brothers come down in the summer; and their brothers' friends come with them, and do a little spooning in the shrubbery. But there is more spooning done at picnics than anywhere else; and more offers are made there, under the shadow of the old ruin, or in the quiet leafy nook by the river side, than at any other gathering time of the country. And as we are all to a certain extent what we are made, these pleasures being the only ones known to them, the doves take to them quite kindly and gratefully, and enjoy themselves in a simplicity of circumstances which would give no pleasure at all to girls accustomed to more highly spiced entertainments.

Doves know very little of evil. They are not in the way of learning it; and they do not care to learn it. The few villagers who are supposed to lead ill lives are spoken of below the breath, and carefully avoided without being critically studied.

When the railway is carried down past their quiet nest, there is an immense excitement as the report goes that a knot of strange men have been seen scattering themselves over the fields with their little white flags and theodolites, their measuring lines and levels. But when the army of navvies follows after, the excitement is changed to consternation, and a general sense of evil brooding ruthlessly over them. The clergy of the district organize special services, and the scared doves keep religiously away from the place where the navvies are huddled. They are little better than the savages, the deputation tell them about once or twice a year, and create almost as much terror as an encampment of gypsies. They represent the lawless forces of the world, and the unknown evil of strong men; and the wildest story about them is not too wild to be believed. The railway altogether is a great offence to the neighborhood, and the line is assumed to destroy the whole scenic beauty of the place. There are lamentations over the cockneys it will bring down, over the high prices it will create, the immorality it will cause. Only the sons who are out in the world, and have learnt how life goes on outside the dovecot, advocate keeping pace with the times; and a few of the more strong-minded of the doves listen to them with a timid admiration of their breadth and boldness, and think there may be two sides to the question after all.

When the dashing captain and his fast wife suddenly appear in the village, — as often happens in these remote districts, — the doves are in a state of great moral complexity. They are scandalized at Mrs. Highflyer's costume and complexion, and think her manners odd and doubtful; her slang shocks them; and when they meet her in the lanes, trailing yards of silk behind her in the mud, talking so loudly and laughing so shrilly with that horrid-looking man in a green cutaway, they feel as fluttered as their namesakes when a hawk is hovering over the farmyard. The dashing captain, who does not use a prayer-book at church, and who stares at all the girls so rudely, and has even been seen to wink at some of the prettier cottage girls, and his handsome wife with her equivocal complexion and pronounced fashions, who makes eyes at the curate, are never heartily adopted by the local magnates, though vouched for by some far-away backer; and the doves always feel them to be strange bodies among them, and out of their rightful element somehow. If things go quietly without an explosion, well and good; but if the truth bursts to the surface in the shape of a London detective, and the Highflyers are found to be no better than they should be, the consternation and half-awed wonderment at the existence of so much effrontery and villany in their atmosphere create an impression which no time effaces. The first clash of innocence with evil is an event in the life of the innocent which nothing ever destroys.

The dovecot is rather dull in the winter, and the doves are somewhat moped; but even then they have the church to decorate, and the sentiment of Christmas to enliven them. The absent ones of the family, too, gather round the old hearth while they can; and as the great joy of the dovecot lies in the family union that is kept up, and in the family love which is so strong, the visits of the absent



bring a moral summer as warm and cheering as the physical sunshine. But they do not all assemble. For many of the doves marry men whose work lies abroad; these quiet country-houses being the favorite matrimonial hunting-grounds for colonists and Anglo-Indians. So that some are always absent, whose healths are drunk in the traditional punch, with eyes that grow moist as the names are said. Doves are not disinclined to marry men who have to go abroad, for all the passionate family love common to them. Travel is a golden dream to them in their still homes, but travel properly companioned. For even the most adventurous among them are not independent, as we mean when we speak of independence in women. They are essentially home girls, family girls, doves who cannot exist at all without a dovecot, however humble. The family is everything to them, and they are utterly unfit for the solitude which so many of our self-supporting women can accept quite resignedly. Not that they are necessarily useless even as bread-winners. They could work if pushed to it; but it must be in a quiet, womanly way, with the mother, the sister, the husband as the helper, with the home as the place of rest and the refuge.

Their whole lines are laid in love and quietness; not necessarily in inaction, but their wishes and their aims are all centred within the home circle. If they marry, they find the love of their husband enough for them, and have no desire for other men's admiration; their babies are all the world to them, and they do not think maternity an infliction as so many of the miserably fashionable think it; they like the occupation of housekeeping, and feel pride in their fine linen and clean service, in their well-ordered table and neatly balanced accounts. They are kind to their servants, who generally come from the old home, and whose families they therefore know; but they keep up a certain dignity and tone of superiority towards them in the midst of all their kindness, which very few town-bred mistresses can keep to town-bred maids. They have always been the aristocracy in their native place; and they carry through life the ineffaceable stamp which being "the best" gives. They are essentially mild and gentle women; not queens of society even when they are pretty, because not caring for social success, and therefore not laying themselves out for it; for if they please at home that is all they care for, holding love before admiration, and the esteem of one higher than the praise of many. If a fault is to be found with them, it is that they have not perhaps quite enough "salt" for the general taste, used as it is to such highly seasoned social food; but do we really want our women to have so very much character?

Do not our splendid passionate creatures lead madly wretched lives and make miserably uncomfortable homes? and are not our glorious heroines better in pictures and in fiction than seated by the nursery fire, or checking the baker's bill? No doubt the quiet home-staying doves seem tame enough when we think of the gorgeous beings made familiar to us by romance, and history, which is more romantic still; but as our daily lives run chiefly in prose, they are better fitted for things as they are; and to men who want wives and not playthings, and who care for the peace of family life and the dignity of home, they are beyond price when they can be found and secured. So that, on the whole, we can dispense with the splendid creatures of character and the magnificent queens of

society sooner than with the quiet and unobtrusive doves; and though they do spoil men most monstrously, they know where to draw the line, and while petting their own at home, — as women should, — know how to keep strangers abroad at a distance, and to make themselves respected as only modest and gentle women are respected by men.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

DURING the year 1868 twenty-two original operas were produced in Italy.

It is reported that Mademoiselle Nilsson has at last met her destiny in the shape of a Duke.

THE collected paintings and water-color drawings of the late George H. Thomas are attracting considerable attention in London.

ACCORDING to a late English paper, "Mr. Longfellow is still in Naples. The climate agrees with him so well that he intends to stay longer than he had anticipated."

MISS KATE BATEMAN is to give fourteen farewell performances at the Haymarket (this might be called "a long farewell") previous to her departure for the United States.

RIDING habits are worn so short just now in England that some ladies are greatly embarrassed to manage them; though a few, who probably introduced the fashion, are not embarrassed by the costume at all.

VICTOR HUGO's story, "L'Homme qui Rit," announced for Once a Week, under the title of "By Order of the King," is not to appear in that periodical, but in the Gentleman's Magazine. The opening chapters will be published in May.

ON the morning of his quitting the Grand Hotel at Paris, for London, the Nabob of Bengal paid for three coats of Russian sable made for himself and his three sons; the cold weather, to which he is unaccustomed, having rendered warm garments necessary. The little bill for these furs amounted to \$21,000. His Highness paid the bill without hesitation. *Du reste*, black sable of Russia is expensive in Paris.

THE Pall Mall Gazette holds up to ridicule a charming instance of "provincial flunkeyism." It seems that Mr. Gladstone recently attended a rural concert in Wiltshire. "The local incense expended on the occasion was overpowering. The Rev. D. Ollivier declared that it was 'a very memorable occasion, for they had been honored with the presence of the Premier of this great country; and he thought a portion of the school fund might be used to place a brass plate where Mr. Gladstone had that evening sat.'" Here's richness!

M. LEON CHOTTEAU has published a little pamphlet containing very cleverly written biographies of General Grant and Schuyler Colfax, — "les véritables républicains." M. Chotteau displays unusual knowledge of American men and politics, and has put his information into a readable shape for his countrymen. The last sentence in the book hits ex-President Johnson obliquely: "Aujourd'hui, les anciens esclavagistes ne peuvent pas compléter l'assassinat du Président Grant. C'est que derrière, il y a encore un homme, Schuyler Colfax."



A SATIRICAL journal in Cologne "Die Kölnischen Funken" was confiscated last week, on account of the following:—

"The President of the United States is said to have sent this reply to Count Bismarck, in answer to his toast congratulating him on his accession to the Presidency:—

"'Excellency, you have expressed your sympathy for me and laid especial weight on the circumstance that we harmonize with each other. Most certainly: both of us are victors, both have had splendid success, both are the first officers of the newly formed state. The whole difference consists in our systems. I made of my soldiers citizens, you contrary-wise; I diminish the public debt, you contrary-wise; I see that all laws are executed even when they are opposed to my views, you contrary-wise.

"'On the contrary, Excellency, I am under the law, you are above it.

"'Your well-affectioned  
"GRANT."

THE late Prussian General von Brandt, who served in his youth under Napoleon in Spain and Russia, attributes in his memoirs, which are now being published at Berlin, the disasters of the Russian campaign mainly to the want of discipline in the French army and the defective arrangements of its commissariat. The troops, he says, were mostly raw levies, and the disorganization was such, even at the beginning of the campaign, that thousands of soldiers left the ranks to plunder, not only the inhabitants of the country through which they passed, but any straggler from their own army who might fall in their way. Many excellent officers were robbed and murdered in this manner by their own soldiers. As to the burning of Moscow, General von Brandt is opposed to the view that this was an act of Russian patriotism, and thinks that it was rather the effect of an accident. The impression produced by Napoleon on the high society of Warsaw was, he says, anything but favorable. On asking one of the leaders of fashion in the Polish capital what people thought of the Emperor, the general received the following reply: "On le trouve de mauvaises manières, la voix brève et stridente, le ton tranchant et impérieux; il est beaucoup inférieur sous ce rapport au Prince Poniatowski, qu'on regarde ici comme le type d'un chevalier comme il faut."

THE Spectator's article on "the tricks and manners" of Reverdy Johnson is sufficiently caustic. This is delightful: "An old man, bred in a world as extinct as the glacial period, with the traditions of the old diplomacy upon him, he set to work as his predecessors of thirty years ago might have done, as Mr. Buchanan, for example, would have done had he been Minister at the time. He put forward enormous demands, but professed enormous friendship. Never was such love as he expressed for all mankind, and specially English mankind, and never were such proofs of that love asked from those he loved so fondly. We were the greatest, the noblest, the bravest race under the sun; his own cousins; people of whom he was proud; a race whose literature was the common heritage of two worlds; men without compare, save in America, and of necessity and nature America's eternal and most sure allies. Being all that, what more natural than that we should prove it all by acknowledging that we were always in the wrong, by conceding every demand, by offering any amount of dollars, by sign-

ing any sort of agreement made to seem fair by the introduction of the phrase 'international arbitration.'

"We are bound to say the English bourgeoisie fully justified by their conduct the low estimate Mr. Johnson had formed of their intellectual capacity. They rose at the bait like gudgeons at gentles. In their hearts they entirely agreed with Mr. Johnson's view of American politics, thought Southern gentlemen had better be replaced in power, did not see why Mr. Davis—he not being a Fenian—should not be pardoned offhand, could not find anything to object to in Mr. Andrew Johnson's policy, except that he had once been a tailor; and to hear an ambassador, with such 'moderate,' and 'just,' and 'far-sighted,' ideas praising them,—it was almost too delightful. The Times and the rest of their organs extolled Mr. Reverdy Johnson to the skies. He was a statesman, an orator, a philanthropist, a credit to his nation, a true gentleman; and Lord Stanley, who in his cold, harsh way is not indifferent to popularity, achieved at a stroke a reputation by accepting the best terms he could get, and shutting his eyes to any consequences they might in the future involve. Mr. Reverdy Johnson whose shrewdness, overlaid as it is by his fluency, has been underrated in this country, had completely won his game, had really induced Great Britain to concede everything without feeling either humiliated or annoyed. He had forgotten nothing, except indeed the grand fact that he was the agent of the people of the United States, and not merely of Mr. Andrew Johnson, that the principal on his own side was a nation as well as the principal on this."

#### MOTHER ENGLAND ON THE TORPEDO.

AN, lawks-a-daisy, little good in these times one can often mention! But now one thing I will allow to be a capital invention.

"Tis a machine sunk in the sea, to serve our arbors for protection, Which have been by ingenious men brought very nearly to perfection.

I've heard about a Spanish Don famed for his visions, one Quevedo, Daresay he never dreamt of this thing which they call it a Torpedo,

Arter a flatfish as I'm told, that, bathin' if you tread it under, Gives you a strong electric shock, and which they say 's the same as thunder.

Likewise by the galvanic spark this epperatus, bein' loaded With nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton, powder, is at will exploded. When if the inimy's above, the ribbles, reptiles' crew, ah, drat 'em! It blows their ship up in the air, and sends the wretches to the bottom.

That's how I wish as we could deal with all detestable invaders, As could n't be prewailed upon to keep aloof by sitch persuaders, Give us the means, I've always said, of blowin' up the base attackers,

Just like the boys does wopses' nests with fireworks, devils, squibs, and crackers.

The wonders that Saint Chassy Pot did for the Pope of Rome was trifles

To sitch as the torpedo works, a hinstrument wuth all your rifles. And bless whoever did contrive so hexcellent an insitution For to defend our native land with avoc and with hexecution.

Of stakin' your own lives agin them plaguy vermin I've no notion. Set traps, I say, to pison 'em, or burn, or sink 'em in the hocene. Ah! if we could destroy 'em all, there 'd be an end of war and battle,

Which we abhors, and only gets dragged into by them foreign cattle.

The thing of all I can't abear to hear a person name is glory. Men killed and wounded; taxes; tea and sugar rose; the old, old story.

Glory, juice take it, glory, yah! the very word my fancy sickens. Glory! I hope torpedos will blow all your glory to the dickens.

O what a blessed 'appy thing to live in peace and out of danger, By bein' able at a blow to spifficate the orsile stranger, When upon all the people of the earth around in war delightin', We shall look out o' winder like, and as it were at dogs a fightin'!

Wrack, ruin, oleale, sweepin', instantaneous death, annihilation, To them as ever dars to drag a finger on this peaceful nation! No wrong, harm, hurt to nobody, whilst we be left alone would we do;

But hands off, all you foreigners, or bang at you goes our torpedo! Punch.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1869.

[No. 176.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XC.

#### LADY ROWLEY CONQUERED.

WHEN the Rowleys were back in London, and began to employ themselves on the terrible work of making ready for their journey to the Islands, Lady Rowley gradually gave way about Hugh Stanbury. She had become aware that Nora would not go back with them,—unless under an amount of pressure which she would find it impossible to use. And if Nora did not go out to the Islands, what was to become of her unless she married this man? Sir Marmaduke, when all was explained to him, declared that a girl must do what her parents ordered her to do. "Other girls live with their fathers and mothers, and so must she." Lady Rowley endeavored to explain that other girls lived with their fathers and mothers, because they found themselves in established homes, from which they are not disposed to run away; but Nora's position was, as she alleged, very different. Nora's home had latterly been with her sister, and it was hardly to be expected that the parental authority should not find itself impaired by the interregnum which had taken place. Sir Marmaduke would not see the thing in the same light, and was disposed to treat his daughter with a high hand. If she would not do as she was bidden, she should no longer be daughter of his. In answer to this, Lady Rowley could only repeat her conviction that Nora would not go out to the Mandarins; and that as for disinheriting her, casting her off, cursing her, and the rest,—she had no belief in such doings at all. "On the stage they do such things as that," she said; "and, perhaps, they used to do it once in reality. But you know that it's out of the question now. Fancy your standing up and cursing at the dear girl, just as we are all starting from Southampton." Sir Marmaduke knew as well as his wife that it would be impossible, and only muttered something about the "dear girl," behaving herself with great impropriety.

They all knew that Nora was not going to leave England, because no berth had been taken for her on board the ship, and because, while the other girls

were preparing for their long voyage, no preparations were made for her. Of course she was not going. Sir Marmaduke would probably have given way altogether immediately on his return to London, had he not discussed the matter with his friend, Colonel Osborne. It became, of course, his duty to make some inquiry as to the Stanbury family, and he knew that Osborne had visited Mrs. Stanbury when he made his unfortunate pilgrimage to the porch of Cockchaffington Church. He told Osborne the whole story of Nora's engagement, telling also that other most heart-breaking tale of her conduct in regard to Mr. Glascock, and asked the Colonel what he thought about the Stanburys. Now the Colonel did not hold the Stanburys in high esteem. He had met Hugh, as the reader may perhaps remember, and had had some intercourse with the young man, which had not been quite agreeable to him, on the platform of the railway station at Exeter. And he had also heard something of the ladies at Nuncombe Putney during his short sojourn at the house of Mrs. Crocket. "My belief is they are beggars," said Colonel Osborne.

"I suppose so," said Sir Marmaduke, shaking his head.

"When I went over to call on Emily,—that time I was at Cockchaffington, you know, when Trevelyan made himself such a d—fool,—I found the mother and sister living in a decentish house enough; but it was n't their house."

"Not their own, you mean?"

"It was a place that Trevelyan had got this young man to take for Emily, and they had merely gone there to be with her. They had been living in a little bit of a cottage, a sort of a place that any—any ploughman would live in. Just that kind of cottage."

"Goodness gracious!"

"And they've gone to another just like it,—so I'm told."

"And can't he do anything better for them than that?" asked Sir Marmaduke.

"I know nothing about him. I have met him, you know. He used to be with Trevelyan,—that

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



was when Nora took a fancy for him of course. And I saw him once down in Devonshire, when I must say he behaved uncommonly badly, — doing all he could to foster Trevelyan's stupid jealousy."

"He has changed his mind about that, I think."

"Perhaps he has; but he behaved very badly then. Let him show up his income; that, I take it, is the question in such a case as this. His father was a clergyman, and therefore I suppose he must be considered to be a gentleman. But has he means to support a wife, and keep up a house in London? If he has not, that is an end to it, I should say."

But Sir Marmaduke could not see his way to any such end, and, although he still looked black upon Nora, and talked to his wife of his determination to stand no contumacy, and hinted at cursing, disinheriting, and the like, he began to perceive that Nora would have her own way. In his unhappiness he regretted this visit to England, and almost thought that the Mandarins were a pleasanter residence than London. He could do pretty much as he pleased there, and could live quietly, without the trouble which encountered him now on every side.

Nora, immediately on her return to London, had written a note to Hugh, simply telling him of her arrival, and begging him to come and see her. "Mamma," she said, "I must see him, and it would be nonsense to say that he must not come here. I have done what I have said I would do, and you ought not to make difficulties." Lady Rowley declared that Sir Marmaduke would be very angry if Hugh were admitted without his express permission. "I don't want to do anything in the dark," continued Nora, "but of course I must see him. I suppose it will be better that he should come to me than that I should go to him." Lady Rowley quite understood the threat that was conveyed in this. It would be much better that Hugh should come to the hotel, and that he should be treated then as an accepted lover. She had come to that conclusion. But she was obliged to vacillate for a while between her husband and her daughter. Hugh came of course, and Sir Marmaduke, by his wife's advice, kept out of the way. Lady Rowley, though she was at home, kept herself also out of the way, remaining above with her two daughters. Nora thus achieved the glory and happiness of receiving her lover alone.

"My own true girl," he said, speaking with his arms still round her waist.

"I am true enough; but whether I am your own, — that is another question."

"You mean to be?"

"But papa does n't mean it. Papa says that you are nobody, and that you have n't got an income, and thinks that I had better go back and be an old maid at the Mandarins."

"And what do you think yourself, Nora?"

"What do I think? As far as I can understand, young ladies are not allowed to think at all. They have to do what their papas tell them. That will do, Hugh. You can talk without taking hold of me."

"It is such a time since I have had a hold of you, as you call it."

"It will be much longer before you can do so again, if I go back to the Islands with papa. I shall expect you to be true, you know; and it will be ten years at the least before I can hope to be home again."

"I don't think you mean to go, Nora."

"But what am I to do? That idea of yours of

walking out to the next church and getting ourselves married sounds very nice and independent, but you know that it is not practicable."

"On the other hand, I know it is."

"It is not practicable for me, Hugh. Of all things in the world, I don't want to be a Lydia. I won't do anything that anybody shall ever say that your wife ought not to have done. Young women when they are married ought to have their papas' and mammas' consent. I have been thinking about it a great deal for the last month or two, and I have made up my mind to that."

"What is it all to come to, then?"

"I mean to get papa's consent. That is what it is to come to."

"And if he is obstinate?"

"I shall coax him round at last. When the time for going comes, he'll yield then."

"But you will not go with them?" As he asked this he came to her and tried again to take her by the waist; but she retreated from him, and got herself clear from his arm. "If you are afraid of me, I shall know that you think it possible that we may be parted."

"I am not a bit afraid of you, Hugh."

"Nora, I think you ought to tell me something definitely."

"I think I have been definite enough, sir. You may be sure of this, however, — I will not go back to the Islands."

"Give me your hand on that."

"There is my hand. But, remember, — I had told you just as much before. I don't mean to go back. I mean to stay here. I mean, — but I do not think I will tell you all the things I mean to do."

"You mean to be my wife?"

"Certainly; some day, when the difficulty about the chairs and tables can settle itself. The real question now is, — what am I to do with myself when papa and mamma are gone?"

"Become Mrs. H. Stanbury at once. Chairs and tables! You shall have chairs and tables as many as you want. You won't be too proud to live in lodgings for a few months?"

"There must be preliminaries, Hugh, — even for lodgings, though they may be very slender. Papa goes in less than three weeks now, and mamma has got something else to think of than my marriage garments. And then there are all manner of difficulties, money difficulties and others, out of which I don't see my way yet." Hugh began to asseverate that it was his business to help her through all money difficulties as well as others; but she soon stopped his eloquence. "It will be by and by, Hugh, and I hope you'll support the burden like a man; but just at present there is a hitch. I should n't have come over at all, — I should have stayed with Emily in Italy, had I not thought that I was bound to see you."

"My own darling!"

"When papa goes, I think that I had better go back to her."

"I'll take you," said Hugh, picturing to himself all the pleasures of such a tour together over the Alps.

"No, you won't, because that would be improper. When we travel together, we must go Darby and Joan fashion, as man and wife. I think I had better go back to Emily because her position there is so terrible. There must come some end to it, I suppose, soon. He will be better, or he will become so



bad that — that medical interference will be unavoidable. But I do not like that she should be alone. She gave me a home when she had one, — and I must always remember that I met you there." After this there was, of course, another attempt with Hugh's right arm, which on this occasion was not altogether unsuccessful. And then she told him of her friendship for Mr. Glascock's wife, and of her intention at some future time to visit them at Monk-hams.

"And see all the glories that might have been your own," he said.

"And think of the young man who has robbed me of them all! And you are to go there too, so that you may see what you have done. There was a time, Hugh, when I was very nearly pleasing all my friends and showing myself to be a young lady of high taste and noble fortune, — and an obedient, good girl."

"And why did n't you?"

"I thought I would wait just a little longer. Because — because — because — O Hugh, how cross you were to me afterwards, when you came down to Nuncombe, and would hardly speak to me."

"And why did n't I speak to you?"

"I don't know. Because you were cross and surly, and thinking of nothing but your tobacco, I believe. Do you remember how we walked to Liddon, and you had n't a word for anybody?"

"I remember I wanted you to go down to the river with me, and you would n't go."

"You asked me only once, and I did so long to go with you. Do you remember the rocks in the river? I remember the place as though I saw it now; and how I longed to jump from one stone to another. Hugh, if we are ever married, you must take me there, and let me jump on those stones."

"You pretended that you could not think of wetting your feet."

"Of course I pretended, — because you were so cross, and so cold. O dear! I wonder whether you will ever know it all?"

"Don't I know it all now?"

"I suppose you do, nearly. There is mighty little of a secret in it, and it is the same thing that is going on always. Only it seems so strange to me that I should ever have loved any one so dearly, — and that for next to no reason at all. You never made yourself very charming that I know of, — did you?"

"I did my best. It was n't much, I dare say."

"You did nothing, sir, except just let me fall in love with you. And you were not quite sure that you would let me do that."

"Nora, I don't think you do understand."

"I do, — perfectly. Why were you cross with me instead of saying one nice word when you were down at Nuncombe? I do understand."

"Why was it?"

"Because you did not think well enough of me to believe that I would give myself to a man who had no fortune of his own. I know it now, and I knew it then; and, therefore, I would n't dabble in the river with you. But it's all over now, and we'll go and get wet together like dear little children, and Priscilla shall scold us when we come back."

They were alone in the sitting-room for more than an hour, and Lady Rowley was patient up stairs as mothers will be patient in such emergencies. Sophie and Lucy had gone out and left her; and there she remained telling herself, as the weary

minutes went by, that as the thing was to be, it was well that the young people should be together. Hugh Stanbury could never be to her what Mr. Glascock would have been, — a son-in-law to sit and think about, and dream of, and be proud of, — whose existence as her son-in-law would in itself have been a happiness to her out in her banishment at the other side of the world; but, nevertheless, it was natural to her as a soft-hearted, loving mother with many daughters that any son-in-law should be dear to her. Now that she had gradually brought herself round to believe in Nora's marriage, she was disposed to make the best of Hugh, to remember that he was certainly a clever man, that he was an honest fellow, and that she had heard of him as a good son and a kind brother, and that he had behaved well in reference to her Emily and Trevelyan. She was quite willing now that Hugh should be happy, and she sat there thinking that the time was very long, but still waiting patiently till she should be summoned. "You must let me go for mamma for a moment," Nora said. "I want you to see her and make yourself a good boy before her. If you are ever to be her son-in-law, you ought to be in her good graces." Hugh declared that he would do his best, and Nora fetched her mother.

Stanbury found some difficulty in making himself a "good boy" in Lady Rowley's presence; and Lady Rowley herself, for some time, felt very strongly the awkwardness of the meeting. She had never formally recognized the young man as her daughter's accepted suitor, and was not yet justified in doing so by any permission from Sir Marmaduke; but, as the young people had been for the last hour or two alone together, with her connivance and sanction, it was indispensable that she should in some way signify her parental adherence to the arrangement. Nora began by talking about Emily, and Trevelyan's condition and mode of living were discussed. Then Lady Rowley said something about their coming journey, and Hugh, with a lucky blunder, spoke of Nora's intended return to Italy. "We don't know how that may be," said Lady Rowley. "Her papa still wishes her to go back with us." "Mamma, you know that that is impossible," said Nora.

"Not impossible, my love."

"But she will not go back," said Hugh. "Lady Rowley, you would not propose to separate us by such a distance as that?"

"It is Sir Marmaduke that you must ask."

"Mamma, mamma," exclaimed Nora, making to her mother's side, "it is not papa that we must ask, — not now. We want you to be our friend. Don't we, Hugh? And, mamma, if you will really be our friend, of course papa will come round."

"My dear Nora."

"You know he will, mamma; and you know that you mean to be good and kind to us. Of course I can't go back to the Islands with you. How could I go so far and leave him behind? He might have half a dozen wives before I could get back to him —"

"If you have not more trust in him than that —"

"Long engagements are awful bores," said Hugh, finding it to be necessary that he also should press forward his argument.

"I can trust him as far as I can see him," said Nora, "and therefore I do not want to lose sight of him altogether."

Lady Rowley of course gave way and embraced her accepted son-in-law. After all, it might have been worse. He saw his way clearly, he said, to



making six hundred a year, and did not at all doubt that before long he would do better than that. He proposed that they should be married some time in the autumn, but was willing to acknowledge that much must depend on the position of Trevelyan and his wife. He would hold himself ready at any moment, he said, to start to Italy, and would do all that could be done by a brother. Then Lady Rowley gave him her blessing, and kissed him again, — and Nora kissed him, too, and hung upon him, and did not push him away at all when his arm crept round her waist. And that feeling came upon him which must surely be acknowledged by all engaged young men when they first find themselves encouraged by mammas in the taking of liberties which they have hitherto regarded as mysteries to be hidden, especially from maternal eyes, — that feeling of being a fine fat calf decked out with ribbons for a sacrifice.

## CHAPTER XCI.

FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

Another week went by and Sir Marmaduke had even yet not surrendered. He quite understood that Nora was not to go back to the Islands, and had visited Mr. and Mrs. Outhouse at Saint Diddulph's in order to secure a home for her there, if it might be possible. Mr. Outhouse did not refuse, but gave the permission in such a fashion as to make it almost equal to a refusal. "He was," he said, "much attached to his niece Nora, but he had heard that there was a love affair." Sir Marmaduke, of course, could not deny the love affair. There was certainly a love affair of which he did not personally approve, as the gentleman had no fixed income, and, as far as he could understand, no fixed profession. "Such a love affair," thought Mr. Outhouse, "was a sort of thing that he did n't know how to manage at all. If Nora came to him, was the young man to visit at the house, or was he not? Then Mrs. Outhouse said something as to the necessity of an anti-Stanbury pledge on Nora's part, and Sir Marmaduke found that that scheme must be abandoned. Mrs. Trevelyan had written from Florence more than once or twice, and in her last letter had said that she would prefer not to have Nora with her. She was at that time living in lodgings at Siena and had her boy there also. She saw her husband every other day; but, nevertheless, — according to her statements, — her visits to Casalunga were made in opposition to his wishes. He had even expressed a desire that she should leave Siena and return to England. He had once gone so far as to say that if she would do so, he would follow her. But she clearly did not believe him, and in all her letters spoke of him as one whom she could not regard as being under the guidance of reason. She had taken her child with her once or twice to the house, and on the first occasion Trevelyan had made much of his son, had wept over him, and professed that in losing him he had lost his only treasure; but after that he had not noticed the boy, and latterly she had gone alone. She thought that perhaps her visits cheered him, breaking the intensity of his solitude; but he never expressed himself gratified by them, never asked her to remain at the house, never returned with her into Siena, and continually spoke of her return to England as a step which must be taken soon, — and the sooner the better. He intended to follow her, he said; and she

explained very fully how manifest was his wish that she should go, by the temptation to do so which he thought that he held out by this promise. He had spoken, on every occasion of her presence with him, of Sir Marmaduke's attempt to prove him to be a madman, but declared that he was afraid of no one in England, and would face all the lawyers in Chancery Lane and all the doctors in Saville Row. Nevertheless, so said Mrs. Trevelyan, he would undoubtedly remain at Casalunga till after Sir Marmaduke should have sailed. He was not so mad but that he knew that no one else would be so keen to take steps against him as would Sir Marmaduke. As for his health, her account of him was very sad. "He seemed," she said, "to be withering away. His hand was mere skin and bone. His long hair and beard so covered his thin long cheeks, that there was nothing left of his face but his bright, large, melancholy eyes. His legs had become so frail and weak that they would hardly bear his weight as he walked; and his clothes, though he had taken a fancy to throw aside all that he had brought with him from England, hung so loose about him that they seemed as though they would fall from him. Once she had ventured to send out to him from Siena a doctor to whom she had been recommended in Florence; but he had taken the visit in very bad part, had told the gentleman that he had no need for any medical services, and had been furious with her, because of her offence in having sent such a visitor. He had told her that if ever she ventured to take such a liberty again, he would demand the child back, and refuse her permission inside the gates of Casalunga. "Don't come at any rate, till I send for you," Mrs. Trevelyan said in her last letter to her sister. "Your being here would do no good, and would, I think, make him feel that he was being watched. My hope is, at last, to get him to return with me. If you were here, I think this would be less likely. And then why should you be mixed up with such unutterable sadness and distress more than is essentially necessary? My health stands wonderfully well, though the heat here is very great. It is cooler at Casalunga than in the town, — of which I am glad for his sake. He perspires so profusely that it seems to me he cannot stand the waste much longer. I know he will not go to England as long as papa is there; but I hope that he may be induced to do so by slow stages as soon as he knows that papa has gone. Mind you send me a newspaper, so that he may see it stated in print that papa has sailed."

It followed as one consequence of these letters from Florence that Nora was debarred from the Italian scheme as a mode of passing her time till some house should be open for her reception. She had suggested to Hugh that she might go for a few weeks to Nuncombe Putney, but he had explained to her the nature of his mother's cottage, and had told her that there was no hole there in which she could lay her head. "There never was such a forlorn young woman," she said. "When papa goes, I shall literally be without shelter." There had come a letter from Mrs. Glascock, — at least it was signed Caroline Glascock, though another name might have been used, — dated from Milan, saying that they were hurrying back to Naples even at that season of the year, because Lord Peterborough was dead. "And she is Lady Peterborough!" said Lady Rowley, unable to repress the expression of the old regrets. "Of course she is Lady Peterborough, mamma; what else should she be? — though she



does not so sign herself." "We think," said the American peerness, "that we shall be at Monkham's before the end of August, and Charles says that you are to come just the same. There will be nobody else there, of course, because of Lord Peterborough's death." "I saw it in the paper," said Sir Marmaduke, "and quite forgot to mention it."

That same evening there was a long family discussion about Nora's prospects. They were all together in the gloomy sitting-room at Gregg's Hotel, and Sir Marmaduke had not yielded. The ladies had begun to feel that it would be well not to press him to yield. Practically he had yielded. There was now no question of cursing and of so-called disinheritance. Nora was to remain in England, of course with the intention of being married to Hugh Stanbury; and the difficulty consisted in the need of an immediate home for her. It wanted now but twelve days to that on which the family were to sail from Southampton, and nothing had been settled. "If papa will allow me something ever so small, and will trust me, I will live alone in lodgings," said Nora.

"It is the maddest thing I ever heard," said Sir Marmaduke.

"Who would 'take care of you, Nora?" asked Lady Rowley.

"And who would walk about with you?" said Lucy.

"I don't see how it would be possible to live alone like that," said Sophie.

"Nobody would take care of me, and nobody would walk about with me, and I could live alone very well," said Nora. "I don't see why a young woman is to be supposed to be so absolutely helpless as all that comes to. Of course it won't be very nice, — but it need not be for long."

"Why not for long?" asked Sir Marmaduke.

"Not for very long," said Nora.

"It does not seem to me," said Sir Marmaduke, after a considerable pause, "that this gentleman himself is so particularly anxious for the match. I have heard no day named, and no rational proposition made."

"Papa, that is unfair, most unfair, — and ungentle."

"Nora," said her mother, "do not speak in that way to your father."

"Mamma, it is unfair. Papa accuses Mr. Stanbury of being — being lukewarm and untrue, — of not being in earnest."

"I would rather that he were not in earnest," said Sir Marmaduke.

"Mr. Stanbury is ready at any time," continued Nora. "He would have the banns at once read, and marry me in three weeks, — if I would let him."

"Good gracious, Nora!" exclaimed Lady Rowley.

"But I have refused to name any day, or to make any arrangement, because I did not wish to do so before papa had given his consent. That is why things are in this way. If papa will but let me take a room till I can go to Monkham's, I will have everything arranged from there. You can trust Mr. Glascock for that, and you can trust her."

"I suppose your papa will make you some allowance," said Lady Rowley.

"She is entitled to nothing, as she has refused to go to her proper home," said Sir Marmaduke.

The conversation, which had now become very disagreeable, was not allowed to go any further.

And it was well that it should be interrupted. They all knew that Sir Marmaduke must be brought round by degrees, and that both Nora and Lady Rowley had gone as far as was prudent at present. But all trouble on this head was suddenly ended for this evening by the entrance of the waiter with a telegram. It was addressed to Lady Rowley, and she opened it with trembling hands, — as ladies always do open telegrams. It was from Emily Trevelyan. "Louis is much worse. Let somebody come to me. Hugh Stanbury would be the best."

In a few minutes they were so much disturbed that no one quite knew what should be done at once. Lady Rowley began by declaring that she would go herself. Sir Marmaduke of course pointed out that this was impossible, and suggested that he would send a lawyer. Nora professed herself ready to start immediately on the journey, but was stopped by a proposition from her sister Lucy, that, in that case, Hugh Stanbury would of course go with her. Lady Rowley asked whether Hugh would go, and Nora asserted that he would go immediately as a matter of course. She was sure he would go, let the people at the D. R. say what they might. According to her, there was always somebody at the call of the editor of the D. R. to do the work of anybody else, when anybody else wanted to go away. Sir Marmaduke shook his head, and was very uneasy. He still thought that a lawyer would be best, feeling, no doubt, that if Stanbury's services were used on such an occasion, there must be an end of all opposition to the marriage. But before half an hour was over Stanbury was sent for. The boots of the hotel went off in a cab to the office of the D. R. with a note from Lady Rowley. "Dear Mr. Stanbury, — We have had a telegram from Emily, and want to see you, *at once*. Please come. We shall sit up and wait for you till you do come. — E. R."

It was very distressing to them because, let the result be what it might, it was all but impossible that Mrs. Trevelyan should be with them before they had sailed, and it was quite out of the question that they should now postpone their journey. Were Stanbury to start by the morning train on the following day, he could not reach Siena till the afternoon of the fourth day; and, let the result be what it might when he arrived there, it would be out of the question that Emily Trevelyan should come back quite at once, or that she should travel at the same speed. Of course they might hear again by telegram and also by letter; but they could not see her, or have any hand in her plans. "If anything were to happen, she might have come with us," said Lady Rowley.

"It is out of the question," said Sir Marmaduke, gloomily. "I could not give up the places I have taken."

"A few days more would have done it."

"I don't suppose she would wish to go," said Nora. "Of course she would not take Louey there. Why should she? And then I don't suppose he is so ill as that."

"There is no saying," said Sir Marmaduke. It was very evident that, whatever might be Sir Marmaduke's opinion, he had no strongly developed wish for his son-in-law's recovery.

They all sat up waiting for Hugh Stanbury till eleven, twelve, one, and two o'clock at night. The "boots" had returned, saying that Mr. Stanbury had not been at the office of the newspaper, but that, according to information received, he certainly would be there that night. No other address had



been given to the man, and the note had therefore of necessity been left at the office. Sir Marmaduke became very fretful, and was evidently desirous of being liberated from his night watch. But he could not go himself, and showed his impatience by endeavoring to send the others away. Lady Rowley replied for herself that she should certainly remain in her corner on the sofa all night, if it were necessary; and as she slept very soundly in her corner, her comfort was not much impaired. Nora was pertinacious in refusing to go to bed. "I should only go to my own room, papa, and remain there," she said. "Of course I must speak to him before he goes." Sophie and Lucy considered that they had as much right to sit up as Nora, and submitted to be called geese and idiots by their father.

Sir Marmaduke had arisen with a snort from a short slumber, and had just sworn that he and everybody else should go to bed, when there came a ring at the front-door bell. The trusty boots had also remained up, and in two minutes Hugh Stanbury was in the room. He had to make his excuses before anything else could be said. When he reached the D. R. office between ten and eleven, it was absolutely incumbent on him to write a leading article before he left it. He had been in the reporter's gallery of the House all the evening, and he had come away laden with his article. "It was certainly better that we should remain up, than that the whole town should be disappointed," said Sir Marmaduke, with something of a sneer.

"It is so very, very good of you to come," said Nora.

"Indeed, it is," said Lady Rowley; "but we were quite sure you would come." Having kissed and blessed him as her son-in-law, Lady Rowley was now prepared to love him almost as well as though he had been Lord Peterborough.

"Perhaps, Mr. Stanbury, we had better show you this telegram," said Sir Marmaduke, who had been standing with the scrap of paper in his hand since the ring of the bell had been heard. Hugh took the message and read it. "I do not know what should have made my daughter mention your name," continued Sir Marmaduke; "but as she has done so, and as perhaps the unfortunate invalid himself may have alluded to you, we thought it best to send for you."

"No doubt it was best, Sir Marmaduke."

"We are so situated that I cannot go. It is absolutely necessary that we should leave Town for Southampton on Friday week. The ship sails on Saturday."

"I will go, as a matter of course," said Hugh. "I will start at once, — at any time. To tell the truth, when I got Lady Rowley's note, I thought that it was to be so. Trevelyan and I were very intimate at one time, and it may be that he will receive me without displeasure."

There was much to be discussed, and considerable difficulty in the discussion. This was enhanced, too, by the feeling in the minds of all of them that Hugh and Sir Marmaduke would not meet again, — probably for many years. Were they to part now on terms of close affection, or were they to part almost as strangers? Had Lucy and Sophie not persistently remained up, Nora would have faced the difficulty and taken the bull by the horns, and asked her father to sanction her engagement in the presence of her lover. But she could not do it before so many persons, even though the persons were her own nearest relatives. And then there arose an-

other embarrassment. Sir Marmaduke, who, had taught himself to believe that Stanbury was so poor as hardly to have the price of a dinner in his pocket, — although, in fact, our friend Hugh was probably the richer man of the two, — said something about defraying the cost of the journey. "It is taken altogether on our behalf," said Sir Marmaduke. Hugh became red in the face, looked angry, and muttered a word or two about Trevelyan being the oldest friend he had in the world, even if there were nothing else. Sir Marmaduke felt ashamed of himself, — without cause, indeed, for the offer was natural, — said nothing further about it, but appeared to be more stiff and ungainly than ever.

The Bradshaw was had out and consulted, and nearly half an hour was spent in poring over that wondrous volume. It is the fashion to abuse Bradshaw, — we speak now especially of Bradshaw the Continental, — because all the minutest details of the autumn tour, just as the tourist thinks that it may be made, cannot be made patent to him at once without close research amidst crowded figures. After much experience we make bold to say that Bradshaw knows more, and will divulge more in a quarter of an hour, of the properest mode of getting from any city in Europe to any other city more than fifty miles distant, than can be learned in that first city in a single morning with the aid of a courier, a carriage, a pair of horses, and all the temper that any ordinary tourist possesses. The Bradshaw was had out, and it was at last discovered that nothing could be gained in the journey from London to Siena by starting in the morning. Intending as he did to travel through without sleeping on the road, Stanbury could not do better than leave London by the night mail train, and this he determined to do. But when that was arranged, then came the nature of his commission. What was he to do? No commission could be given to him. A telegram should be sent to Emily the next morning to say that he was coming; and then he would hurry on and take his orders from her.

They were all in doubt, terribly in doubt, whether the aggravated malady of which the telegram spoke was malady of the mind or of the body. If of the former nature, then the difficulty might be very great indeed; and it would be highly expedient that Stanbury should have some one in Italy to assist him. It was Nora who suggested that he should carry a letter of introduction to Mr. Spalding, and it was she who wrote it. Sir Marmaduke had not foregathered very closely with the English minister, and nothing was said of assistance that should be particularly British. Then, at last, about three or four in the morning came the moment for parting. Sir Marmaduke had suggested that Stanbury should dine with them on the next day before he started, but Hugh had declined, alleging that as the day was at his command it must be devoted to the work of providing for his absence. In truth, Sir Marmaduke had given the invitation with a surly voice, and Hugh, though he was ready to go to the North Pole for any others of the family, was at the moment in an aggressive mood of mind towards Sir Marmaduke.

"I will send a message directly I get there," he said, holding Lady Rowley by the hand, "and will write fully — to you — immediately."

"God bless you, my dear friend," said Lady Rowley, crying.

"Good night, Sir Marmaduke," said Hugh.

"Good night, Mr. Stanbury."

Then he gave a hand to the two girls, each of



whom, as she took it, sobbed, and looked away from Nora. \* Nora was standing away from them, by herself, and away from the door, holding on to her chair, and with her hands clasped together. She had prepared nothing,—not a word, or an attitude, not a thought, for this farewell. But she had felt that it was coming, and had known that she must trust to him for a cue for her own demeanor. If he could say adieu with a quiet voice, and simply with a touch of the hand, then would she do the same,—and endeavor to think no worse of him. Nor had he prepared anything; but when the moment came, he could not leave her after that fashion. He stood a moment hesitating, not approaching her, and merely called her by her name,—“Nora.” For a moment she was still; for a moment she held by her chair; and then she rushed into his arms. He did not much care for her father now, but kissed her hair and her forehead, and held her closely to his bosom. “My own, own Nora.”

It was necessary that Sir Marmaduke should say something. There was at first a little scene between all the women, during which he arranged his deportment. “Mr. Stanbury,” he said, “let it be so. I could wish for my child’s sake, and also for your own, that your means of living were less precarious.” Hugh accepted this simply as an authority for another embrace, and then he allowed them all to go to bed.

## CHAPTER XCII.

### TREVELYAN DISCOURSES ON LIFE.

Stanbury made his journey without pause or hindrance till he reached Florence, and as the train for Siena made it necessary that he should remain there for four or five hours, he went to an inn, and dressed and washed himself, and had a meal, and was then driven to Mr. Spalding’s house. He found the American minister at home, and was received with cordiality; but Mr. Spalding could tell him little or nothing about Trevelyan. They went up to Mrs. Spalding’s room, and Hugh was told by her that she had seen Mrs. Trevelyan once since her niece’s marriage, and that then she had represented her husband as being very feeble. Hugh, in the midst of his troubles, was amused by a second and a third, perhaps by a fourth, reference to “Lady Peterborough.” Mrs. Spalding’s latest tidings as to the Trevelyans had been received through “Lady Peterborough” from Nora Rowley. “Lady Peterborough” was at the present moment at Naples, but was expected to pass north through Florence in a day or two. They, the Spaldings themselves, were kept in Florence in this very hot weather by this circumstance. They were going up to the Tyrolean mountains for a few weeks as soon as “Lady Peterborough” should have left them for England. “Lady Peterborough” would have been so happy to make Mr. Stanbury’s acquaintance, and to have heard something direct from her friend Nora. Then Mrs. Spalding smiled archly, showing thereby that she knew all about Hugh Stanbury and his relation to Nora Rowley. From all which, and in accordance with the teaching which we got, alas, now many years ago, from a great master on the subject, we must conclude that poor, dear Mrs. Spalding was a snob. Nevertheless, with all deference to the memory of that great master, we think that Mrs. Spalding’s allusions to the success in life achieved by her niece were natural and altogether pardonable; and

that reticence on the subject—a calculated determination to abstain from mentioning a triumph which must have been very dear to her—would have betrayed on the whole a condition of mind lower than that which she exhibited. While rank, wealth, and money are held to be good things by all around us, let them be acknowledged as such. It is natural that a mother should be as proud when her daughter marries an earl’s heir as when her son becomes Senior Wrangler; and when we meet a lady in Mrs. Spalding’s condition who purposely abstains from mentioning the name of her titled daughter, we shall be disposed to judge harshly of the secret workings of that lady’s thoughts on the subject. We prefer the exhibition, which we feel to be natural. Mr. Spalding got our friend by the button-hole, and was making him a speech on the perilous condition in which Mrs. Trevelyan was placed; but Stanbury, urged by the circumstances of his position, pulled out his watch, pleaded the hour, and escaped.

He found Mrs. Trevelyan waiting for him at the station at Siena. He would hardly have known her,—not from any alteration that was physically personal to herself, not that she had become older in face, or thin, or gray, or sickly,—but that the trouble of her life had robbed her for the time of that brightness of apparel, of that pride of feminine gear, of that sheen of high-bred, womanly bearing with which our wives and daughters are so careful to invest themselves. She knew herself to be a wretched woman, whose work in life now was to watch over a poor prostrate wretch, and who had thrown behind her all ideas of grace and beauty. It was not quickly that this condition had come upon her. She had been unhappy at Nuncombe Putney; but unhappiness had not then told upon the outward woman. She had been more wretched still at Saint Diddulph’s, and all the outward circumstances of life in her uncle’s parsonage had been very wearisome to her; but she had striven against it all, and the sheen and outward brightness had still been there. After that her child had been taken from her, and the days which she had passed in Manchester Street had been very grievous; but even yet she had not given way. It was not till her child had been brought back to her, and she had seen the life which her husband was living, that her anger—hot anger—had been changed to pity, and that with pity love had returned,—it was not till this point had come in her sad life that her dress became always black and sombre, that a veil habitually covered her face, that a bonnet took the place of the jaunty hat that she had worn, and the prettinesses of her life were laid aside. “It is very good of you to come,” she said,—“very good. I hardly knew what to do, I was so wretched. On the day that I sent he was so bad that I was obliged to do something.” Stanbury, of course, inquired after Trevelyan’s health, as they were being driven up to Mrs. Trevelyan’s lodgings. On the day on which she had sent the telegram her husband had again been furiously angry with her. She had interfered, or had endeavored to interfere, in some arrangements as to his health and comfort, and he had turned upon her with an order that the child should be at once sent back to him, and that she should immediately quit Siena. “When I said that Louey could not be sent,—and who could send a child into such keeping?—he told me that I was the basest liar that ever broke a promise, and the vilest traitor that had ever returned evil for



good. I was never to come to him again, — never; and the gate of the house would be closed against me if I appeared there."

On the next day she had gone again, however, and had seen him, and had visited him on every day since. Nothing further had been said about the child, and he had now become almost too weak for violent anger. "I told him you were coming, and though he would not say so, I think he is glad of it. He expects you to-morrow."

"I will go this evening, if he will let me."

"Not to-night. I think he goes to bed almost as the sun sets. I am never there myself after four or five in the afternoon. I told him that you should be there to-morrow, — alone. I have hired a little carriage and you can take it. He said specially that I was not to come with you. Papa goes certainly on next Saturday?" It was a Saturday now, — this day on which Stanbury had arrived at Siena.

"He leaves town on Friday."

"You must make him believe that. Do not tell him suddenly, but bring it in by degrees. He thinks that I am deceiving him. He would go back if he knew that papa were gone."

They spent a long evening together, and Stanbury learned all that Mrs. Trevelyan could tell him of her husband's state. There was no doubt, she said, that his reason was affected; but she thought the state of his mind was diseased in a ratio the reverse of that of his body, and that when he was weakest in health, then were his ideas the most clear and rational. He never now mentioned Colonel Osborne's name, but would refer to the affairs of the last two years as though they had been governed by an inexorable Fate, which had utterly destroyed his happiness without any fault on his part. "You may be sure," she said, "that I never accuse him. Even when he says terrible things of me, — which he does, — I never excuse myself. I do not think I should answer a word, if he called me the vilest thing on earth." Before they parted for the night many questions were of course asked about Nora, and Hugh described the condition in which he and she stood to each other. "Papa has consented then?"

"Yes, — at four o'clock in the morning, — just as I was leaving them."

"And when is it to be?"

"Nothing has been settled, and I do not as yet know where she will go to when they leave London. I think she will visit Monkham when the Glascock people return to England."

"What an episode in life, — to go and see the place, when it might all now have been hers."

"I suppose I ought to feel dreadfully ashamed of myself for having marred such promotion," said Hugh.

"Nora is such a singular girl, — so firm, so headstrong, so good, and so self-reliant that she will do as well with a poor man as she would have done with a rich. Shall I confess to you that I did wish that she should accept Mr. Glascock, and that I pressed it on her very strongly? You will not be angry with me?"

"I am only the more proud of her, — and of myself."

"When she was told of all that he had to give in the way of wealth and rank, she took the bit between her teeth and would not be turned an inch. Of course she was in love."

"I hope she may never regret it, — that is all."

"She must change her nature first. Everything

she sees there will make her stronger in her choice. With all her girlish ways, she is like a rock. Nothing can move her."

Early on the next morning he started alone for Casalunga, having first, however, seen Mrs. Trevelyan. He took out with him certain little things for the sick man's table, — as to which, however, he was cautioned to say not a word to the sick man himself. And it was arranged that he should endeavor to fix a day for Trevelyan's return to England. That was to be the one object in view. "If we could get him to England," she said, "he and I would, at any rate, be together, and gradually he would be taught to submit himself to advice." Before ten in the morning, Stanbury was walking up the hill to the house, and wondering at the dreary, hot, hopeless desolation of the spot. It seemed to him that no one could live alone in such a place, in such weather, without being driven to madness. The soil was parched and dusty, as though no drop of rain had fallen there for months. The lizards, glancing in and out of the broken walls, added to the appearance of heat. The vegetation itself was of a faded yellowish green, as though the glare of the sun had taken the fresh color out of it. There was a noise of grasshoppers and a hum of flies in the air, hardly audible, but all giving evidence of the heat. Not a human voice was to be heard, nor the sound of a human foot, and there was no shelter; but the sun blazed down full upon everything. He took off his hat and rubbed his head with his handkerchief as he struck the door with his stick: O God, to what misery had a little folly brought two human beings who had had every blessing that the world could give within their reach!

In a few minutes he was conducted through the house, and found Trevelyan seated in a chair under the veranda, which looked down upon the olive-trees. He did not even get up from his seat, but put out his left hand and welcomed his old friend. "Stanbury," he said, "I am glad to see you, — for auld lang syne's sake. When I found out this retreat, I did not mean to have friends round me here. I wanted to try what solitude was, — and, by Heaven, I've tried it!" He was dressed in a bright Italian dressing-gown, or woollen paletot, — Italian, as having been bought in Italy, though, doubtless, it had come from France, — and on his feet he had green worked slippers, and on his head a brocaded cap. He had made but little other preparation for his friend in the way of dressing. His long dishevelled hair came down over his neck, and his beard covered his face. Beneath his dressing-gown he had on a night-shirt, and drawers, and was as dirty in appearance as he was gaudy in colors. "Sit down, and let us two moralize," he said. "I spend my life here doing nothing, — nothing, — nothing; while you cudgel your brain from day to day to mislead the British public. Which of us two is taking the nearest road to the Devil?"

Stanbury seated himself in a second arm-chair, which there was there in the veranda, and looked as carefully as he dared to do at his friend. There could be no mistake of the restless gleam of that eye. And then the affected air of ease, and the would-be cynicism, and the pretence of false motives, all told the same story. "They used to tell us," said Stanbury, "that idleness is the root of all evil."

"They have been telling us since the world began so many lies, that I for one have determined never to believe anything again. Labor leads to greed, and greed to selfishness, and selfishness to treachery,



and treachery straight to the Devil, — straight to the Devil. Ha, my friend, all your leading articles won't lead you out of that. What's the news? Who's alive? Who dead? Who in? Who out? What think you of a man who has not seen a newspaper for two months; and who holds no conversation with the world further than is needed for the cooking of his polenta and the cooling of his modest wine-flask?"

"You see your wife sometimes," said Stanbury.

"My wife! Now, my friend, let us drop that subject. Of all topics of talk it is the most distressing to man in general, and I own that I am no exception to the lot. Wives, Stanbury, are an evil, more or less necessary to humanity, and I own to being one who has not escaped. The world must be populated, though for what reason one does not see. I have helped, — to the extent of one male bantling; and if you are one who consider population desirable, I will express my regret that I should have done no more."

It was very difficult to force Trevelyan out of this humor, and it was not till Stanbury had risen apparently to take his leave that he found it possible to say a word as to his mission there. "Don't you think you would be happier at home?" he asked.

"Where is my home, Sir Knight of the midnight peon?"

"England is your home, Trevelyan."

"No, sir; England was my home once; but I have taken the liberty accorded to me by my Creator of choosing a new country. Italy is now my nation, and Casalunga is my home."

"Every tie you have in the world is in England."

"I have no tie, sir, — no tie anywhere. It has been my study to untie all the ties; and, by Jove, I have succeeded. Look at me here. I have got rid of the trammels pretty well, — have n't I? — have unshackled myself, and thrown off the paddings, and the wrappings, and the swaddling clothes! I have got rid of the conventionalities, and can look Nature straight in the face. I don't even want the Daily Record, Stanbury. Think of that."

Stanbury paced the length of the terrace, and then stopped for a moment down under the blaze of the sun, in order that he might think how to address this philosopher. "Have you heard," he said at last, "that I am going to marry your sister-in-law, Nora Rowley?"

"Then there will be two more full-grown fools in the world certainly, and probably an infinity of young fools coming afterwards. Excuse me, Stanbury, but this solitude is apt to make one plain-spoken."

"I got Sir Marmaduke's sanction the day before last."

"Then you got the sanction of an illiterate, ignorant, self-sufficient, and most contemptible old man; and much good may it do you."

"Let him be what he may, I was glad to have it. Most probably I shall never see him again. He sails from Southampton for the Mandarins on this day week."

"He does, — does he? May the Devil sail along with him. That is all I say. And does my much respected and ever-to-be-beloved mother-in-law sail with him?"

"They all return together, — except Nora."

"Who remains to comfort you. I hope you may be comforted. That is all. Don't be too particular.

Let her choose her own friends, and go her own gait, and have her own way, and do you be blind and deaf and dumb and properly submissive, and it may be that she'll give you your breakfast and dinner in your own house, — so long as your hours don't interfere with her pleasures. If she should even urge you beside yourself by her vanity, folly, and disobedience, — so that at last you are driven to express your feeling, — no doubt she will come to you after a while and tell you with the sweetest condescension that she forgives you. When she has been out of your house for a twelvemonth or more, she will offer to come back to you, and to forget everything, — on condition that you will do exactly as she bids you for the future."

This attempt at satire, so fatuous, so plain, so false, together with the would-be jaunty manner of the speaker, who, however, failed repeatedly in his utterances from sheer physical exhaustion, was excessively painful to Stanbury. What can one do at any time with a madman? "I mentioned my marriage," said he, "to prove my right to have an additional interest in your wife's happiness."

"You are quite welcome, whether you marry the other one or not, — welcome to take any interest you please. I have got beyond all that, Stanbury, — yes, by Jove, a long way beyond all that."

"You have not got beyond loving your wife and your child, Trevelyan?"

"Upon my word, yes, — I think I have. There may be a grain of weakness left, you know. But what have you to do with my love for my wife?"

"I was thinking more just now of her love for you. There she is at Siena. You cannot mean that she should remain there?"

"Certainly not. What the deuce is there to keep her there?"

"Come with her then to England."

"Why should I go to England with her? Because you bid me, or because she wishes it, — or simply because England is the most damnable, puritanical, God-forgotten, and stupid country on the face of the globe? I know no other reason for going to England. Will you take a glass of wine, Stanbury?" Hugh declined the offer. "You will excuse me," continued Trevelyan; "I always take a glass of wine at this hour." Then he rose from his chair, and helped himself from a cupboard that was near at hand. Stanbury, watching him as he filled his glass, could see that his legs were hardly strong enough to carry him. And Stanbury saw, moreover, that the unfortunate man took two glasses out of the bottle. "Go to England indeed. I do not think much of this country; but it is, at any rate, better than England."

Hugh perceived that he could do nothing more on the present occasion. Having heard so much of Trevelyan's debility, he had been astonished to hear the man speak with so much volubility and attempts at high-flown spirit. Before he had taken the wine he had almost sunk into his chair, but still he had continued to speak with the same fluent would-be cynicism. "I will come and see you again," said Hugh, getting up to take his departure.

"You might as well save your trouble, Stanbury; but you can come if you please, you know. If you should find yourself locked out, you won't be angry. A hermit such as I am must assume privileges."

"I won't be angry," said Hugh, good-humoredly.

"I can smell what you are come about," said Trevelyan. "You and my wife want to take me away from here among you, and I think it best to stay



here. I don't want much for myself, and why should I not live here? My wife can remain at Siena if she pleases, or she can go to England if she pleases. She must give me the same liberty, — the same liberty, — the same liberty." After this he fell a-coughing violently, and Stanbury thought it better to leave him. He had been at Casalunga about two hours, and did not seem as yet to have done any good. He had been astonished both by Trevelyan's weakness, and by his strength; by his folly, and by his sharpness. Hitherto he could see no way for his future sister-in-law out of her troubles.

When he was with her at Siena, he described what had taken place with all the accuracy in his power. "He has intermittent days," said Emily. "To-morrow he will be in quite another frame of mind, — melancholy, silent perhaps, and self-reproachful. We will both go to-morrow, and we shall find probably that he has forgotten altogether what has passed to-day between you and him."

So their plans for the morrow were formed.

[To be continued.]

## A NEW METHOD OF MAKING BREAD.

BY JUSTUS V. LIEBIG.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Annalen der Chemie und Pharmacie*.]

IT is known to the reader that an unusual exigency — the famine in East Prussia — led me to direct attention to the fact that there are other and better methods of making bread than that in general use. My first article in No. 6 of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* aroused a far greater interest than I had expected, and this led me into a more profound investigation of the subject with which I had for a long time been engaged.

The art of baking is, as I believe, the only art which for thousands of years has remained stationary. We eat to-day the sour bread of which the Bible speaks and as Pliny described it, only that the flour, though different in a physiological sense, is no better. I have not been without the hope that the chemical method of preparing bread would find favor with the bakers, as the great majority of the letters upon this subject addressed to me from all parts of Germany came from master bakers, but the necessity of working in accordance with an accurately determined prescription in order to have a good result appears to have been an obstacle to its introduction into most bakeries, and so I must confess that my efforts to secure an introduction of bread from whole meal into those classes of society for whom it has the most worth, have been wholly frustrated. A certain degree of culture is necessary in order to overcome the repugnance to color in bread, and so the black bread recommended by me has found lasting acceptance in but few families in Munich, in houses in which it was often condemned by the servants and laundresses.

Considerations of prudence have very little influence upon the sense of taste among men, and I have found that every effort to change their habits — for example, to induce them to eat black bread when they prefer white — must be looked upon as labor thrown away. From this point of view, a new method of making bread, which makes it possible in every household to prepare from common flour, without bran, an excellent, palatable bread of higher nutritive value than can be made from the same flour by any other method, cannot fail of a welcome from many.

In order to understand the new method of baking, which I will proceed to describe, it will be sufficient to refer to the first principles of the *philosophy of nutrition* which I have recently discussed in *Auerbach's Volk's Kalender* for 1869.

I have therein stated that of all forms of human food the wheat grain in its conversion into flour suffers the greatest loss in nutritive value, in consequence of the reduction of the nutritive salts of the grain, so that in fact the whitest and finest flour has, of all forms of flour, the lowest nutritive value. The significance of the nutritive salts in food is sufficiently well known to physiologists; it is known that without their co-operation the other constituents of the food are incapable of affording nourishment. By simple washing of fresh or boiled meat with water, which abstracts the nutritive salts, it would become incapable of serving in the preservation of life; the nutritive salts of wheat are identical with the nutritive salts of meat, and one understands that what is true for meat must also be true for bread, and that the nutritive value of flour is less in the same proportion as it contains less of the nutritive salts than the grain. The nutritive salts of meat and wheat are phosphates, and consist of compounds of phosphoric acid with potassa, lime, magnesia, and iron; the simple relation with the quantity of these substances contained in wheat and in flour as shown by chemical analysis will be sufficient to make obvious the difference in the nutritive value of the two.

In one thousand parts by weight of wheat or rye grain are:—

21 parts of nutritive salts and of these  
in wheat grain, in rye grain,  
8.94, 5.65, are phosphoric acid.

In one thousand parts by weight of wheat flour of the first quality are only:—

5.5 parts by weight of nutritive salts, and of these only 2½ parts by weight of phosphoric acid.

The wheat flour of first quality contains, therefore, in 1,000 parts 15½ parts of nutritive salts in the whole, and 6½ parts of phosphoric acid less than the grain.

In the second quality of wheat flour there are in 1,000 parts, 6½ parts of nutritive salts, and therein only 2½ parts of phosphoric acid; in the third sort only 3½ parts of phosphoric acid.

In 1,000 parts of rye flour of the first quality are only 18½ parts of nutritive salts, that is, 7½ parts less than in wheat, and instead 5½ parts of phosphoric acid only 3½ parts.

The wheat by grinding is separated into flour and bran, and as both together make up the constituents of the wheat, it is easy to see that the nutritive salts of the wheat which are wanting in the flour must be contained in the bran.

In fact, analysis shows that the wheat bran in 1,000 parts contains from 53 to 60, and the rye bran 51 parts of phosphates. The first, therefore, nearly three times and the second more than two and a half times as much phosphates as the wheat and rye grains respectively; it shows further that in 100 parts of nutritive salts there are contained in the two kinds of bran:—

	Wheat bran.	Rye bran.
Phosphoric acid,	24.3	21.3
Potassa,	30.12	23.03
Phosphate of lime,		
" " magnesia, }	43.98	50.96
" " iron,		

From these analyses it appears that nearly an entire half of the nutritive salts, wanting in flour, consists of phosphate of lime and magnesia, and that it



must be this want of phosphates of the alkaline earths, which makes itself especially felt in nutrition, because these are altogether indispensable in the formation, growth, and maintenance of the osseous system.

Very important observations have been made in these relations in cattle-breeding.

In a lecture delivered on the 27th of March, 1867, in Dresden, "Upon Nutrition from the Chemical Stand-Point," Dr. Haubner speaks of the influence of salts upon the physical condition of animals, and calls attention to the great significance of the phosphates.

"When animals are fed only with potatoes and turnips, which contain very small amounts of the phosphates, they are inadequately nourished, become weak and feeble and their bones become spongy; they improve at once when supplied with phosphate of lime, and still more if at the same time protein compounds are given to them. It is believed that animals by this process are made larger and stronger. Giants cannot be grown, but dwarfed forms, curvature of the spine and of the extremities may be prevented by an adequate supply of phosphate of lime. Pigeons, fed with wheat and no lime, die; and calves and pigs suffer in the same manner when this substance is withheld."

Very remarkable observations upon the influence of a deficiency of nutritive salts upon the development and perfection, especially of young animals [foals], have recently been published by Dr. Roloff, of Halle, in Virchow's archives. These facts have a high value, and their significance for the supply of food for men, cannot be overlooked when we take into account that bread in Germany, at least, is by far the most important food of the people of the country. Many physicians have, as I believe with entire right, sought the nearest reason of the origin of scurvy upon ships in the diet of salt meat, which, as the meat by salting loses a part of its phosphates, contains less of these nutritive salts; but scurvy appears also in prisons in which salt meat constitutes no part of the diet of prisoners, and it is easy to bring together the origin of scurvy with the deficiency of phosphates in bread and in the flour and other articles of food.

It is clear that if, instead of the bran of the wheat and rye flour, we restore the nutritive salts of the bran, that we are able to restore in both forms of the flour the original nutritive value of the wheat, and when we take into account that the nutritive value of the flour is at least 12 per cent, often 15 per cent, less than that of the wheat, this restoration acquires an economical significance of great national importance, for the result upon nutrition, in the actual fact, is exactly as if all the wheat-fields in the country had produced from one seventh to one eighth more wheat. With the same quantity of flour, through this increase, a greater number of men may be satisfied and nourished.

Upon these considerations rests the preparation of the baking powders of Professor Horsford, of Cambridge, in North America, which I hold to be one of the weightiest and most beneficent inventions which have been made in recent times.

I have occupied myself for the last eight months with the preparation and use of this baking powder, and have entirely satisfied myself that with it a most excellent bread, of delicious taste, may be made, and I believe I shall render a service to many by publishing the results of my experience; it contains the nutritive salts of the bran in such form

that it renders unnecessary the use of sour dough, or of yeast, in the preparation of bread.

The Horsford baking powders consist of two preparations in the form of powder, an acid and an alkali; one contains phosphoric acid, in combination with lime and magnesia, the other bicarbonate of soda; both powders are white, flour-like in fineness, each packed by itself, and both enclosed in a large wrapper; a small tin measure, in the form of two truncated cones of unequal capacity, the bottoms soldered together, is employed in using the powders. For each pound of flour, the small measure is filled with bicarbonate of soda, the larger with phosphoric acid, and both intimately mixed with the flour; to this mixture the required quantity of water is added, and worked into a loaf of dough, and without much delay placed in an oven. It is easy, when the oven is previously heated, to have the perfect bread in from one and a half to two hours. The process is readily understood; when the two powders are mixed with the flour, there arises in the process of working the dough a double decomposition; the phosphoric acid unites with the soda and drives out the carbonic acid, which puffs up the dough, and by baking makes the bread porous.

Phosphoric acid in the form of a white dry powder will be a mystery to many; in fact, therein lies the essence of the whole thing. Horsford prepares his phosphoric acid from thoroughly washed bones, burned to whiteness, which consists, as is well known, of phosphates of lime and magnesia. These are finely powdered, digested with a definite quantity of sulphuric acid, so that two thirds of the lime present shall be neutralized, and two thirds of the phosphoric acid set free; the gypsum produced will be separated from the acid solution by filtration, and the solution evaporated to the consistency of honey; on cooling, it solidifies to a crystalline mass, which consists of acid phosphate of lime and magnesia.

It is not the place to go further into the preparation of this compound, as instructions in manipulation may be found in every work on chemistry.

Before the solidification takes place, finely powdered starch is mixed with the acid mass, so that a solid but somewhat friable dough results, which in this condition can be wholly freed from water in a warm drying-room; the result is a snow-white solid mass, which may be readily reduced to the finest powder. Properly prepared, it has no affinity for water, and will not become sticky in moist air. This is the acid of the Horsford baking powder; it is prepared, as we say in chemistry, in relation to bicarbonate of soda, that is, it is determined how much of the acid powder is necessary to neutralize a given weight of bicarbonate of soda, so that the mixture shall have a faint acid reaction; with 1 part by weight of bicarbonate of soda, there is ordinarily employed  $2\frac{1}{2}$  parts by weight of the acid powder, or from 3 to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  parts when the acid contains more starch.

The employment of the bicarbonate of soda in the preparation of bread is, perhaps, to be justified in actual practice; yet, according to theory, bicarbonate of potassa instead of soda should be employed, as the wanting alkali in flour is potassa, and not soda. The taste of bread prepared with the potassa salt is strikingly different from that made with soda salt; the first is more pleasant to the taste, but the price of the bicarbonate of potassa is four times that of the soda carbonate, and increases the cost of the bread. This circumstance is obviously the reason



why Horsford adopted the soda instead of the potassa bicarbonate in his cooking powder.\*

I have found that bicarbonate of potassa may be replaced by chloride of potassium in all bread in which common salt is used, as is practised in almost all countries; since by bringing together chloride of sodium (common salt) and bicarbonate of potassa, both salts are decomposed and resolved into bicarbonate of soda and chloride of potassium; a cold saturated solution of bicarbonate of potassa solidifies when common salt is added, and chloride of potassium remains in the solution. A precisely similar reaction takes place in the baking powder containing common salt and bicarbonate of potassa. With a mixture of bicarbonate of soda and chloride of potassium, in equivalent proportions, we attain the same results; the chloride of potassium, fortunately, since the discovery of the potassa salt-layer in Strassfurt, has become one of the cheapest of potassa salts, and its use has no noticeable influence upon the price of bread. If we know how much acid powder is necessary to neutralize a given weight of bicarbonate of soda, it is easy to prepare a theoretically correct baking powder.

According to my experiments, the preparation of good bread requires for every 100 lbs. Bav. of flour, equal to 112 Zoll pounds, one pound of bicarbonate of soda. If we have found that in order to neutralize 1 part by weight of bicarbonate of soda, 3 parts by weight of acid powder are necessary, the composition of the baking powder with an equivalent of chloride of potassium for each equivalent of bicarbonate of soda, for 112 Zoll pounds of flour, would be as follows:—

WEIGHT OF BAKING POWDER FOR 112 LBS. OF FLOUR.

<i>Acid Powder.</i>	<i>Alkali Powder.</i>
1,500 grammes.	500 grm. bicarbonate of soda.
	443 " chloride of potassium.
	943 grammes.

For simple numbers we may add to the alkali powder 57 grammes of common salt, then we have for each 100 pounds of flour 3 pounds of acid powder and two pounds of alkali powder; or, for 1 pound of flour, 15 grammes of the first, and 10 grammes of the other are necessary.

For 100 pounds Zoll weight, the calculation gives:—

<i>Acid Powder.</i>	<i>Alkali Powder.</i>
1,338 grammes.	446 grm. bicarbonate of soda.
	395 " chloride of potassium.
	841 grammes.

In order to have round numbers, we may add to the acid powder 62 grm. of starch, and to the alkali powder 59 grm. of common salt, in which case to every pound of flour 14 grm. of the first and 9 grm. of the alkali powder must be taken.

In the employment of the baking powder in the preparation of bread, the simplest method is to take from the flour, corresponding to a given weight of the baking powder, a handful, mix it with the baking powder and sift into the flour, and then very carefully mix the whole (by repeated sifting); upon the intimacy of the mixture depends the greater or less porous quality of the bread. To this mixture water is added to form the dough, which with but little kneading is placed in the oven. The proper temperature for baking must be determined by a couple of experiments; if the oven is too hot, the loaf cracks and expands irregularly.

Bread prepared by this method presents a beautiful appearance, but is heavier than common baker's bread. The latter is full of large pores and is more attractive on account of its volume.

According to the following method, which is, to be sure, somewhat circumstantial, one obtains with the baking powder a bread rivalling the finest product of the baker.

Divide the flour and the water necessary to form the dough into equal portions, add to one half the acid powder, and to the other the alkali powder, and stir from time to time. The water containing the acid may be hot, the other must be kept cold. Knead the acid water with one half of the flour, and the alkali solution with the other half, and when this is complete, knead the two together. If the dough is too stiff, add water; if too slack, add flour. One hundred Zoll pounds of flour require about 32 to 33 litres of water. By this method the dough loses little or no gas. It is of importance that the mixing of the two doughs should be carefully made; if this is neglected, the bread will have here and there brown stripes.

In cases where there is no sour dough, and in those where baker's bread is not relished, the advantage of the baking powder will be obvious; the circumstance that the bread will be more expensive will have little weight with thoughtful persons; the product of bread is on an average from 12 to 15 per cent more than by the ordinary process, and this will in part cover the cost of the baking powder; but the principal advantage consists in the greater nutritive value of the bread so produced, which must be taken into account in order to a just estimate. Prepared in a large way the cost of the baking powder, however, can scarcely exceed 15 to 18 kreuzers per pound, and when one reflects that if £100 of flour has increased only 10 per cent in nutritive value, the whole cost of the baking powder is covered. Experiments and practical working must determine this point.

With the employment of the baking powder in household baking, I have not further occupied myself, but in the United States the Horsford baking powder is used in every art of baking, and especially in an article known as "self-raising flour," which contains the baking powder already mixed in the right proportions. The families in New York buy this flour, mix with water to a dough and bake the loaves in their kitchen ovens. My friend and former pupil, Horsford, has written me that in the last year a million pounds of his acid powder were sold. . . . I can scarcely have a doubt that the new process of bread-making will, if not till after a couple of years have passed, be adopted by the bakers. With the giving up of the process by fermentation, the chief obstacle will fall to the ground which opposes the industrial prosecution of the baker's art.

This advantage cannot be placed in too great prominence. Bread, with the aid of the new baking process can be made on a manufacturing scale, in the same way that ship biscuit are made in the great bakeries at Portsmouth, where three workmen, one with the oven and two with a kneading machine, are able to make 20,000 and more rations daily.

For an army in the field and for making bread on shipboard this new method of making bread appears to me to be of especial significance, and it is very desirable that the superintendents of prisons and poorhouses should collect observations in relation to the nutritive value of bread made with this baking powder.

\* Horsford patented the introduction of potassa salts into his bread preparation in 1864. — *Note by Translator.*



HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TURNER SNUFFS THE SEA WIND.

THE neighborhood was aroused, and there were six engines in the lane. The parish engine, anxious to assert itself against the office engines played upon the house for a little time, and then stopped and drivelled into imbecility. The other engines went home smoking pipes, and wondering why they had been sent for, when there was no fire. The policeman had come to see what was the matter, and had been promptly turned out by Rebecca. The lane had gone to bed on the theory that Mr. Turner had been took by his conscience in the night and had rung the bell for prayers. There were more unconscious lies told that night, than there are twice a year, and in the midst of it all Mr. Turner lay, severely wounded through the deltoid, and Rebecca minding him.

She had got singularly emphatic all of a sudden.

"Pa, you don't want a doctor from here?"

"No. All this must be kept quiet."

"You will die if you don't have one. Will you let me move you to Limehouse?"

"That is the best," he said, "good girl; we must take the safe."

"Lor bless you, yes, dear pa. We will take that fast enough. Bother the safe, I wish it was chucked in the water. You will have to move in an hour, pa."

"I wish I was well out of it," said he, "with the safe."

"You will be well out of it directly," she said. "Keep quiet."

She ran down to livery stables near by, and ordered a fly, to take her father away in half an hour's time. It was there punctually and she hurried him in.

She had tied everything she could find tight round his deltoid, and it is not a very difficult wound to stanch. He was very quiet in that lethargic state which comes from loss of blood, and he cared nothing about anything.

She looked back on the old house until they turned the lane. And she said, "There is an end of that, thank Heaven." He did not care at all. "Where are you taking me?" he said once.

"Limehouse," she answered. "9, Pilots Wharf. Keep quiet, or the hemorrhage will come on again."

"Where is Morley?" he asked, as they were going along Bird Cage Walk.

"At sea," she said. "Keep quiet. Everything depends on your keeping absolutely quiet and trusting implicitly to me. Your wound is a severe one, and will be shortly followed by fever. You must be perfectly quiet."

When they were passing Tower Hill, he said, "You are a brave, good girl, Rebecca, where did you get your courage?"

"From Hetty," said Rebecca.

"Where did you see her, then?" said Mr. Turner.

"I have never seen her," said Rebecca, "and I don't suppose I ever shall. But she is Alfred's daughter. And I have made a daughter for Alfred who I suppose does not exist at all."

"Talk to me, darling," said Turner. "My own Rebecca, talk to me, for my wound is aching, and I

am going to die. Let me hear you talk. What do you conceive about this Hetty?"

"Give me your wounded arm, father, and put it over my breast; lay your head on my breast, and if you keep quite quiet, I will tell you what I have imagined Hetty to be. If I am wrong, do not deceive me."

"Hetty had no mother. Some girls have none. I had none."

"Hetty was a radical and a dissenter in her heart. For no person is a radical or a dissenter except from sentiment."

The wounded man said, "Radicals and dissenters form their opinion on pure reason."

"Hold your tongue, pa, or I will knock you. Hetty found herself, as a radical and a dissenter, bound hand and foot, by radical and dissenting haybands. And she broke them."

"And we all wished she had been at the bottom of Jordan when she did so," said the wounded man.

"But she was right in what she did, pa."

"No, she wasn't," said he. "She is one of the most thundering fools on the face of the earth. I never heard of the girl doing any good, that a costermonger's wife could not have done. She has smashed her father's connection in our sect, and forced him abroad, for which you have to thank her; because I am going to die, and you will be all alone until he comes back."

"But she is good," said Rebecca.

"Many fools are," was the only reply she got.

Hetty had been tried as a subject of conversation and had utterly failed. Their silence towards one another was barely become oppressive, when they were at Morley's house.

Very few words were necessary from Rebecca to tell her story. They were at home at once. Mr. Morley's landlady was easily aroused, and it was bright summer morning, with the river gayly dancing on among the ships towards the sea, when Mr. Turner stepped out of his carriage and looked about him.

"Hush!" he said. "It is good for us to be here. What a lovely place to die in!"

"To get well in, I think you mean, father," said Rebecca.

"No, I don't," said he. "There is but little business left me to do. That done I will go to sleep. I am sick of it all."

CHAPTER XXIX.

PILOT TERRACE.

A time now came, which Rebecca has separated from all times in her life. Such a time may come again, she says, but it has not yet.

Ceaseless activity and care, ceaseless employment, ceaseless anxiety, ceaseless thought for others. A strange mixture of melancholy waiting for death, and for life.

And all about and around, golden summer weather, bright water, moving ships, distant Kentish hill-sides basking in the sun. The tomb at Walham Green had given up the soul so long imprisoned there, and it had escaped not to useless idleness, but to anxious usefulness.

"As I saw him fading away, day after day, before my eyes, I loved him more and more, but believing that he was going to his God, I do not think I was unhappy. I do not think I could be unhappy under any circumstances at Pilot Terrace."



The girl was not talking nonsense when she said this. Inbred in her nature was a love for brightness and motion, without which she was petulant and miserable. Hereditary proclivities are one of the few things which are absolutely certain; in the greatest number of instances, the sire sets his seal upon the race, but in the case of a very strong will in the mother she may compete with her mate in the formation of characteristics. Rebecca's mother, coming of a stock which had been used to light gaiety and music for centuries, had left this want with Rebecca, as her legacy, — the fortune on which she was to exist in the horrible prison at Walham Green. In addition to this precious legacy of her mother's, she had got from her father not only the virtue, determination, but the vice, obstinacy (as Carry well knew). And, furthermore, in addition to it all, she had got — *God* knows where, I do not — some bright clear spark of the divine nature, which made her very errors and indiscretions lovely.

Poor child. What if she ran away to Ramsgate, thereby violating a law never mentioned so far south as, and of course never dreamt of in, Philistia; she was very sorry afterwards, and she took her most discreet and excellently beloved old nurse. Poor old Rebecca, when she found her duty ready to her hand, she did it. Have we all done so?

She wanted light and beauty. She had seen dimly in old time the Popish worship with her mother; and up to the time when she had run away to Ramsgate and seen the sea, that was the only beautiful thing she had seen. There was movement, light, brightness of color; the tinsel is as good as the gold to a child. She had dimly recollected it, in the long hours of Puritan seclusion at Walham Green. How long, O my Puritan brothers, will you make religion hideous to one half at least of your children? Think, in these days, when the nation is becoming educated to a rough love of light and beauty, what mischief you are doing not to us, but to yourselves.

Rebecca says that the first pretty thing she saw when she was grown up was young Hartop the sailor. She always declares to Hetty that she was desperately in love with Hartop for a week, and that he used her disgracefully. However, Rebecca was worthy of seeing something more than a pretty sailor. She was capable of understanding real beauty, of the very highest form.

Mr. Morley. I would have made Mr. Morley a duke if I could, only for the simple fact that he was a disenting minister, and considered unsound and unsafe even in that capacity. How many times that brown sailor-like face, that grizzled hair, and those steady brown eyes had passed before Rebecca's retina before they were fixed on it forever, I do not know. But they were fixed there firmly enough now.

He was the first man, practically, who had ever introduced her to real light and beauty. She might have loved Hartop, but Hartop was for Hetty; and with her keen intellect, she quickly found out this. That Hartop, brave, glorious, beautiful, was not so brave or so glorious as brown-faced Mr. Morley, with the slightly grizzled hair. "I would not change with Hetty," she said.

However, he was at sea, and she was all alone, and her father was dying, and she declares that she was not unhappy at this gaunt time, which lasted long. And that makes my explanatory sorites quite good enough for a well-told story.

She did well in every detail now. Quick, keen wits, once roused by love, seem to do without experience almost magically. The higher nature seems to descend to the level of the lower, intellect is assisted by instinct, Cupido by Eros. (A thinking friend of the writer says that I am utterly wrong, and that the love of the child for the parent is reflected. I give him this opportunity of adding to the amount of human knowledge.) Love and sympathy supplied experience. If all Sisters and trained nurses had had a conference with Gamp and Prig, they could have done no more for Mr. Turner than Rebecca did, with slight hints about details to the landlady.

I resume my story. She put his bed in the bow-window so that he could see the river and the ships. The landlady saw after him while Rebecca went out in the early morning until she could find a doctor. There were a dozen doctors close by, and the landlady recommended her to one, and Rebecca knocked him up.

He put a head out of window, and said: —

"What do you want?"

And Rebecca said: "*He* won't do. Pa would never stand him."

Then she was going to pull at the bell of the next doctor's, when the door was suddenly opened, and a fat gentleman of fifty said to her, "The advertisement said four o'clock, and it is half-past. Come in." Whereupon she marched off, and thought, "You won't do, my gentleman."

"Bother the doctors," she said. "I wish — I beg your pardon, sir," for she had run up against a queer little man with one leg shorter than the other, coming round a corner.

"Go away from me," he said, waving her off, "you most ridiculous and incautious young woman. I am one saturation of scarlet fever from head to foot. I have been attending a scarlet fever case, and I have pulled my pretty ones through. There are between eighty and ninety thousand sporicles on your fine velvet cloak at this moment, chuck it over your little sister's bed to keep her warm; and then say it was me."

"You will do," said Rebecca, emphatically.

"Well, I suppose so," said the little gentleman, "what do you want?"

"Pistol wound."

"My heavens!" he said, turning his queer, shrewd little face up to hers.

"Sir," she answered.

"Ho!" he said. "Ha! aristocratic or long shore?"

"Neither. But mysterious."

"Young man dead?"

"No, but faint," said Rebecca.

"Ha. I'll get these fever clothes off and come directly. What is the house?"

"9, Pilot Terrace."

"Morley's? Yes, quite so. You are Miss Turner. I warned Morley that he was flying his kite too high. I told him that there would be bloodshed if he sought a wife among the Aristocrats. And my words have come true, you see. Well, you are a wise young lady in choosing him. I am a Romanist myself: Doctor Slop, you know; hey? Don't know your secret, — of course not. I knew they would shoot some one over you."

"This has nothing to do with me," said Rebecca.

"Of course not," said Dr. Barnham. "Lord bless you, *we* know. Of course not. Bless you! call us Jesuits at one moment and deny us common



knowledge of the world at another. I'll change my fever clothes and come in."

The whole story of Mr. Turner's pistol wound was carefully explained to Dr. Barnham by at least three people; but he never believed it. He only said, "Yes, yes! quite so. We are men of the world, we Catholics."

But Barnham was a great acquisition to them. He treated Mr. Turner with great skill and *bonhomie*; and Mr. Turner loved him and waited for his coming. Both men were intensely in earnest; Barnham a violent ultramontane, Turner a violent Protestant. They used to argue furiously, the Bishop of Rome was alternately the old man of Rome on Mr. Turner's side, and something which one does not care to write about another human being, on Dr. Barnham's. These two gentlemen used mutually to assure one another of the utter impossibility of the other's ultimate salvation, in a way which I dare not produce, not believing that God's mercy depends on a few details, as these men did. But they liked one another the better for all their quarrelling; and this quaint little Romanist was one of the brightest things in their new short life.

Turner would be in the bay-window, looking at the ships going to and fro, and would invent arguments against the Doctor. And he would say to Rebecca: "Come, old girl, give a hand next time, and we will smash him and put an end to him."

And Rebecca would laugh, and cower down by her father, and say: "I won't say one word against him. And you know that you love him in your heart."

He was indeed the only educated friend they had. Mr. Turner was quietly falling away day after day, and finding his time getting short, he wrote notes to several people calling on them to come.

Lord Ducetoy was the first. "How de do, my lord?" said Turner. "I have summoned up the phantom."

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### LORD DUCETOY'S PROPOSALS.

Here first she began to learn the artistic value and beauty of tones, crossed indefinitely by other tones, perfectly harmonious, and sometimes without incident. At times of the night, when the tide was even brimming full, and she was watching, she would open the window, and hear the sounds of the river, all melted into one, and assisted by the dull undertone of the city. At first, in her ignorance and her cockneyishness, she had thought that the city was the sea; and that the eternal crawling hum, waxing and waning in the night, was the crawling of the breakers upon the shore; but Lord Ducetoy, standing in the balcony with her one evening, laughed at her for thinking so, and pointed out her mistake.

"But water runs down hill, my lord; and the water is running that way."

"My fair cockney cousin, do you not notice that it runs the other way sometimes?"

Yes, it was so. Her beloved sea was farther off than she thought, and it was silent to her. He was right. She had mistaken the music of the hated city for the dim, far-heard melody of the free sea.

"Do you ever sail upon the sea, my lord?" she said.

"Not at present, my lady," he answered. "Your good father has given me the means of keeping a yacht, and when the king has his own again, perhaps

you will sail with me. Have you heard from Mr. Morley?"

"Not one word. Nor from Hartop or Hetty, either. I am all alone, with my father."

"Except for me," he said.

"Except for you," she answered, looking straight at him; "exactly. It is very kind of you to come here and see us."

"Now, Rebecca, I want to have a serious talk with you. I shall offend you deeply, I know; but a man must speak what is in him, or —"

"Hold his tongue."

"Exactly. I am not going to hold mine. Rebecca, do you know that I love you heartily?"

"I thought you did, and I am very glad. I suppose there is not the wildest chance of my ever seeing Lady Ducetoy?"

"Not if you go to the South Sea Islands. But, Rebecca, do you love me?"

"Very much indeed."

Dead stop. Rebecca had some dim idea that he was going to make a fool of himself; and she was not going to help him.

"I suppose," he said, in a very awkward manner, "that no one was ever placed in a more difficult position than I am at this present moment."

Rebecca merely stood and looked at him.

"You see, I don't know how to begin."

"Well, then, don't begin," said Rebecca. "No one wants you to."

"Yes, but you don't know. I have a great personal admiration for you, and I am your cousin, and I think you an uncommonly gentlemanly old fellow, one of the most splendid creatures, and one of the most admirably formed ladies I have ever met. Now, Cousin Rebecca, I am under terribly great obligations to you for your gallantry. I don't know what your father has done for me, or how his affairs are. Tell me one thing; what money shall you have when you marry Mr. Morley?"

Rebecca gave a gasp of relief; she was afraid that he was going to talk some sentimental nonsense. "I don't suppose we shall have any," she said. "Hagbut has drained away pa's cash for Carry's settlements. I should have liked to take him money, and yet I should n't."

"I don't understand," said Lord Ducetoy.

"Can't you see that, cousin? I should like to take him money, because I should like him to have money for his works and his charities for which he lives. Yet, I should also like to go to him, cousin, saying, 'You chose me, and here I am, without one penny. Will you take me still?' And he would. And he would love me better without the money than with it. For if I had all Carry's money, it would only be a cloud between us. He, the noblest man in all the world, has honored poor little me, with all my indiscretions and errors, above all women in the world. And I would sooner go to him, *in formâ pauperis*. You are talking to an attorney's daughter, you know."

"But, Rebecca, do you mean to say that you would sooner marry a mere dissenting clergyman without money than with. It is totally incredible to me why you should marry him at all; but without the power over him which money could give. Are you mad?"

"Not in the least. When you find in your order as fine a gentleman as Alfred Morley, I shall be glad to hear from you."

"He must be an exception."

"Of course he is," said she. "There is anothe-



exception coming to plague pa. Stay and see the other exception, and finish what you were going to say."

"Well, Rebecca; I only wanted to know this. If money should run short with you, will you accept some from me?"

"Certainly," said Rebecca. "I am very much obliged to you. Some of your money may come in very useful, if pa has been drawn dry by him, and if we have not got any of it. We should be very glad of some of yours under those circumstances."

"A few thousands," began Lord Ducetoy.

"Thousands," said Rebecca, laughing. "If you can find us £150 some day, it is quite as much as we are fit to be trusted with. Don't give Alfred Morley more. He would only give it away. Tell me. Is this offer of money all you were going to say to me when you began?"

"It was all, indeed."

"Bless me, I thought you were going to talk nonsense to me. You were not, were you?"

"I assure you, Rebecca, that I had not the least intention of doing so."

"Quite sure?"

"I am not quite sure that you are sane in dreaming of such a thing. Come, you are the very last person on the face of the earth that I would dare to talk nonsense to. How Mr. Morley got into his present position with you I don't know. I would not have dared to say as much as he has dared. Cousin, I only wanted to try and help you, and you are so very quaint and *emportée* that I had to beat about the bush. I was a little in love with you once, but I have quite got over any little sentimental feeling of that sort."

They had come into the upper room out of the balcony as he said this, and she said, "Bend down your head, my lord." And he bent it down to her, and she kissed him, saying, "You are a good man, cousin, and we understand one another."

And if any one thinks she was wrong, I happen to disagree with them.

Since Eve kissed her first-born (unfortunately for the illustration, *Cain*, I believe, unless some new State papers have been grubbed out at Fetter Lane or Simancas, to the contrary) no purer kiss was given or received than Rebecca gave to Lord Ducetoy. And he, being a gentleman, knew it.

"Now let us come down stairs," she said. "You have spoken of Mr. Morley as a dissenting minister. As if they were all alike. As if you Nobles were all alike." And she gave illustrations, "Come and see what I have escaped; will you?"

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### BREAKING WINDOWS.

Why do people break windows? Some do it to get locked up; but I do not mean them. Why do people who do not want to be locked up at all habitually break windows? Who breaks windows? Every one. You, and I, and Rebecca. You and I are wise people, and hold our hands from a window, unless we can get something by breaking it. Now Rebecca was a fool, and never could keep her hands off a window. Morley said she was nearly as bad as Hetty.

There is something very exasperating to a certain kind of mind in a smooth square of plate glass. One does not demand much, one only demands what nature will give, at any point, at any time of the

year. Half and quarter tints, melting into one another, yet making a great harmony, and an "arrangement," as great as Turner's Heidelberg. That was all Rebecca wanted, though she had never seen it, and could not tell you exactly what she did want. She knew, however, that plate glass with gas behind it, exasperated her. So she was given to window-breaking.

One says she had never learned the subtle, interminable delight, and beauty of half tints. It is not true. She had learned it from Mr. Morley's grizzled head, and brown face. And now she came down stairs with Lord Ducetoy, of the prairies, thinking about Morley of the sea; of men with an inconceivable number of half and quarter loves about them; and she found Hagbut, and Carry; plate-glass, and gas. A window, a bald, shallow window. She instantaneously broke it, with the first stone she could find, and you can generally find a stone if you stoop down.

It was very naughty of her. I offer no defence. I am not bound to carry a heroine through everything. Still Hagbut and Carry, sitting in a row, drinking tea, and smiling, were not calculated to make any one the less petulant.

"Where have you been, Rebecca?" said her father.

"Up-stairs, with Lord Ducetoy."

"Did you hear Mr. Hagbut come in?"

"Yes, I heard him."

"Where were you?"

"In the upper passage, kissing Lord Ducetoy."

"Becky, old girl," said Mr. Turner. "Don't say such things."

"Why not? You ought to tell the truth, ought you not? And I was kissing Lord Ducetoy on the stairs."

Hagbut said, very quietly, "For my part, not being a gentleman myself, I am uneasy in the company of even an ordinary gentleman, still more so in the company of a nobleman. However, by your confession of having kissed his Lordship on the stairs, my elephantine awkwardness is somewhat easier to bear. About the outrageous impropriety of the thing happening at all, and of Rebecca telling about it afterwards, I say nothing. But from all I can hear, two very good people have kissed one another, and are not ashamed of it either."

Lord Ducetoy laughed aloud. "It was *her*, you know, Padre, mind that. She kissed *me* in the passage. You believe me, I am sure."

"My lord, I am bound to believe the statement of any hereditary legislator, the more particularly in this case, because I am perfectly certain that you would never have obtained the favor on your own account."

Carry sat utterly aghast. Lord Ducetoy had kissed Becky in the passage, and they were all making fun of it. Her husband was laughing, and Becky and Lord Ducetoy were smiling. She began to cry.

Hagbut did not attend to her at first, for his eyes were fixed on Mr. Turner. He turned suddenly on Carry, and ordered her to run for the doctor.

"Rebecca, look at your father," he said. "Good heavens and earth! it can't be so, while we have been chattering nonsense here. Go away, Rebecca, go and fetch the landlady, or the surgeon, or the fire-engine, or some one. My lord, things have gone wrong here. Are you afraid of death?"

"Is he dead?" said Lord Ducetoy.

[To be continued.]



HOROLOGY.

WHAT should we do without clocks and watches? Is there anything comparable to the misery of being benighted on a country road with a watch that has stopped in one's waistcoat pocket, and not a clock within view to tell one the time? The sun has set, every minute's tramping on the dusky, murky road seems as an hour. We have a train to catch, a dinner to be in time for, or a district meeting to attend, at which it won't do to be late. On ordinary occasions, when cool and collected, we might be able to compute the time, but in straits like these our reckoning deserts us. It may be five, or six, or seven, for all we know; we should not be surprised to hear it was eight. Our notions get muddled, and on we trudge, breathless, nervous, and irritable; pretty certain, too, to find in the end that we have been fretting ourselves for nothing.

But it is of no use asking how we should get on without clocks and watches. The timepiece may almost be said to be the mainspring of civilization. It is so intimately connected with all our wants, it is so completely the regulator of all our occupations, that we have become, as it were, its slaves; and we can no more imagine a state of social existence without it, than we can imagine birds flying without wings, or any other thing that is totally impossible.

The first people who appear to have allotted the day into portions were the Assyrians, who invented the water-clock at a period too remote for precise calculation. All we know for certain is, that the apparatus existed before the overthrow of the first Assyrian empire by Arbaces and Belesis, in the year 759 B. C., for we find by the tradition of early Persian authors that the use of it was general in Nineveh under the reign of Phul, better known as Sardanapalus the second, the first monarch of the second Assyrian empire. This water-clock was nothing more than a brass vessel of cylindrical shape, holding several gallons of water. A very small hole was bored in one of its sides, through which the liquid was allowed to trickle; and it was calculated that the vessel could empty itself about five or six times in a day. Under the reign of Phul, the royal palace of Nineveh, and each of the principal districts of the city, possessed a water-clock of the same shape and capacity. They were filled together, or as nearly as possible together, at the signal of a watchman stationed aloft on a tower to proclaim the rising of the sun, and they remained all day in the keeping of officials, whose business it was to fill them as soon as they became empty. There was a regular staff of criers employed in connection with each of the time offices, and as often as the water-clocks were replenished they spread through the streets shouting out the fact for the benefit of the townspeople. In this way a sort of rough computation of the flight of time was held. The intervals between the filling and emptying of the vessels were called "watches," and were, probably, of two hours or two hours and a half's duration. But it is hard to suppose that the water-clocks kept very steady pace with each other; the difficulty of making by hand vessels of the same size, of drilling them with holes of precisely the same diameter, and of supplying them with water of just the same density, must have given rise to even more irregularity in the working of these machines than exists at present in the movements of our city clocks, — those clocks of which Charles Lamb said that they allowed him to

walk from the Strand to Temple Bar in no time, and gain five minutes!

The water-clock, or clepsydra, continued to remain in its primitive condition for many centuries; and it was not until the invention of the sun-dial at Alexandria, five hundred and fifty-eight years before Christ, that it underwent any improvement. About that time, however, an Egyptian of Memphis added a dial with a hand to the clepsydra. The hand revolved on a pivot, and communicated with a string which was fastened to a float. As the water leaked out, the float fell with it, and the tension of the string caused the hand to move round with slight spasmodic jerks, something like those of the second-hand on a watch of inferior make.

This reform, meritorious enough in theory, proved somewhat deficient in practice; for the old difficulty about getting the clocks to keep step was doubled or trebled when the system became complicated with dial, needle, string, and float. To insure simultaneous acting, the string or wire of the different clocks ought to have been of the same length and force; the needles also ought to have been of a size and set on pivots exactly similar in point of height and circumference. And when all this had been obtained, there was still the question as to how to make float and string, string and needle, act in perfect unison. Often, through rust, or some other cause, the needle must have proved obdurate to the faint tug of the string, and the float, in consequence, have remained suspended in mid air; whereupon, of course, the dial became mute, and Egyptians, who disliked innovations, must have shrugged their shoulders. But, notwithstanding its drawbacks, the improvement was a very valuable one, if for no other reason than that it prepared the way for further changes, and led to the perfecting of the clepsydra by the substitution of a system of dented wheels for that already in use. The wheels were set at work on the water-mill principle, and the addition of a second needle to the dial allowed the clock to mark the fractions of the different "watches." This was the *ne plus ultra* as far as the clepsydra was concerned; it dates from two hundred and fifty years before Christ, and Egypt, which had become the great mart of the new timepieces, exported them to the different countries of the East as rare curiosities and at fabulous prices. When Pompey returned to Rome, in the year sixty-two before Christ, from triumphing over Tigranes, Antiochus, and Mithridates, one of the most valuable trophies he brought with him from the treasures of the King of Pontus was a clepsydra, marking the hours and minutes according to the method of horology in use at Rome. The cylinder which served as receptacle for the water was of gold, as was also the dial-plate. The hands were studded with small rubies, and each of the ciphers that denoted the twenty-four hours was cut out of a sapphire. It must have been of enormous size, for the cylinder only needed replenishing once a day. The Romans had never seen anything like it, and when Pompey caused it to be set up in the chief hall of the capitol, it needed a strong guard of soldiers to protect it against the indiscreet curiosity of the mob.

We come now to those ages of total darkness which followed the overthrow of the Roman Empire when science, art, and everything that was refined fell into contempt and oblivion. The barbarians who conquered the imperial city had very primitive modes of marking the course of time. They knew



nothing about hours and minutes; they had not sense enough to invent water-clocks, and sun-dials, even had they been acquainted with them, would have served them but little in lands such as theirs, where the sun only shone on rare occasions, and where cold, fog, and rain held sway for half the year.

However, it was necessary that they should know when to prepare their meals of half-cooked meat, when to gather in circles to listen to the preaching of their druids, and when to relieve the sentries who mounted guard on the outskirts of their settlements; and so this is what they imagined. At the break of dawn, when the chieftain of the camp or village rose, a boy-slave came and took up his position at the entrance of his hut, and sat down with two helmets, one full of pebbles and the other empty, before him. His business was to transfer the pebbles, one by one, and not too fast, from the first helmet to the second, after which he surrendered his turn to some one else, who repeated the operation, and so on till dusk. As the helmets were mostly very big, and the pebbles, on the contrary, very small, the process of emptying must have taken a good two hours. It is probable, therefore, that the days of these Franks and Norsemen, Teutons and Vandals, were divided, like those of the Assyrians, into six parts or watches. As soon as a helmet had been emptied, the fact was proclaimed through the camp by the striking of a sword against a shield, gong fashion, at the chieftain's door. The echo was caught up around, and men knew that dinner-time had come.

But this was not the only method of marking the time. There were other ways, which differed according to the locality and the various pursuits of the people. In peasant districts, the laborer reckoned by the number of furrows he could plough, or, if it was harvest time, by the quantity of corn he could reap. In towns, where some faint remnant of Roman civilization survived, the reckoning was kept by watchmen. At daybreak a soldier started on foot (or, if the town was a large one, on horseback) to walk round the city. When he had gone his round, the first watch was over; and he returned to his quarters blowing loud on a trumpet, whilst a second soldier set out in silence to perform the second watch. This continued uninterruptedly day and night, the only difference being that after sunset there was no trumpet-blowing, and that the watchmen, instead of proceeding singly, went their rounds in batches of ten or a dozen.

Finally, as a last instance of barbarous chronometry, we may allude to the method employed in monasteries, the first of which, founded by St. Benedict, was instituted at the beginning of the sixth century (A. D. 523). The monks were in the habit of computing time by the number of prayers they could gabble, and it was hence that the custom of wearing chaplets of beads arose. The task assigned to each monk was to recite as many "paters" and "aves" as there were beads on his string, and as the orthodox number on a chaplet was supposed to be then, as it is now, thirty-three, — that is, one for each year of our Saviour's life, — there was work for a full hour and a half, if conscientiously performed. As in the case of the urban watchmen, one monk was relieved by another, and the termination of each "vigil" was notified to the community by the tolling of the chapel bell. We may add that this custom continues unaltered in certain monastic establishments. In monasteries of a severe order

there is no such thing as a clock to be seen. The only timekeepers are the shorn, becowled monks kneeling in perpetual adoration.

A century after the final overthrow of the Roman Empire, the habit of reckoning by hours and minutes had completely disappeared from Western Europe. One by one every vestige of art and science disappeared, and, had it not been for the kingdoms of the East, which kept the flame of science just flickering whilst the West was in darkness, our present system of horology would have fallen into complete abeyance. It was the famous Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun-al-Raschid, who restored the old water-clock to Europe. In the year 807 he sent a magnificent clepsydra as a token of friendship to Charlemagne; but it seems that the present was looked upon as a thing to be rather admired than copied, for we find no mention of any water-clocks of French make until the reign of Philip, contemporary of William the Conqueror. Perhaps the reason of this is that the sand-glass (*sablier*) had been invented in France shortly before the accession of Charlemagne, and that this last contrivance was judged more handy and simple than the other. The first *sablier* was made by the same man who reinvented the blowing of glass, after the secret had been lost for some centuries. He was a monk of Chartres, named Luitprand, and the sand-glass he made was the exact prototype of all those that have been manufactured since. It consisted of two receptacles of pear-like shape joined by their slender ends. When the sand had all run out from one into the other, the lower glass was turned uppermost and kept in that position till empty. Shortly after he had received the gift of Haroun-al-Raschid, Charlemagne caused a monster *sablier* to be made with the horal divisions marked on the outside by thin lines of red paint. This was the first *hour-glass*. It required to be turned over once only in twelve hours, and if it was blown with anything like the care which modern hour-glasses are, it must have kept time with as much precision as the best of lever clocks. Indeed, it is not rare to hear people declare, even nowadays, that the hour-glass is the best timepiece that was ever invented.

Whilst France was thus showing to the front in matters of science, Old England, with true conservative instinct, was still marking time in a host of antiquated, inconvenient ways. Neither did our ancestors betray any greater disposition to adopt the French inventions than we do in these days when it is a question of taking up some good reform that comes to us from abroad. King Alfred, who reigned from 872 to 900, must certainly have heard speak of the hour-glass; it is even very probable that he possessed one of his own, for the monks and pilgrims, who were continually travelling to and fro between England and France, would not have allowed a whole century to elapse, without bringing a specimen of the new invention to this country. And yet Alfred devised a method of computing time by means of a rushlight set in a lantern. Anything more unsatisfactory and more expensive than this it was impossible to imagine. A rushlight, in those days, must have cost two or three pence of our money; and, as the process of refining tallow had not then been discovered, there were no means whatever of reckoning how long one of these luminaries would take in burning. One might very well flicker and splutter for an hour, whilst a second was just as likely to flame away in ten minutes. It was not till the reign of Edward the Confessor



(1041 - 1066) that the use of the hour-glass became pretty general in England; and the first water clock seen in this kingdom was one brought from France by Richard Cœur de Lion, a few years before he ascended the throne.

We must now skip two centuries, during which horology made no sensible progress, and come to the reign of Charles the Fifth of France, when the first real clock was set up. This was in the year 1374. The maker was one Henri de Vic, an Arab, who had been converted to Christianity. This clock was a monster machine, weighing five hundred weight. It was moved by weights, was possessed of a horizontal lever, and provided with a bell to toll the time. There is a full description of it in Froissart. It was put up in the round tower of the royal palace (now the Palais de Justice), and attracted enormous crowds every day for several months after it had been erected. The maker received a pension of a hundred crowns of gold for life, and was ennobled. He is the first artificer upon whom this distinction was ever conferred in France.

From this time the making of large clocks for public edifices was carried on very extensively over Europe; but it was not until the beginning of the sixteenth century that small clocks were made for apartments. The first we know of came from Florence, in 1518, as a present from Julio di Medici (afterwards Pope Clement the Seventh) to Francis the First of France. It was also in this same sixteenth century that horology was first applied to astronomical calculations by Purbach in 1500. In 1560, the Danish astronomer, Tycho-Brahe, the teacher of the great Kepler, set up in his magnificent observatory of Cranesburg a clock which marked both the minutes and the seconds.

The invention of watches had preceded by a few years that of small clocks. Our ideas of a primitive watch are always associated with a turnip; but it was not until the seventeenth century, when the Scotchman, Graham, invented the cylindrical escapement, that watches assumed this respectable but inconvenient shape. At first they affected all sorts of fancy forms, such as those of acorns, olives, walnuts, and crosses. They cost fabulous sums of money, and were generally worn as pendants hanging by a gold chain from ladies' bracelets. Claude, wife of Francis the First, had one so small that it was set in a ring.

Popular tradition ascribes the invention of watches to Peter Hele of Nuremberg, in the year 1490. But then it is a notorious fact that King Robert of Scotland possessed one, so far back as the year 1310. The only way in which we can account for this discrepancy is by the supposition that watches were originally invented by a Scotchman, but that the maker died suddenly without promulgating his secret. German watches were not introduced at the English court until 1597. The first seen in England was worn by the beautiful Lady Arabella Stuart.

It is to Hugen of Zulichem that the greatest, we might almost say the last, progress in the art of horology is due. But Hugen only caught up an idea that had first occurred to the great Galileo. Every one knows the story of the lamp suspended to the vault of the cathedral of Pisa, the oscillation of which caused the astronomer to reflect that the isochronal movements of pendulums might well be applied to the measuring of time. Galileo was only a boy when he stood watching the cathedral lamp

swing; but many years after, that is in 1630, the thought came into his head again, and he drew up a plan on paper for the making of a pendulum clock. His invention went no farther, however, and the honor of putting his theories into practice was reserved for Hugen, who, in 1657, forwarded to the States General of Holland the description of a timepiece, constructed on the new principles. Its perfection lay in the introduction of the pendulum and of the spiral mainspring. The name of Hugen deserves to be remembered, for his pendulum clock is the most admirable and yet most simple machine that has ever been invented.

The invention of spring pocket watches, such as we now wear, is owing to the Englishman Hooke, it dates from 1658; and eighteen years after this, in the year 1676, the first repeating watch was made at Amsterdam. From this time until the present century, when chronometers and stop-watches were invented, the science of horology received no further developments; neither do we well see how it can receive any, unless some future Hele or some future Hugen discover a method of making clocks go by electricity without giving us the trouble of winding.

In these days it is a mooted point as to which is the best country in which to buy a watch or clock. In the last century it was universally admitted that the watches of Geneva were unrivalled, whilst the sculptured wooden-case clocks made in the Hartz mountains of Germany had the reputation of being the surest-goers, as well as the most valuable in point of artistic merit. Nowadays, however, Geneva, from wishing to make too cheaply, has somewhat lost her prestige for making well, and Swiss watches have come to be looked upon with some disfavor, especially in England. The battle seems to lie now by general consent between France and Great Britain, our neighbors priding themselves upon the exquisite beauty of their ladies' watches, whilst we, on the contrary, carry off the palm for the soundness and finish of our men's watches.

But there is one branch of horology in which the French cannot even attempt to compete with us, and that is in the making of chronometers. English chronometers are held incomparable the whole world over, and this is no wonder when we remember the severe tests to which all official chronometers (that is, those used in her Majesty's Navy) are subjected before they are approved by the sign-manual of the Astronomer Royal. All naval chronometers have undergone a probationary stage of six months, a year, and in some cases two years at the Greenwich Observatory, before receiving their license to go over the seas. During this time they are submitted to a whole series of scientific experiments, comprising all possible changes of temperature, ordeal by fire, and ordeal by water. So that it may well be said when one of them passes the examination, that the man who has made it deserves something better than the title of mechanic; he should take rank as an artist, and a first-rate artist too.

In conclusion, we may remark that the Greenwich Observatory is often a depository for other chronometers than those which are intended for the fleet. Conscientious makers send the chronometers they intend for the public to be tested there before offering them for sale; and we should advise anybody about to purchase one of these valuable time-keepers to insist on the Greenwich mark upon it, as he would for the Hall mark if buying silver plate. It is well to be always on the safe side.



## CONFUCIUS.

It must be confessed that books on China in the European languages are scarcely ever attractive. The elaborate compilation of Dr. Williams is rather a book of reference than a book for continuous perusal. The "Chinese Repository," which contains a mass of miscellaneous information, is very difficult to meet with. The published volumes in which the Jesuit missionaries have recorded the results of their labors are disfigured with statements from which the philosophic mind revolts; and Sir John Davis, whose book is the most readable one ever written on the subject by an Englishman, was unfortunate in being restricted to a limited field of observation. Of slighter works it is needless to speak. An examination of the books we have named will, we are assured, convince our readers that the indifference to the interests of the Flowery Land is to be attributed in large measure to the difficulty of obtaining accurate information about it. But the translation of Confucius by Dr. Legge is really a valuable addition to our sources of knowledge. It is an elaborate and a conscientious translation. The six preliminary chapters are singularly interesting, and the notes from the various Chinese commentators on the text of the Analects lucid and numerous. From the first hundred pages of the Prolegomena the reader will learn more about the great philosopher of China than from any other English book hitherto published. As a translator Dr. Legge goes to a great extent beyond his critics, for few foreigners have attained that familiarity with the Lun-Yo and its successors, which is derived from a devoted though not unbroken study of twenty-one years. When placed side by side with other renderings, those of the latest translators seem generally perspicuous, though little care has been bestowed upon the more subtle felicities of style. The simple and vigorous diction of the English Bible, the study of which Coleridge said was sufficient to keep any one's style from becoming vulgar, would have been the best model for the translator of Confucius, and would have given weight and dignity to the treasured sentences of the Sage. As it is, verbal anachronisms and impertinences often mar our enjoyment of the text, and it is not easy to trace the author's drift in the proverbially obscure "Doctrine of the Mean." But in spite of these blemishes, the ordinary reader who takes average pains to compare the renderings in the text with the versions in the notes will find himself rarely at a loss to understand the scope and spirit of his author.

Dr. Legge has, however, a fault which is not the less vexatious because it is unusual. He is possessed with a passion the very converse of that which usually besets biographers. The more closely he examines his hero, the less he likes him. Familiarity appears almost to have bred contempt. The intimacy which has lasted for twenty-one years ends in coldness. The Doctor is displeased with the peculiarities of his character. The sight of the Sage in his carriage is an abomination. Punctilious etiquette he cannot away with, and the chapter on his influence and opinions concludes in a strain of abrupt unfriendliness which seems to us unjustifiable. "But I must now leave the Sage," he writes; "I hope I have not done him injustice; but after long study of his character and opinions, I am unable to regard him as a great man. He was not before his age, though he was above the mass of the officers and scholars of his time. He threw no light on any of

the questions which have a world-wide interest. He gave no impulse to religion. He had no sympathy with progress. His influence has been wonderful; but it will henceforth wane. My opinion is, that the faith of the nation in him will speedily and extensively pass away." This passage recalls the saying of Northcote, who, when an ignorant admirer was extolling Raffaele to the skies, exclaimed:—

"If there was nothing in Raffaele but what you can see in him, we should not have been talking of him to-day." But it would be unfair to apply this story to Dr. Legge, for elsewhere he shows himself able to see many of the excellences of Confucius, and indicates his appreciation by eulogiums as discerning as they are numerous. But he will not let his admiration have free course. He deems it a duty, we think most unnecessarily, to be always "weighing Confucius in the balance of the sanctuary." The sayings of the Chinese Sage are perpetually thrown into disadvantageous comparison with the lessons of the Founder of Christianity, and his shortcomings and deficiencies are exhibited with merciless minuteness. This is hardly fair, and the injustice is doubled by another inconsistency. Dr. Legge begins by arraigning Confucius for failing to coincide with a teacher who lived five hundred years after he was buried, and who had Divine opportunities for acquiring light to which he never pretended; but when it unfortunately happens that on one or two important doctrines several very plausible points of agreement between Christ and Confucius may be alleged, he will not endure it for a moment. Words are to lose their wonted sense, and a resemblance as clear as the sun in heaven is to be pronounced a divergence as wide as the poles, rather than a single anticipation of Christianity shall be found in Confucius. It is needless to point out the injustice of this treatment. To revile a writer for not coinciding with another in general, and when you find a casual agreement to alter his obvious meaning in order to deprive him of the chance of being right, seems unkind treatment even from an adversary, but from a biographer it is sheer inhumanity.

This is, in our judgment, the head and front of the Doctor's offending. On many grounds he deserves the gratitude of his countrymen. We thank him cordially for the mass of material he has collected, and we wish him health and strength for the completion of his gigantic task. For the present, however, instead of a critical analysis of the writings of Confucius, we shall be content to indicate, briefly, the names and character of the works which he compiled. Our special object is to present the reader with a general sketch of his life, and a glance at some of the more salient features of his philosophy.

The sixth century before Christ was a period rendered illustrious by the birth of an extraordinary number of great men. The East and the West in this remarkable era vied with each other in producing sages destined to exercise a vast influence on human thought. Within the space of a hundred years, Greece saw Xenophanes and Pythagoras; Persia, Zoroaster; India, Sakyamouni; China, Confucius. We shall endeavor, in the following pages, to make the English reader better acquainted with the life and teachings of the last of these philosophers, and, without attempting a continuous parallel or exaggerated contrast, to throw such side-lights upon his portrait as the lives of his great contemporaries may supply.

At the period when Confucius was born, the po-



litical state of China resembled that of Japan at the present time. The reigning dynasty was that of Chow, which continued to exercise a nominal sway for nearly nine hundred years, but many of its princes were weak, dissolute, or insignificant, and the more vigorous of them had great difficulty in preserving their authority from the encroachments of the feudal princes. The nobles gave limited allegiance to their suzerain, and engaged in repeated wars with each other. Intricate intrigues, violated truces, savage massacres, are dimly discerned through the mists of centuries; but if, in the judgment of David Hume, the history of our own Saxon princes is only "the scuffling of kites and crows," it is clear that the quarrels of rival chieftains, who bore names that scarce twenty living Europeans can pronounce correctly, and who were nearly all cut to pieces fifty years before the Battle of Marathon, must be utterly destitute of interest to the readers of the present generation. Yet it is necessary to indicate the political conditions of the country at this epoch, as they materially affected the early career of the Sage, gave emphasis and point to some of his most characteristic sayings, and contributed to throw that gloom over his latter years which, had his lot been cast in less evil days, might never have fallen on them. His birthplace and parentage were alike distinguished. The fertile region which, under its present name of Shantung, has been celebrated as the last stronghold of the Nienfei Rebellion, was renowned even in those early days for the fierceness with which rival clans fought in its mountain passes, and carried or defended with sword and spear the breaches of its many populous and well-fortified cities. In that land of military achievements, the gallantry of a warrior named Heih, at the siege of a place called Peih-yang, was specially conspicuous. It was recounted in tent and cottage with a pride similar to that with which Jewish minstrels recalled the valor of David, and Roman matrons the heroism of Horatius. Indeed, the bravery of the Chinese champion compares favorably with that of Israelite or Latin. Heih's friends, it appears, had made their way into the city by a gateway left purposely open. No sooner had they passed the portal than the portcullis was dropped. The hero caught the massive structure with both hands, raised it by dint of main strength, and, standing exposed with his breast to the enemy, held the heavy beams up until the last of his companions had passed out in safety. This act of prowess made Heih the wonder of his day; but his name would have been forgotten centuries ago, had it not been for his illustrious son, for from the second marriage of the hero of Peih-yang was born Confucius.

Legends not dissimilar to those which gather around the cradle of Zoroaster are woven around that of our hero. Magic dreams announced the future greatness of both. A fabulous animal, "having one horn and the scales of a dragon," appeared to Ching-tsay, the wife of Heih, in a vision, and cast forth from its mouth a jewel with this inscription: "The son of the essence of water shall succeed to the withering Chow, and be a throneless king." Tradition asserts that the child was bathed immediately after its birth in a stream which bubbled up miraculously from the floor of the cave in which his mother brought him forth, and *thus* (and not from the transparent purity of his character) a fanciful claim was given to the appellation, "Son of the essence of water." The dignified title of "the throneless king" is the earliest declaration of the royalty

of intellect, an idea which has reappeared in subsequent ages in languages of which Confucius never dreamed.

The authentic records of his childhood are scanty and unsatisfactory. His father died when he was three years old. Where he was educated is uncertain. A gravity similar to that which characterized the youth of Mahomet is said to have distinguished him. One peculiarity of his early years is recorded. We read that as a boy, "he used to play at the arrangement of sacrificial vessels and at postures of ceremony," — practices which remind one of the boy Athanasius imitating the Sacrament of Baptism in his play on the sand at Alexandria, and of the young Goethe making his father's red-lacquered music-stand into an altar.

At nineteen Confucius married. He had one son, whom he does not seem to have treated with special kindness, and there is reason to believe that he was divorced from his wife. He apparently held at this time the government appointment of keeper of grain-stores; but how long his tenure of this office lasted is not known to us. At twenty-two — eight years before he had brought his system to anything like completeness — he began to take pupils. He did not pretend to any originality in his lessons, but simply professed to teach the doctrines of former days. "I am not one," he said, "who was born in possession of knowledge. I am one who is fond of Antiquity, and earnest in seeking it there." On his mother's death he went to Loo, and there continued to instruct youth. He gave much attention at this period, it seems, to music. For some time his reputation had been gradually rising, but many years elapsed before he was placed in a position worthy of his ability. The state of the Empire was such as to excite the gravest anxiety in the breast of a patriot; and the consciousness that he possessed many of the qualities that would constitute a practical reformer must have made the son of Heih eager for a wider sphere than he had hitherto enjoyed. The weakness of the Government was conspicuous, and the great families were perpetually struggling to increase their power. As these barons — if the term be permitted — were ready on the most slender provocation to take up arms against the Emperor, and were unable to curb their own retainers, outbreaks were perpetually occurring. The people were cruelly burdened, and had very scanty chances of obtaining redress of their grievances. Appeals to the Emperor against the nobles were useless; for he was powerless to interpose with effective help on behalf of sufferers from the oppression of his haughty feudatories, and appeals to the nobles against the Emperor were useless, for they were always loyal in supporting measures, however tyrannical, which might afford a sanction for their own enormities. In a word, China was in a state closely resembling that of England in the reign of Henry VI., or that of Italy during the popedom of Clement VI. In such days the philosopher could do little save inculcate the maxims of uprightness and virtue, and practise the lessons of his school in the office of his department. No good results could have arisen from any attempts to force his theories unasked on the turbulent princes around him. He looked forward to the day when some enlightened ruler should hear of his fame and seek his co-operation; but until his call to go up higher, he kept altogether aloof from politics. He even quitted his native state, Loo, to avoid the disorders that civil war occasioned in it, and journeyed northward to the more peace.



ful state of Ts'e. On his way thither he observed a characteristic incident, and made a characteristic remark. As he was passing by the side of the Tae Mountain, he saw a woman weeping and wailing by a grave. He bent forward in his carriage, and after listening for some time sent Tsze-loo to ask the cause of her grief. "You weep as if you had experienced sorrow upon sorrow," said Tsze-loo. The woman replied, "It is so. My husband's father was killed here by a tiger, and my husband also; and now my son has met the same fate." Confucius asked her why she did not remove from the place. She replied, "*There is here no oppressive government.*" He turned to his disciples and said, "My children, remember this. Oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger."

All the incidents in this story, which at first reminds one of an Arabian apologue, bear the marks of vivid truth, and belong to the China of to-day as closely as to the China of the past. The flight of the scholar from one place to another, owing to political disturbances, is natural. In 1863, hundreds of Han-lin graduates fled from Nanking to the English settlement of Shanghai. The grassy mound or tomb enclosing the cumbersome Lintin coffin, (so common in the land, often spoken of as "*one great graveyard,*") and the figure of the widow, probably in the robe of sackcloth, uttering shrill and distressing cries, are every-day spectacles in Shantung and Kiangsu. The allusion to the ravages of wild beasts is no exaggeration; for in our own day tigers have been shot in the south, and the foreigner who ventures into regions desolated by the Taepings is startled by approaching the lair of the panther and the lynx. Certainly the value of a righteous government is enhanced by the extreme difficulty of finding it; and most Chinese would still brave the terrors of "empty tigers" to escape the injustice and exactions of the mandarins.

On arriving at his destination, the philosopher was well received. The Prince, or, as Dr. Legge calls him, the Duke of Ts'e, was highly pleased with Confucius. He had several conferences with him, and asked his advice on various matters. In true Eastern style he showed his appreciation by offering to assign him the town of Linkew, from the revenues of which he might derive a sufficient support; but Confucius refused the gift, and said to his disciples. "A superior man will only receive reward for services he has done. I have given advice to the Duke, but he has not yet obeyed it, and now he would endow me with this place. Very far is he from understanding me." This high-minded reply was doubtless reported to the Duke, and excited his wonder and admiration, for he made several attempts to induce the Sage to take office. The ministers appear to have prejudiced their master against him, however, for he soon returned to his own country. The disorders of the state and the characters of the contending princes prevented him from accepting office, and he devoted himself to literature. The ten or fifteen years subsequent to his return to Loo are the most fruitful period of his literary life.

At length, however, the direction of affairs passed into the hands of statesmen in whom he had confidence, and Confucius, at the age of fifty, accepted office. He was made chief magistrate of the town of Chung-too, subsequently assistant superintendent of works, and finally minister of crime. In this capacity he appears as one of the pioneers of law and civilization. He conceived the first rough idea of trial by jury. He punished with rigor the tra-

ders who gave false weight. He reformed the morals of the country by severe enactments against the unchaste. He curtailed the influence of the great families, and dismantled the cities which formed the seats of their power. He opposed baronial aggressions with the energy of Rienzi, and repressed brigandage and lawlessness with the persistency of Sixtus V. Yet, while these radical reforms were being carried on, his mind was not less devoted to the arrangement of court etiquette, to settling the forms to be observed at feasts, and directing the proprieties of funeral processions. While adjusting the relations of classes, and reforming the jurisprudence of a great empire, he appeared absorbed in considering whether inside coffins should be four or five inches thick, and whether trees should or should not be planted around tombs. It is this union of the very small with the very great which makes Confucius so profound an enigma to Western inquirers. We cannot imagine an actor capable of performing Hamlet, insisting on playing Polonius and the gravedigger on the same night. Yet perhaps we have been prone to overrate less practical men, and to depreciate one whose claims on our respect as a statesman and reformer are very considerable.

Perhaps at the same time, certainly in the very same century, that Confucius was establishing a reign of equity and righteousness at Loo, Pythagoras was making experiments in statesmanship at Crotona. The industry of scholars has been taxed to the uttermost to discover the root ideas which guided the action of the ambitious and splendid theorist who first claimed the name of Philosopher. It may be safely asserted that where one student has attempted to interpret the policy of the Chinese, two hundred have devoted laborious hours to elucidate the guiding principles of the Samian. Yet, if we judge by results, the relative importance of the two efforts cannot be for an instant compared. The attempt to convert the aristocracy of birth into an aristocracy of intellect, and to make the governing body a brotherhood which should claim respect alike from high descent and mental acquirements, failed egregiously within the century that had given it birth. To quote Lord Lytton: "The political designs of his gorgeous and august philosophy, only for a while successful, left behind them but the mummeries of an impotent freemasonry, and the enthusiastic ceremonies of half-witted ascetics"; but the less ambitious system of Confucius has endured for two thousand years, has ruled the conduct of hundreds of millions of human beings, and has votaries in Asia, America, and Australia.

The fame of the Sage, however, raised him enemies and detractors. His wise administration was elevating Loo to a dangerous pre-eminence over the rival states. The Prince of Ts'e, his former patron, thought that the duchy or kingdom, which was rapidly becoming the resort of all the learned and high-principled men in the Empire, would become a dangerous neighbor. He resolved to alienate the sovereign from the Sage, and in order to effect his purpose, he resorted to an artifice which strikingly reminds one of the policy of Balaam towards the children of Israel. Eighty beautiful women, skilled in all the accomplishments of courtesans, were sent as a present to Loo. The Prince could not resist the seductions of their society, and abandoned himself to sensuality. The disappointment was very bitter, but the loyal counsellor did not immediately despair. Matters grew worse, however, rather than



better. The rites of religion were neglected, and at the great spring-sacrifice an affront, apparently intentional, was put on the minister. This was a hint which could not be mistaken. "Confucius regretfully took his departure, going away slowly and by easy stages. He would have welcomed a messenger of recall. The Duke, however, continued in his abandonment, and the Sage went forth to thirteen weary years of homeless wandering." His travels from one court to another are not specially interesting. He endeavored to find a sovereign who would rule in accordance with his views, but he sought in vain. Many princes offered him places and pensions, on condition of his taking office; but he seems to have dreaded another disappointment, and to have feared to connect himself with any court where compromises of principle would be required. Honorable poverty seemed preferable to a rank which brought moral degradation. In his own words, "With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow, I have still joy in the midst of these things. Riches and honors acquired by unrighteousness are to me as a floating cloud."

We cannot follow him through the successive acts of his drama of exile. One incident, characteristic of the East, and quite of a piece with the transaction at Loo, is recorded on good authority. At Wei, he was compelled to meet the profligate Nan-Tsze, the Jezebel, or Clytemnestra, of China, who was married to the reigning prince. "She sought," we are told, "an interview with the Sage, which he was obliged unwillingly to accord." No doubt he was innocent of thought or act of evil, but it gave great dissatisfaction to his pupil, Tsze-Loo, that his master should have been in company with such a woman, and Confucius, to assure him, swore an oath, saying, "Wherein I have done improperly, may Heaven reject me! may Heaven reject me!" He could not well abide, however, at such a court. One day the Prince rode through the streets of his capital in the same carriage with Nan-Tsze, and made Confucius follow them in another. Perhaps he intended to honor the philosopher, but the people saw the incongruity, and cried out, "Lust in the front, Virtue behind!" Confucius was ashamed, and said, "I have not seen one who loves virtue as he loves beauty." Wei was no place for him, and he left it. He then moved from city to city, unable to find in the rulers of the various states any princes who were disposed to be guided by his maxims. He had refused all offers of money. He held no place, and received no stated income; so in the course of his wanderings he was often in the deepest poverty. He worked assiduously at the revision and arrangement of the ancient Books. The precious literary remains of the Yu dynasty, especially the Shoo-king, or "Book of History," employed a large share of his attention. There are, possibly, traces of his hand in the Lee-Kee, or "Book of Rites." The "Book of Odes," 311 ballads, which occupy in Chinese literature the venerable place which the Homeric poems maintain in that of Hellas, were selected and arranged under his superintendence. To the Yih-King, or "Book of Changes," he devoted himself with enthusiastic ardor, and to the last he found it the rich quarry which it was always profitable to explore. "If some years were added to my life," he said, "I would give fifty to the study of the Yih, and then I might come to be without great faults." There is of course considerable difficulty in discovering what portions of these works come from the hand of the Sage. He was probably

a conscientious restorer and collator of original texts.

He may have added connecting links to the arguments of the ancients, and illustrated their obsolete expressions with annotations, but he is the entire author of only one of the great classics, viz. "The Chun-Ts'eu, or Spring and Autumn Annals," a history of his native state of Loo. Without his labors, the older works would probably have been lost, but he is their editor, not their author. The historical volume which he added (and which, strangely enough, gives China a Pentateuch), ranks with the four other Books in the estimation of posterity, but the modest Sage would probably have deemed his work too highly honored by being placed in company so august. The completion of this book occupied the last years of his life. Only once again did he take a prominent part in politics, and the reception he met with was his crowning disappointment. The Prince of Ts'e was murdered by one of his officers. The event was so startling, and the circumstances so atrocious, that the Sage implored his own sovereign to avenge the outrage. The Prince of Loo declined to interfere with his neighbor's quarrels, and pleaded the weakness of his own resources. The treason of the Chinese Zimri seemed, however, to Confucius so dark, and the probable effects of his impunity so mischievous, that he urged his plea for vengeance in other quarters. But the policy of non-intervention was in favor everywhere, and the appeal met with no response. Tsze-Loo, his favorite pupil, died about this time. The news of this loss broke the little spirit that the Sage had left. Years and trouble were bowing him to the dust. "Early one morning," we are told, "he got up, and with his hands behind his back, dragging his staff, he moved about by his door, crooning over —

"The great mountain must crumble;  
The strong beam must break,  
And the wise man wither away like a plant."

With these words he lay down on his bed. He never left it again. His favorite pupil Tsze-Kung watched and tended him, but his sedulous affection could not prolong his master's life. A week after he had taken to his bed he died, having just completed his seventy-third year. He was buried about a mile to the north of Kio-fou-hien, "his own city," where a superb temple with marble columns and porcelain roof commemorates his fame. His tomb is a grassy mound overgrown with trees and shrubs, approached by long avenues of cypress, and guarded by colossal figures of sages holding bamboo scrolls. Successive emperors have added tablets, and offered sacrifices at the sacred spot, and the fiercest of the rebel leaders, when asked if he purposed violence to the shrine, repudiated as the grossest insult the idea that he could desecrate the place where rests the spirit of "the teacher of ten thousand ages," "the most holy prescient sage Confucius."

The splendid honors which have been accumulated upon Confucius since his death must not disguise from us the sombre sadness of his final parting. The difference between the Chinese and the Hindoo cannot be more vividly exemplified than by a contrast between the death of Confucius and that of Sakya-mouni. The tremulous sensibility with which the venerable Siddhartha takes leave of his cousin Amanda, of the innumerable company of holy scholars of the city of Rājagriha, and the diamond throne, and then crossing the Ganges seeks a vast forest, and there enters into Nirvana, can never be forgotten. The scene is instinct with rapture and elevation.



Wearily and heavily, with a jaded sense of baffled endeavor, the father of Chinese philosophy lays him down to die, looking earthwards to the last, until the Supreme Mystery shuts even earth from his view.

The devotion of his pupils — a devotion in comparison with which the observation of Johnson by Boswell was negligent inattention — enables us to form an accurate idea of the characteristics and habits of Confucius. We know what he wore in summer and what he wore in winter; we know the attitude he assumed when he mounted a step and when he passed through a gateway; we know what he ate and what he drank; we know when he spoke and when he was silent; we know how he stepped into a carriage and with what countenance he received a present. We know the position he assumed at sacrifice, at the court, in the temple, in the village, when he lay down to sleep at night. The vigilance with which he was watched is only paralleled by that indelicate scrutiny with which, if we may believe the Talmud, the pupils of the Jewish Rabbis pursued or rather persecuted their masters. The reader of Plato and of Xenophon fancies that he carries away with him a tolerably accurate idea of Socrates; but the pictures of the son of Sophroniscus, which are drawn in the Dialogues and the Memorabilia, stand in the same relation to the portrait of Confucius, which is found in the tenth book of the *Analects*, as that of a black silhouette to a daguerreotype by Claudet. The wakeful eye of his favorites, Hwuy, Tsze-keen, Tsze-kung, and a score of others, noted the most minute peculiarities of their master, and their faithful pens have duly recorded them. The Western reader will be inclined to smile at the precision with which trivial acts are noted, and casual positions observed; but he will be more inclined to marvel than to mock when he learns that the motions of the body, the changes of the dress, the expressions of the face that were observed with admiration at the court of Chow, are still visible in every mandarin's yamun from Manchuria to the Bay of Yulin. In every country but China the word fashion is the synonym for change, but Confucius fettered this Proteus and arrested this revolving wheel. The genuflections, the bows, and the facial movements he first practised have been repeated by the scholars and magistrates of the Middle Kingdom for seventy generations. Bearing this in mind, the reader may look with interest on particulars he would otherwise regard as trivial. Considering the prodigious multitude of copies, he may not think it a waste of time to glance at the original.

Could we join the group of scholars who formed the glory of the court of Loo, we should see in the centre of the circle, "a strong, well-built man with a full red face a little heavy." His dress, which has not a speck of red about it, consists of silk and furs. If he wears lamb's fur, his garment is black, if fawn's fur white, if fox's fur yellow. His right sleeve is shorter than his left. He eats moderately and in silence, always apportioning the quantity of rice to the quantity of meat, and never sitting down without ginger on the table. He offers a portion of his food in sacrifice with a grave and reverent air. He will not sit down if the mat or cushion is not placed straight. When summoned to an audience with the King, he ascends the dais holding up his robe with both his hands and his body bent, he holds his breath as if he dare not breathe. When he is carrying the sceptre of his prince, he seems to bend his body as if he is not able to bear its weight. He

does not hold the sceptre higher than the position of the hands in making a bow, nor lower than their position in giving anything to another. His countenance seems to change and look apprehensive, and he drags his feet as if they are held by something to the ground. When he comes out from the audience, as soon as he has descended one step he begins to relax his countenance and has a satisfied look.

Dismissed from attendance on greatness, he is unrestrained and behaves with simple and genial frankness. Then it is that he is seen at his best. The pupils walk with him and ask questions on all conceivable subjects. Now on literature, on music, on costume, now on the trivialities of court etiquette, now on policy, war, taxation, statesmanship. When he speaks, he seldom says anything on his own authority. The references to the ancient kings are frequent, the citations of other men's practice numerous, the quotations from the poets apt. His manner is adapted to all classes, and to all characters. A cheerful, bright-looking student is sure of a gracious smile; an unmannerly or disrespectful listener receives a caustic rebuke, sometimes even a blow from a bamboo administered with the sharpness of Peter the Czar or Frederic of Prussia; when a junior of superior rank passes, he rises and bows reverently, but he does the same when he sees a mourner or a blind mendicant, for sorrow and suffering are majestic sights to him; when a pupil is sick, he nurses him with sedulous care; when the names of those who have promised well and have died young are mentioned, his tears flow unrestrainedly.

It is impossible to read his reported conversations, and to note the traits of character his remarks exhibit, without conceiving a warm interest in him. We see without difficulty the secret of his influence with the young. It grew out of his wide sympathy with the difficulties and aspirations of the student. Any one who wished to learn was sure of his help. Those who began with energy, but waxed lazy or conceited, he stimulated with his sarcasm. With the painstaking and humble truth-seeker he was tolerant and patient. It must be admitted that the favorable points in the man are not at once apparent. When we read his precepts for the first time, he seems the most rigid of formalists. The terms he uses appear to be stiff and unelastic, the connection of the different parts of his system loose and vague, its requirements tedious, irritating, and puerile. Yet when we look deeper into the matter, and familiarize ourselves with the idiosyncrasies of the various pupils who grouped themselves round the philosopher, we learn to regard him in a more favorable light. At first we are inclined to fancy that the life of the "throneless king" had the same fault as that of crowned and sceptred monarchs, and we ask what is there, after all, in this boasted system,

"Save ceremony, save general ceremony"?

But a close study shows us the superficial character of our first impression. We never perhaps learn to be quite reconciled to the constant intrusion of precepts of etiquette. The Sage sometimes reminds us painfully of the Schoolmistress in Douglas Jerrold's play, who taught "true humility and how to step into a carriage"; but the qualities of the man were sterling, after all. His earnest love of knowledge, his respect for the great and good, his contempt for the trappings of wealth basely won, his sympathy with virtuous poverty, — these are features that present themselves with honorable prominence, and in



their lofty presence his minor blemishes are scarcely perceptible.

To exhibit the purity and dignity of his views in their brightest light, we may group together some of the chief qualities which combine to make the Sage's ideal, — the Superior Man, the *τεράγωνος ἀνὴρ* of Chinese philosophy. He is to be careless of popular applause, to feel no discomposure though men may take no note of him. "He is to be correctly firm, and not firm merely." "He is to be catholic, and no partisan." "He is to think of virtue, not of comfort; of the sanctions of Law, not of gratifications." "He has neither anxiety nor fear." "In his conduct of himself he is humble, in serving his superiors he is respectful, in nourishing the people he is kind, in ordering the people he is just."

Surely, we shall not find any type of character superior to this one among the sons of men. Here there is nothing paltry, nothing local, nothing mean; the qualities recommended by Confucius have been regarded as noble by the wisest and best men of all ages, and they will continue to hold their place as long as human nature is constituted as it is. And, indeed, when we hear the charges of formalism so often urged by English writers against the Sage of China, we are sorely tempted to ask the Western accuser to look at home. An age whose religionists have come to regard an elaborate ritualism as the most significant and lofty form of worship, need not surely be very harsh on the far less exaggerated ritual which seemed needful to the simple philosopher, who first taught that the proper study of mankind was man, and that his highest duty to do to others as he would that others should do unto him. Ritual may change, dogmas may cease, knowledge may increase, but the great ethical masters of mankind have this glorious prerogative, that their teaching is in the main identical and unchanging, through all the variations of time and of the world.

Perhaps, however, the most noteworthy point in the Confucian doctrine is the constant reference to the ancients. Many great teachers have based their lessons on the opinions they found already holding sway. They have gone from the known to the unknown. In fact, the favorite attitude of almost every great innovator has been in a certain sense that of the completer. Reformers of course always promise to separate the chaff of ancient systems from their wheat, but they usually acknowledge the excellence of something in the past. They come, speaking reverently, not to destroy, but to fulfil. The Sage of China differs from his rivals. He was, to use his own words, a transmitter and not a maker. He came not to complete, not to fulfil, but to restore. There is, according to his scheme, no possibility of progress. All we can hope to do is to attain once more to the lofty standard of our ancestors. In time, by obedience and dutifulness, the attainments of the ancient kings may be equalled. To surpass Yaou and Shun is hopeless. This idea runs through the Analects, and indeed the names of the two potentates seem sometimes introduced to relieve the solemn master from perplexities. Panegyrics on these worthies in every possible connection present themselves to the reader. Every circumstance of their lives, and their behavior under every variety of circumstances, deserve encomiums. They were to be admired for the means whereby they acquired power and the dignity with which they wielded it. "The Master said, 'How majestic was the manner in which Shun and Yaou held possession of the Empire as if it were nothing to them! Their intel-

lectual and moral gifts were as distinguished as their public spirit. The superior man cultivates himself to give rest to all the people. Even Yaou and Shun were still solicitous about this.' " Once a questioner approached him with the suggestive inquiry whether the highest praise would be deserved by one who labored all his life through to confer practical benefits on a people. Confucius is apprehensive that he may be entrapped into an admission that a higher type of character was attainable than that of his favorite heroes, so he at once rules that practical qualities must be combined with devotion to study: in Lord Bacon's words, "the contemplative ends," must be regarded as well as "the civil ends," for so it was with the patterns for all the ages. "Tsze-kung said, 'Suppose the case of a man extensively conferring benefits on the people and able to assist all, what would you say of him? Might he be called perfectly virtuous?' The Master said, 'Why speak only of virtue in connection with him? Must he not have the qualities of a sage? Even Yaou and Shun were still solicitous about this.' " To crown all, when extolling the supreme wisdom which marked the dominion of the first of these two sovereigns, he rises into a hyperbole extravagant even for an Oriental; earth contains no fitting symbol of his hero's greatness: "The Master said, 'Great indeed was Yaou as a monarch! How majestic was he! It is only heaven that is grand and only Yaou corresponded to it. How vast was his virtue! The people could find no name for it. How majestic was he in the works which he accomplished! How glorious in the elegant regulations which he instituted!' " It is easy to see how this habit of idealizing and exalting the past has influenced the Chinese mind.

The sayings we have quoted are regarded with a degree of respect that is inconceivable in the West. They have closely intertwined themselves in men's minds with their opinions on all subjects secular and sacred. They are the lamps by whose light every enactment, every proposal, every question is viewed. Instead of diminishing in power, they seem to gather strength by the progress of centuries. The objections urged to-day against reform by the Mandarins of the great Yamuns at Peking do not result from any inherent inability on the part of the objectors to discern the advantages of the proposed changes. They result from the deep-rooted impression produced by the Sage's habitual attitude of retrospection. The officials and graduates do not deny the excellence of foreign customs; but if they are ever led to adopt them, they will previously lay the flattering unction to their souls, that their illustrious ancestors unquestionably possessed them in their golden age. Change in the Middle Kingdom is never an advance, it is a return. It is laid down as an axiomatic truth that there never can be a future age superior in learning, piety, and prosperity to the past. This was the first principle of Confucius, and happily it has been seldom borrowed by other system-makers. Many nations, it is true, have pleased themselves with looking back on a primal era of purity, righteousness, and peace; but they have invariably hoped to attain after rolling ages to a yet more glorious inheritance. The Greeks acknowledged that the reign of Saturn was over, but hope pointed to the day when the father of Jupiter should resume his reign. The Chinese philosophers have no Elysium. The Book of Confucius is a Bible with a Paradise Lost, but no apocalyptic vision of a Paradise to be Regained!



The question, however, yet remains, what were the distinctive features of the system of Confucius? His latest translator and biographer has stigmatized him as "unreligious and unspiritual." It is possible that as our readers proceed they will see cause to regard these accusations as too sweeping and severe. Doubtless there is much to desiderate in his system, and its most grievous shortcomings are in the direction Dr. Legge points out by these two adjectives. But its chief features may be best understood if we seek to summarize what is known of his teachings, 1. On the character of God; 2. On the filial relations; 3. On death; 4. On the supernatural.

I. Let us see the sum and substance of his precepts on the being and attributes of God.

Dr. Legge assures us that with all his vast and profound reverence for antiquity, he fell short of the high standard of the ancients in his doctrine on this important matter. "The name of God," we are told, "is common in the She-king and Shoo-king. Te or Shang-te appears there as a personal being, ruling in heaven and on earth, the author of man's moral nature; the governor among the nations, by whom kings reign and princes decree justice; the rewarder of good, and the punisher of bad." Confucius preferred to speak of Heaven. "He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray," he says; and again, "My studies lie low and my penetration rises high; but there is Heaven that knows me." Admitting that he preferred one term to the other, we shall not immediately arrive at the conclusion that the Sage was an atheist; indeed, as we shall see, a certain Greek, living in the same century as Confucius, to whom we have only hitherto made a cursory allusion, obtained the title of a deist for using language precisely coinciding with that of Confucius. Xenophanes of Colophon, who resembled the Chinese in the many disappointments of his life, and perhaps in the dark melancholy of its close, agreed with him in proclaiming his conviction that heaven, in its splendor and vastness, was indeed and in truth Divinity itself. In the vivid language of Mr. Lewes, "Overarching him was the deep blue infinite vault, immovable, unchangeable, embracing him and all things; that he proclaimed to be God." Now, if Xenophanes was an atheist, it may be said that Confucius was an atheist also; but if, as Aristotle says, the founder of the Eleatics, "casting his eyes upward at the immensity of heaven, declared that the one is God," then we must regard the accusation against the Chinese as a statement calculated to mislead.

We shall indeed look in vain in the Analects for reference to a personal God akin to those declarations which pervade the Hebrew Scriptures. The Semitic men and the Semitic books dealt in bold and rugged figures of speech. Their God is a Deity with a right hand and a stretched-out arm, a heart that is jealous of his favorites, and a breath that blasts his foes. Intelligent orthodoxy, believing in a God without body, parts, or passions, regards these expressions as strong metaphors. That these expressions presented to the prophets and psalmists, who first used them, any save spiritual ideas cannot be conceived; but that they always preserved their spiritual significance to the minds of degenerate Jews lusting after idols, or to mediæval Christians whose best instructors were illuminated manuscripts and miracle plays, few writers would be hardy enough to assert.

The body of the Chinese people in the fifth cen-

tury before Christ were as carnal-minded as the Jews of the reign of Ahaz, and as ignorant as the Christians of the Middle Ages. Such persons would inevitably have reduced any phrases capable of misinterpretation to tally with the conceptions of a mean anthropomorphism. Confucius seems to have had a nervous horror of language on which a gross or material construction could be placed; leaning towards a practical materialism in his philosophy, he shrank from materialism in religion. Idolatry, as we understand the word, he hated and despised, and, therefore, we are disposed to think that his use of the term "Heaven" arose from a dread of the abuses his employment of any other term might entail. He was quite sagacious enough to see that the people he taught were only too likely to misrepresent his teachings. Save that, as we shall see, he neglected to provide for one want of his countrymen, he was a perfect master of their character. He knew how far they might be trusted, and at what point reserve was wise. When we remember his absolute respect for antiquity, we may be certain some very cogent reason must have induced him to deviate from its customs. That Yaou and Shun had spoken of Te and Shang-Te with reverence was a strong reason to induce one to suppose that he would be found to speak of them with adoration. He does nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he studiously "omits the personal name." This deviation from his usual practice must have been prompted by a strong reason. That reason we cannot imagine to have been cold unbelief.

The Chinese Sage, we are assured, yields to no uninspired writer in the dignity and spirituality of his conception of an Eternal Power reigning over all and comprehending all, but he knew the fatal proclivities of the people for whom he toiled to form low and degrading conceptions of Deity, and to make their "gods many and lords many." He had read in the records of the past how the Shang dynasty began with an emperor (Ching-tane), who established the worship of Shang-te, the Supreme Ruler, and ended with a monster of impiety and folly (Wu-yih), who "made images of clay in the shape of human beings, dignified them with the names of gods, and triumphed when he vanquished his senseless antagonists at draughts or dice." Anything seemed better to him than such a moral and mental catastrophe as this. He was resolved to avoid any possibility of such a pitiful and shameful conclusion to his work, and abstained from any allusion to the attributes of Deity which materialism could mistake or distort.

Another cause might have co-operated with the one just mentioned to suggest to Confucius reserve on this all-important theme. It must never be forgotten that he was not the only great law-maker of his age and country. Laoutsze, or Laou-kiu, the founder of the influential and multitudinous sect of Taoists, or Rationalists, was known to Confucius, and his interviews with this great rival unquestionably colored his teaching. They met, heard each other, and asked each other questions. Laoutsze was the elder of the two, and had completed his system and secured his fame when Confucius was learning and seeking after truth. There is no record of the dialogues which took place between the sages. We may conjecture, however, that conversations commenced in mutual distrust terminated in a conviction of irreconcilable antipathy. They had nothing in common. Laoutsze was a sour ascetic, who affected solitude, exercised himself



with penances, and despised practical life. Confucius mixed everywhere and always with his fellow-men, was temperate but never austere, and regarded the smallest topic of human interest as worthy of his attention and observation. The interviews between Laoutsze and Confucius ended probably in the corroboration of both in their previous opinions. They had no common standing-point. No platform that Chinese joiners could fashion was broad enough to hold those two. "The Sage," says Laoutsze (we quote M. G. Pauthier), "loves obscurity. He does not desire public employment, he rather avoids it. He will not convey his thoughts to all comers, but attends to time and place, and prefers that his instructions should be known after his death, rather than during his life. In auspicious days he speaks, in times of calamity he is silent. He knows that if he exposes his treasures they may be stolen from him, and will not tell everybody where they are to be found. A virtuous man does not parade his virtue; a wise man does not proclaim his wisdom. I have no more to say; make clear that there is nothing here Confucius could what account you please of what I have said." It is tolerable. He would desire, then, to keep as far away as possible from his rival. He would dread any chance that should lead to a confusion of his teachings with those of the Taoist ascetic. The Deity he worshipped was certainly not the Deity who bade men gash their bodies with knives, and leap into bickering flames. Shang-te, said Laoutsze's followers, bade men do these things; therefore Shang-te's name should never pass the lips of Confucius coupled with any expression of reverence. He would not even allow the piety of Ching-tang to recommend this title; it had been abused by a foolish tyrant centuries ago; it was being abused by a self-torturing eremit in his own time, and so he would avoid all possible risks, and content himself with pointing upwards to the infinite fathomless ether. He dared not venture to speak of the Personal Being, he bowed to the all-comprehending Heaven.

The view which Confucius took of the filial relations is perhaps the legitimate result of his failure to realize a personal God. His doctrine grew out of two propositions, which were axiomatic truths to his mind. First, the empire of China was "all under-heaven" the only portion of the universe worthy of care. Secondly, Heaven in its calm majesty could not condescend to superintend the concerns even of the most favored of nations. Hence arose a difficulty, for he could not conceive the Middle Kingdom, the greatest family in the world, being less fortunate than the household of the peasant, which had the boon of a parent's superintendence. It was necessary, then, for some person to be found sufficiently dignified and sufficiently powerful to take this supreme charge. The Sage could not find such an one in the heaven above, so he sought him in the earth beneath. Royalty was a cold abstraction, but endeared by the epithets of filial affection, and invested with the tender responsibilities of fatherhood, it at once enlisted the love of the people. The nation's sovereign and the nation's father were one, and the Emperor only differed from the head of a house in that the circle of which he was the centre was larger than any other circle. The vast circumference of imperial sway contained a million minor circumferences. Thus the reverence of the son to the sire is a tribute paid to the great Father of all the families of the realm,

for the head of each household is a type of the head of all the households. In this reverence there was to be no formality, no coldness, no unreality. The Founder of Christianity himself, when he rebukes the Pharisees for the evasions of the corban, is not stronger than Confucius in insisting on heart-whole and loving piety. "Tsze-Yew asked what filial piety was? The Master said, 'The filial piety of nowadays means the support of one's parents. But dogs and horses likewise are able to do something in the way of support: without reverence, what is there to distinguish the one support given from the other?'"

Very beautiful are some of the precepts which the Master addresses to his disciples on this matter. Minute they are, of course, as we might expect, but yet, by their affectionate particularity, exhibiting the deep and devout interest with which the Sage regarded the duty. To take instances: "The Master said, 'While his parents are alive, the son may not go abroad to a distance. If he does go abroad, he must have a fixed place to which he goes.' 'If the son for three years does not alter from the way of his father, he may be called filial.' 'The years of parents may by no means not be kept in memory, as an occasion at once for joy and for fear.'" There is much to admire in these rules, and much to praise in the simple plan of binding a state together by those links which are found to unite most firmly its component parts. There is far-reaching wisdom in the sentence which stands almost in front of the Analects: "The philosopher Yew said, 'They are few who being filial and fraternal are fond of offending against their superiors. There have been none who, not liking to offend against their superiors, have been fond of stirring up confusion.'"

Those who have amplified and expanded the Confucian doctrine have taken man the unit, and have declared his mission in the world with a clearness which puts in its proper place this much-talked-of filial piety. From the various sayings of the Sage, if carefully collated, a system of ethics may be formed not unlike the following: Man at his best should possess a character which combines intelligence and piety — the highest type of being is a holy sage. He attains this moral and intellectual place by personal virtue, by right feeling, by correctness of purpose and intelligence of mind. Thus equipped with moral and mental qualities, his duty is to aim at social improvement by the discipline of the family. Should his circle widen, the same principles will be found helpful to uphold and improve the government of the Empire, and perhaps in the fulness of time to the reduction of the world to obedience, and the return of the days of Yaou and Shun. . . .

The observer of Chinese life is never allowed to forget the peculiar sanctity of the tie between child and parent; indeed, the wide influence of this ordinance is one of the wonders of history. Though twenty-four dynasties have succeeded to the throne, though a change of capital and a change of costume have been forced on the black-haired nation, though Chihwangte ordered that every scroll containing a sentence of the Sage's writings should be burned with fire, though Kublai-Khan placed Tartars in every bureau, in every camp, in every college, in every prefecture, in every hamlet, with orders to obliterate all the distinctive institutions of the conquered people, the sacred elevation on which Confucius placed filial piety has never been lowered.



The son rises at dawn, enters with bowed head the chamber of his father, ministers to him if he be sick, offers him his morning meal with obeisances if he be in health, and respectfully supports him when he rises for the day. The daughter still makes it her special care to wake at cock-crow, to put on her comeliest garments, and thus dressed to repair to her mother-in-law, to inquire how she has slept, to add more coverings if it be winter, and to fan away the mosquitoes if it be summer. These are not practices recommended in books of morality, they are ordinances enforced by solemn and specific injunctions from the Board of Rites, and are obligatory alike in the yamun of the mandarin on whose back and breast glitters the Imperial dragon, and in the bamboo hut of the coolie who staggers under tea-boxes when the thermometer is at 90°, with a string of cash for his wages.

III. The view Confucius took of Death has influenced the national mind and the national practice far more widely than might have been imagined, for he really was more remarkable for what he did *not* say than for what he did say on this subject. One of his disciples, Ke-Loo, asked him about death. The reply was, "While you do not know life, what can you know about death?" This is all. It is not sufficient to say such a sentence was "characteristic," neither is it enough to say the philosopher who uttered it was "unspiritual." It marks a man utterly unlike those who have usually exercised wide influence on the minds of their fellow-creatures. The men who have directed the speculations of others to any great extent have been men who have encouraged inquiry into the mysteries that encompass life, and have professed to bring solutions to "the obstinate questionings" and the "blank misgivings" of humanity. Some of the wise, it is true, have so far resembled Confucius as to confess with candor how little they knew, but the acknowledgment of ignorance has ever been made with regret. In many cases there have been indications of a persistent hope that this ignorance would in time be exchanged for knowledge. The idea that "the rush of darkness at last" will be unrelieved by any beam of light has seldom crossed the human mind without a deep conviction of the cold terror of such an end. It is the peculiarity of Confucius that he viewed the great change from life to death in silence. Ignorance did not apparently dissatisfy him, and a shadowy unknown did not appall him; but he did not borrow his confidence from the hope of a blissful resurrection, or from the fatalist's grim acquiescence in the inevitable. Death was the custom of the world, and he prepared to submit to it.

But it may not unreasonably be asked why a teacher who had no definite notions of a future life should have revered the grave so profoundly? A man who viewed "the destruction of living powers itself" (to use Butler's language) almost with apathy was earnest, even enthusiastic, in offering every mark of respect to those whose "living powers" were once destroyed. This would be intelligible if we found any anticipations in the Confucian system of that sentiment of affectionate regard for the human body as a sacred temple which was developed by Christianity; but we find nothing of the sort. What principle, then, induced the philosopher, who had no theories about the nature of dissolution, and no ideas about the constitution of another world, to take this strange paradoxical interest in the paraphernalia of death? The opinions of his foreign admirers, more positive and shapely than

those of the Master, contain the germ of a theory which may account for this peculiarity; and this reconciling theory appears at its best in the Essay of a recent English writer, who has elaborated it in the following remarkable passage:—

"These worshippers," meaning the disciples of Confucius, writes a modern Comtist, 'could not understand the rigid line which in more modern thought has separated the living from the dead. That the lips were mute, the limbs still, that the pulse had ceased to beat, and that there was no longer any painful murmur of the breath, were doubtless very strange and awful changes, but they were no proof that the pallid form which they had loved had ceased to live. They showed only the will of Heaven that he should be restored to his own home in the lap of earth, there to rest as a new power, an object of reverent worship. They carried him to some lonely hill-summit, trees and flowers were planted, and it became a sacred and inviolable spot, where the mourner felt the presence of an unseen love, and held sweet yet close communion with those who had passed from sight. There the son came for years to mourn his father; the wife her husband; thither when they died their children followed them, until when generation after generation had followed one another thus, each mourner became unawares a partaker in the hallowing influence of the past, and passionate grief was purified and calmed at entrance into the solemn assemblage of the dead.'"

These sentences embody sentiments far too reconcile and delicate to find a home in the breasts of a people so notoriously deficient in imagination as the Chinese. They would, we are convinced, amaze the majority of the scholars who have given days and nights to the study of the Four Books; and we are much mistaken if they would be received as a just representation of his doctrine by Confucius himself. His views are much more faithfully expressed in the well-known letter of Ti-tan, Prefect of Liechan to his sister:—

"If there be no heaven we cannot help it, and if there be no hell, we cannot alter it; yet if there be the one, good men will go there, and bad men to the other. When people lose their parents, they implore the Buddhists to pray for them, which is acting as if their parents were miserably wicked and had not lived; how can they bring such an imputation on them by acting so? or supposing they were guilty of crimes, how can these priests remove the punishment? If there really be a heaven and a hell, they were in existence when the heavens and the earth were produced. Now, as men died before ever these Buddhists came to China, did no one unluckily fall into hell before that time, and see the Ten Judges of the infernal world? It is of no use to speak of these things to the unlearned, for, even the learned understand them but little.

This writer represents his master fairly. He takes nothing from, and adds nothing to his doctrine. That Confucius was guided by any definite or consistent theory in his elaborate respect for funeral rites we cannot bring ourselves to believe. The men of old had said that careful attention to the obsequies of kindred tended to promote virtue in the people, therefore Confucius recommended it to his pupils. The confession of ignorance we have quoted above, and which receives additional emphasis from the fact that it was made when he had just heard of the loss of a dear friend, is as distinct as any statement can be. What the Sage meant or thought about death, theorists and system-builders may employ themselves



in conjecturing. What *he said* we know, and that was, that he knew nothing about it!

IV. The views of Confucius on the Supernatural are to be collected rather from his silence than his speech. His opinions, however, are worth discussing, as we conceive his doctrine on this head, if doctrine it could be called, has been very often misrepresented by loose thinkers.

The influence of Confucius on China has been enormous, and the Chinese appear to a cursory observer the most superstitious people on the face of the earth. They are perpetually resorting to contrivances by which evil spirits may be evaded and good spirits propitiated. Blazing lanterns, tinsel ingots, and crimson incense paper are indispensable articles of furniture in every house. They decorate or deface temples and palaces, banks and brothels. Observers put these two facts together and depart with the conclusion that Confucius was the patron of superstition. But it is distinctly unfair to accuse the Sage of teaching tending in the remotest degree to encourage fetish worship. The practices we have referred to have their origin in that Taoism with which, as we have seen, Confucius had no sympathy. If they have overlaid and encumbered the decorous ritual that he instituted, it is only one of many instances in which a degraded people have substituted for an intelligent faith one suited to their own low level. Few persons would venture to charge Moses with encouraging the worship of "the golden calf," yet it would be as fair to do so as to attribute to Confucius the fantastic Keoong-tuh of the Taoist. Undoubtedly, as we have said, this devil-worship is the popular creed of China. It is so because, in spite of all his merits, the Sage did not build up a sufficiently strong edifice of objective doctrine for the affections and religious instincts of the people to cling to. He left the nation without safeguards against error simply because his own serene intellect saw no temptation to go astray. Here we see his grand deficiency, — namely, his inability to sympathize with the wants of minds constituted in moulds different from his own. He could not comprehend the state of feeling which makes reliance on the unseen powers the only possibility for the soul, and therefore he prescribed no remedies to save men who felt this necessity from the calamity of unworthy resorts. "Extraordinary things . . . and spiritual beings he did not like to talk about." Ke-Loo asked about serving the spirits of the dead. The Master said, "while you are not able to serve men, how can you serve their spirits?" Such subjects were out of his category of profitable subjects. The result of his silence has been disastrous. It enabled his less scrupulous rival to secure thousands of votaries, and opened the door through which Buddhism entered and took possession. Because he would not say anything on a subject of absorbing interest, the people turned to other speakers who did not know any more about spirits than Confucius did, but who knew human nature better. Thus we account for the monstrous paradoxes which beset one on all sides in China. The great teacher whose venerable name is honored with marks of respect like to which are not paid to the memory of any other son of Adam, would find, if he were to visit his beloved country, the most provoking contradiction of his hopes. Every line he has written is cherished with a respect similar to that which the Jew entertains for the Pentateuch, or the Mahomedan for the Koran. His precepts are in every temple, in every justice-hall, in every school. Year

by year continually thousands of pupils, some just arrived at man's estate and others tottering with age, assemble in vast Examination Halls, to have their knowledge of the Analects and the Great Learning tested by imperial Commissioners. These proofs of a nation's honor might well gratify his patriotic pride; but if he desired to preserve his complacency, he would do well to abstain from a closer look at the aspect of affairs, for in the shrine and the yamun, alongside of emblazoned quotations from his books declaring the simple majesty of heaven, he would find altars and offerings to genii and demons, to spirits and spectres, and outside the very Examination Hall where his sayings, and his only, are the texts for every exercise, he would notice with shame the aspiring scholar burning incense to win the favor of gods and to propitiate the anger of devils. Everywhere he would see signs that the enemy had entered in at the door he had neglected to guard.

In reviewing the special characteristics of the Sage which our imperfect survey has brought into prominence, it cannot be questioned that we see much to admire. If we do not find an anticipation of the Christian idea, it should be no matter of surprise or indignation. "Sublimity," said Coleridge, and the remark is one of wide application, — "sublimity is Hebrew by birth." But if we do not find a stainless teacher combining in his acts and words a hero's fearlessness and a woman's ethereal sensibility, we need not be disappointed, for no such figure could be expected to present itself. Large allowance must be made for the peculiar structure of the national mind. Paul was not more decidedly a Hebrew of the Hebrews, Luther was not more decidedly a German of the Germans, than Confucius was a Chinese of the Chinese. The Chinese have a language without an alphabet, a religion without a God, and a profound veneration for the dead without a belief in their immortality. These contradictory and imperfect conceptions of the loftiest truths have arrested the growth of the Chinese intellect, and thrust it into degrading superstitions. And to some extent their great Sage must be held responsible for these lamentable consequences.

He had many virtues, and they were all of a thoroughly practical kind. By raising in the breasts of princes a passionate admiration for great and good sovereigns, he sought to secure the best interests of the people and to make the past protect the present. By stimulating youth to study, he sought to create an instructed public opinion which should judge everything by the high standard erected in the ancient books. His private life was free from the stains which disfigured the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome. His public life, as we have seen, was that of a patriotic and conscientious statesman. But he was utterly devoid of imagination and of faith, and he seems to have ignored the truth that this faculty is one of the most powerful instruments of moral good. . . .

## BUTTER CHEMICALLY CONSIDERED.

SOMETHING more may be said about butter than that orange marmalade forms an excellent substitute for it at breakfast. It is also that fat oily substance which, under the form of globules, is found in suspension in milk. Its want of density soon causes it to rise to the surface, where, with other matters (serum and caseine), it forms cream. The creaming can be hastened and facilitated by maintaining



the milk at a temperature of from  $54^{\circ}$  to  $57^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. In churning, the globules of butter are forced to cohere and to separate themselves from the other components of the cream. In this operation, temperature is also of considerable importance. M. Boussingault, a French chemist, who has the hardihood to offer advice to dairymaids, prescribes  $59^{\circ}$  for sweet cream,  $62^{\circ}$  for sour, and  $64^{\circ}$  for milk. If these conditions are fulfilled, all the butter which can be separated from the milk should, this chemist states, be collected in about a quarter of an hour; but about one fourth of the total amount of butter globules which exist in the cream always escape collection, and this explains the rich taste of the buttermilk. The washing of the butter follows, and is conducted in various ways, a chief point, when it is done in water, being not to mash it too much, as both the color and the aroma are thus injured. The best mode of cleansing the butter is now maintained to be to use no water with the butter itself, but to cut it in very thin slices, and with flat plates, frequently dipped in water to prevent the butter adhering, to squeeze and manipulate it over and over again until foreign substances have been completely pressed out. The proportion of butter contained in the milk of various animals differs considerably, being 3.5 per cent in that of the cow, 8.3 in the sheep, 1.4 in ass's milk, which explains its digestibility, and finally 3.4 in human milk. These quantities, too, vary at different times of the milking; for instance, in the case of the ass, there is 0.96 per cent of butter at the commencement, 1.52 in the middle, and 2.95 at the end of the operation. In farms where the rearing of calves is combined with the manufacture of butter, the knowledge of this fact is utilized by allowing the calf to feed from the mother during a certain time, then removing the calf and taking the remaining milk of the cow for the dairy.

Fresh butter consists of about 83 per cent of pure butter and 16 of milk of butter. The former can be separated by melting the whole in a long tube. After a time the butter proper rises to the top. It is then drawn off into water at  $104^{\circ}$ , and after two or three washings may be considered quite pure. In this state butter is a yellow, slightly acid substance which liquefies at a temperature of about  $79^{\circ}$ . The chemical composition of this "pure butter" is very complex. Analyses have been made by MM. Chrevel and Broméis, who find that it contains seven fatty and volatile acids, together with a sweet oil formed of a mixture of oleine and butyrine, which last is a substance which distinguishes butter from other fatty bodies, although it is also found in small quantities in the stalks or fruits of certain plants, as the tamarind tree, and can be extracted by a complex chemical process, combined with fermentation, from sugar, starch, and other substances. Under the influence of the oxygen of the atmosphere, butyrine soon turns to an acid (butyric), which is the cause of the repulsive odor of the butter that is called rancid. This acid is also found to combine with another (the oleic), forming a third, the butyrolie, which is believed to be peculiar to butter.

When exposed to the air, butter, as is well known, soon changes its condition. It first gets rancid on the surface from the cause before stated, and then throughout. In this condition it is dangerous as an article of food, for its acids attack copper vessels and so poison their contents, and it should be rigidly excluded from consumption. The correction of the rancid butter thus becomes of importance, and

many processes have been proposed to that end. The simplest is, perhaps, to wash it first in lime-water, and afterwards in fresh water. The preparation of lime-water presents no difficulty, and its presence in small quantities neutralizes the acids which develop in the butter. Another mode is to shake the butter rapidly in a sufficient quantity of water containing a certain proportion of hypochloride of lime, and afterwards wash it in fresh water. The freshness of the butter is thus to some extent restored. Butter may be preserved fresh for some days by covering it over with boiled water containing lime in solution; a process more often employed is to melt the butter until all the air mixed with it is disengaged; the liquid is then drawn off, leaving its impurities at the bottom of the vessel, and is placed in carefully dried stone jars which are hermetically sealed, a layer of salt being first placed on the top of the butter, which keeps very well in this way from one year to the other. But of course the simple salting of the butter is the means most frequently adopted for its preservation, the average quantity of salt to be employed being about 1 lb. to from 18 to 22 lbs. of butter. On this point, M. Dehérain, writing in "Wurtz's Dictionary of Chemistry," from which many of the statements in this article are taken, recommends the "Twamley" mixture of one fourth sugar, one fourth saltpetre, and one half fine salt, the whole to be well pulverized. About one ounce of the mixture to be used with every pound of the butter, which is to be first well washed from the buttermilk.

The adulterations of butter often result from those which the milk or cream has previously undergone, but there are others. Some of the tricks practised with butter can hardly be called adulterations. Such, for instance, as concealing bad butter or cheese, or large quantities of salt, in the barrels that contain the butter, or within the good butter itself. These tricks are easily detected by the probe. But small stones, sand, scraped potatoes, chalk, veal suet, and even carbonate and acetate of lead, are mixed with the butter before it is launched on the market. Detection in some of these cases is not so very easy, but only presents the difficulty of an experiment. To discover these impostures, the butter must be heated to a temperature of about  $112^{\circ}$ , when it melts, and any foreign matters fall to the bottom of the vessel. If suet has been mixed with the butter, the compound will not melt at  $112^{\circ}$ , nor until a temperature of  $158^{\circ}$  is reached. To detect white lead or chalk, the melted butter is treated with hydrochloric acid, effervescence takes place, and the liquor thus obtained yields with sulphuretted hydrogen a black precipitate if white lead has been used. On the other hand, if the adulteration has taken place with chalk, a white precipitate is obtained with a solution of oxalate of ammonia.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

RISTORI is passing the spring months in Rome.

THE Ladies' Own Paper, a journal of London fashions, prints an astounding portrait of Longfellow.

THE portrait of Madame de Pompadour, painted for the Palace of Versailles by Drouais, in 1763, is coming to England at the price of £800.

AN autograph letter of Daniel Defoe, the celebrated novelist, occupying three pages, addressed to Robert Harley, signed D. F., was lately sold for



£40. Another, by John Dryden, addressed to Lord Latimer, in which he says, "The King's Comedy lyes in the Sudds till you please to send me on to Northamptonshire," brought £30.

A WONDERFUL horse, which rides through flames, from the stage to the flies with a young woman on its back, is to be a forthcoming attraction at one of the London theatres.

MR. PELLEGRINI, an Italian gentleman now resident in London, is reported to be the artist who designs the capital caricatures which for several weeks past have attracted so much attention.

AN action for libel has been instituted by Mr. Strange, of the Alhambra, London, for an article upon that place of amusement in *All the Year Round*. Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr., is said to be the author of the article in question.

THE papers announce the death of Miss Catherine Frances Birch Macready, the eldest surviving daughter of the eminent tragedian, at the age of thirty-four. She died on the 24th ult., on her homeward voyage from Madeira. She was known in literary circles as the author of several poems. Mr. Macready is now living at Cheltenham, and it is said that he is in very bad health.

A VERY imaginative contributor to the last number of Chambers's Journal makes the following delicious statement: "At present, the bicycle is regarded, in England, very much in the light of a toy, and its practice as a pastime: not so in Paris and New York, where persons of all grades may be seen solemnly and seriously going to their daily business on two wheels!"

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, the poet, writes as follows to the editor of the *Athenæum*: "I find myself styled in your advertising columns last Saturday 'the Rev. William Allingham.' As this error (how arising I know not) may cause anxiety to some of my friends, I trust you will kindly give me your aid to correct it.

"W. ALLINGHAM."

M. DE CANTILLON has constructed a miniature gun, from which, by means of a spring, a ball can be aimed at a target with the utmost precision. The Emperor has asked M. de Cantillon to have one constructed for the use of the Prince Imperial, not as a mere toy, but in order to assist him in his study of gunnery, — for which purpose it would n't be of the slightest use. This kind of spring-cannon has long been a favorite plaything with our young folks.

IN the *Debats* M. Jules Janin tells an anecdote of which the point is suggestive enough to be worth transcribing. Speaking of Gutenberg, he says that certain European *savans* resolved to erect a statue to the memory of a man whose invention had diffused civilization throughout the whole world. Europeans in general were solicited for contributions, since all had enjoyed the blessings of the art of printing. France subscribed eighty pounds, Italy twenty, Great Britain and Ireland five pounds, Switzerland sixteen shillings, and Belgium two pounds two shillings and one penny.

A GREAT prize was recently won by a tradesman in the lottery at Bari. Out of five numbers drawn, the four on which he had staked his money came, and he thereby won 830,000 francs. The lottery ticket having been found in order, the amount was paid to him by the treasury at Bari on the day following the drawing, much to the surprise of the

lower orders, which till then firmly believed that the government paid winnings of small amount only. The winner attributes his success to the intervention of San Nicolo, who, he says, appeared to him in a dream and told him to play those particular numbers!

A RATHER candid Parisian, writing to an English journal, says: "There is no Frenchman who does not feel his heart beat somewhat faster when on opening his newspaper he sees a communication signed Napoleon. Loyalty, it must be admitted, has very little to do with his emotion. It is a mixed feeling of fear and curiosity, — a sure presentiment of grandiloquent humbug coupled with mental preparation for guessing a riddle. There is always to my mind something inexpressibly ridiculous in the letters that the Emperor addresses from time to time to his Ministers, and prints in the newspapers for general edification, and I always feel a blush of shame at the thought that all Europe will read them and fancy that we are taken in by them."

THE Pall Mall Gazette printed a long article on American manners. English manners, said the writer in effect, are better than American manners, because Englishmen say what they have to say in a few words, but Americans recapitulate and elaborate. Why brevity should be a synonyme for good-breeding is not easily understood. "The Pall Mall," says the Leader, "seems to have missed the reason why the Americans, as a rule, are elaborate or discursive in their language. It might have found the cause in the secret of their hospitality. People who are hospitable are invariably emotional; and emotional people are precisely those who are ignorant of the art of repression, and who allow their conversation to overflow very often the barriers of their meaning. Polished indifference is a fashion, but not an instinct; and good-breeding is not to be found where there are no refined instincts to help it. Courtesy is founded upon sympathy; and sympathy is emotional. Because the Americans are emotional they are sympathetic; because they are sympathetic they are courteous. The standard of American good-breeding has therefore the trifling merit of having for its foundations, nature. If our English good-breeding protests against that standard, the less we say of our social refinement the better."

THE Quarterly Review for April contains a very long and rather querulous paper on modern English poets. After a petulant examination of Tennyson, the Brownings, and Matthew Arnold, the critic remarks: —

"The poets of whom we have written had their youth, and in some cases their maturer years, cast in times of peace. But since 1848 times of greater restlessness have set in, and within the last ten years changes have been effected in the world which have equalled, not in the violence of their accompaniments, but perhaps in permanent importance, those which took place at the beginning of the century. Will any poet rise great enough to grasp this condition of things, and to render the picture and visible shape of the age eternally present to posterity? We do not know; the advent of such men is not a thing to be calculated upon. There are ages in the world's history politically momentous, yet inglorious —

\* *Curant quia vale acrior.*

But the final culmination of a period is when great actions are crowned by a splendid record. Meanwhile within the last few years a school of poetry



altogether novel has been springing up, — a school which, taking the classical legends as its main theme, only occasionally and in lyrical fashion glances from thence at the thoughts which are most prevalent among the inquirers and workers of the age. Of this school Mr. Morris is the most powerful writer; but the most striking single passages have, we think, been composed by Mr. Swinburne, in that volume of as yet unfulfilled promise, the 'Atalanta in Calydon.' To these poets we may recur on some future occasion; but at present we must be silent about them. Nor can we say more concerning such a graceful minor poet as Mr. Barnes, in his Dorsetshire poems; nor of those very notable writers, who, like Dr. Newman and 'George Eliot,' have expressed in verse the superabundance of feeling and thought that remained to them after the greater fullness of their labors in prose."

THE Publishers' Circular (London) prints the following sensible remarks on Lord Houghton's speech at the Dickens dinner in Liverpool: "On November 2d, 1867, there was an immense literary demonstration in favor of the most popular English author whom the world has yet known, and all his craft went to see him. There were, at least, three hundred celebrated men, all the known publishers and all the known writers and artists of London, and in a genial speech well delivered, but in a voice husky with emotion, Mr. Dickens took leave of England, and proceeded, as he said, 'to lay down a third cable between England and America.' Something that the chairman said, we suppose, referred to want of recognition in high quarters, from which Mr. Dickens is presumed to have suffered, for in a remarkable clause the great author professed himself 'satisfied with the treatment of his countrymen, but not with that of his country.' On the occasion of the dinner given to Mr. Dickens at Liverpool, a few days ago, very much the same suggestion led to much the same results. Lord Houghton regretted that Mr. Dickens had not broken a law which he laid down twenty years ago not to meddle in politics, and which he has most honorably and wisely kept, and the Times a few days ago devoted an article in which was debated the question of conferring a signal honor upon the great author, ending with the assertion that Mr. Dickens would gain nothing by a life peerage. 'Mr. Dickens,' said the writer, 'is pre-eminently a writer of the people, and for the people. To our thinking he is far better suited for the part of the great commoner of English fiction than for even a life peerage. To turn Charles Dickens into Lord Dickens would be much the same mistake in literature that it was in politics to turn William Pitt into Lord Chatham.'

"This is very well put and very flattering to English authors, but it does not touch the whole of the case, nor indeed half of it. If a peerage be a reward for eminent services, why should the State reserve all the titles for war, law, and politics? Does not science serve the people well? Does not literature do so? 'I wish,' said the nigger in the story, 'I wish I had as many dollars as I know where St. Paul's is,' and the sum is difficult to solve as to the amount he wishes for; but there is a sum which we should like to see solved, though just as inconsequent. Police, judges, juries, crime, political uproar, strikes, discontent, cost us many millions a year, and many soldiers to back up the first three. How many of these does a wise and genial writer who quiets, consoles, and teaches save? How many pounds will a

demagogue like Mr. Murphy cost us? How many hundreds will innocent amusement, and quiet and wise recreation, afforded by a good writer, save the executive?

"But more than this. This is a commercial country, and we look at things commercially. Now the author is the flywheel of the clock; if that stirs not, the clock stops. And only consider how many stop with it! The author is essentially a creator. Through him live printers, paper-makers, rag-gatherers, leather-dressers, curriers, board-makers, card-makers, binders, machinists, ink-makers, book-binders, tool-cutters, artists on wood, engravers, publishers, and a dozen others. These all hang together. How many thousands have the various editions of the works of Scott fed?

'A drop of ink,  
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.'

Ay, and not only think, but feed and live, and live well and honestly. For his commercial value, a great author is worthy any reward. No title could enhance the popularity nor the worth of Charles Dickens. He is what he is by the patent of the Almighty, but it is useless to say that he might not have had more honor paid him by his country. Mr. Motley comes as an accredited ambassador at a most difficult time, and will be not the whit worse historian. We don't want to talk about 'Lord Dickens, of Gadshill, by Rochester,' but hundreds of titles have been worse bestowed, and we see nothing ridiculous in rewarding and recognizing the services of a man of genius."

## &

Of all the types in a printer's hand,  
Commend me to the Amperzand,  
For he's the gentleman (seems to me)  
Of the typographical companie.

O my nice little Amperzand,  
My graceful, swanlike Amperzand.  
Nothing that Cadmus ever planned  
Equals my elegant Amperzand!

He's never bothered, like 'A. B. C.  
In index, guide, and Directorie:  
He's never stuck on a Peeler's coat,  
Nor hung to show where the folks must vote.

No, my nice little Amperzand,  
My plump and curly Amperzand,  
When I've a pen in a listless hand,  
I'm always making an Amperzand!

Many a letter your writers hate,  
Ugly g, with his tail so straight,  
x, that makes you cross as a bear,  
And z, that helps you with zouns to swear.

But not my nice little Amperzand,  
My easily-dashed-off Amperzand,  
Any odd shape folks understand  
To mean my Protean Amperzand!

Nothing for him that's starch or stiff,  
Never he's used in scold or tiff,  
State epistles, so dull and grand,  
Must n't contain the shortened and.

No, my nice little Amperzand,  
You're good for those who're jolly and bland,  
In days when letters were dried with sand  
Old frumps would n't use my Amperzand!

But he is dear in old friendship's call,  
Or when love is laughing through lady-scrawl:  
"Come & dine, & have bachelor's fare."

"Come, & I'll keep you a Round & Square."

Yes, my nice little Amperzand  
Never must into a word expand,  
Gentle sign of affection stand,  
My kind, familiar Amperzand.

"Letters Five do form his name:"  
His, who Millions doth teach and tame:  
If I could not be in that Sacred Band,  
I'd be the affable Amperzand.

Yes, my nice little Amperzand,  
And when P.U.N.C.H. is driving his five-in-hand,  
I'll have a velocipede, neatly planned  
In the shape of a fly-away Amperzand.

Punch.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.

[No. 177.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XCIII.

SAY THAT YOU FORGIVE ME.

On the following day, again early in the morning, Mrs. Trevelyan and Stanbury were driven out to Casalunga. The country people along the road knew the carriage well, and the lady who occupied it, and would say that the English wife was going to see her mad husband. Mrs. Trevelyan knew that these words were common in the people's mouths, and explained to her companion how necessary it would be to use these rumors, to aid her in putting some restraint over her husband even in this country, should they fail in their effort to take him to England. She saw the doctor in Siena constantly, and had learned from him how such steps might be taken. The measure proposed would be slow, difficult, inefficient, and very hard to set aside, if once taken; but still it might be indispensable that something should be done. "He would be so much worse off here than he would be at home," she said; — "if we could only make him understand that it would be so." Then Stanbury asked about the wine. It seemed that of late Trevelyan had taken to drink freely, but only of the wine of the country. But the wine of the country in these parts is sufficiently stimulating, and Mrs. Trevelyan acknowledged that hence had arisen a further cause of fear.

They walked up the hill together, and Mrs. Trevelyan, now well knowing the ways of the place, went round at once to the front terrace. There he was, seated in his arm-chair, dressed in the same way as yesterday, dirty, dishevelled, and gaudy with various colors; but Stanbury could see at once that his mood had greatly changed. He rose slowly, dragging himself up out of his chair, as they came up to him, but showing as he did so — and perhaps somewhat assuming — the impotency of querulous sickness. His wife went to him, and took him by the hand, and placed him back in his chair. He was weak, he said, and had not slept, and suffered from the heat; and then he begged her to give him wine. This she did, half filling for him a tumbler, of which he swallowed the contents greedily. "You

see me very poorly, Stanbury, — very poorly," he said, seeming to ignore all that had taken place on the previous day.

"You want change of climate, old fellow," said Stanbury.

"Change of everything, — I want change of everything," he said. "If I could have a new body and a new mind, and a new soul!"

"The mind and soul, dear, will do well enough, if you will let us look after the body," said his wife, seating herself on a stool near his feet. Stanbury, who had settled beforehand how he would conduct himself, took out a cigar and lighted it; and then they sat together silent, or nearly silent, for half an hour. She had said that if Hugh would do so, Trevelyan would soon become used to the presence of his old friend, and it seemed that he had already done so. More than once, when he coughed, his wife fetched him some drink in a cup, which he took from her without a word. And Stanbury the while went on smoking in silence.

"You have heard, Louis," she said at last, "that, after all, Nora and Mr. Stanbury are going to be married?"

"Ah, yes; I think I was told of it. I hope you may be happy, Stanbury, — happier than I have been." This was unfortunate, but neither of the visitors winced, or said a word.

"It will be a pity that papa and mamma cannot be present at the wedding," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"If I had to do it again, I should not regret your father's absence; I must say that. He has been my enemy, — yes, Stanbury, my enemy. I don't care who hears me say so. I am obliged to stay here, because that man would swear every shilling I have away from me if I were in England. He would strive to do so, and the struggle in my state of health would be too much for me."

"But Sir Marmaduke sails from Southampton this very week," said Stanbury.

"I don't know. He is always sailing, and always coming back again. I never asked him for a shilling in my life, and yet he has treated me as though I were his bitterest enemy."

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



"He will trouble you no more now, Louis," said Mrs. Trevelyan.

"He cannot trouble you again. He will have left England before you can possibly reach it."

"He will have left other traitors behind him, — though none as bad as himself," said Trevelyan.

Stanbury, when his cigar was finished, rose and left the husband and wife together on the terrace. There was little enough to be seen at Casalunga, but he strolled about looking at the place. He went into the huge granary, and then down among the olive-trees, and up into the sheds which had been built for beasts. He stood and teased the lizards, and listened to the hum of the insects, and wiped away the perspiration which rose to his brow even as he was standing. And all the while he was thinking what he would do next, or what say next, with the view of getting Trevelyan away from the place. Hitherto he had been very tender with him, contradicting him in nothing, taking from him good-humoredly any absurd insult which he chose to offer, pressing upon him none of the evil which he had himself occasioned, saying to him no word that could hurt either his pride or his comfort. But he could not see that this would be efficacious for the purpose desired. He had come thither to help Nora's sister in her terrible distress, and he must take upon himself to make some plan for giving this aid. When he had thought of all this, and made his plan, he sauntered back round the house on to the terrace. She was still there, sitting at her husband's feet, and holding one of his hands in hers. It was well that the wife should be tender, but he doubted whether tenderness would suffice.

"Trevelyan," he said, "you know why I have come over here?"

"I suppose she told you to come," said Trevelyan.

"Well, yes, she did tell me. I came to try and get you back to England. If you remain here, the climate and solitude together will kill you."

"As for the climate, I like it; and as for solitude, I have got used even to that."

"And then there is another thing," said Stanbury.

"What is that?" asked Trevelyan, starting.

"You are not safe here."

"How not safe?"

"She could not tell you, but I must." His wife was still holding his hand, and he did not at once attempt to withdraw it; but he raised himself in his chair, and fixed his eyes fiercely on Stanbury. "They will not let you remain here quietly," said Stanbury.

"Who will not?"

"The Italians. They are already saying that you are not fit to be alone; and if once they get you into their hands, — under some Italian medical board, perhaps into some Italian asylum, it might be years before you could get out, — if ever. I have come to tell you what the danger is. I do not know whether you will believe me."

"Is it so?" he said, turning to his wife.

"I believe it is, Louis."

"And who has told them? Who has been putting them up to it?" Now his hand had been withdrawn. "My God, am I to be followed here, too, with such persecution as this?"

"Nobody has told them, but people have eyes."

"Liar, traitor, fiend! — it is you!" he said, turning upon his wife.

"Louis, as I hope for mercy, I have said not a word to that that could injure you."

"Trevelyan, do not be so unjust, and so foolish,"

said Stanbury. "It is not her doing. Do you suppose that you can live here like this and give rise to no remarks? Do you think that people's eyes are not open, and that their tongues will not speak? I tell you, you are in danger here."

"What am I to do? Where am I to go? Cannot they let me stay till I die? Whom am I hurting here? She may have all my money, if she wants it. She has got my child."

"I want nothing, Louis, but to take you where you may be safe and well."

"Why are you afraid of going to England?" Stanbury asked.

"Because they have threatened to put me — in a madhouse."

"Nobody ever thought of so treating you," said his wife.

"Your father did, — and your mother. They told me so."

"Look here, Trevelyan. Sir Marmaduke and Lady Rowley are gone. They will have sailed, at least, before we can reach England. Whatever may have been either their wishes or their power, they can do nothing now. Here something would be done, — very soon; you may take my word for that. If you will return with me and your wife, you shall choose your own place of abode. Is not that so, Emily?"

"He shall choose everything. His boy will be with him, and I will be with him, and he shall be contradicted in nothing. If he only knew my heart towards him!"

"You hear what she says, Trevelyan?"

"Yes, I hear her."

"And you believe her?"

"I'm not so sure of that. Stanbury, how should you like to be locked up in a madhouse and grin through the bars till your heart was broken. It would not take long with me, I know."

"You shall never be locked up, never be touched," said his wife.

"I am very harmless here," he said, almost crying, — "very harmless. I do not think anybody here will touch me," he added afterwards. "And there are other places, — there are other places. My God, that I should be driven about the world like this!" The conference was ended by his saying that he would take two days to think of it, and by his then desiring that they would both leave him. They did so, and descended the hill together, knowing that he was watching them, — that he would watch them till they were out of sight from the gate; for, as Mrs. Trevelyan said, he never came down the hill now, knowing that the labor of ascending it was too much for him. When they were at the carriage, they were met by one of the women of the house, and strict injunctions were given to her by Mrs. Trevelyan to send in word to Siena if the Signore should prepare to move. "He cannot go far without my knowing it," said she, "because he draws his money in Siena, and lately I have taken to him what he wants. He has not enough with him for a long journey." For Stanbury had suggested that he might be off to seek another residence in another country, and that they would find Casalunga vacant when they reached it on the following Tuesday. But he told himself almost immediately — not caring to express such an opinion to Emily — that Trevelyan would hardly have strength even to prepare for such a journey by himself.

On the intervening day, the Monday, Stanbury had no occupation whatever, and he thought that



since he was born no day had ever been so long. Siena contains many monuments of interest and much that is valuable in art, — having had a school of painting of its own, and still retaining in its public gallery specimens of its school, of which as a city it is justly proud. There are palaces there to be beaten for gloomy majesty by none in Italy. There is a cathedral which was to have been the largest in the world, and than which few are more worthy of prolonged inspection. The town is old, and quaint, and picturesque, and dirty, and attractive, — as it becomes a town in Italy to be. But in July all such charms are thrown away. In July Italy is not a land of charms to an Englishman. Poor Stanbury did wander into the cathedral, and finding it the coolest place in the town, went to sleep on a stone step. He was awoke by the voice of the priests as they began to chant the vespers. The good-natured Italians had let him sleep, and would have let him sleep till the doors were closed for the night. At five he dined with Mrs. Trevelyan, and then endeavored to while away the evening thinking of Nora with a pipe in his mouth. He was standing in this way at the hotel gateway, when, on a sudden, all Siena was made alive by the clatter of an open carriage and four on its way through the town to the railway. On looking up, Stanbury saw Lord Peterborough in the carriage, — with a lady whom he did not doubt to be Lord Peterborough's wife. He himself had not been recognized, but he slowly followed the carriage to the railway station. After the Italian fashion, the arrival was three quarters of an hour before the proper time, and Stanbury had full opportunity of learning their news and telling his own. They were coming up from Rome, and thought it preferable to take the route by Siena than to use the railway through the Maremma; and they intended to reach Florence that night.

"And do you think he is really mad?" asked Lady Peterborough.

"He is undoubtedly so mad as to be unfit to manage anything for himself, but he is not in such a condition that any one would wish to see him put into confinement. If he were raving mad, there would be less difficulty, though there might be more distress."

A great deal was said about Nora, and both Lord Peterborough and his wife insisted that the marriage should take place at Monkham. "We shall be home now in less than three weeks," said Caroline, "and she must come to us at once. But I will write to her from Florence, and tell her how we saw you smoking your pipe under the archway. Not that my husband knew you in the least."

"Upon my word, no," said the husband, — "one did n't expect to find you here. Good by. I hope you may succeed in getting him home. I went to him once, but could do very little." Then the train started, and Stanbury went back to Mrs. Trevelyan.

On the next day Stanbury went out to Casalunga alone. He had calculated, on leaving England, that if any good might be done at Siena, it could be done in three days, and that he would have been able to start on his return on the Wednesday morning, or on Wednesday evening at the very latest. But now there did not seem to be any chance of that; and he hardly knew how to guess when he might get away. He had sent a telegram to Lady Rowley after his first visit, in which he had simply said that things were not at all changed at Casalunga, and he had written to Nora each day since his arrival. His stay was prolonged at great expense and inconvenience to himself; and yet it was impos-

sible that he should go and leave his work half finished. As he walked up the hill to the house, he felt very angry with Trevelyan, and prepared himself to use hard words and dreadful threats. But at the very moment of his entrance on the terrace, Trevelyan professed himself ready to go to England. "That's right, old fellow," said Hugh. "I am so glad." But in expressing his joy he had hardly noticed Trevelyan's voice and appearance.

"I might as well go," he said. "It matters little where I am, or whether they say that I am mad or sane."

"When we have you over there, nobody shall say a word that is disagreeable."

"I only hope that you may not have the trouble of burying me on the road. You don't know, Stanbury, how ill I am. I cannot eat. If I were at the bottom of that hill, I could no more walk up it than I could fly. I cannot sleep, and at night my bed is wet through with perspiration. I can remember nothing, — nothing but what I ought to forget."

"We'll put you on to your legs again when we get you to your own climate."

"I shall be a poor traveller, — a poor traveller; but I will do my best."

When would he start? That was the next question. Trevelyan asked for a week, and Stanbury brought him down at last to three days. They would go to Florence by the evening train on Friday, and sleep there. Emily should come out and assist him to arrange his things on the morrow. Having finished so much of his business, Stanbury returned to Siena.

They both feared that he might be found on the next day to have departed from his intention; but no such idea seemed to have occurred to him. He gave instructions as to the notice to be served on the agent from the Hospital as to his house, and allowed Emily to go among his things and make preparations for the journey. He did not say much to her; and when she attempted, with a soft half-uttered word, to assure him that the threat of Italian interference, which had come from Stanbury, had not reached Stanbury from her, he simply shook his head sadly. She could not understand whether he did not believe her, or whether he simply wished that the subject should be dropped. She could elicit no sign of affection from him, nor would he willingly accept such from her; but he allowed her to prepare for the journey, and never hinted that his purpose might again be liable to change. On the Friday, Emily with her child, and Hugh with all their baggage, travelled out on the road to Casalunga, thinking it better that there should be no halt in the town on their return. At Casalunga, Hugh went up the hill with the driver, leaving Mrs. Trevelyan in the carriage. He had been out at the house before in the morning, and had given all necessary orders; but still at the last moment he thought that there might be failure. But Trevelyan was ready, having dressed himself up with a laced shirt, and changed his dressing-gown for a blue frock-coat, and his brocaded cap for a Paris hat, very pointed before and behind, and closely turned up at the sides. But Stanbury did not in the least care for his friend's dress. "Take my arm," he said, "and we will go down, fair and easy. Emily would not come up because of the heat." He suffered himself to be led, or almost carried down the hill; and three women, and the coachman, and an old countryman who worked on the farm, followed with the luggage. It took about an hour and a



half to pack the things; but at last they were all packed, and corded, and bound together with sticks, as though it were intended that they should travel in that form to Moscow. Trevelyan the meanwhile sat on a chair which had been brought out for him from one of the cottages, and his wife stood beside him with her boy. "Now then we are ready," said Stanbury. And in that way they bade farewell to Casalunga. Trevelyan sat speechless in the carriage, and would not even notice the child. He seemed to be half dreaming and to fix his eyes on vacancy. "He appears to think of nothing now," Emily said that evening to Stanbury. But who can tell how busy and how troubled are the thoughts of a madman!

They had now succeeded in their object of inducing their patient to return with them to England; but what were they to do with him when they had reached home with him? They rested only a night at Florence; but they found their fellow-traveller so weary, that they were unable to get beyond Bologna on the second day. Many questions were asked of him as to where he himself would wish to take up his residence in England; but it was found almost impossible to get an answer. Once he suggested that he would like to go back to Mrs. Fuller's cottage at Willesden, from whence they concluded that he would wish to live somewhere out of London. On his first day's journey, he was moody and silent, wilfully assuming the airs of a much-injured person. He spoke hardly at all, and would notice nothing that was said to him by his wife. He declared once that he regarded Stanbury as his keeper, and endeavored to be disagreeable and sullenly combative; but on the second day, he was too weak for this, and accepted, without remonstrance, the attentions that were paid to him. At Bologna they rested a day, and from thence both Stanbury and Mrs. Trevelyan wrote to Nora. They did not know where she might be now staying, but the letters, by agreement, were addressed to Gregg's Hotel. It was suggested that lodgings, or, if possible, a small furnished house should be taken in the neighborhood of Mortlake, Richmond, or Teddington, and that a telegram as well as letter should be sent to them at the Paris Hotel. As they could not travel quick, there might be time enough for them in this way to know whither they should go on their reaching London.

They stayed a day at Bologna, and then they went on again,—to Turin over the mountains to Chambery, thence to Dijon, and on to Paris. At Chambery they remained a couple of days, fancying that the air there was cool, and that the delay would be salutary to the sick man. At Turin, finding that they wanted further assistance, they had hired a courier, and at last Trevelyan allowed himself to be carried in and out of the carriages and up and down the hotel stairs almost as though he were a child. The delay was terribly grievous to Stanbury and Mrs. Trevelyan, perceiving this more than once, begged him to leave them and to allow her to finish the journey with the aid of the courier. But this he could not do. He wrote letters to his friends at the D. R. office, explaining his position as well as he could, and suggesting that this and that able assistant should enlighten the British people on this and that subject, which would—in the course of nature, as arranged at the D. R. office—have fallen into his hands. He and Mrs. Trevelyan became as brother and sister to each other on their way home,—as, indeed, it was natural that they

should do. Were they doing right or wrong in this journey that they were taking? They could not conceal from themselves that the labor was almost more than the poor wretch could endure; and that it might be as he himself had suggested that they would be called on to bury him on the road. But that residence at Casalunga had been so terrible,—the circumstances of it, including the solitude, sickness, madness, and habits of life of the wretched hermit, had been so dangerous,—the probability of interference on the part of some native authority so great, and the chance of the house being left in Trevelyan's possession so small, that it had seemed to him that they had no other alternative; and yet, how would it be if they were killing him by the toil of travelling? From Chambery, they made the journey to Paris in two days, and during that time Trevelyan hardly opened his mouth. He slept much and ate better than he had done in the hotter climate on the other side of the Alps.

They found a telegram at Paris, which simply contained the promise of a letter for the next day. It had been sent by Nora, before she had gone out on her search. But it contained one morsel of strange information: "Lady Milborough is going with me." On the next day they got a letter saying that a cottage had been taken, furnished between Richmond and Twickenham. Lady Milborough had known of the cottage, and everything would be ready then. Nora would herself meet them at the station in London, if they would as she proposed stay a night at Dover. They were to address to her at Lady Milborough's house in Eccleston Square. In that case she would have a carriage for them at the Victoria Station, and would go down with them at once to the cottage.

There were to be two days more of weary travelling and then they were to be at home again. She and he would have a house together as husband and wife, and the curse of their separation would, at any rate, be over. Her mind towards him had changed altogether since the days in which she had been so indignant because he had set a policeman to watch over her. All feeling of anger was over with her now. There is nothing that a woman will not forgive a man when he is weaker than she is herself.

The journey was made first to Dover, and then to London. Once, as they were making their way through the Kentish hop-fields, he put out his hand feebly and touched hers. They had the carriage to themselves, and she was down on her knees before him instantly. "O Louis! O Louis! say that you forgive me!" What could a woman do more than that in her mercy to a man?

"Yes,—yes,—yes," he said,— "but do not talk now; I am so tired."

## CHAPTER XCIV.

### A REAL CHRISTIAN.

In the mean time the Rowleys were gone. On the Monday after the departure of Stanbury for Italy, Lady Rowley had begun to look the difficulty about Nora in the face, and to feel that she must do something towards providing the poor girl with a temporary home. Everybody had now agreed that she was to marry Hugh Stanbury as soon as Hugh Stanbury could be ready, and it was not to be thought of that she should be left out in the world as one in disgrace or under a cloud. But what was to be done? Sir Marmaduke was quite incapable of sug-



gesting anything. He would make her an allowance, and leave her a small sum of ready money;—but as to residence, he could only suggest again and again that she should be sent to Mrs. Outhouse. Now Lady Rowley was herself not very fond of Mrs. Outhouse, and she was aware that Nora herself was almost as averse to St. Diddulph's as she was to the Mandarins. Nora already knew that she had the game in her own hands. Once when in her presence her father suggested the near relationship and prudent character and intense respectability of Mrs. Outhouse, Nora, who was sitting behind Sir Marmaduke, shook her head at her mother, and Lady Rowley knew that Nora would not go to St. Diddulph's. This was the last occasion on which that proposition was discussed.

Throughout all the Trevelyan troubles Lady Milborough had continued to show a family anxiety on behalf of Emily Trevelyan. She had called once or twice on Lady Rowley, and Lady Rowley had of course returned the visits. She had been forward in expressing her belief that in truth the wife had been but little if at all to blame, and had won her way with Lady Rowley, though she had never been a favorite with either of Lady Rowley's daughters. Now, in her difficulty, Lady Rowley went to Lady Milborough, and returned with an invitation that Nora should come to Eccleston Square, either till such time as she might think fit to go to Monkham's, or till Mrs. Trevelyan should have returned, and should be desirous of having her sister with her. When Nora first heard of this, she almost screamed with surprise, and, if the truth must be told, with disappointment also.

"She never liked me, mamma."

"Then she is so much more good-natured."

"But I don't want to go to her merely because she is good-natured enough to receive a person she dislikes. I know she is very good. I know she would sacrifice herself for anything she thought right. But, mamma, she is such a bore!"

But Lady Rowley would not be talked down, even by Nora, in this fashion. Nora was somewhat touched with an idea that it would be a fine independent thing to live alone, if it were only for a week or two, just because other young ladies never lived alone. Perhaps there was some half-formed notion in her mind that permission to do so was part of the reward due to her for having refused to marry a lord. Stanbury was in some respects a Bohemian, and it would become her, she thought, to have a little practice herself in the Bohemian line. She had, indeed, declined a Bohemian marriage, feeling strongly averse to encounter the loud displeasure of her father and mother; but as long as everything was quite proper, as long as there should be no running away, or subjection of her name to scandal, she considered that a little independence would be useful and agreeable. She had looked forward to sitting up at night alone by a single tallow candle, to stretching a beefsteak so as to last her for two days' dinners, and perhaps to making her own bed. Now, there would not be the slightest touch of romance in a visit to Lady Milborough's house in Eccleston Square, at the end of July. Lady Rowley, however, was of a different opinion, and spoke her mind plainly. "Nora, my dear, don't be a fool. A young lady like you can't go and live in lodgings by herself. All manner of things would be said. And this is such a very kind offer! You must accept it,—for Hugh's sake. I have already said that you would accept it."

"But she will be going out of town."

"She will stay till you can go to Monkham's,—if Emily is not back before then. She knows all about Emily's affairs; and if she does come back,—which I doubt, poor thing,—Lady Milborough and you will be able to judge whether you should go to her." So it was settled, and Nora's Bohemian castle in the air fell into shatters.

The few remaining days before the departure to Southampton passed quickly, but yet sadly. Sir Marmaduke had come to England expecting pleasure,—and with that undefined idea which men so employed always have on their return home, that something will turn up which will make them going back to that same banishment unnecessary. What Governor of Hong-Kong, what Minister to Bogota, what General of the Forces at the Gold Coast, ever left the scene of his official or military labors without a hope, which was almost an expectation, that a grateful country would do something better for him before the period of his return should have arrived? But a grateful country was doing nothing better for Sir Marmaduke, and an ungrateful Secretary of State at the Colonial Office would not extend the term during which he could regard himself as absent on special service. How thankful he had been when first the tidings reached him that he was to come home at the expense of the Crown, and without diminution of his official income! He had now been in England for five months, with a per diem allowance, with his very cabs paid for him, and he was discontented, sullen, and with nothing to comfort him but his official grievance, because he could not be allowed to extend his period of special service more than two months beyond the time at which those special services were in truth ended! There had been a change of Ministry in the last month, and he had thought that a conservative Secretary of State would have been kinder to him. "The Duke says I can stay three months with leave of absence, and have half my pay stopped. I wonder whether it ever enters into his august mind that even a Colonial Governor must eat and drink." It was thus he expressed his great grievance to his wife. "The Duke," however, had been as inexorable as his predecessor, and Sir Rowley, with his large family, was too wise to remain to the detriment of his pocket. In the mean time the clerks in the office, who had groaned in spirit over the ignorance displayed in his evidence before the committee, were whispering among themselves that he ought not to be sent back to his seat of government at all.

Lady Rowley also was disappointed and unhappy. She had expected so much pleasure from her visit to her daughter, and she had received so little! Emily's condition was very sad, but in her heart of hearts perhaps she groaned more bitterly over all that Nora had lost, than she did over the real sorrows of her elder child. To have had the cup at her lip, and then not to have tasted it! And she had the solace of no communion in this sorrow. She had accepted Hugh Stanbury as her son-in-law, and not for worlds would she now say a word against him to any one. She had already taken him to her heart, and she loved him. But to have had it almost within her grasp to have had a lord, the owner of Monkham's, for her son-in-law! Poor Lady Rowley!

Sophie and Lucy, too, were returning to their distant and dull banishment without any realization of their probable but unexpressed ambition. They



made no complaint, but yet it was hard on them that their sister's misfortune should have prevented them from going,—almost to a single dance. Poor Sophie and poor Lucy! They must go, and we shall hear no more about them. It was thought well that Nora should not go down with them to Southampton. What good would her going do? "God bless you, my darling," said the mother, as she held her child in her arms.

"Good by, dear mamma."

"Give my best love to Hugh, and tell him that I pray him with my last word to be good to you." Even then she was thinking of Lord Peterborough, but the memory of what might have been was buried deep in her mind.

"Nora, tell me all about it," said Lucy.

"There will be nothing to tell," said Nora.

"Tell it all the same," said Lucy. "And bring Hugh out to write a book of travels about the Mandarins. Nobody has ever written a book about the Mandarins." So they parted; and when Sir Marma duke and his party were taken off in two cabs to the Waterloo Station, Nora was taken in one cab to Eccleston Square.

It may be doubted whether any old lady since the world began ever did a more thoroughly Christian and friendly act than this which was now being done by Lady Milborough. It was the end of July, and she would already have been down in Dorsetshire, but for her devotion to this good deed. For, in truth, what she was doing was not occasioned by any express love for Nora Rowley. Nora Rowley was all very well, but Nora Rowley towards her had been flippant, impatient, and, indeed, not always so civil as a young lady should be to the elderly friends of her married sister. But to Lady Milborough it had seemed to be quite terrible that a young girl should be left alone in the world, without anybody to take care of her. Young ladies, according to her views of life, were fragile plants that wanted much nursing before they could be allowed to be planted out in the gardens of the world as married women. When she heard from Lady Rowley that Nora was engaged to marry Hugh Stanbury,— "You know all about Lord Peterborough, Lady Milborough; but it is no use going back to that now,—is it? And Mr. Stanbury has behaved so exceedingly well in regard to poor Louis,"—when Lady Milborough heard this, and heard also that Nora was talking of going to live by herself in—lodgings!—she swore to herself, like a goodly Christian woman, as she was, that such a thing must not be. Eccleston Square in July and August is not pleasant, unless it be to an inhabitant who is interested in the flag-end of the parliamentary session. Lady Milborough had no interest in politics,—had not much interest even in seeing the social season out to its dregs. She ordinarily remained in London till the beginning or middle of July, because the people with whom she lived were in the habit of doing so;—but as soon as ever she had fixed the date of her departure, that day to her was a day of release. On this occasion the day had been fixed,—and it was unfixed, and changed, and postponed, because it was manifest to Lady Milborough that she could do good by remaining for another fortnight. When she made the offer, she said nothing of her previous arrangements. "Lady Rowley, let her come to me. As soon as her friend Lady Peterborough is at Monkham, she can go there."

Thus it was that Nora found herself established

in Eccleston Square. As she took her place in Lady Milborough's drawing-room, she remembered well a certain day, now two years ago, when she had first heard of the glories of Monkham in that very house. Lady Milborough, as good-natured then as she was now, had brought Mr. Glascock and Nora together, simply because she had heard that the gentleman admired the young lady. Nora, in her pride, had resented this as interference,—had felt that the thing had been done, and, though she had valued the admiration of the man, had ridiculed the action of the woman. As she thought of it now, she was softened by gratitude. She had not on that occasion been suited with a husband, but she had gained a friend. "My dear," said Lady Milborough, as at her request Nora took off her hat, "I am afraid that the parties are mostly over,—that is, those I go to; but we will drive out every day, and the time won't be so very long."

"It won't be long for me, Lady Milborough; but I cannot but know how terribly I am putting you out."

"I am never put out, Miss Rowley," said the old lady, "as long as I am made to think that what I do is taken in good part."

"Indeed, indeed it shall be taken in good part," said Nora,—"indeed, it shall." And she swore a solemn silent vow of friendship for the dear old woman.

Then there came letters and telegrams from Chambery, Dijon, and Paris, and the joint expedition in search of the cottage was made to Twickenham. It was astonishing how enthusiastic and how loving the elder and the younger lady were together before the party from Italy had arrived in England. Nora had explained everything about herself,—how impossible it had been for her not to love Hugh Stanbury; and how essential it had been for her happiness and self-esteem that she should refuse Mr. Glascock; how terrible had been the tragedy of her sister's marriage. Lady Milborough spoke of the former subject with none of Lady Rowley's enthusiasm, but still with an evident partiality for her own rank, which almost aroused Nora to indignant eloquence. Lady Milborough was contented to acknowledge that Nora might be right, seeing that her heart was so firmly fixed; but she was clearly of opinion that Mr. Glascock, being Mr. Glascock, had possessed a better right to the prize in question than could have belonged to any man who had no recognized position in the world. Seeing that her heart had been given away, Nora was no doubt right not to separate her hand from her heart; but Lady Milborough was of opinion that young ladies ought to have their hearts under better control, so that the men entitled to the prizes should get them. It was for the welfare of England at large that the eldest sons of good families should marry the sweetest, prettiest, brightest, and most lovable girls of their age. It is a doctrine on behalf of which very much may be said.

On that other matter, touching Emily Trevelyan, Lady Milborough frankly owned that she had seen early in the day that he was the one most in fault. "I must say, my dear," she said, "that I very greatly dislike your friend, Colonel Osborne."

"I am sure that he meant not the slightest harm,—no more than she did."

"He was old enough, and ought to have known better. And when the first hint of an uneasiness in the mind of Louis was suggested to him, his feelings as a gentleman should have prompted him to re-



move himself. Let the suspicion have been ever so absurd, he should have removed himself. Instead of that, he went after her, — into Devonshire."

"He went to see other friends, Lady Milborough."

"I hope it may have been so; I hope it may have been so. But he should have cut off his hand before he rang at the door of the house in which she was living. You will understand, my dear, that I acquit your sister altogether. I did so all through, and said the same to poor Louis when he came to me. But Colonel Osborne should have known better. Why did he write to her? Why did he go to St. Diddulph's? Why did he let it be thought that — that she was especially his friend. O dear, O dear, O dear! I am afraid he is a very bad man."

"We had known him so long, Lady Milborough."

"I wish you had never known him at all. Poor Louis! If he had only done what I told him at first, all might have been well. 'Go to Naples, with your wife,' I said. 'Go to Naples.' If he had gone to Naples, there would have been no journeys to Siena, no living at Casalunga, no separation. But he did not seem to see it in the same light. Poor dear Louis. I wish he had gone to Naples when I told him."

While they were going backwards and forwards, looking at the cottage at Twickenham and trying to make things comfortable there for the sick man, Lady Milborough hinted to Nora that it might be distasteful to Trevelyan, in his present condition, to have even a sister-in-law staying in the house with him. There was a little chamber which Nora had appropriated to herself, and at first it seemed to be taken for granted that she should remain there at least till the 10th of August, on which day Lady Peterborough had signified that she and her husband would be ready to receive their visitor. But Lady Milborough slept on the suggestion, and on the next morning hinted her disapprobation. "You shall take them down in the carriage, and their luggage can follow in a cab; but the carriage can bring you back. You will see how things are then."

"Dear Lady Milborough, you would go out of town at once if I left you."

"And I shall not go out of town if you don't leave me. What difference does it make to an old woman like me? I have got no lover coming to look for me, and all I have to do is to tell my daughter-in-law that I shall not be there for another week or so. Augusta is very glad to have me, but she is the wisest woman in the world, and can get on very well without me."

"And, as I am the silliest, I cannot."

"You shall put it in that way, if you like it, my dear. Girls in your position often do want assistance. I dare say you think me very straight-laced, but I am quite sure Mr. Stanbury will be grateful to me. As you are to be married from Monkham, it will be quite well that you should pass thither through my house as an intermediate resting-place, after leaving your father and mother." By all which Lady Milborough intended to express an opinion that the value of the article which Hugh Stanbury would receive at the altar would be enhanced by the distinguished purity of the hands through which it had passed before it came into his possession, — in which opinion she was probably right as regarded the price put upon the article by the world at large, though it may perhaps be doubted whether the recipient himself would be of the same opinion.

"I hope you know that I am grateful, whatever he may be," said Nora, after a pause.

"I think that you take it as it is meant, and that makes me quite comfortable."

"Lady Milborough, I shall love you forever and ever. I don't think I ever knew anybody so good as you are, — or so nice."

"Then I shall be more than comfortable," said Lady Milborough. After that there was an embrace, and the thing was settled.

## CHAPTER XCV.

### TREVELYAN BACK IN ENGLAND.

Nora, with Lady Milborough's carriage, and Lady Milborough's coach and footman, and with a cab ready for the luggage close behind the carriage, was waiting at the railway station when the party from Dover arrived. She soon saw Hugh upon the platform, and ran to him with her news. They had not a word to say to each other of themselves, so anxious were they both respecting Trevelyan. "We got a bed-carriage for him at Dover," said Hugh; "and I think he has borne the journey pretty well, — but he feels the heat almost as badly as in Italy. You will hardly know him when you see him." Then when the rush of passengers was gone, Trevelyan was brought out by Hugh and the courier, and placed in Lady Milborough's carriage. He just smiled as his eye fell upon Nora, but he did not even put out his hand to greet her.

"I am to go in the carriage with him," said his wife.

"Of course you are, — and so will I and Louey. I think there will be room; it is so large. There is a cab for all the things. Dear Emily, I am so glad to see you."

"Dearest Nora! I shall be able to speak to you by and by, but you must not be angry with me now. How good you have been!"

"Has not she been good? I don't understand about the cottage. It belongs to some friend of hers; and I have not been able to say a word about the rent. It is so nice, — and looks upon the river. I hope that he will like it."

"You will be with us?"

"Not just at first. Lady Milborough thinks I had better not, — that he will like it better. I will come down almost every day, and will stay if you think he will like it."

These few words were said while the men were putting Trevelyan into the carriage. And then another arrangement was made. Hugh hired a second cab, in which he and the courier made a part of the procession; and so they all went to Twickenham together. Hugh had not yet learned that he would be rewarded by coming back alone with Nora in the carriage.

The cottage by the River Thames, which, as far as the party knew, was nameless, was certainly very much better than the house on the top of the hill at Casalunga. And now, at last, the wife would sleep once more under the same roof with her husband, and the separation would be over. "I suppose that is the Thames," said Trevelyan; and they were nearly the only words he spoke in Nora's hearing that evening. Before she started on her return journey, the two sisters were together for a few minutes, and each told her own budget of news in short, broken fragments. There was not much to tell. "He is so weak," said Mrs. Trevelyan, "that he can



do literally nothing. He can hardly speak. When we give him wine, he will say a few words, and his mind seems then to be less astray than it was. I have told him just simply that it was all my doing, — that I have been in fault all through, and every now and then he will say a word, to show me that he remembers that I have confessed."

"My poor Emily!"

"It was better so. What does it all matter? He had suffered so, that I would have said worse than that to give him relief. The pride has gone out of me so, that I do not regard what anybody may say. Of course, it will be said that I — went astray, and that he forgave me."

"Nobody will say that, dearest, — nobody. Lady Milborough is quite aware how it all was."

"What does it signify? There are things in life worse even than a bad name."

"But he does not think it?"

"Nora, his mind is a mystery to me. I do not know what is in it. Sometimes I fancy that all facts have been forgotten, and that he merely wants the childish gratification of being assured that he is the master. Then, again, there come moments, in which I feel sure that suspicion is lurking within him, that he is remembering the past, and guarding against the future. When he came into this house, a quarter of an hour ago, he was fearful lest there was a mad-doctor lurking about to pounce on him. I can see in his eye that he had some such idea. He hardly notices Louey, — though there was a time, even at Casalunga, when he would not let the child out of his sight."

"What will you do now?"

"I will try to do my duty, — that is all."

"But you will have a doctor?"

"Of course. He was content to see one in Paris, though he would not let me be present. Hugh saw the gentleman afterwards, and he seemed to think that the body was worse than the mind." Then Nora told her the name of a doctor whom Lady Milborough had suggested, and took her departure along with Hugh in the carriage.

In spite of all the sorrow that they had witnessed and just left, their journey up to London was very pleasant. Perhaps there is no period so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between the lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and to endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life, — what can be done with the limited means at their mutual disposal; how that life shall be begun which they are to lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other; what each will renounce for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she had never loved her lover so well as when she told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars together; and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry together, out of the same book, with brows all close, and arms all mingled, is very sweet. The pouring out of the whole heart in written words, which the writer knows would be held to be ridiculous by any eyes, and any ears, and any sense, but the eyes and ears and sense of the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man that she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it, sweeter than any that stars, haycocks, poetry, or superlative epithets have produced. Nora Rowley had never as yet been thus useful on

behalf of Hugh Stanbury. Had she done so, she might perhaps have been happier even than she was during this journey; but, without the shirt, it was one of the happiest moments of her life. There was nothing now to separate them but their own prudential scruples; — and of them it must be acknowledged that Hugh Stanbury had very few. According to his showing, he was as well provided for matrimony as the gentleman in the song, who came out to woo his bride on a rainy night. In live stock he was not so well provided as the Irish gentleman to whom we allude; but in regard to all other provisions for comfortable married life, he had, or at a moment's notice could have, all that was needed. Nora could live just where she pleased, — not exactly in Whitehall Gardens or Belgrave Square; but the New Road, Lupus Street, Montague Place, the North Bank, or Kennington Oval, with all their surrounding crescents, terraces, and rows, offered according to him, a choice so wide, either for lodgings or small houses, that their only embarrassment was in their riches. He had already insured his life for a thousand pounds, and, after paying yearly for that, and providing a certain surplus for saving, five hundred a year was the income on which they were to commence the world. "Of course, I wish it were five thousand for your sake," he said; "and I wish I were a Cabinet Minister, or a duke, or a brewer; but, even in heaven, you know all the angels can't be archangels." Nora assured him that she would be quite content with virtues simply angelic. "I hope you like mutton-chops and potatoes; I do," he said. Then she told him of her ambition about the beefsteak, acknowledging that, as it must now be shared between two, the glorious idea of putting a part of it away in a cupboard must be abandoned. "I don't believe in beefsteaks," he said. "A beefsteak may mean anything. At our club, a beefsteak is a sumptuous and expensive luxury. Now, a mutton-chop means something definite, and must be economical."

"Then we will have the mutton-chops at home," said Nora, "and you shall go to your club for the beefsteak."

When they reached Eccleston Square, Nora insisted on taking Hugh Stanbury up to Lady Milborough. It was in vain that he pleaded that he had come all the way from Dover on a very dusty day, — all the way from Dover, including a journey in a hansom cab to Twickenham and back, without washing his hands and face. Nora insisted that Lady Milborough was such a dear, good, considerate creature, that she would understand all that, and Hugh was taken into her presence. "I am delighted to see you, Mr. Stanbury," said the old lady, "and hope you will think that Nora is in good keeping."

"She has been telling me how very kind you have been to her. I do not know where she could have bestowed herself if you had not received her."

"There, Nora, I told you he would say so. I won't tell tales, Mr. Stanbury; but she had all manner of wild plans which I knew you wouldn't approve. But she is very amiable, and if she will only submit to you as well as she does to me —"

"I don't mean to submit to him at all, Lady Milborough, — of course not. I am going to marry for liberty."

"My dear, what you say, you say in joke; but a great many young women of the present day do, I really believe, go up to the altar and pronounce



their marriage vows with the simple idea that as soon as they have done so they are to have their own way in everything. And then people complain that young men won't marry! Who can wonder at it?"

"I don't think the young men think much about the obedience," said Nora. "Some marry for money, and some for love. But I don't think they marry to get a slave."

"What do you say, Mr. Stanbury?" asked the old lady.

"I can only assure you that I sha' n't marry for money," said he.

Two or three days after this Nora left her friend in Eccleston Square, and domesticated herself for a while with her sister. Mrs. Trevelyan declared that such an arrangement would be comfortable for her, and that it was very desirable now, as Nora would so soon be beyond her reach. Then Lady Milborough was enabled to go to Dorsetshire, which she did not do, however, till she had presented Nora with the veil which she was to wear on the occasion of her wedding. "Of course I cannot see it, my dear, as it is to take place at Monkham; but you must write and tell me the day; and I will think of you. And you, when you put on the veil, must think of me." So they parted, and Nora knew that she had made a friend for life.

When she first took her place in the house at Twickenham as a resident, Trevelyan did not take much notice of her;—but, after a while, he would say a few words to her, especially when it might chance that she was with him in her sister's absence. He would speak of dear Emily, and poor Emily, and shake his head slowly, and talk of the pity of it. "The pity of it, Iago; O, the pity of it," he said once. The allusion to her was so terrible that she almost burst out in anger, as she would have done formerly. She almost told him that he had been as wrong throughout as was the jealous husband in the play whose words he quoted, and that his jealousy, if continued, was likely to be as tragical. But she restrained herself, and kept close to her needle,—making, let us hope, an auspicious garment for Hugh Stanbury. "She has seen it now," he continued "she has seen it now." Still, she went on with her hemming in silence. It certainly could not be her duty to upsets at a word all that her sister had achieved. "You know that she has confessed?" he asked.

"Pray, pray do not talk about it, Louis."

"I think you ought to know," he said. Then she rose from her seat and left the room. She could not stand it, even though he were mad,—even though he were dying!

She went to her sister and repeated what had been said. "You had better not notice it," said Emily. "It is only a proof of what I told you. There are times in which his mind is as active as ever it was, but it is active in so terrible a direction!"

"I cannot sit and hear it. And what am I to say when he asks me a question as he did just now? He said that you had confessed."

"So I have. Do none confess but the guilty? What is all that we have read about the Inquisition and the old tortures? I have had to learn that torturing has not gone out of the world,—that is all."

"I must go away if he says the same thing to me so again."

"That is nonsense, Nora. If I can bear it, cannot you? Would you have me drive him into vio-

lence again by disputing with him upon such a subject?"

"But he may recover,—and then he will remember what you have said."

"If he recovers altogether, he will suspect nothing. I must take my chance of that. You cannot suppose that I have not thought about it. I have often sworn to myself that though the world should fall around me, nothing should make me acknowledge that I had ever been untrue to my duty as a married woman either in deed, or word, or thought. I have no doubt that the poor wretches who were tortured in their cells used to make the same resolutions as to their confessions. But yet, when their nails were dragged out of them they would own to anything. My nails have been dragged out, and I have been willing to confess anything. When he talks of the pity of it, of course I know what he means. There has been something, some remainder of a feeling, which has still kept him from asking me that question. May God in his mercy continue to him that feeling!"

"But you would answer truly?"

"How can I say what I might answer when the torturer is at my nails? If you knew how great was the difficulty to get him away from that place in Italy and bring him here; and what it was to feel that one was bound to stay near him, and that yet, one was impotent,—and to know that even that refuge must soon cease for him, and that he might have gone out and died on the road-side, or have done anything which the momentary strength of madness might have dictated,—if you could understand all this, you would not be surprised at my submitting to any degradation which would help to bring him here."

Stanbury was often down at the cottage, and Nora could discuss the matter better with him than with her sister. And Stanbury could learn more thoroughly from the physician who was now attending Trevelyan what was the state of the sick man, than Emily could do. According to the doctor's idea, there was more ailment in the body than in the mind. He admitted that his patient's thoughts had been forced to dwell on one subject till they had become distorted, untrue, jaundiced, and perhaps monomaniacal; but he seemed to doubt whether there had ever been a time at which it could have been decided that Trevelyan was so mad as to make it necessary that the law should interfere to take care of him. A man—so argued the doctor—need not be mad because he is jealous, even though his jealousy be ever so absurd. And Trevelyan, in his jealousy had done nothing cruel, nothing wasteful, nothing infamous. In all this Nora was very little inclined to agree with the doctor, and thought nothing could be more infamous than Trevelyan's conduct at the present moment,—unless, indeed, he could be screened from infamy by that plea of madness. But then there was more behind. Trevelyan had been so wasted by the kind of life which he had led, and possessed by nature stamina so insufficient to resist such debility, that it was very doubtful whether he would not sink altogether before he could be made to begin to rise. But one thing was clear. He should be contradicted in nothing. If he chose to say that the moon was made of green cheese, let it be conceded to him that the moon was made of green cheese. Should he make any other assertion equally removed from the truth, let it not be contradicted. Who would oppose a man with one foot in the grave?



"Then, Hugh, the sooner I am at Monkham's the better," said Nora, who had again been subjected to innuendoes which had been unendurable to her. This was on the 7th of August, and it still wanted three days to that on which the journey to Monkham's was to be made.

"He never says anything to me on the subject," said Hugh.

"Because you have made him afraid of you. I almost think that Emily and the doctor are wrong in their treatment, and that it would be better to stand up to him and tell him the truth." But the three days passed away, and Nora was not driven to any such vindication of her sister's character towards her sister's husband.

[To be continued.]

### PAINTING AND PUFFING.

"MR. LEHMANN YELL requests the honor of a visit from Septimus Tunnash, Esq., and friends, to view his pictures for the Royal Academy, on Monday or Tuesday, April 6th and 7th, from one to six o'clock.

"150, GLENROY SQUARE."

Some three hundred cards, only varied from the above by the several names of the invited, are annually circulated by this great painter amongst the art-loving community who participate in the pleasure of his acquaintance.

*Imprimis*, they are sent to the critics, — they are very properly always the people first considered; then to the buyers, although many of them have been privileged possibly with certain private "private" views during the progress of the gems of genius about to be offered for exhibition to a somewhat indifferent and ungrateful public; then come the nobility, the lords and ladies who deign to acknowledge Mr. Yell as "a person" of some ability; then the celebrities, — authors, actors, poets, and the painter's own immediate colleagues in the profession; and, finally, the rank and file of the *dilettanti* and the hangers-on, the camp-followers, as it were, to the vast army of art.

The abode of Lehmann Yell, Esq., is a portentous-looking mansion, dingy as to its paint and windows, but vast and imposing as to its structure, — well situated in a district at one period (when Bayswater, Kensington, and St. John's Wood were open country) the centre or head-quarters of the artistic community. Lehmann Yell himself, being essentially of the old school, disdains the notion of abandoning this sacred and classic ground for the blandishments of stuccoed suburban villas, with their damp-walled, semi-detached studios. Not that this magnificent residence in Glenroy Square descended to him as its heir, — far from it; for, as a grubby little unkempt lad, in his Academy student days, he doubtless emerged to his work in Trafalgar Square from a far more dingy, and maybe less prosperous, neighborhood than the region of Glenroy.

Later on, however, when he had developed into a struggling, hard-working artist, he lived and painted his way in a top room in Chipstone Street, a slummy purloin of the aforesaid classic ground itself, and there acquired a love and reverence for the quarter which all his subsequent prosperity has never eradicated. The happiness of that time has never been forgotten; mixed with much bitterness, privation, and self-denial, it still stands forth as a cherished memory.

Thirty years ago he did not send cards of invitation to the titled and mighty of the land; he did not prepare a sumptuous cold collation as part of the picture-showing entertainment, by way of putting the critics and the rest into a good-humor, and as a further means of advertising his own fame. A string of magnificent equipages did not then block up the approaches to his abode on the first Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday in April every year; his humble studio was not then crowded on those days with a continuous stream of gaping visitors, half of them utter strangers to him, who, caring little and knowing less about his pictures, — coming chiefly out of idle curiosity to look at his house, and in the hope of catching a glimpse of his pretty wife and lovely children (those children that he has so often painted, and who with their mother have consequently become celebrities), — intrude upon his domesticity as if it was a public show, and for which they had paid their money.

Not having a drawing-room then in which to receive a crowd of people, while a certain number were being passed through his painting-room, his photographic albums, his private writing-table, his folios of engravings, his daughters' music, his piano, &c. were not subjected to the minute scrutiny of the multitude. His wife's boudoir and fernery could not then be made a pleasant lounge for an hour or so, until all its details were inspected by a host of inquisitive strangers, who do not perhaps attempt to see the pictures, after all ("We could n't, there was such a crowd, you know; and we had so many other places to see, we had not time!"), but who depart, rather offended, on finding that Mrs. Yell has not received them; and that poor lady herself, having been kept out of her rooms all day, did not descend in the evening to find her card-basket rummaged, her invitation-notes turned topsy-turvy, one of her rare Venetian glass vases broken, and several pet ferns and flower-pots in her conservatory capsize by the sweeping trains of her unknown guests. Individuals calling themselves ladies and gentlemen, and moving in what is termed good society, who are supposed to know the ordinary *convenances* of the same, did not presume to pay Mr. Yell visits uninvited, simply on the strength of sending in their card with that of a friend, himself almost unknown at the house, and then commit all sorts of impertinences whilst under its roof, and make empty-headed condemnatory criticisms on the pictures, loud enough for everybody to hear, possibly in the ear of the artist himself with whose personal appearance they were not even acquainted.

No, none of these things happened in the jolly days of Chipstone Street. These delights were reserved for him when he became famous, and when the ridiculous fashion of the present time in a measure compelled him to go with it, and, by issuing such a card as heads this paper, to lay himself open to all its contingencies. No, no; in former times he had but few visitors; indeed, none but his artist-friends, a jovial, jolly crew, who, with some exceptions, strugglers like himself, would meet at his studio of an evening, smoke pipes, and chat and chaff, sing songs, talk shop, and disregard such laws as should prescribe tall hats, tight-coats, and close-shaven chins. The art topics of the day were freely handled, the progress of their own work much discussed, and all the thousand hitches and difficulties with which they were contending laid before the company. The social bread-and-cheese question, — to their credit be it spoken, — though not quite ignored



(for it sometimes would assert itself), was, however, little touched upon.

In those days they were artists all, pure and simple; money entered but little into their thoughts, painting much. Earnest would be the disputes which arose, now and again, about this or that picture on Yell's easel; and then would be offered the most conflicting advice, — advice which, as a novice, he was too prone perhaps to follow. Loving painting for itself, and thinking more of it than of policy, he would be sometimes sorely puzzled by what he heard, for doctors disagree as much about pictures as they do about patients, and Strontian, a most eminent practitioner, whom he would inveigle to his studio as one who knew thoroughly what was the matter with a picture, and what would cure it, would entirely contradict the opinion of Umber, another skilful adviser; and mighty would be the confusion in poor Yell's mind when something to this effect occurred: —

Enter Strontian one morning, a week or so before the sending in day at the Royal Academy, when the picture is all but finished. Closing one eye, and covering with his hand the brightest light on the canvas, he says "Lehm, my boy, that light must be lowered, — plays the devil with the old woman's head."

"But," says Yell, "it was by your advice I made that window the high light."

"Yes, very likely; but now I see it with a fresh eye, I am sure it must come down. Yes, sure of it," he continues blinking and winking, and alternately hiding and exposing with his hand the spot in question, — "sure of it; the more I see it, the surer I am; in fact, if it was mine, I would make it all dark behind her, — make her head tell light against it. Easily done, you know: pull the blind down, have the curtain across it."

"But," mildly suggests again poor Yell, "that will alter my whole effect: I must have the light coming from the other side."

"Yes, of course you must; but what of that, — what of that, if it puts the picture all right? You can't send it as it is, — it would do you no end of harm."

And away goes Strontian, leaving the unhappy tyro fully convinced that, unless he carries out the alteration, the picture is doomed.

Truly, the said alterations involve almost the repainting it throughout, as the whole effect will be reversed, and turned from daylight into lamplight, or something nearly as opposite. The time is short, certainly; but at it goes Yell conscientiously; and when in the course of the next twenty-four hours, by working like a galley-slave, he has effected the greater part of the change, arrives to him Umber, an equally good judge, but of a somewhat different school from Strontian. Walking up to the easel in a jaunty, jovial manner, he suddenly stops, and exclaims in an altered tone, "Good heavens! why, what on earth have you been doing? Why, you've ruined it! Did n't I always say that it was the best thing you had done? That light background was the making of it, — it was such a new idea! Now I'll be hanged if you have n't got a dark one!"

"Confound it!" cries Yell; "why, I had it light, and old Strontian said it was a mistake!"

"Then old Strontian is an ass, and I was going to say you're another, my dear boy, for listening to him. Now go to work, and scrape all that filth off; it will do you no end of harm to send it in as it is."

This sort of difficulty, however, with the thousand

others incidental to the artist's progress from obscurity to celebrity, has long ago been left far behind, and Lehmann Yell has no longer need of the advice of his colleagues, though he frequently asks it for form's sake. He knows pretty well what will suit the public, and how to manage his high lights, in more senses than one. His experience has taught him that a fine income and big name are not made in his profession necessarily by skill in using palette and brushes alone, — this, of course, is an absolute requisite; but he has found that it is useful to adopt many plans of letting the public know what a clever fellow he is, besides painting more or less good pictures. Hence the card, which is but one of these; and there are hosts of others, if we were only behind the scenes to find them out.

Like most young men, Yell adopted his profession purely from a love of it; and it was only by degrees that he, with many of his fellows, became warped by the commercial spirit of the age, as represented by Racksell, the eminent dealer, and his fraternity. It was not until he saw others, not a whit more talented than himself, going ahead under the dealer's auspices, and getting high prices for their work, that he became alive to the fact that in many ways he was often surrounded and hustled aside by unscrupulous competition, against which his genius unaided could make but little head.

His first suspicions on this point were aroused thus wise. Having painted a rather successful picture, called "The Compound," he sold it a day or two before it went to the exhibition. It so happened that a certain Scump had painted precisely the same subject, and both works dawned simultaneously upon the town. To Yell's surprise and dismay, there appeared in the *Janusarium* (weekly journal of literature, science, and art), in its first review of the Royal Academy, a most sweeping censure of his work, whilst it held up to the highest admiration Scump's treatment of the same scene. Yell's was all that was bad and that it should not be, Scump's everything that it should be; and most odious comparisons were even adduced to strengthen the censor's position.

The purchaser of Yell's picture, being one of the class who hold this journal as a great authority, declined, upon the strength of the adverse criticism, to complete his bargain. He pleaded that it had "hopelessly damaged the worth of the picture." He was very sorry, but he really could not, he thought, now be expected to take it; and there being, of course, no written agreement on the subject, and no money having been paid, unhappy young Yell was obliged to put up with the loss; whilst his picture, having been sent in as sold, lost its best chance of sale, and it was eventually returned on his hands. Scump's, on the contrary, was immediately snapped up, and several commissions for replicas of it given to him.

Now, if it had so chanced that Yell had been a watchmaker, an upholsterer, a coach-builder, saddler, or manufacturer of any ordinary commodity, and had had his goods so maligned, and with such a result, by a public newspaper, he would probably have recovered heavy damages in a court of law. As it was, being simply a painter, he had no redress. No, no redress; and it was not until Racksell took him up, just after this, and eventually went into partnership with him, as it were, that he saw his way to it, or, indeed, that he could earn very much more than mere bread and cheese by his profession. But when that great mind thought it saw in him a



profit of some two hundred per cent for itself, if properly managed, wondrous were the secrets divulged by commerce to art, stupendous were the suggestions, the schemes, the dodges that were arranged.

Then, for the first time, Lehmann Yell clearly understood the efficacy of good dinners. Then, for the first time, he understood how it was that the critic of the *Janusarium* preferred Scump's picture to his; had not Racksell bought it? All wonderment ceased when he saw who were Racksell's guests, and the terms they were on with him.

"In this world," Racksell would say, "you can do nothing without fair play; therefore, the simplest, easiest, and in the long run cheapest method to secure it, is to pay for it. You can't get anything, that I have ever found, without doing so. Look at this case. There is Janus, art-critic of the *Janusarium*, who tried very hard to be a painter himself once, went in for pre-Raphaelitism strongly, but it would not do — could not get on; so took to writing (all the unsuccessful artists take to writing), and when he got employment on the journal, wrote down everything that did not come from the hand of his own particular little coterie, the particular clique from which he sprang. But poverty at last eased his conscience a little, and he began to see merit elsewhere when it was worth his while. Hence his admiration for Scump, who, though not a pre-Raphaelite himself, nevertheless managed, through his backer (your humble servant), to get the blind side of Janus, as you know to your cost. Janus had then no reasons for discovering your good points; but you will see it won't occur again. Come and meet him at dinner on Monday; you'll find him a very good fellow; and I'll warrant, if you ask him to call and look at what you are doing, and tell him it belongs to me, the *Janusarium* will be quite alive to its beauties — and hey, presto! the thing is done, the critic is softened, and your fortune is made!"

Sure enough this is the case. Yell has his foot now on the first round of the ladder, and it is his own fault if he does not go steadily up.

There is a clear stage for him and no favor; and although he is bound hand and foot to Racksell for some years, and only makes a third of the money by painting his pictures that the dealer does by selling them, he is buying so much experience, and by the time the partnership is at an end he emerges at least a man of business and of the world. Yes, man of the world enough never quite to break with Racksell to the end of his days; for not the least important of the examples from which he took warning was that which clearly taught him, that if he did not always retain Racksell as his backer, and let him have a certain percentage of the pictures he (Yell) executed, that astute individual would not scruple to decry his labor to the public in quite as vehement a tone as he had shouted its merits. The ultimate fate of Scump afforded proof of the advisability of such policy; for he, believing himself to be a great genius (which he was not), broke with one dealer after another, and treated them all so cavalierly, that at last he had great difficulty in selling anything he did. The Rackells so abused his pictures wherever they appeared, that scarcely one collector in fifty had sufficient confidence in his own judgment to speculate in them.

Now if Yell, through a certain tendency to repeat himself, and a certain evidence of sloppiness and haste in his painting, is not quite so great and con-

scientious a painter as he promised to be before he knew the dealers and prosperity, he is, at any rate, enabled to purchase the roomy mansion in Glenroy Square. You can't have everything, you know, in this life; and if, when he had forced his name upon the public, and there was a great demand for his work, Racksell would sometimes carry off bodily a picture from the easel half finished (for there must not be more than a certain amount of time given to each production), why, — although there was a chance of his reputation suffering eventually, — his purse was considerably the heavier. Having made a name under Racksell's skilful management, everything, however slight, bearing it was worth its weight in gold, if only offered in the proper quarter, — that is to say, amongst such collectors — and they are the majority — as, not knowing much about painting, deem it necessary to have one or more specimens of every eminent name.

If, in consequence of a too continuous stream of somewhat indifferent Yells being thus poured into the market, there is a glut, and for a time they hang fire, some means is taken to give them a fillip. This check to their sale naturally has a very depressing effect on their author, and by degrees his health begins to suffer, which fact, becoming noised abroad, at first one scarcely knows how, a paragraph finds its way into the *Janusarium*, something after this fashion: —

"Our readers will learn with much regret that that eminent artist, Lehmann Yell, Esq., has for a long time been suffering from rather serious symptoms, which have recently increased to such an extent as to cause the utmost anxiety, if not alarm, to his friends. The most skilful medical authorities have been consulted, and it has been reported that their opinion is far from favorable."

"Sad thing," Racksell will say the next day in his gallery or show-room, as it may be called, to possible purchaser, contemplating a recent production from Yell's easel. "Very, very sad thing indeed; quite a young man too, and such a genius, — has not done half that he will if he is spared a few years; but they tell me it's a very serious case, little or no hope; and I am sure he looks like a ghost, — never was so shocked in my life as when I saw him the other day. I got this from him" (pointing to the picture) "after great persuasion; he was very loath to part with it, for he said he felt quite sure it would be the last thing he should ever do, and he knew his wife would be very angry with him for letting it go; but I got it, you see, and it will be worth any money when he's gone."

"But," timidly suggests the purchaser, "those hands, — a little unfinished, are they not? Not quite, eh?"

"O, very likely, very likely," interposes Racksell; "a man in his condition could not be expected to pay attention to every detail; but then look at the fire in that expression; look at the go there is in that action; and what a feeling for color! Why, in many respects it is finer than anything he ever did, in those points which are the true tests of genius; and as to a few details, they are comparatively unimportant when we have so many other fine qualities. But don't you take it, don't be persuaded by me, unless you thoroughly like it; only I advise you to make up your mind, for when it is known that he won't paint any more, I sha'n't have much difficulty in finding an owner for it. However, if you like to have it for a thousand pounds now, you shall, because I rather want the money;



but if I have to keep it till the poor fellow is dead, you won't get it for twice that sum."

Thus a stimulus is given to the market, the picture is probably sold at once; or, if the purchaser requires confirmation of the report, and pays the unhappy invalid a visit, he will find grave cause for apprehension. There is no doubt the poor man is in a low condition of mind and body, and that, with his melancholy smile and enfeebled gait, he quite carries out the idea of a person in ill-health.

He does not positively say he is going to die, "but he doubts if he shall ever be able to paint again,—certainly not for the next year or two. Mr. Rack-sell took the last picture he was at work upon, and he really does not know whether he means to part with it."

Thus the game is kept up between "painter and puffer," and the ball flies briskly from one to the other, and all goes merry again as a marriage-bell, for, of course, Yell recovers, and lives to issue for many years his cards of invitation. A little unscrupulous all this may sound, perhaps, but cannot a parallel be found for it in many commercial transactions? Are other markets never rigged? Are they always conducted upon such very pure principles that we shall expect the dealings in painting to be quite exempt from similar management? We know, certainly, that art is supposed to be a high and ennobling pursuit; that it should elevate all associated with it far above the petty speculations and venalities of the rest of mankind. We know that it should be loved and pursued for its own sake; that it is a mistress who will brook no rivals, whose soul is made up of love and poetry and a highly sensitive and nervous craving for sympathy, which its followers can do nothing without.

Yes, we know all this, and a good deal more to the same effect, for, in some moods Yell will decant with great eloquence upon such points. He will tell you that he is never happy unless at his easel; that he never thinks of anything else (quite true at one time in his life); that artists can't be expected to be men of business. What should they know about buying and selling;—they live in a world of their own,—a world of fancy, imagination, and poetry, with feelings and nerves of the most exquisite sensibility, attuned to a particular key with the utmost nicety, which is totally incompatible with the rougher and more material pursuits of humanity.

Such facts, of course, are patent to us all; we have been taught them from our earliest days, and the theory is perfect. But somehow the practice does not seem quite to bear it out. Whether it is that mankind has grown less conscientious since the so-called balcyon days of painting, and we lack the noble, disinterested spirit which we hear so much of in connection with the old masters; or whether the go-ahead, fast, competitive, advertising tone of the present age is to blame; or whether, after all, there has not been, and will forever be, as vast an amount of cant and humbug talked about art as of everything else, we know not; but certain it is there is just as much of a mercantile, bartering, sordid, avaricious spirit developed by the dealings in it as there is in the buying and selling of stocks and shares, boots and shoes, or hides and tallow.

Our own private belief is, that human nature is much the same all the world over; and if money had been as essential in Titian's time, or if Michael Angelo had had to get his living as Yell has, it is possible that they would have been quite as open to the

temptations of the Racksells of the period, had they existed, as our Yells and Scumps of 1869.

Indeed, who shall say that they were not? Their paint and canvas will forever remain indisputable records of their power as artists; but their written history! Ah, well, we all know the worth of written history when it has to do with actions that leave no mark,—with the smaller details of domestic life, and the larger ones, too, for that matter. It is not easy to get at the absolute facts concerning our contemporaries even; many-tongued Rumor lies like a thief every day about us all, despite the modern facilities of intercommunication, despite steam, electric telegraphy, and cheap literature; and false reports are so bandied about through every channel, that it is mighty difficult for the most conscientious of biographers or historians to retain nothing but the truth; and that commodity surely was quite as far down the well two or three centuries ago, and when those art-chroniclers Lanzi and Vasari wrote, as it is now.

The present mode of writing history has thrown many strange and new lights upon the character and doings of some of our historical idols; and if we ever have a Froude to give us the lives of the Old Masters, who shall say that we may not have equally startling revelations made about them?

Had it been a question for them of a top room in Chipstone Street, with its accompanying conditions, and art alone, pure and simple, for the one idol and compensator for everything, or the mansion in Glenroy Square, with their sons at Eton, and their names on every hoarding, how would they have decided? Had they lived in the present day, would they not have been as prone, despite their great genius, to look upon painting as being quite as good a mercantile speculation as in most quarters it is nowadays considered with us?

We will grant that the greater a man's genius and power with his brush, the less necessity will there be after a while for extraneous puffs. His work in time will establish his fame; but, in such a competitive age, he will have to take care that while the grass is growing the steed does not starve, and it all depends upon his disposition, temperament, and elasticity of conscience as to what fortuitous aid he will invoke for his advancement.

## HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GREAT HETTY MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

POOR old Turner! He was dead enough. The life, fierce enough at first in its vitality, nay, some said wild, had come to an almost eventless end. He had died in his chair quite quietly. A nobleman and a dissenting minister were carrying his body to a sofa, and a scared, beautiful daughter, looking on death now for the first time, was holding the candle. That was the end and finish of it all.

"Worth?" Yes. "Silence?" Beyond that of most. "Ambition?" Yes. "Money?" Enough. "Love?" Ay, and hate, too. We shall never know that story. "Respect in the world?" More than most. "Capabilities of enjoyment?" Very great, but never exercised. "Religion?" That is no matter here, just now, when Ducetoy the Puseyite, and Hagbut the Dissenter, are carrying him to the sofa. One of his shoes fell off, and Rebecca picked it up and tried to put it on.



"It is of no use to do that," said Lord Ducetoy.

No use to put on his shoe. Not one bit. There had come an end and finish. The man, as known to sight and touch, was utterly gone, with all his works and ways, bearing the consequences with him. The very tree in front of the house would last longer than he. A few days and the very image must be hidden in the earth. Shall we ever dare to appreciate the memory of death? Shall we ever dare to deduce the great future of the soul, from the contempt which our good God shows towards this poor, pretty toy of a body which he has lent us?

He was dead. Shut your eyes for only one minute, and think of it. At one time all a man's schemes and plots, honorable and other, must come to an end! The man, as you knew him, must be quickly put out of the way and hidden; the man exists no more. Who can wonder at Religion being the one thing which people are most furious about? That terror of utter annihilation which produced the slightly illogical Phædo, is the basis of all religions. There is only one tribe in the world, so far as I know, who disbelieve in a future state, and it would be unpolite to name them.

However, Turner, with all his sins and virtues, was, to his scared daughter, no more than a heap of bones and flesh. No wrong which one had ever done the other could be righted now. It was all over. She had no means of believing that they would ever meet again. Her religion denied her the shocking and yet beautifully tender superstition of masses for his soul; she had been trained in too sharp a school to believe that Divine mercy could be bought with music and candles. She only thought that her father had done his best, and that God would have mercy on him. In her terror, in her dumb, stunned grief, she would have asked even Hagbut about her father's future; but his people had told her so many cruel things, that she feared he might say that her father was in hell, and she also very much feared that she should believe it: and so she merely hung round his body tenderly, without one solitary tear as yet, and moaned to herself, "Alfred! Alfred!"

But Morley was far away on the wild sea. There was no hope from him; and it was no use lying on the floor beside the corpse, which was on the sofa, and saying at intervals, in a whisper, ghostly from want of hope, "Pa!" That was obviously no good whatever. All kinds of methods have been tried for speaking with the dead, but I have never heard of one which has succeeded.

Moaning inarticulately with all the weight of what might have been between her and that poor corpse, weighing on her more and more as the minutes went on, she lay dumb and tearless. Lord Ducetoy and Mr. Hagbut, with that delicacy of manhood, which is nearly as fine as that of womanhood, left her alone, and stayed about the house whispering. Carry had been hurried out of the house (being in an interesting condition), not having the least idea that her father was dead. What to do with the moaning, tearless Rebecca was becoming a puzzle to Lord Ducetoy. Hagbut was perfectly calm, and only said, "Wait, my lord. She will have faces round her soon which she will know. I was to preach here to-night, and I have ordered some women of my communion, who are come to hear me, to come to her."

Rebecca had nearly moaned herself to sleep, on the hard floor, when she felt a kind, gentle arm

round her waist, and heard a very gentle voice say, "My love, come with me. Get up."

"I will be very obedient," said Rebecca. "I was wrong to go to Ramsgate. Now that death is here, I know it. Alfred Morley has forgiven me, and pa forgave me too. I will go to Walham Green, and ask forgiveness of all. I am sure even Miss Soper would forgive me now."

"My sweet child, my own bonny girl," said old Soper; "what have I to forgive? You have got to forgive an ill-tempered old maid, driven wild by girls. Come away, dear, and scold me. See, here is Mrs. Russel; you will come with us, won't you?"

"Pretty sweetheart," said Mrs. Russel; "come with us. We never hit it off together yet, but we will do so for the future. Becky, my pretty love, come and lie down."

All the well-written, or well-talked sentimentality in the world could never have had the effect which the kindness of these two old women had on Rebecca. The rock was smitten, and the tears came forth.

Soper and Russel behaved gloriously. Soper never yielded an inch in her principles. Rebecca had once done a thing which if done too often would entirely ruin the ladies' school business, for which Soper had a sentimental regard, seeing that she had made a modest competence out of it. About the Ramsgate business Soper nailed her colors to the mast; but on all other points she gave way, and turned out the thoroughly good fellow which she really was. Russel and she stayed in the house until the end, and as they never got on from one week's end to another without a squabble, they naturally had one here.

Russel said one evening at tea that Rebecca would be all alone now. Mr. Hagbut was not likely to let Carry see much of her, and she would be alone.

"A good job too," said Soper. "I hate Carry."

"She is a well-conducted girl," said Russel.

"Her sister is worth ten of her," said Soper, the experienced. "Don't talk nonsense. If Rebecca was a barrack-master's daughter (you don't know what that means, I suppose?), there would never be a scandal about her."

Russel was so used to getting her old ears boxed by Soper, that she submitted as usual, and said, "You know best, my dear, of course. That Morley's daughter, that Hetty, will be home soon, and she will be thrown against Rebecca. I suppose you will be saying next that you approve of that."

"Yes, I shall," said Soper. "I have retired from business, and sold my connection. I'll say that. There are girls and girls, and we in our trade don't study that enough. Yes, I'll say that," said Soper, rubbing her nose. "I don't want to injure the woman's business who bought my school; but I will say as much as that."

"Don't be angry, my dear," said Russel.

"I shall, if I choose. Morley's daughter is the best companion for Morley's wife."

"After what she has done?" cried Russel.

"What has she done?" asked Soper.

"Outraged every law of respectability," said Mrs. Russel, stoutly. "O, Lord! look there."

It was Rebecca in her dressing-gown, looking certainly very ghostly.

"My dear friends," she said, "is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," said Russel, "Miss Soper is backing up Hetty."



"And I don't see why I should not," said Soper; "the girl was plagued out of her life, and rebelled. Morley had not any money to give her, and she went honestly and bravely away to get money to keep herself and to help him. And she went as stewardess on board a Scotch steamer; and she went as stewardess on board an American steamer; and she got money; and she got prestige for business habits; and she prospered. She is a noble soul, that is about what she is, and those who deery her are fools."

"Fool is a strong word," said Mrs. Russel. "Come, tell the whole truth."

"About her shipwrecks? About her heroism?"

"You know what I mean," said Russel.

"About the Lord Clyde? Yes, I will tell Becky about that. Now, my dear, you shall have the very whole of it. Hetty, long a disgrace to our respectable connection, in consequence of her—a minister's daughter—lowering herself so far as to go to sea as a stewardess. In our connection, my dear, as in some others, we never lower ourselves so far as to marry into the ministry. Mr. Spurgeon pointed out that last week. But we expect our ministers' daughters to keep their rank. Hetty Morley violated our traditions, and did worse."

"I am sure she did no wrong," said Rebecca.

"O, did n't she?" said Soper, now venomous. "If there was a Northern sympathizer, in this world, it was Alfred Morley. If any sect in Catholic Europe was more united than ours on the subject of hatred to the slave-owners of the South, it was ours. Hartop, the man to whom she was engaged, was an open favorer of the Northern States. What did Hetty do? Flew in the face of her father, her lover, and her connection, and run the blockade into Charleston."

"Is that all she has done?" asked Rebecca.

"Enough, too," said Russel, now very angry indeed. "Disgraced herself by taking service as a stewardess; and then, on sentimental grounds, assisting Jezebels of slavery into that stronghold of abomination, Charleston."

I believe that it was the late great and good President Lincoln who first said, that you could do nothing with a woman when her back was up. You could do nothing with Soper now. Her major premise was "Humbug," and she never got to her minor, and dropped grammar in her fury.

"That Lord Clyde," she said, "was took for blockade-running. And Hetty Morley was stewardess aboard of her, in the Clyde. And there comes two ladies, one big with child. And they says mutually about one another: 'My husband's killed,' one on 'em says; 'and hers,' pointing to the one in the family-way, 'he is wounded.' 'Do you know the danger?' says the skipper. 'I am uncommon deep this time, and they have built a gunboat to catch me: and I doubt I can't take ladies.'"

"Stop your story, Miss Soper," said Mrs. Russel. "It's too much for her."

Rebecca, perfectly white, and a little wild, was staring at Miss Soper. The experienced Soper looked at her one instant and went on.

"It won't hurt you to tell. It will draw your mind from what is up stairs. The skipper said, 'I can't take ladies.' They says, 'But us. Think on us,' they said. 'For the memory of your mother take us.' And the one whose husband was alive said, 'She can't see him again, but I may see my

man.' And the skipper said, 'You two will never get through without some other women. I expect to be took this time. And our stewardess is ordered not to go. I won't trust myself with you, without her.' And he asked Hetty; and Hetty said, 'Willing.' And she went; and all I say is, that God went with her. That is what Hetty did."

"Did the two slave-owning ladies get safe in?" asked Rebecca.

"Yes," said the violent emancipationist Soper, triumphantly, "they did, thank God."

"Thank God, also," said Rebecca. "Tell us the rest of what Hetty did."

"Not much," said Soper, "except behaving like an English woman. The Lord Clyde was deep, and touched the ground under a battery, and she was wounded in the face by the splinter of a shell; but she stood to her work plucky until the very last."

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### WAITING BY THE TIDE.

The little tale is nearly told. A little more trouble. A little more heart gnawing, weary waiting, and our bold, wild hawk will have been purged from the fault, mainly brought on her by her old unsuitable life, and our once wild peregrine shall be tamed. She shall stoop to the master's wrist directly; no lure needed any longer. No need for jesses, hood, or bell; she shall perch upon his wrist, I promise you, and then she shall spread her pretty wings and fly away across the sea towards the morning.

I tried hard to make you like her from the very first; but she was a naughty girl, I doubt. Yet love had done for her what law never did, and she was good enough now, poor child, left all alone.

All alone! Why, no. She could never be alone any more now. Her soul had been awakened in the light of a new dawn, to which the flaming primrose of Australian morning is but darkness. The sentimental love and admiration for one grayish-headed man, now alone upon the broad weltering sea, a love which fed on absence had wrought such a change in her that she found her body transformed into a temple of new hopes and fears, new sympathies and anxieties. She was *living*, so she could never be alone.

She had money now, nearly £4,000. Mr. Hagbut, as one of her father's executors, had done better by her than he was absolutely warranted by law; of that she never knew. "How on earth," said Lord Ducetoy to her once, "do you manage to get eight per cent for your money? I can't." Hagbut knew. That frank, Americanized young nobleman consulted her often on business matters relating to his approaching marriage, declaring that he was certain that her father's genius for business must have descended on her. The most he made by it, however, was being loosed of £20 for the Sailors' Orphans' Home.

For she was waiting by the tide for her man at sea who came not, and sent no message or sign. Her life was the life of the sea-folks now. The good Tibbeys from Chelsea had more than once come to see her, and had begged her to come to them; but her answer was always the same: "That life is dead and past. I am waiting by the tide, my dears, for him who is at sea. I will never go westward again into that wilderness. I wait upon the shore for him



and I think he will come back to me. If he does not, I will wait still."

Carry and Mrs. Russel said that poor Rebecca was moping herself to death all alone down at Limehouse. Now, on the other hand, Miss Soper, whose father was dead, having had a look or two at Limehouse, took apartments there, and carrying her mother down, established herself; thereby emphatically proving her opinion of the difference between Walham Green and Limehouse. The split between herself and Carry and Russel was complete.

"Rebecca," said the old schoolmistress, "is worth the lot of you put together. The girl is doing hard work and good work, and I have been used to hard work since I was fourteen," (as, indeed, she had,) "and I am going to do some more of it. Mrs. Russel, it is the want of hard work which has spoilt my temper and yours; and it will spoil yours, too, Mrs. Hagbut." The two saw very little of her after this.

I am not Homer, and so I cannot describe the fearful battles which went on between Miss Soper and Doctor Barnham, the Papist. The number of times a day which they announced one another's ultimate destruction was something fearful. But they were excellent good friends, and worked together admirably, in the little sharp attack of cholera in that year; partly, I think, from jealousy, to see who could do most.

So it came to pass that Rebecca saw more of her old enemy than ever she had done before. And when she came to compare Soper's life with her own, she felt herself a very worthless person.

The very first and purest pleasure which Rebecca got, when she had settled down, was a certain school for sailors' children, got together and kept together by a fat old woman, Mrs. Frump. She founded it, she taught it (mainly), she managed it, and she paid for it. *She was it.* Soper grubbed out the story about it; and it was, that her son had gone away and had been lost in a "cyphoon," leaving her two infant children to educate. And Mrs. Frump had decided that it was best that the children should have company. And so the school had grown from two sailor's orphans to twenty-eight sailors' children, whose fathers might return, or, on the other hand, might not. And it was by the tide-way, and the little ones could see the ships as they passed close by.

It was one of those temporary schools kept together by the force of character of a single person; and which when God thinks fit to say to that person "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," break up and go to pieces, and are heard of no more.

Yet their good works live after them. I am not foolish enough, of course, to say for an instant that unorganized schools, dependent on mere individuals should in any way take the place of organized schools; yet I say thus much about such schools as this, which I have known, that they have impressed a certain die of character on the children taught there, and have deserved well of the State. Nay, more: I believe, that, on the last great gathering, when one of the founders and keepers of these schools shall come up for judgment, and the Great One shall say, "Who will speak for this man?" hundreds of white hands will be held up out of the crowd, and their owners will say, "Lord, he showed us the way to thy Son."

Well, that is only my opinion about those schools. We are getting too serious, I fear.

Rebecca watched old Frump as a cat watches a

mouse. But she was a determined old girl, our Rebecca, and intended to have her wicked will of Frump. She confronted Frump in the street one day, and asked her if she might come and teach in her school.

Frump eyed her over from top to toe, and said, "Why?"

Rebecca was perfectly ready for her. She told Frump the whole of her story from beginning to end; and, in conclusion, said pitifully, "Please, let me help."

"Humph!" said Frump, "as a general rule, I don't like Dissenters round my place. But you have got the right kind of eye, and I know Morley. You can come, if you like."

"I thank you very much," said Rebecca. "Are you fond of your tea, child?" asked Frump.

"Yes, I like it *very* much," said Rebecca.

"Then you had better come along and have some of it with me," said Frump.

And at tea Rebecca explained to Frump that her father had been a Dissenter and her mother a Papist. Frump was inclined, on the whole, to look on this in the light of a good cross; not like the orthodox thing certainly, but not so very bad. She cautioned Rebecca carefully about the expression of unorthodox opinions on one side or the other. Rebecca promised strict obedience; and they became good friends.

So she got among the pretty, innocent sailors' children, and loved them, and worked diligently among them, not only for their own sweet sakes, but for the sake of her own dear sailor far away upon the wild sea.

Another thing which raised her soul much in these times was this; the ritualisms of the sect to which she clung were not bald and barren to her here, as they were at Walham Green: She craved for light and music in her ritual; and to some extent she got it here. The light was in the upturned eyes of the little congregation, the music was got by the rushing of the wind and the lapping of the tide outside the chapel.

But there was a great attraction in her chapel just now. A young missionary had come home, having lost his wife in some wild attempt to spread Christianity in some dim spot on the Cengr, where the Capuchins and Jesuits had failed 200 years before. A wild young man, with a tangled head, blazing black eyes, a bad heart-disease, a precarious income of £58 a year, and what I chose to call a golden faith. This young man had gone through more troubles than St. Paul himself, and had come home to take Morley's duty. Barnham, the Papist, told Miss Soper that that man was a loss to the Catholic Church, for that he preached the Real Presence as in his language he most certainly did. She, Soper, was *furious*, but Dr. Barnham was a great deal too strong for her, Soper not being able from her professions to urge *petitio principii* against him, and leaving him free to argue from their common major.

Frump, however, retired on the lines of Torres Vedras, until the country should be wasted before her. Her lines were, that young Jones, the Dissenting missionary, was a Jesuit in disguise. Which was a safe thing to say.

But in spite of the rather singular things which this tangled-headed young man said about the necessity of baptism, the inconceivable sin of falling away from grace, and the (practically) ultra-Rom-



ish views of the communion, Rebecca loved to hear this young man preach. For there was an earnest fury about every word of his which took her heart, and his words carried with them the scent of the distant sea, the waves of which wandered over his dead wife's coffin.

So, busy and active, yet perfectly peaceful, still she waited for Alfred Morley beside the tide.

### NOBODY'S LUGGAGE.

THE scene is a huge dock warehouse on England's great highway to the East and the West, where, coming in from the bustle and the sunshine, and the fresh air of the docks, one is impressed with a strange stillness and gloom. The air is fluffy with very old dust, and the big motes, floating in sunbeams that fall through heavily grated windows, move sluggishly and gravely. The place is hushed and tomb-like. No busy porters nor self-important custom-house officials are here, yet the place is heaped and piled and strewn with luggage, — Nobody's luggage, — in value many thousands of pounds' worth. Why don't the owners fetch it away? Nobody knows, and Nobody cares, and as it belongs to Nobody, Nobody knows best. Much of this unclaimed luggage has been here five years and more; still, Nobody asks for it, save in rare instances, and then Nobody often refuses to redeem it by paying the warehouse charges which have accumulated on Nobody's goods. These goods have either been wrongly addressed, or not addressed at all; or improperly advised, or not advised at all; or the consignee is dead or bankrupt, or won't pay the dock dues on them; and here they are in bond and keeping for six years' imprisonment. The dock authorities have power to sell goods unclaimed after two years to reimburse themselves, but it answers their purpose better to let Nobody's luggage "eat its head off" in charges, as they put it; so that if Nobody should ever turn up after the goods are sold, he may get nothing. With this view, the unclaimed luggage is examined from time to time, and ticketed with the charges incurred for storing to date. Those packages are then selected on which the dock company's lien for dues being considered equal to the value of the goods, their heads may be supposed to be eaten off, and they are offered for sale by auction.

A strange assortment is Nobody's Luggage. One would have expected among so much unclaimed property to have found at least one or two prodigal umbrellas yearning to be restored to the arms of their long-lost and rightful guardians. But no — not even a stick of one. Where do they all go to — stray umbrellas? They do not enter here — "Nobody" has n't got them.

What did Nobody intend to do with that five hundredweight of caoutchouc? (the dock-porter calls it "ka-chook" for short — don't laugh at his ignorance — Knowles and Smart, the auctioneers, call it "kô-chûk"); and why don't he take it away, and rub out the score?

Nobody sent twenty serons of Syrian tea without address or bill of lading. There it is in the great skin-packages in the warehouse. Nobody's tea has been waiting for him for six years: will the man never come to his tea, or has he gone for good to his bier?

There is indigo in maunds of buffalo-hide, a ton of it, that has been here seven years, and may stop here "till all is blue" before it will get claimed.

Will Nobody ever come to fetch the ivory tusks,

near a dozen of them, in canvas packages, which were sent to his order from the Brazils "a long time ago"? Or, if he has not remitted payment for them, and is short of funds, why does Nobody not come and claim the *box of gold-dust*, marked and numbered — But, no; this is a dock secret. Aha, Mr. Nobody! you prick your ears. Untold riches which nobody knows await you here, and — the best and the worst of it is — Nobody can claim them. However, it will be long before the box of gold-dust "eats its head off" in charges; so, set your wits to work.

At the time of the dearth in the cotton-supply, when many thoughtful minds turned their attention to seeking a substitute for cotton, a scientific man brought home from the West Indies an immense quantity of queer-looking roots. They are very fibrous, and fray out into strands stronger than flax, and as soft and shining as silk itself. But when he came back, the war was over in America, and the cotton-supply promised better, so he relinquished his project, and left his roots in "pound" for the dock-dues. There they remain to this day.

At the far end of the warehouse is an immense pile of chairs, — Nobody's chairs. Hundreds, almost thousands of them. These are "deck-chairs," which the home-passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental steamboats bought for the passage home, and have preferred to be relieved from, rather than pay the sixpence dock dues on something so awkward to carry about as a deck-chair. They are of all shapes and sizes and sorts, — American, French, and Indian — bamboo, birch, rattan, wire, and cane. They will accumulate, and no matter how often the storehouse is cleared of them, there is always a pile.

Here are sea-chests, too, belonging to seamen, — sent to the docks to be left, — for seamen who never come. The chests wait in the baggage warehouse till all hope is gone, and when the time for hope has passed without inquiries, they come up here, — dead men's chests, — chests of orphan, homeless sailor men and boys, with the London and Foreign Bible Society's Bible in them, and no one to inquire even for *that*, — till the Judgment Day.

At the last sale of Nobody's unclaimed luggage, among other stray strange things that were put up for sale was a handbox containing — guess? — a wedding bonnet! There it had stayed in the musty old warehouse for nearly seven years. The label had been washed off, and there was no direction and no clew to sender or destination, so it became Nobody's luggage. Every box is opened by the authorities before going into the unclaimed warehouse, and an inventory carefully taken of its contents. One item in this handbox, however, escaped the scrutiny of the examiner. The bonnet was taken out and displayed by the auctioneer, — white silk, and white *tulle* and white lilies it had been once. Now it was all soiled and yellow, — a poor sad, drabbed thing, limp and of a fashion long gone by. A laboring man bid two shillings for it, and got it, and was jeered at for buying it. But, on taking it home, he found sewed up in the bonnet's crown a sovereign, and these words on the bit of paper that wrapped it up: "A wedding present to my dear Allie." Nothing else.

And that was Nobody's bonnet. Who was "Allie"? And had she expected the present seven years before? Were there tears that it did not come? or would there have been more if it had? And was she married to Nobody, after all? And now? Is she Nobody's bride?



## A VERY SINGULAR STORY.

My name is Rachel Althea Travers. It seems to me that in an account of this sort, it is better to state that at once, and then it avoids all worrying as to who that perpetually recurring "I" may be. They are unfortunate initials, as you may perhaps observe, and have led to my being apostrophized as "Rat" by an impertinent younger brother, who is, I am thankful to say, generally at school. We, that is, my mother, my two sisters, and myself, live in Bryanston Square. We have no country house, and consequently are in town a great part of the year, when I, for one, would sooner be anywhere else; not that that melancholy fact has anything to do with my story, except so far as it accounts for our being in London one nasty day in November, when something happened which was the remote cause of my writing this, the cause, in fact, of my having this to write. I had a headache. Now I don't mean to say I wrote this story because I had a headache; I think that, perhaps, would have been a reason for not writing it, but I will explain in a minute what my headache had to do with it. It was the 15th, I think, and I was sitting in the drawing-room while my sister Agnes had her music lesson. I could speak German with tolerable fluency, having spent the last winter in Vienna with some friends, but Agnes hardly understood a single word. Herr Blume could, however, speak a little English, and they might, in reality, have got on very well, had it not been for the extreme excitability of the little man's temperament. In the event of a wrong chord, his conversation, though fluent, became totally incomprehensible, and of such a striking nature that Agnes, who was very nervous, had once gone into violent hysterics, occasioned by agonizing attempts to suppress her laughter. After that, my mother declared that I must always remain in the room to translate. It was a great bore being tied to one spot twice a week at exactly the same hour, and I heartily wished Agnes would learn German herself. Lessons had been talked of, but the idea had been given up.

"Rachel, dear, I don't think it's any use," my mother had said to me; "she has n't the least talent for languages, and though the lessons may not be very expensive, yet you know, my dear child, all these things make a difference."

Poor dear mamma! I made the sacrifice with a better grace, knowing as I did how many of "all those things" she would gladly have had, but denied herself for our sakes.

And so it came to pass that that 15th of November found me at my usual post in a corner of the sofa, awaiting the arrival of Herr Blume. In he came, as the clock struck eleven, in the midst of a frantic rush on poor Agnes's part through an immense pile of music to find her piece. I think that put him out, for he stood watching her with an unnatural calmness, which I felt sure could only be the effect of almost superhuman efforts of self-control. He was a short, hay-colored man with spectacles, extraordinarily round eyes, and an immense quantity of distracted-looking hair, through which he was constantly running his fingers in a manner quite peculiar to himself. At last the piece was found, Agnes began to play, and I established myself more snugly in my corner. Alas! the peace which followed was but of short duration. A series of small disturbances began, the immediate cause of which was the piano: now the piano was a hired one, and not par-

ticularly good. Under a successful course of our treatment it had arrived at a blissful state of indifference concerning the pedal, keeping up a perpetual rumble which sounded like mild thunder; this little peculiarity appeared to have a most irritating effect on the unfortunate music-master, and once or twice he had given vent to his feelings by a violent castigation of the wretched instrument. This, however, as one may imagine, only tended to increase the evil, and matters had arrived at a crisis, when this morning my mother entered the room as he was engaged in inflicting upon us a succession of tremendous minor crashes that were truly terrible.

With a bound which would not have disgraced Leotard, he leaped from the music-stool and stood before her. After the usual compliments, he asked if it might be allowed to him "to make to madame one small representation"?

This little inquiry was accompanied by a smile intended to be insinuating, but which was simply sardonic.

My mother of course assured him that she would be most happy to listen to any suggestion: upon which he declared, running his fingers through his hair, that, though it inflicted upon him much sorrow, he felt it to be his duty to instruct her that the pedal was much disordered, and was very noxious to him. "For myself," he proceeded, with a grand heroism, "for myself, I care not a little bit, but for these young messes"—here he indicated with a theatrical flourish Agnes and myself—"it is a fatal story."

"It is only a hired piano, Herr Blume," said my mother, "and I think I really must change it; I know it is very bad."

"Ach!" he said, eagerly, "why does not one have her own splendid instrument? Madame will perhaps reflect this what I have said."

He then suddenly closed his lips, and with a pirouette and another bound seated himself again, commencing on the spot such an illustration of that little weakness on the part of the pedal of which he had spoken, that my poor mother fled the room. I remained, sorely against my will, but tried to find consolation in a pile of cushions. My head ached, I could not read, and I sat listlessly turning over a photograph book, until I suppose I must have gone off into a doze. I was suddenly roused by Herr Blume's voice, raised to a positive shriek: "Lang-samer!—lang-samer, lang-sa-a-mer-r!" I got up, and rushed towards the piano; poor Agnes was as white as a sheet, and on Herr Blume's forehead stood great drops of perspiration.

"Slower, Agnes, slower; that is what Herr Blume means," I said. Poor child, she made one more effort, but her fingers trembled so that she could hardly strike a note, and the next moment she burst into tears.

There was nothing more to be done that morning by either of them, I plainly saw; as for him, he had been in a vile temper from the beginning.

"I am really very sorry, Herr Blume," I said, as the door closed after her; "it was entirely my fault for not attending; you know my sister hardly understands a word of German."

"That, my *fräulein*, I know," he answered, with awful solemnity, "and I must, I fear, abandon her, if she cannot learn a little."

To be abandoned by him he seemed to think the most dreadful fate in life.

"My tempers," he continued, with excitement, "suffers, yes, suffers, through these trials."

He never had any to speak of, but I did n't tell



him so, thinking he might n't perhaps like it. For a few minutes we both remained silent, he standing in a Napoleonic attitude, with folded arms and knitted brows, glaring in a malignant manner at a cross in the carpet. I began nervously to consider whether it could possibly be that, owing to a strong anti-ritualistic feeling, our carpet might be displeasing to his eye. My apprehensions were, however, relieved when he proceeded to unfold his plans. There was, it seemed, a German lady of his acquaintance lodging in a street close by, who was anxious to give lessons; he could recommend her highly for her ability and accent, he added, and if my mother would permit Agnes to have a few lessons, he was sure her music would greatly benefit. Might he ask the lady to call on madame? he inquired; and so the end of it was, that it was arranged for her to come the next day at eleven o'clock.

"Of course you will manage it all, Rachel," my mother said in the evening. "I dare say she can't speak a word of English."

So she came. As I look back at it now, the whole thing seems so odd, as if all that followed were the consequence of a little headache on my part, and a little temper on Herr Blume's; all the merest chance; and yet it cannot be; we are all working out some vast design, subservient to one great master will: generally, upon tiniest threads of trifles hang the great joys and miseries of life.

A little after eleven the next morning a card was brought up, on which was written "*Fräulein Dorn*," and in a minute she was in the room. She was not the least like what I had expected. Most people form some idea as to any one they are going to meet, and I had formed mine; but I was entirely wrong: there was not a trace of that dowdiness of dress and manner of which I had seen so much in the *Vaterland*, even in the classes to which, I knew, by her name, she did not belong. On the contrary, everything about her was fresh and graceful, and there was a charming ease and grave courtesy in her manner which astonished me. Her face, even now that I know it under its many changes, is difficult to describe. *Clear* was the only word that came into my mind as I looked at her. A sweet oval face, clear and pale, with dark hazel eyes, somewhat round and deep set, looking out fearlessly, like shining stars. Her lips were excessively pretty, and gave color to a face which would perhaps otherwise have been too pale: not that dark color verging on purple which *Lely* has bestowed on some of his beauties, and which gives one the painful impression that they have been indulging in black currant jam, but a bright light-red. It was not the first morning that I saw all the excellences of her face, but afterwards, when I grew to know her better.

There were two lessons a week, and I used generally to join in them; she was very quiet at first, but gradually we began to get better friends, and she would talk about Germany, or England, or on any general subject in the most amusing and lively manner; but I could never by any means whatever lead her to speak of herself, her former life, her reasons for coming to England, nor say a word, in fact, that could afford any clew to her history. There was a mystery about her; of that I felt very sure. Now the unravelling of mysteries was considered rather my forte, so I felt on my honor, as it were, to penetrate it. There had been an eagerness about Herr Blume's manner which had struck me at the very outset of the affair, and, strange to say, once or twice

during the lessons, I had been possessed by a strong feeling that I had seen her before; yet the face was perfectly strange to me. The more I studied it, the more convinced I became that I must be laboring under some delusion,—there was not a feature familiar to me. The lessons continued regularly until a little time before Christmas, when one morning she failed to make her appearance.

I knew the number of the house, though I had never been to her lodging, so before luncheon I walked round to see after her. The door was opened to me by an untidy-looking maid, and as I advanced into the passage, loud, angry tones issued from a room on my right. There was no help for it but to proceed, and this I was doing when I was almost knocked down by a fat, dirty, angry woman coming hastily out of the room, her head turned round, still addressing some one within.

"And sure it's not my house as 'll hould ye, with yer fine clothes and yer fine airs, if it's not a civil tongue ye can keep in yer head!"

She flounced off, and I ventured a peep into the room. It was in a state of the utmost confusion; clothes were lying in every direction, on the tables, on the chairs; and boxes half packed stood about the floor.

On one of these, looking like *Scipio* amid the ruins of Carthage, sat the *fräulein*. Another woman, black haired and bright eyed, with an angry red spot on either cheek, was busily packing a box. On seeing me, the *fräulein* started up.

"Ach! I am so glad to see you," she said. "I must explain why I have not come to you. This woman, *Thérèse*, has made her angry,—furious: poor *Thérèse*, she was foolish. The woman has said we leave the house, so I go instantly; but where to, that I know not."

This was wretched. I tried in vain to make her tell me what *Thérèse* had said, thinking it most probably some misunderstanding which had arisen owing to their not understanding each other's language; but she evaded it, declaring, however, that it was impossible for her to remain.

I made up my mind on the spot, and rushed home to ask my mother to invite her to come to us until after Christmas.

"My dear Rachel, I really don't think I can do it; she is quite a stranger; you know nothing, or next to nothing, about her. I think you had better give it up: no doubt she has friends in London."

Such were the arguments with which my dear mother attempted to dissuade me from my request; but I could not be dissuaded.

"Darling mamsey," I implored, caressing her, "just this once; you acknowledge that she is very nice; and indeed she has no friends, except Herr Blume and his wife, who live themselves in lodgings. You must n't shut up your heart at Christmas time: just for a day or two," I entreated, giving her a hug, "until she can find a place to go to."

I knew she would not be able to hold out long.

"Well, Rachel," she said, "it's all upon your shoulders. You're a naughty, self-willed girl," she added, smiling, and shaking her head deprecatingly, as I dashed off to bring back my beauty to *Bryanston Square*.

It was just as I expected, they all fell in love with her; her sweet face, her high-bred, gentle manners, her charming grace; but most of all, she fascinated *Bertie*, that unpolished schoolboy whom we owned for a brother, and in so doing caused the benedictions of his sisters to rain down upon her head.



Never were there such peaceful Christmas holidays within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," and we trembled at the idea of losing our presiding genius. My mother, also, joined heartily in our entreaties for her to stay, for beside really liking her, it was impossible to overlook the immense advantages which accrued to us from her society. She could scarcely speak a word of English, but German, French, and Italian she seemed to be equally fluent in; and, wonder of wonders, Bertie, by New Year's Day, was positively beginning to talk French with, I won't say a good, but certainly a less extraordinary accent than when he came home.

This undisputed possession of the field was perfect bliss to him: he lionized her about London, taking her to all sorts of museums and places, which he professed to think it quite necessary that she should see.

In my own mind I felt sure it was for the pleasure, pure and simple, of having such a pretty person under his protection, and entirely dependent on him.

I think she liked him, and his boyish admiration. One evening, as she was talking, or rather gesticulating, to my mother, — for their conversation was mostly carried on by signs, — he gave me a nudge that would have been amply sufficient to awaken St. Paul's to attention.

"I say, Rachel, she is pretty," he said, in a low tone, "there's no mistake about that; you should see how all the fellows stare at her, and I don't believe she knows it, now," he added, in an inquiring sort of voice, as if he were n't quite sure of the truth of his own statement.

"Don't you think so?" I asked, innocently.

"Well, I don't quite know how she can help it," he said, meditatively; "when I took her to the Colosseum, the Guards were just passing, and you should have seen how they looked at her, and wished themselves in my shoes, I know; and I think they're pretty good judges," he said, in an approving tone.

So we went on very smoothly until New Year's Day, when she began to declare she must leave us. I promised to help her to find lodgings, if she would wait for a day or two longer.

The time of her visit had not been altogether unfruitful in affording me some insight into her history, — an insight obtained, however, more through my own observation than from any information vouchsafed by her.

It was one day in Christmas week, I think, she was going to the pantomime, or something of the sort, with mamma, Agnes, and Bertie. She was sitting with her opera cloak on, talking to Bertie, before they went, when I came into the room; her back was turned to the door. As I looked at her, suddenly, like a flash of light, a host of recollections forced themselves into my mind. I was no longer in our own drawing-room, but in a well-known saloon in Vienna, blazing with light, listening to Mademoiselle de Murska. The figure which was before me now was before me then, a few rows in front of us. The cloak in itself was peculiar, — white, with a very beautiful border of blue and silver, — that perhaps helped my memory; but as the light shone on the crisp, golden hair, I wondered at my own stupidity; yes, there could hardly be any mistake, I thought, as I remembered a letter which I had received some time before from my friend in Vienna.

"Look, Rachel, look!" she had whispered to me that night, "there is the great beauty, Countess Arnheim."

"Where?" I asked, trying to look in every direction at once, for I had heard a great deal about her, but had not seen her.

"There, to the left; don't you see? Ah! what a pity! she has turned her head."

I could not help laughing at her disappointed tone; she was always so eager that I should see all I wished.

"Never mind," I said, "she will be sure to turn it back again"; but she didn't; never during the whole time that we both sat there, though we were not more than two yards from the place she sat, did she turn once, so that I could even see her profile; just the pretty outline of her cheek, and the mass of crisp, rippling, golden hair was vouchsafed to us. Of her companions we saw quite enough, a dark, handsome woman, and a middle-aged, keen-eyed officer, who sat on either side of her. After the concert was over, in the little excitement of securing a droschky, I thought no more of her. This evening, however, she was brought forcibly to my mind, as I entered the drawing-room, by the outline of Fräulein Dorn's face, and the white and blue cloak.

Not till after they were gone did I produce my writing-case, and, settling myself in a comfortable arm-chair before the fire, proceed to dive into its recesses after my Vienna letters.

I fished out four or five from its capacious pockets, but the right one did not make its appearance, and I was just beginning to echo my poor mother's wish, that I were more tidy and methodical, when I made a good haul and brought up the letter I was in search of: it began, —

"Köthener Strasse 10, Wien-May.

"DEAREST RACHEL, —

"My letter, you see, is dated from our old quarters. We have taken these rooms again, for though not so large as the others, they are much cleaner, and I think more comfortable. It makes me quite melancholy to go into your room. Char has it now. We all miss you dreadfully; it takes away half the pleasure of things, having no one to talk them over with, though really in these days of excitement there is no time for reflection; one simply has to keep one's mouth open to swallow the next new thing. There seems not to be the slightest doubt now about the war. I believe Count Bismarck has intended there should be war from the first. Talking about offering them an indemnity for Holstein! offering a fiddlestick! It's a very bad business altogether, it seems to me, and it serves them right, of course, the home people will say, for having joined in it; but why Prussia should come off so much the best I can't see. General Lobetska came in this morning, and he thinks he will have to go the day after tomorrow. There was a report that two Austrian regiments had crossed the Saxon frontier, but that has been contradicted. You can imagine the chronic state of excitement in which we are kept by all sorts of contradictory rumors. The troops here seem confident enough of victory. By the by, young Siegelheim came in yesterday for a minute; his high spirits were quite funny and infectious; he had just gone home on leave, but had been recalled of course. The officers seem all delighted with the prospect of war: they only look at the bright side; for my part, I think it is very awful. And I cannot understand how they can rid themselves of the thought that, though the campaign may be a successful one, yet to some among them, perhaps to many, it will in all human probability bring death; and who those some will be



it is the question I cannot help asking myself; which are the ones who are walking these well-known streets for the last time; looking for the last time upon the old familiar faces, who will in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, be farther removed from us than thousands of miles could remove them, wrapt in that sleep, upon which no roar of cannon, no shout of friend or foe, ever can break. I confess to me it seems very terrible. I suppose it is a woman's view of the case; but I must not write any more of this sort of stuff, or I shall make you dismal. I dare say you don't feel particularly lively now, but you shall have any news that we hear, especially of that regiment to whose uniform you used to be rather partial. There, how horribly I have made you blush, only as there's nobody but me in the room it does not matter. Oh! there is one piece of scandal for you, which has, however, made less noise than if it had happened at any other time, for which I suspect the parties concerned are very thankful. Do you remember your seeing, or rather not seeing, the young Countess Arnheim at a concert? Well, she has actually gone off, and no one knows where to; but to begin at the right end of the story, for, as I happened to be an eye-witness, I can vouch for my version being the correct one. We were at a ball at the Nesselroders, and she was there; she was looking most exquisite, I thought, though some people in the room said she looked not what she had been. Her husband was there too, of course, but I didn't see him go to her once the whole evening, though she was surrounded by a good many gentlemen; there was one man, a Frenchman, in the Austrian service, who never left her. His attentions, I certainly thought, were rather marked, but I did not see any return on her side. You know that room off the hall at the Nesselroders, where one takes off one's things. Well, I happened to be there, putting on our cloaks; I was ready to go, and was standing at the door, talking to Herr von Langen. The countess was standing in the hall, waiting for her husband, I think, laughing and talking with a few gentlemen. All at once the count strode out of one of the dancing-rooms, and up to her. She was so placed under the lamps that I could see her face perfectly, and part of his; she glanced up in his face with a smiling look of inquiry in her beautiful eyes, which was answered by a fierce scowl and a muttered oath. Of course there was a breathless silence; no one knew what to say; no one ever does on such occasions.

"'Leopold,' she half whispered, 'has anything happened?' She had sprung forward eagerly, and laid her hand upon his arm. His face worked frightfully as he gazed up into it with beseeching eyes, but he turned it from her. 'Happened!' he said, in a loud, harsh voice, shaking her off roughly, 'no, nothing particular. By Heaven, no! nothing to you; I, fool that I have been, have found it more.'

"'For God's sake, Leopold, come away,' she whispered in an agony. She thought him mad or drunk, I believe. He did not shake her off this time, but taking both her slender white wrists in his iron grasp, he held her at half arm's length; and then, before those men, looking straight into her face, he said most cruel things to her. I don't know how she bore it — it was cruel, horrible; if I had been one of those men, I think, whether it were right or wrong, I must have struck him down. It took less time, far less, than it has taken me to write it. I could not tear myself away from watching them; but I sincerely trust it may never be my lot to witness such a scene again.

"Poor thing! her eyelids never drooped: she looked into his dark, angry eyes, with a half-amazed, half-imploping look. I think she had a dim sense of how very awful it was before these people; but that was all swallowed up in the agony and astonishment his words caused. When he had finished speaking, he dashed her hands away and strode off, leaving her standing there, a broken lily, but turned again after he had gone two steps. 'Monsieur,' he said, looking at the French officer, 'I recommend this lady to your protection.' His whole countenance was convulsed with passion and deadly pale. That woke her up: her face quivered as with a sudden flash of anguish, and she turned to a young beardless officer who had been standing good-naturedly trying to shield her from the many pitiless, prying eyes; 'Will you be kind enough to take me to my carriage?' He could not look at her, but gave her his arm, and took her away almost tenderly. He was a merry, rough boy, and I dare say they had had many a laugh together; but I don't think either of them laughed then. She would have walked straight out into the cold, bitter night in her ball dress, had he not stopped her and helped her servant to wrap her up in her furs. That was all I saw of it, and it was indeed quite enough. The next day we heard she had gone, as I quite expected. I most certainly would have gone too in her place, and I am sure you would; but I am writing you the most unconscionable letter: that is the way when I sit down to write to you; I intend just to write one sheet, and I scribble on and on till two o'clock sometimes. I am glad Aunt Margaret does not examine the candles! If she ever should, I will tell her that I find Vienna candles delicious eating, and can't resist the temptation. Best love to your mamma and the girls from all of us; they're all fast asleep, but of course they would send it if they were in possession of their faculties. Good-night, dearest. I must go to by-by.

"Ever your

"STEPHANIE."

It was a long letter, but I read it all through, and, when it was finished, laid it in my lap and sat gazing into the fire, and musing over those eventful days in which she wrote. How different now to then! Things were changed in Vienna. What was then but conjecture had become sad reality. All had taken place with such fearful suddenness as made it almost impossible to realize. I sat over the fire and tried to imagine it all, and reread more recent letters, in none of which, however, was the Countess Arnheim's name mentioned. I began to doubt the truth of my own surmises; it seemed almost impossible that she should have come to England in that manner, and remained quietly for such a length of time: she, the petted Vienna beauty, giving lessons in England and living in London lodgings! No, it was hardly credible; but there was one simple test which occurred to me; by copying out a small portion of that letter, and putting it in some place where it would fall into her hands, at a time when I should have an opportunity of watching her, I did not doubt but that I might read in her face the truth.

And I did copy it, translating it into French. I chose that part in which her name was mentioned; but when it was done, I put it by, and delayed to use it.

One day we were talking of Christian names, and she then told me, for the first time, that hers was



Valerie, and asked me to call her by it. Another time she showed me a little book, with "Valerie" printed in it, and something over the name scratched out, which I felt sure must have been a coronet. I longed to know: and yet though I often thought of putting her to the test which I had devised, my heart failed me. Why should I seek to penetrate her mystery, and lay bare the bitter secrets of her heart? So I forbore and waited. However, it was not destined that she should go from us as she had come. On the 3d of January my mother came down to breakfast with rather a troubled face, and after I had read my own letters, she passed one for me to read, without a word. It was from my Aunt Honora, a sister of my mother's, whose husband had a house in one of the hunting counties.

"Dear Margaret," it began, "I am in great distress. The house is full of men, and only one lady besides myself, — young Mrs. Charteris. Do, I beseech you, come to me the first day you can. They are frozen up, and there is no hunting, and some of them don't even play billiards. Francis says I ought to do something to amuse them, but what can I do? It is so miserable. Bring all the girls, and your German friend and Bertie. I entreat you not to refuse. Francis wishes it also so much. Write at once and let me know when I am to send to meet you.

"Your affectionate sister,  
"HONORA C. HERRIES."

This was the letter, written in a scrambling, uncertain sort of hand, which my mother gave me. I had scarcely finished it, when Bertie said, from the other side of the table, "What's the row, Rat? shy it across"; so I shied it across, as he called it, and the young gentleman was pleased to express his highest approval of the plan.

"Be alive, now, girls, and pack up; the weather'll break, you'll see, and then I shall get some hunting out of the old rascal."

He settled on the spot, I believe, the horse he intended to ride. Alas! for human proposals. All the world knows that there was no hunting for those first weeks of January. But it was n't for his amusement that my mother determined to go. With tears in her eyes she reread the letter when we were alone in her room, whither she had called me after breakfast to consult about it.

"Poor Honora! poor Honora!" she murmured. "Yes, my dear, I think we must go; there will probably be but little pleasure to any of us, but I think it is right. I can leave Agnes in Eaton Square with your uncle."

As I looked at the feeble, shaky writing, I, too, ejaculated from my heart, "Poor Honora!" She had married a man who had discovered her weakness, and had been a very tyrant to her. It seemed as if he had all but stamped out her identity. It was not from age that her letters were ill-formed and trembling; I hardly think she had any handwriting in particular. So a note was despatched to say we would come on the Monday. We might have managed to go before, but after some consultation it was fixed for that day.

"Impossible! I cannot spend Sunday there," my mother had said, decidedly; and even Bertie, I think, was glad when it was settled that we should spend that quietly at home.

For myself, I did not much care whether we stayed or went. I had not much hopes of the party likely to be assembled at Cheddington. The only two people I was sure of meeting were men whom I

particularly disliked: but then it was also possible that some of the others might be very pleasant; as for Sir Francis Herries himself, he could be as agreeable or as disagreeable as he liked, — under the present circumstances it was not unreasonable to hope that he would be at least civil. From him, that was sufficient. After a great deal of persuasion, we succeeded in making Fräulein Dorn promise to accompany us; and Monday afternoon saw us all at the station, where the carriage from Cheddington was to meet us.

Long before we got to the end of our drive, the windows were so frozen that we could see nothing of the park or house; and we were all heartily glad to find ourselves in the wide, old-fashioned hall, where the fine oak carving, seen by the light of the blazing fire, for the winter twilight had set in, called forth Valerie's warm admiration.

There were a great many hats about, and as we followed the servant up the stairs, I could hear the sharp crack of the billiard balls. It was quite a procession, and in spite of her earnest invitation, I think we rather overwhelmed my aunt when we invaded her sitting-room.

She was looking the same as she had always looked to me, — a faded, worn-out picture, fragile and helpless, with traces of a beauty not dimmed by age, but by unhappiness. She stretched out her hands kindly to us all, however, kissing us, and welcoming Fräulein Dorn.

"Margaret," she said to my mother, sitting down immediately again in her low chair by the fire, "you must take it quite into your hands, the entertainment of the young people," and she tried to smile, a weary, withered smile.

"I give you free leave to do exactly as you like. There are the Hobarts; I thought of asking them before, but I was afraid their mother would object to their coming."

Mr. Hobart was the rector, and had a very nice wife and two pretty daughters.

"I don't think they mind short notices," said my aunt, passing her thin, white hand wearily across her forehead; "you can ask them to dinner to-morrow night if you like." And in this way was the power passed over to my mother, but in truth, in my aunt's hands it was only nominal. For years she had been the mistress of her own house but in name, letting her authority slip away from her through sheer weariness and want of energy. She had married, fifteen years before, a man for whom she was in every way unfitted, — a man whom she neither loved nor respected. She had truly received her punishment; but I think also that there was another side to the question. I think that, wretched as might be her lot, she had inflicted a yet deeper, a more unpardonable injury upon him than upon herself. Possessed of talents of a certain brilliancy, yet weak and easily led, with a woman of a strong and upright character for his wife, under whose influence he would necessarily to a certain extent have been brought, he might have attained to better things. I believe there are many men of this sort; I believe that there are some, even among those who sit in high places, upon whom the daily, hourly, life-long influence of a sympathizing wife has wrought very powerfully. Of the master and mistress of Cheddington one scarce knew which to pity most. For weeks he would leave her, going to Paris with a friend, a Mr. Sartoris, the owner of a large estate in Devonshire, but who spent his time mostly abroad, except during the hunting season,



when he was generally at Cheddington,—a man who had not set foot on his own land for years.

My aunt used sometimes to plead for a house in London, but on this point Sir Francis was inexorable; pleading and complaining were alike in vain, until she at last, half from the listlessness of a broken spirit, half from real suffering, faded away into the weak, helpless woman she was at this time. Once she had sought with an amazing courage or a childish imprudence, I know not which to call it, to persuade him to take her to Paris. "She was tired of this life," she urged. "If London was denied to her, she would at least like to see a little of the world,—that Parisian world to which he was always going."

He looked at her with a gloomy sneer. "See the world, madam? See the devil!" he answered, and strode out of the room. And I think he was about right. Miserable, lonely, desolate as Cheddington might be, it was better, yes, a thousand times better for her than Paris,—with him. Not that he would have ever consented to take her had she even expressed her willingness to look upon that personage to whom he had thought fit to allude. It was childish in her to ask it, but it was the last time.

"I shall never ask him again, my dear," she said, with plaintive querulousness, to my mother, "never."

As I had expected, he was civil enough to us all during this visit, and when the skating began, was very anxious about the ponds, that they should be well flooded at night, and that everything should be arranged exactly as we liked. We had on the whole a delightful week. There were some very pleasant men besides my two horrors, Mr. Sartoris and Lord Cosmo Fox, who, strange to say, though they did not generally agree about things, both seemed very much smitten with Valerie. After all, however, it was not strange that she and Mr. Sartoris should be a good deal together; for, with the exception of Sir Francis, he was the only man in the house, I think, who spoke any foreign language with sufficient fluency to be able to talk to her. As for Lord Cosmo, it was droll enough: not a word of any other but his mother tongue could that great scion of nobility utter; it was mute admiration on his part, confined to paying her clumsy attentions. I did hear him one day talking broken English to her, thinking, I suppose, that style better suited to her infantine capacity.

But in spite of Lord Cosmo and Mr. Sartoris, and other little annoyances inseparable from Cheddington, it was a very pleasant visit, and we all enjoyed it the more from having expected something so different. The first day or two that the ice was really good, the female portion of the community assembled at the edge of the ponds, and watched the skaters, but no one ventured on the ice except in chairs; but the third day Mr. Sartoris came up to Valerie, after we had been there a few minutes.

"Won't you venture to try the skates on?" he asked. "I would promise to take good care of you."

"I don't think there would be a pair to fit me," was her answer, given rather indifferently, I thought, as she put out her foot.

Her indifference, however, did not seem to have the effect of damping his eagerness, for the next thing he said was,—

"If I find a pair, will you come?"

"Yes, I should like it very much," she answered.

He instantly sat down, and took off his skates without another word, and went off himself to the

house. I was amazed; I had never seen the man put himself out of the way so much for any one before, but Valerie seemed to take it all as a matter of course. She had never known him before, and could not tell how different it was to his usual habits. Presently he returned triumphant, holding up a small pair of skates.

"Whose are they?" Valerie asked, as she sat down and gave him one of her feet.

"I got them at the rectory," was the answer; "there were not any ladies' skates up at the house, so, as the rectory people said they were not coming down to-day, I went on there, and asked them to lend me a pair."

"It was very kind of you to take all that trouble," Valerie said.

"It was for my own gratification, I am afraid."

He was bending over her foot, but he looked into her face as he said the words in French, and in such a low, rapid voice that I only just caught them.

It was not the words, but the tone and look that made me watch eagerly the effect on her. Not a shadow of a blush rose into her clear face: she looked over his head with sad, vacant eyes, bent evidently on another scene than that before her. What was there in his words to bring such a sad, hopeless look into the beautiful face? Something seemed suddenly to have stirred within her a crowd of sorrowful remembrances. In a moment it passed, and there was nothing different about her voice or manner when next she spoke. When the skates were on, before she could rise, Mr. Sartoris put out his hands, saying, nervously,—

"Now, please take care; you have no idea how difficult it is, even to stand firmly, just at first."

But she drew back, and with a smile, half arch, half sad, rose lightly on her feet. Then she put her hands into her muff, and glided away with long, slow sweeps. Her cavalier stood still, watching her without a word. I don't think he liked it; it was as if he had been rather taken in, and made to look foolish; and that, in the veriest trifle, was to him gall and wormwood. When she came back to us, there was more of his usual cool sarcasm in his voice than I had ever heard in speaking to her.

"I bow to your superior skill," he said, in a half mocking tone; "forgive my mistake, and accept my humble apologies."

Though he smiled, she was very quick to mark the change in his manner, and instantly set herself to work to soothe him: not that I think she cared for him, but she had an innate horror of being disagreeable to anybody, and a delicate sensitiveness with regard to other people's feelings.

His feathers were certainly effectually smoothed, and, in fact, as I watched them, I began to wonder whether he was trying to play with her, or whether he really liked her. The idea of Mr. Sartoris being attentive to anybody, except in his own cool, insulting, detestable way, was an idea so new as to be startling. She was here under my mother's protection as much as we were, and I determined to tell what I had seen. One thing, however, I now resolved to do. I would give Valerie the letter; before speaking to my mother it was better to be sure that there was any cause to interfere. We generally sat together and read or talked in her room the hour before dinner. She had got hold of a French book in which she was interested; I knew if I brought a book she would read that; so I slipped the piece of letter, as it appeared, between the pages of her novel a little way after her mark,



and left it on her table. About an hour before dinner, as I had hoped, she went to her room, and I soon followed; but it seemed as though she would never settle to her book. I sat where I could see her face without her seeing me, and tried to answer her remarks, feeling horribly guilty. For some time she kept up a desultory sort of conversation, keeping me in a fever of expectation by playing with the leaves of the book.

"How well your uncle speaks French, Rachel!" she said.

"Yes, very well; he goes very often to Paris," I answered, rather shortly.

"Mr. Sartoris talks better, though."

"Does he?" I said.

"Why, of course he does; you must hear."

"Yes; I suppose so."

"But I wish I could talk to your big Mr. Mountjoy," she said, reflectively.

"Why?"

"Ach!" she smiled; "why one does wish those sort of things I know not: he looks so honest and upright."

"And Mr. Sartoris doesn't, you think?" She raised her eyebrows comically.

"Neither of our Frenchmen are of an open character," she said, with a wise shake of her head.

This was unendurable, and I was preparing to go when she said, —

"There's a man in this book that reminds me of Mr. Sartoris: listen." She then read a description of some one, and after that went on to herself. In a few minutes she turned the page where the little piece of paper lay. I saw her sudden start, and then her face grew deadly pale. She looked round the room with wild, hunted eyes, like a stag brought to bay, seeking some outlet for escape. There could be no doubt. In the first moment of certainty, I felt heartily sorry for what seemed then my cruelty, and would gladly have undone it, had such undoing been possible. Full of remorse and shame, I sat staring at my book. At last the bell rung and I left the room. As I went out, I saw that she was seated in exactly the same position, with the novel lying open before her.

When I was safe in my own room, I sat down and drew a long breath.

"So it is true," I said to myself, "and what then? I cannot tell her that I know about her." One thing, however, was not now necessary: there was no speaking to my mother concerning Mr. Sartoris needful. I had often thought that, though always gracious, she received their attentions with a wonderful indifference. What would the end of it be?

I sat and speculated before my fire until I had scarcely time to dress for dinner. That evening, for the first time, she was not composed, very brilliant, but excitable and nervous, and I fancied she avoided me. They were very busy arranging some *tableaux vivants* for the evening but one after this, and it appeared to me that Mr. Sartoris had contrived that Valerie should have all the principal parts assigned to her. There was little doubt as to her fitness; as I watched her face to-night, it looked more lovely than ever before, though there was in it an unrest hitherto unknown. As we were going up stairs she managed to get by me, and said in a low voice, —

"I have something to say to you to-night; come into my room when you have had your hair brushed."

I nodded consent, and we separated. As soon as

I thought she would be ready, I went to her. She was sitting before the table, wrapped in a white dressing-gown. Thérèse, her maid, was brushing her hair, which fell about her like a golden veil. I could not help thinking of Savonarola. No need of "capelli morti" here. Had all possessed such hair as this, there had been a smaller fire in the Piazza than we read of. Imagine, my dear readers, a bonfire of chignons in Waterloo Place, presided over by the Bishop of Oxford! "Make haste, Thérèse," she said, impatiently, as she caught sight of me in the glass, and her maid turned it all back and braided it into one great braid at the back.

She waited till the woman had left the room before she spoke. As the door closed, she stood up and drew me gently towards a sofa by the fire. We both sat down. Then, without a word of preparation, taking both my hands in hers, she looked into my face and said, —

"So, Rachel, you have found out my secret."

It was not the way I had expected her to speak, and there was no answer ready on my lips.

"You mustn't mind," she said, gently, seeing, I suppose, my troubled look; "I think I am glad. There will be no more reserve between us now, and we can be true friends."

Of course I kissed her, and of course I told her I would be her friend through all.

"And now," she said, "I am going to tell you how I come to be here."

She then got up and walked once or twice up and down the room, after which she re-seated herself in a low chair by the fire.

"But first," she said, "may I see that letter from Vienna?" I grew crimson: she looked surprised, then bent her head. "Yes, yes, I see; perhaps I had better not; it was not fair to ask it."

Her tone cut me to the heart.

"Valerie! dear Valerie!" I cried, kneeling beside her, "forgive me! It is not that; I have deceived you; it is written in English, and I copied that bit into French for you to read. Then, miserable and ashamed, I hid my face in her lap."

"Don't, Rachel, don't!" she implored, in her sweet, clear voice; "it is no harm; it is far better as it is; better that you should know all the truth since you have guessed so much."

"But can you ever love me again?"

"Love you!" she answered, with a smile more piteous than tears; "nay, as you ask me that, dearest, you can hardly know how desolate I am! I have no one else to love."

But I could not be at rest until I had told her all my conjectures, from the time of first seeing her, and after that I read her the letter. I could not see her face, which was shaded by her hand, but once or twice there was a convulsive movement of her shoulders which almost frightened me. When it was done, she said, simply, "Thank you."

Her story, as she told it me that night, was too long to write here. I believed her then, as I know her now, to have been free from the faintest suspicion of guile, though from her own account she must have been imprudent. It was with a sort of horror I learnt that she actually had not been able to ascertain whether her husband were alive or dead. The night of the ball she had packed up all her clothes, and jewels which had come to her from her mother, and had set off for England. Herr Blume had been her music-master in happier days, and to him she applied.

During the whole recital she maintained a pitiful



complacency, which had in it, however, for me a pathos beyond all description. It was not like a person relating a story in which they feel any interest, — more like a dead man recalling the life to which he can never more return. She described her husband, declaring him to have been noble, generous, brave, but fiery and passionate. Then, speaking of Monsieur de St. Juste, with whom I had seen her, she said, "I think he was a very bad man, as bad almost as a man can be, without committing murder and that sort of thing."

I could not suppress an ejaculation of astonishment.

She looked at me with a sort of smiling despair in her sweet shining eyes.

"Ah! you wonder at me," she said, "but you can never wonder at me as I wonder at myself."

Then she ceased staring into the fire and laid her head back upon the chair in a weary way, like a tired child. I almost thought she had gone to sleep, she was so quiet, though when I watched her attentively I could see that her face had grown paler, and every now and then the lips, which were pressed firmly together, were convulsed by a sharp twitching. I had turned away, and was looking absently into the fire, thinking over all I had heard, when, with a sort of low wail, she sprang up from her chair and began pacing the room.

"O God!" she moaned, "why have I done this? why have I told you about it? I who have so tried to forget! It is waking up," she cried, pressing her hands upon her bosom, "and I thought it was dead! But it will never die!" she added, wildly throwing up her arms.

I knew not what to do, and sat helplessly watching her walking rapidly to and fro: her eyes were wide and wild, but still shining and tearless. This paroxysm, though dreadful, seemed to me, however, more natural than the calmness with which she had told me her history. Suddenly she stopped and turned upon me.

"You give me no comfort!" she cried, half fiercely, half imploring; but without giving me time to answer she turned again and continued, saying in a voice of anguish, "Comfort! comfort! there is none, why do I ask for it? O God! grant me forgetfulness; it is all I ask."

Ah, me! comfort indeed there was none to give, but my tears I did give her freely, weeping for this woman who could not weep for herself.

I thought at one time that she was becoming delirious in her grief, for as she paced swiftly through the room she muttered sometimes Italian, sometimes French.

"Toute seule! toute seule!" she moaned, wringing her hands, "il m'a laissé! il est mort! je n'ai personne dans le monde! seulement le remords! le remords pour toujours!"

At last she threw herself down upon a sofa and seemed to fall into a sort of stupor: she must have been thoroughly exhausted. For some time I remained sitting quietly by the fire, almost afraid to breathe, for fear of rousing her again. The silence was only broken at intervals by a coal falling out of the fire, or the clock at the stables striking the quarters. Half-past two, a quarter to three, and still she never moved: at last three struck. It was impossible for me to remain there any longer. We had all agreed to breakfast earlier than usual for the skating; and I knew that she, for one, had promised to skate, though I hardly believed it possible that she could be up after this, much less equal to

any exertion. However, I should have no excuse to offer for non-appearance, so I determined to go to bed at once. At first I thought of stealing quietly out of the room; then the thought of her lying there until the morning, perhaps, in the bitter cold, for the fire would soon be out, stopped me, and I resolved to rouse her and try and persuade her to go to bed. As I moved across the room, she started up.

I said as gently as possible, "You have been asleep, Valerie, I think."

She pushed back her hair and stared at me for an instant.

"Ah! Rachel," she said, then, in a confused sort of way, "I had forgotten you; it must be late; you are going to bed, mein Herzchen?"

"Yes," I answered, "and you, you will go too?"

"Yes, O yes," she said; but from her manner I doubted her doing it.

"You promise to go now, immediately?" I urged.

She looked at me inquiringly; and I think the remembrance of what had passed only then fully flashed upon her.

"Rachel!" she said, eagerly, seizing my hands and bending towards me, "I have told you a great deal to-night, more than to any other person living; I trust you, you will never betray me?"

"Never," I answered, solemnly.

"There, there, I know you will not," she said, her eager manner suddenly vanishing. "Good night, dearest, good night"; and she kissed me on both cheeks, and then almost pushed me from her.

I don't know how she slept that night, or rather that morning, but I lay tossing on my bed till six o'clock, in vain trying to get to sleep. At last I fell into an uneasy, dreaming doze, haunted by a vision of something that looked like Lord Cosmo in petticoats, and who kept incessantly repeating, to the tune of "Il Bacio," the two words, "Toute seule, toute seule," while I exhausted myself in fruitless endeavors to make the words and music suit each other.

In spite of our promises the night before, it was half-past ten before I got down. Lord Cosmo, Mr. Sartoris, and another man were eating their breakfast in moody silence. It was my private opinion that the two former were waiting for Valerie. Aunt Honora was not down, and the others had already gone to the ponds.

"Good mornin', Miss Travers," said Lord Cosmo, with a charming indistinctness, owing probably to his mouth being quite full of cold pie, which he continued munching, while he made his inquiries after my health and out-going intentions: he then kindly employed himself in lurching about the table collecting before me everything within reach.

"They've all been taking your name in vain, Miss Travers," said Mr. Sartoris, who was opposite me; "Fox and I only just came down in time to stop them. They've been abusing you and Fräulein Dorn frightfully, for being the only ones who had broken their getting-up vows. There were some very hard words I can assure you; were n't there, Fox?"

"Pon honor," said Fox, "I think it was you bein' hauled over the coals when I came in; and after that they were chaffin' at me; Miss Travers and her friend they were discussin' afterwards."

He always called her my "friend." I think he had some vague, uncomfortable misgivings (if he ever had a misgiving) that "Frowlin' was not precisely the proper way of pronouncing that word.



"It don't sound quite right; but I'll be shot if I do know how to pronounce it now, Miss Travers," he said to me later in the day, with an I-know-you-won't-believe-it sort of air that was truly edifying.

I did n't express myself as sceptical on that point, as he seemed to expect; and directly afterwards he relieved me of his society, careening away to another part of the ponds like a Dutch fishing-boat in a heavy sea. How I detested the man! He was a born snob,—I think his grand name only made it worse.

All that morning we were on the ice. Valerie was, as usual, the centre of attraction: her skating was certainly the perfection of grace. To me there was a change in her from that night. It seemed that in telling me her true name, she felt it no longer incumbent on her to feign any simplicity that was not natural to her. One, at least, in the room would recognize her right to wear the diamond rings that made her pretty hands look whiter that morning. There was certainly a change in her dress, which to this time had been extremely simple. That day she wore a tight-fitting velvet dress and petticoat, looped up for skating, and trimmed with narrow but beautiful sable round the throat and sleeves. It suited her admirably; and it was impossible to mistake the undisguised looks of admiration of my companions as she entered the breakfast-room, laughing and talking with Bertie, who had come up from the ponds to look after her. I was amazed at her fresh looks, and, had it not been for my own weariness, should have been inclined to think I had been laboring under some delusion.

Altogether, that was not a pleasant day; the afternoon was spent in arranging the *tableaux* for the next evening. They were to be in the dining-room, as Mr. Sartoris, who had the management of the whole affair, pronounced that to be the best room for them. I only saw one rehearsed; and certainly it did credit to the manager and the performers. He had chosen the scene where Elaine is sent off in the barge. The two brothers were represented by Mr. Sartoris and Mr. Mountjoy, who made an admirable Sir Torre. As for Valerie, no part, in poetry or in prose, could have been chosen for which she was better adapted. Truly it was a picture to make one hold one's breath: the pale, pure, passionless face, in its perfect repose; the long, golden rippling hair spread round her; and the two men standing over her, mournfully taking a last farewell. I could not help wondering what the thoughts of at least one of them had been while he stood there. It lasted but a moment; for, before we had looked half enough, she opened her eyes and laughed, breaking the spell completely.

"That's quite enough, I'm sure," she said, getting up and laughing merrily at the appearance she presented as she passed a mirror. They had darkened the room and had lights; and the noise, even of her voice, seemed strangely discordant with the scene.

After we came out from dinner, poor Mary, my sister, came to me almost crying with indignation.

"Rachel, do you see anything the matter with my hair?" she asked.

"It's certainly not done in the usual way," I answered.

"Well, no; but Bertie is so dreadfully rude: I wish you would speak to him." Here there were strong symptoms of tears. "He said just now, before Mr. Mountjoy, 'My eye, Poll! what a fuzz your wig is in!' He is so vulgar; and you know I hate his calling me Poll."

Here the tears really began to come; and, though I could hardly help laughing, I managed to console her.

Mrs. Charteris had induced her, it appeared, to accept the services of her maid; and the effect, I must own, was startling. Poor, dear Mary! Mr. Mountjoy and she were rather good friends even then,—they are something more now; but it took all my powers of persuasion to make her believe he would never think of it again. He had laughed, it seemed, and that had tempted Bertie to go on. We danced in the evening; the Hobarts and two girls who were staying with them came, and so we mustered eight dancing ladies. One of the Hobarts' friends was very intimate with Mrs. Charteris, it appeared. They rushed into each other's arms, and there was a great deal of "What an age it is since we met!" and all that sort of thing. And a minute or two afterwards I heard the married lady inquire solicitously of the other, "Now, my dear, tell me all you've been doing; what was your last smite?" I moved away, thinking the conversation—which was, however, carried on in a loud tone—too select for common ears. But I was destined to be annoyed that night. In trying to get into the dancing-room during the evening, I was hindered by the legs of a young man, who, with the help of the legs of another young man, was laudably endeavoring to block up the doorway, instead of dancing. They were both strangers; and I was just debating whether I should ask them to let me pass, or wait till the waltz was finished, when their conversation attracted me.

My mother was at the piano, playing away with all her might, and they were talking, it seemed, of her.

"And that's the mother," drawled one.

"By Jove!" said the other, putting up his eyeglass with an air of languid interest, "what a thrashing the old lady is givin' the piano!"

The young idiot! I could have thrashed him: if he had ever tried half as much to give other people pleasure as my dear mother, he would have been a better-behaved young man. As it was, I think I gave him a mental thrashing, for, just as the other was in the middle of his answer,—"Great strength of muscle there; could n't do it if I tried: quite envy the old woman 'pon honor—"

I asked to pass; and the waltz just then coming to an end, I crossed straight over to my mother, so that there should be no mistake, and then I looked at them. They were certainly flabbergasted,—I will say that for them. But that was n't all I was to go through that evening. Once, when I went up to Aunt Honora, she attacked me on the subject of Valerie's dress.

"My dear, how very much your friend is dressed!" she said. "Don't you think it's rather odd for a person who professes to give lessons? Why, my dear," continued my aunt, seeing I made no answer, "that lace on her gown is magnificent!—quite magnificent!" she reiterated, waxing plaintively eloquent; "it must have cost I don't know how much."

Old lace was rather a failing of the poor thing's; and I don't think she would have objected to seeing that in question transferred to her own wardrobe.

"Is it such good lace, aunt?" I said, for want of anything better.

"My dear Rachel!"—this was with a spark of feeble indignation,— "you don't mean to say you



are so ignorant as not to know lace like that when you see it?"

She then closed her eyes, laid her head back, as if the exertion had been too much for her, and relapsed again into the plaintive.

"She's your friend, Rachel: I only hope it's all right. Margaret says you know very little of her. With men of such a high position here as Lord Cosmo, one must be careful, you know."

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated to myself.

"O aunt! don't be afraid; it's all right," I answered, though I could scarcely restrain my bitter laughter. Good heavens! Lord Cosmo! the idea of Valerie corrupting Lord Cosmo! It was really too good. I felt as if I must impart the idea to some one, and for once I felt inclined to make a confidant of Mr. Sartoris, had it been possible to make confidences on such a subject. He of all others would enjoy the joke. The petted, high-born Austrian beauty not considered fit society for the muddle-headed, boorish Englishman! I felt, very wrathful at first, but calmed down soon. After all, my poor aunt, with her narrow notions, knew nothing about Valerie, and I knew all, which just made the difference perhaps, though I went to bed that night with a strong desire to be possessed of a great broom with which I might sweep all the Lord Cosmos and such-like things out of society in general.

The next day all was bustle; there were a good many people coming to dinner, and more in the evening to see the *tableaux*, which were evidently expected to be a success. Part of the afternoon I helped in the dining-room, where all was confusion, the curtains being put up, while some of the party were altering and arranging dresses and rehearsing scenes. At last I grew quite tired with the noise and bustle, and, wondering how order was ever to grow out of such chaos, I went away to my own room and sat at my window looking out over the park. I felt miserable; not from any real cause, but the nameless feeling that the setting sun gives one, shining through purple trees on a winter afternoon; it almost seems as if hope were leaving the world in that blaze of crimson and orange and purple. It was almost dark when, to my surprise, I heard the crunch of wheels, and the next minute saw the Cheddington carriage going towards the stables. No one had been out that afternoon, of that I was certain. Some one must have come from the station, but I knew of no one coming.

I went down to the dining-room, hoping to see the new arrival on my way, but met no one, only as I entered the room I heard a servant inquiring for Sir Francis. As I had expected, there was still much to be done when the dressing-bell rang. Fortunately it was an irregular sort of dinner in the hall, served at two tables, and no one seemed expected to appear at the proper time. The tables were so placed that the occupants sat back to back; and it so happened that Valerie and Mr. Sartoris were not *vis-à-vis* but my *dos-à-dos*. At the other end of our table there had been two places kept, one for Sir Francis, and the other, I supposed, for the newly arrived guest. The soup had gone when Sir Francis entered the hall by a door near his seat, accompanied by a tall dark man with his arm in a sling. There was a great deal of talking and laughing going on at the other table, and no one there seemed to observe their entrance.

"Do you see that dark man sitting by Sir Francis Herries?" asked my neighbor. "Can you tell me who he is?"

I could only answer "No"; then, to see if my own impressions were correct, I asked, "What country do you think he belongs to?"

"I don't know," he answered, slowly, looking at the subject of our conversation; "French, perhaps, perhaps Italian or Austrian; at any rate, not English," he said, smiling, as he turned away.

Not English, indeed! How the Vienna days returned as I watched him, so utterly unlike the Englishmen among whom he sat. A dark, handsome face, though worn through recent suffering, with eyes of southern splendor. It was evident that he could not speak English, for he talked to no one but his host, and once I distinctly saw Sir Francis directing him to the place where Valerie sat. It was not hard to guess who he was; the only thing I longed for was to warn her in some way of his presence, but it was impossible. She was not near enough to speak to without causing, perhaps, a scene, and, if possible, that was to be avoided. If I could only have stopped her talking to that man!

Many times during that interminable dinner I saw the deep-set, glittering eyes flare up with a sudden blaze as her silvery laugh or the deep tones of her companion reached his ear, and the dark blood came and went in his face, pale through long illness. Though his arm was in a sling, I noticed that it was not altogether helpless, for he sometimes used it.

O that dinner! and how I disgraced myself! Before it was over I was worked up to such a pitch of excitement that I precipitated a quantity of sticky pudding over old Mr. Palgrave's knees, and then burst into a fit of hysterical laughter in the poor old gentleman's face. At last it was time for us to go, and the other table moved at the same instant. I had not a moment to warn her: she turned towards me, and her eyes instantly fixed themselves upon the lower end of our table. He was standing up, looking full at her. For one second she remained motionless, then, without a word, fell forward upon the floor. Whether the man jumped over the table or went round I never discovered, but before either Mr. Sartoris or Lord Cosmo could get to her, he was at her side.

"I will carry this lady, sir," said Lord Cosmo, thickly, attempting to interpose his great hulking form between Valerie and the Austrian; but the other put him aside with a quiet, courteous determination.

"Pardon, monsieur, it is my right; I am her husband!" he said rapidly in French, a little speech the point of which was entirely lost on the thick-headed Englishman, who looked inclined to resist and follow this black-headed devil of a mossoo, as he no doubt called him in his own mind, when Mr. Sartoris laid his hand upon his arm.

"Don't be a fool, Fox, the man's her husband."

The whole scene had taken place in less than a minute, and the ladies had not yet got out of the room. I turned to look at the speaker; something in the tone of his low, clear voice struck me. He was leaning on the back of his chair, his eyebrows contracted, and looking whitish about the mouth. As our eyes met he moved away and left the hall by another door. He must have been badly hurt. It was the only time I ever saw the slightest change in the cool, cruel, aristocratic face. As for Lord Cosmo, he had sunk back in his chair, his mouth half open, his eyes staring vacantly at the wall. Such an event as this was beyond the wildest flights of his imagination.

"I don't believe it, I'll be — if I do," he mut-



tered; "I did n't want to carry her up, I'll be — if I did." As I passed through the door I heard the soothing, innocent refrain still issuing from the lips of that young man of "high position." Whether he went through the whole verb "to do" I don't know; if he did, I should say it was about the only exercise in English Grammar he had ever indulged in.

It was no use going to Valerie's room, there were too many people there already, and I knew that Mrs. Cherry, the old housekeeper, would do exactly what was right. After two hours' struggling to entertain the people, who were in that state of suppressed whispering excitement in which people will be when there is anything going on which they are not desired to know, I managed to get up stairs. On the landing I met Mrs. Cherry, and asked how she was.

"Pore young lady; reelly I don't know whatever is the matter with her," she said, folding her hands across the front of her portly person. "She's no sooner come to than she's haff again, and even when she his awake she don't seem to me in complete possession of her facilities."

So I went down again to the weary work of entertaining, but found, to my joy, that the people were going fast. Soon after I got away and went to Valerie's door, but all was so quiet that I was afraid to go in, so went on to my own room, took off my dress, and putting on a morning-gown, sat down to watch. About half an hour passed, and then a man passed my door, which I had left a little open. He stopped two doors off and went into a room; then I heard voices for a few minutes, and then two people came out. I went to the door with a feeling that I was wanted. It was Sir Francis and the Austrian.

"Ah! that is all right," said Sir Francis; "allow me to introduce Count Arnheim to you, Rachel; Miss Travers, the friend of Madame la Comtesse," he said to the count. "Rachel, the count would like very much to speak to you." I bowed. It was an odd introduction, at the door of my room, by the light of bedroom candles.

"You had better go to your aunt's morning room," Sir Francis said, and I led the way, followed by the tall dark figure. I had only that moment to consider what to do; I had indeed promised not to betray her, but it were surely best to tell him all. It was very dreadful to him, the first speaking, I could see, but as far as I could judge he was a man who would have walked through a wall of fire if he had once made up his mind to do it. In sharp, short, concise words, wrung from him as it were, he told me that his presence was so hateful to Valerie that, so long as he stood by her, she went from faint to faint. At last he had left her, and now he held in his hand a letter which he had written, and which he would leave in my charge, he said, to be given at such time as she should be able to read it. I hardly dared ask him if he were going, it seemed as though it would be stepping on a volcano of pride, and shame, and love, that might burst beneath my feet. If I could but find words to tell him all I knew! But his manner was so desperately stern and cold and uninviting that my thoughts seemed frozen within me. At last I ventured to stammer, —

"I think you are mistaken, Herr Graf; it was the sudden shock which has been too much for her."

There was a dangerous glitter in his eyes even at that slight contradiction, and his manner was colder and stiffer than before, as he answered —

"Pardon, gracious Fraulein, much has passed of

which you are no doubt ignorant, therefore permit me to say you can hardly be a judge. I have done and said that which it was folly to suppose she could either forget or forgive."

He spoke with the air of a man to whom confession was a new and bitter experience.

Then, however, my tongue was unloosed, and I told him, if not quite all, yet enough.

During the whole interview he had declined to sit down, but stood by the mantelpiece, his head resting on his hand, whilst I talked.

When I had finished, he came towards me, and holding out his hand, said in a husky voice, —

"God reward you; you have been a true friend to her."

And yet, strange to say, for all that, I think he was disappointed. I think the man, though he hardly knew it himself, would have been happier if there had been more to forgive, if he had not been so entirely in the wrong. He felt the truth of those holy words, "To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little," and he trembled lest her love for him should be dead.

I left him there and went to Valerie's room; it was necessary to finish now the work I had begun. At the door I met my mother.

"She has been asking for you, Rachel; go in to her, but try and keep her quiet; she is delirious, I think; they have sent to Little Stratford for a doctor."

As soon as she saw me she stretched out her arms. I took her cold, trembling hands in mine, and she drew me towards her, whispering, fearfully, —

"Rachel, I have seen him; he must be dead, he looked so awful! O, it has been dreadful!" she gasped. "Why does he come to haunt me like this at last? he must know that it was all false; surely, now he must know!" she moaned.

I held her hands firmly and looked into her face: then I steadied my voice and chose the shortest, clearest words I could think of.

"Valerie, it is no spirit," I said; "it is your husband himself, who is here to ask your forgiveness."

She looked wild and incredulous, then tried to get up; but she was too weak, and falling back burst into a passion of tears.

I slipped away and sent him to her; then, worn out myself with excitement and fatigue, sat down and cried like an idiot. The doctor came soon after, and I was obliged to go to her room. Her husband was sitting by her holding her hand in his. What between her smiles and tears, it hardly seemed the Valerie I had known.

"Rachel, come in," she said; "you know him, I need n't introduce you. O you wicked man!" she laughed, "you have frightened her, I know you have, Leopold," she said, with her old, quick perception. "I know exactly, he put on the iron mask. You, poor dear Rachel! and you know you must be friends." She was in a true Bavarian mood, in spite of her exhaustion. "Now you must go," she said, in a minute, "if I am to go to London to-morrow," and drove him away. When he was gone, she threw herself upon my neck. "Rachel, he is dead!" she whispered, hiding her face; "he died in the same hospital where Leopold was sent with his wound, and Leopold nursed him, and when he was dying he confessed that it was all a dreadful lie that he had invented to make him cast me off, knowing that he was helpless and could n't fight; for once he fought a dreadful duel, and after that he took a vow and made a solemn promise to the Emperor



never to fight another. It seems so dreadful, but I can't help being happy," she sobbed.

The next morning she got away without seeing any of the guests except one. I went with them to the station; as we turned out of the lodge gates the carriage stopped, and Mr. Sartoris appeared at the window.

"I could not let you go without saying good by," he said, "and wishing you a pleasant voyage, and may I come and see you next time I am in Vienna?"

Valerie looked troubled and glanced at her husband, leaving it to him to answer. He took her hand in his, and, bowing with cold, grave courtesy, said, —

"Any of my wife's friends will be welcome to me in Vienna."

There was no time for more; the count's servant jumped off the box to tell his master that the coachman said we were already late. Valerie shook hands and we drove on.

"You will come to us in the summer, Rachel?" she said, as the train was moving off; "you have promised."

I often hear from her. They are living on an estate which the count owns in Bohemia. There is never a shadow of unhappiness in her letters. I am going to them in the end of August for the autumn, according to my promise, which I fulfil the more eagerly since she has made friends with Stephanie, and has asked her to come for part of my visit. Pray Heaven, Mr. Sartoris may n't turn up; but I think that emphasis on the word "any" must have settled him.

### ON SMOKING AND DRINKING.

THIS little book\* is the most pleasant and readable volume of temperance literature with which it has been our lot to meet. It is well written, clever, amusing, and likely to be profitable, though the author indulges in the usual teetotal luxury of sweeping assertion against the use of stimulants in all and every shape. No general assertion can be made to hold an absolute truth, — as well might the wise men of Gotham build a wall to imprison their cuckoo! With how many grains of allowance must the following dogma be received? "All such facts as these indicate the real office of alcohol in our modern life; it enables us to violate the laws of Nature without immediate suffering and speedy destruction. This appears to be its chief office in conjunction with its ally tobacco. Alcohol and Tobacco support half the modern world in doing wrong. That is their part — their rôle, as the French investigators term it — in the present life of the human race." Again: "It is known that life can be sustained many years in considerable vigor upon a short allowance of food, provided the victim keeps his system well saturated with alcohol. Travellers across the plains to California, tell us that soon after getting past St. Louis, they strike a region where the principal articles of diet are saleratus and grease, to which a little flour and pork are added, upon which they say human life cannot be supported unless the natural waste of the system is retarded by 'preserving' the tissues in whiskey. Mr. Greeley, however, got through alive, without resorting to this expedient, but he confesses in one of his letters he suffered the pangs and horrors of indigestion."

If it were necessary to perform the journey, where was the particular virtue in adding "the pangs and horrors of indigestion" to the other difficulties? or in what did the practical advantage to the "laws of Nature" consist? Indigestion is surely as abhorrent to those laws as the whiskey that enables a man to avoid the suffering. We should say the obedience to the law of self-preservation lay in using the whiskey as a remedy.

There is again the following paragraph about a certain dinner which seems to have obtained notoriety at all events: "There is a paragraph now making the grand tour of the newspapers, which informs the public that there was a dinner given the other evening in New York consisting of twelve courses, and keeping the guests five hours at the table. For five hours men and women sat consuming food, occupying half an hour at each viand. What could sustain human nature in such an amazing effort? What could enable them to look into one another's face without blushing scarlet at the infamy of such a waste of time, food, and digestive force? What concealed from them the iniquity and deep vulgarity of what they were doing?" The explanation of the mystery is given in the paragraph that records the crime: "There was a different kind of wine for each course. Even at an ordinary dinner party, who could eat it through or sit it out without a constant sipping of wine to keep his brain muddled and lash his stomach to unnatural exertion? We all know and confess to one another how absurd such banquets are, and yet few have the courage and humanity to feed their friends in a way which they can enjoy and feel the better for next morning."

From this we should be inclined to fancy that the Americans do not understand the art of dining. In another page the author speaks of having seen "Mr. Dickens eating and drinking his way through the elegantly bound book which Mr. Delmonico substituted for the usual bill of fare at the dinner given by the Press to the great author last year." Mr. Parton imagines that guests must eat all and everything set before them; he also declares that the wine and the smoking are the reasons why ladies are never invited to public dinners; and he considers the female element would be a great improvement. By all this it will be seen that Mr. Parton has the defects of his qualities, and that, having adopted a principle, he pushes it to the extreme, and supports it through thick and thin. He is by no means singular in this. We once heard an uncompromising vegetarian call a magnificent roast sirloin of beef "a piece of a dead carcass"; and all the evils prophesied from drinking wine were asserted of those who persisted in eating meat, game, fish, or poultry; — good health, good taste, and refined intelligence were to be obtained only from a diet of potatoes and parsnips and such-like.

If all stimulants were simply poisonous, — inventions by which men killed themselves under the delusion that they were doing themselves good, — we do not think there would be the strong and well-pronounced instinct to desire them, nor to discover the means of making them in all regions, whether savage or civilized. "Strong drink" certainly meets some genuine "want" in the complex and mysterious organism of the human body, — a want which no food can supply; it acts like a connecting link between body and soul. The process of nutrition is as great a mystery as the secret of life itself. But "strong drink" is a perilous boon; like fire, it is a good servant, but a terrible master, and

\* By JAMES PARTON. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.



has constantly a tendency to get the upper hand. When either man or woman feels that the servant would get above the master, there is no compromise possible; were the stimulants in moderate portions ten times as necessary for health or comfort, it must be relinquished absolutely. "Strong drink," under all its shapes, from tokay and champagne to lager beer and "Old Tom," is a subtle and encroaching enemy, and must have no quarter shown to it. "The life is more than meat," and the life of the soul is more precious than the life of the body.

Wherever there is a consciousness of being liable to be enticed by wine and those drinks to which wine is allied, it must be accepted as a decree which may not be changed or tampered with, that in total abstinence alone is there safety. It must be accepted as a fact, as a condition of the existence of such man or woman, that it is far better to die if need be, than to live to be the slave of drink, or indeed of any other created thing. There is in some men a physical, and generally constitutional, tendency to drink. Moderation is then simply impossible; it is a grievous delusion; and the man or woman so constituted who tries it will be sucked down by the strong current of ever-increasing temptation. It is far better to die than to live dishonored. In this conviction we are as firm as the most ardent teetotaler can desire. We are also persuaded that they who, for the sake of giving help and example and moral support to those who are tempted in this direction, voluntarily relinquish all stimulating and pleasant drinks do a noble and generous act of brotherly kindness and charity, — they give a vital help and strength to those who are weak.

We have often heard it said by tempted and struggling victims, that the sight of other people taking "a cheerful glass" of wine or punch without harm and without misgiving, rouses a sense of hardship, and injustice, and bitterness in their minds, as though they were accepting a degraded and pariah condition by confessing their own inability to partake and be moderate; they say that at such times a painful sense of privation comes over them, and that the thought that they may never join in the "moderate" potations is like a sentence of perpetual imprisonment and isolation. Of course, this is a morbid condition, born of weakness; but it is all the more generous and helpful in those who are "strong" to abstain.

There are some curious facts stated with reference to the state of the brain produced by drinking, and the condition in which it is left when the habit has been overcome; also there is an account of the various asylums for the treatment of those who have been the victims of drunkenness. The cure seems to be perfect so long as the persons continue to abstain entirely, but to attempt to return to habits of "moderation" is always fatal, — the very sight and smell of liquor seem, in some instances, to excite the brain beyond control. The struggles of those who are afflicted with this fatal propensity to conquer it are often heroic.

Let those who are free be thankful, and have pity on the weak; let them make it easy for them to refuse; and on no consideration ought a refusal to drink wine or spirits to be combated or met by persuasion or enticement. A staunch total abstinence friend of ours declares that if wine were as nasty to take as rhubarb and magnesia, doctors might recommend it a long time before any one would take a glass three times a day; and a very ardent lover of salmon-fishing and keen sportsman

whom we knew, never took any other liquor on his expeditions than strong cold tea, with sugar and cream, which, though it does not sound inviting, is a very pleasant potation.

To turn from drinking to smoking, the author is as absolute against tobacco in every shape as he is against strong liquor. He would not even allow the poor bricklayer's laborer his pipe, for if he abstained from his pipe, he would be less likely to be contented with his position, and would try to rise in the world. Tobacco-smoking is not so fatally ensnaring as the propensity to drink. Moderation is not only quite possible, but excess is the exception and not the rule. A cigar, or, better than any cigar, a pipe of good tobacco, not only soothes the nerves, but clears the perceptive faculties. Any man who has had severe head work to do, whether calculations or compositions, knows well that a cogitative "pipe" will enable him to see his way through a difficulty which was perplexing him before.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. DICKENS'S recent illness was occasioned by excessive overwork.

MR. RUSKIN has gone to Verona to copy some choice frescoes for the Arundel Society.

THE Emperor of the French always celebrates his birthday (April the 29th) by a State Dinner at the Tuileries.

THE Arc de Triomphe, at Paris, is to be surmounted by a colossal group representing the apotheoses of the First Emperor.

THE exorbitant prices of apartments in Paris have rendered certain neighborhoods uninhabitable by any except millionnaires or "the friends of the Emperor."

THE English journals tell a pitiful story of the death of Isidore Magnes, the French artist, who, while engaged in painting a large picture of striking merit, was prostrated by hunger and anxiety.

THE statement that there was never yet anything so stupid as not to find somebody to admire it, was about to be disproved, when, lo! a writer in Macmillan's Magazine for May turns to and literally praises Lord Lytton's play of "The Rightful Heir!"

VICTOR HUGO'S new novel, the title of which does not admit of satisfactory translation, ("The Man who Laughs" being only less nonsensical than "The Laughing Man,") is to be published in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the original title, "By order of the King" *Par Ordre du Roi*.

A DUEL recently took place between M. Meyer, contributor to the *Paris*, and M. Carl des Perières, contributor to the *Nain Jaune*. The cheerful gentlemen shot at each other, once without any result; on recommencing, however, M. Meyer was fortunate enough to have a ball lodged in his right hip.

PRINCE CHARLES of Prussia has discovered at a *bric-à-brac* shop in Paris the identical bedstead on which his royal father reposed during his stay in Paris, in 1815, after the Allies had accomplished the restoration of that most useful family of Bourbons who have since been dismissed from the various thrones then occupied by them.

WHENEVER a player at the Homburg gambling saloons is ruined, the proprietors of the tables furnish their victim with 42 francs, on condition that he



immediately leaves the town. The unlucky gentleman usually gets as far as Wiesbaden, where he blows out his brains. Experience has taught the "administration" that the occurrence of such an event in Homburg injures their business by frightening many gamblers from the tables. Popular superstition still points out a dead tree in the park, which is said never to have blossomed since a ruined gamester hanged himself on it some years ago.

MR. W. C. BENNETT is making a spirited attempt to revive old habits, and awaken that popular interest in the events of English history, which he considers to be almost entirely wanting among the masses of even moderately intelligent readers, by the proposed publication of a ballad history of England, to which he earnestly invites contributions.

ENGLAND is slowly — but very slowly, to be sure — getting rid of some of the monstrous laws framed about the time of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. The House of Commons has just decided — it is only the Nineteenth Century now — that it is not a crime for a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. Hitherto the children of such a marriage have been considered illegitimate.

AT the sale of Mr. Ruskin's collection of sketches and paintings, specimens of Turner's art drew forth unprecedented prices. The Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "It has often been a matter of speculation in late years whether the high prices which Turner's works have at different times reached in public sales would be maintained if a large number of them were to be again exposed to competition. The answer has now been given. Of thirty-nine mere sketches sold, the average price was nearly £40; a finished drawing of the early period went for £350, and the well-known 'Lucerne' for £980, prices which works of the same class, scale, and finish have perhaps never reached before. Mr. Ruskin's property was certainly sold at a great advantage, being accompanied by critical descriptions from the owner; and the prices did, in most cases, follow the guidance thus provided for purchasers."

THE London Star says, that "great excitement was created in the Edgware Road the other evening by the appearance of a horse and jockey in full racing costume, galloping madly towards the Marble Arch. A hue and cry was at once raised at such a novel sight, but all attempts to stop the horse were unavailing until the park was reached, when, the horse getting exhausted, the jockey managed to pull him up. On inquiry it seems that the jockey and horse were to have taken part in Mr. Boucicault's drama of "Flying Scud," now being performed at the Alfred Theatre, but just before going on the stage the horse trod on a bag of torpedoes, used to imitate the cracking of whips, and the loud bang of these torpedoes so alarmed the animal that he bolted out of a side-door, leaving, for the first time of his many performances, the race to be won by a dummy, and the curtain to fall on an inglorious tableau.

A MOST virulent polemic is now raging between M. Anatole de la Forge and M. Emile de Girardin, whose paper (the *Liberté*) publishes the following epistle:—

"SIR, — Before replying in the *Siccle* to your insults, I wish to know whether you still intend sheltering yourself behind the pretext of Carrel's death, so as never to give satisfaction, weapons in hand, to honest people whom you insult in your paper. After having read your article of this evening, I have a

right to challenge you, and to request you to make known to me what your intentions are. — ANATOLE DE LA FORGE."

To this letter M. de Girardin replies in the following terms:—

"Bullets or swords have never been arguments, and never solved any controversy. You possess the same weapon as I do, and I have the same as you have; make use of yours as I do of mine. If you choose to fight this duel with a pen, I willingly consent that seconds should be appointed on both sides, to decide which of you or I shall have wounded each other most severely, and in such a manner as to put an end to the encounter. Do you prefer that we should both take a ream of paper, a bottle of ink, a box of pens, and that the fight should only end when the pens, ink, and paper are exhausted? Let us choose."

AN English newspaper tells a rather good story of M. Brandimarte Saletti, secretary of the Municipal Council of Florence, who recently desired his head clerk to purchase four lottery tickets for him, the numbers of which he knew were not as yet sold, at £1 each, and accordingly handed him a hundred-franc note. The clerk, a most trustworthy person, carefully folded the note and placed it in his waistcoat pocket. Meeting a friend on his way home, however, he utterly forgot the commission, till next morning, as he passed the lottery office, it occurred to him, but alas! it was too late; the numbers his employer had desired him to purchase had been bought up, and the list closed. On reaching his office he found M. Saletti absorbed in business, and he determined to delay the confession of his lapsus of memory till after the drawing. He therefore dived into his own particular office, and said nothing. M. Saletti, however, an inveterate lottery player, was on the alert, and at the exact hour rushed to the nearest office, where the pleasant spectacle greeted him of the four numbers he had selected having won no less than 1,800,000 fr. Wild with delight, M. Saletti rushed home to tell the glad news, and the frantic excitement of the family can be conceived. On his way back to the Hotel de Ville he met the syndic of Florence, M. Terezzi, whose congratulations were most hearty; then Count Cambray-Digny, the Finance Minister, who did his best to calm him, and laughingly said, "Only think of its being you who thus help to empty the treasury." Once in his own office, he rang. More dead than alive, appeared his head clerk. "Give me quickly the receipt," asked M. Saletti. "Here, sir, are the hundred francs." "What hundred francs?" "Do what you will with me, sir; send me to the galleys or to the guillotine, but I forgot to buy the tickets!" That's what we call hard luck.

A WRITER in the London Scotsman has gathered a crop of epitaphs, several of which are quite fresh.

Here is one on a person named Chest:—

"Here lies at rest, I do protest,  
One Chest within another!  
The one of them is very good,  
Who says so of the other?"

On a very old man:—

"He lived to 105 because he was strong,  
100 to 5 you don't live as long."

On Martha Shiell:—

"Poor Martha Shiell has gone away,  
Her would if she could, but her could n't stay,  
Her had 2 bad legs and a badish cough,  
It was her 2 bad legs that carried her off."

The following, although quaint, is very coarse:—



"Here lies the body of barren Peg,  
Who never had no issue but one in her leg;  
And when she was alive she was so cunning,  
That when one leg stood still the other kept running."

Mr. Proctor's antipathy to medical men did not  
save him from the common fate of humanity:—

"Here lies John Proctor,  
Who lived and died without a doctor."

On Professor Walker, who wrote a treatise on English Particles:—

"Here lies Walker's Particles."

On Dr. Fuller:—

"Here lies Fuller's earth."

On a dustman:—

"Cease to lament his change, ye just,  
He's only gone from dust to dust."

Dr. Chard's medical practice seems to have been  
large, if not particularly successful:—

"Here lies Dr. Chard,  
Who filled the half of this churchyard."

The following is a quaint mixture of specific information and sentiment:—

"Here lie two babes as dead as nits,  
Who died of agonizing fits;  
They were too good to live with we,  
So God took them to live with He."

On another babe:—

"Since I was so quickly done for,  
I wonder what I was begun for."

The maker of the following epitaph is clearly of  
opinion that Mr. Jones's ruling passion will be strong  
after death. Its profanity spoils it:—

"Here lies the bones of Joseph Jones,  
Who ate while he was able;  
But once o'er fed, he dropt down dead,  
And fell beneath the table.  
When from this tomb to meet his doom  
He'll rise with other sinners,  
Since he must dwell in heaven or hell,  
He'll choose where he'll get the best dinners."

On a woodman:—

"In Kent so good I was lopping wood,  
And down fell from a tree;  
I met with a check and broke my neck,  
And so death lopped off me."

There is no evidence that Jonathan Pound was an  
Irishman, but his epitaph contains an unmistakable  
bull:—

"Here lies the body of Jonathan Pound,  
Who was lost at sea, and never was found."

### MID-DAY IN SUMMER.

Lo! lying in the fierce meridian heat,  
The beauteous earth looks like a thing that dreams,  
And, all o'ercome with stupor strangely sweet,  
She wholly in the warm sun's clutches seems.  
Cows seek the shed's cool shade; in sober wise,  
So lazily through the languid noontide air,  
A crow flies from the high green hill that lies  
Aback beyond the flat. The heat, the glare  
Chalks out the white highway that runs along  
The distant upland. Not a bird makes choice  
To warble even the fragment of a song,  
And Nature would not own a single voice  
But for the restless brooks that, all alive,  
Murmur like bees content in honeyed hive.

### GYP.

I LIE on the shingle, waiting:  
The waves break at my feet;  
The sun is a fiery furnace,  
But the wind blows cool and sweet.  
Why tarries my little gypsy?  
She promised here to meet.

It is time! it is time! she lingers  
By the cliff, where none can see,  
Among the great chalk boulders,  
She is coming to talk to me,  
In her voice which is deeper, sweeter,  
Than the cool wind, or the sea.

She knows where we cut the letters  
Which marry her name to mine;  
I lie here flinging the pebbles  
In the water, for a sign.  
Come, little gypsy dark eyes,  
I long to see you shine.

She is gay as a mocking-bird,  
She is sad as a lonely dove;  
She whispers low, "I hate you";  
She laughs with tears, "I love."  
Our bond shall hold for a sennight,  
We have sworn by the stars above.

I see her, I see her winding  
Down the white chalk cliff! I know  
The old Scotch cap, short petticoat,  
And step like a mountain roe.  
Bare little brown legs, bare little brown feet,  
Ay, we'll be gay, I trow.

T. ASHE.

### THE TAPESTRY OF PROSERPINE.

[CLAUDIAN.—THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE, i. 246–265.]

THE elemental order there she drew  
And Jove's high dwellings; there you saw  
The needle tell how ancient Chaos grew  
To harmony and law;

How Nature set in order due and rank  
Her atoms, raised the light on high,  
And to the middle place the weightier sank,  
There lustrous shone the sky,

The heavens were quick with flame, the ocean rolled,  
The great world hung in mid suspense;  
And each of diverse hue; she worked in gold  
The starry fires intense;

Bade ocean flow in purple, and the shore  
With gems upraised. Divinely wrought,  
The threads embossed to swelling billows bore  
Strange likeness; you had thought

They dashed the sea-weed on the rocks, or crept  
Hoarse murmuring thro' the thirsty sands.  
Five zones she added. In mid place she kept  
With red distinct the lands

Leaguered with burnings; all the region showed  
Scorched into darkness, and the thread  
Dry as with sunshine that eternal glowed;  
On either hand were spread

The realms of life, lapped in a milder breath  
Kindly to men: and next appear  
On this extreme and that, dull lands of death  
She made them dark and drear

With year-long frost, and saddened all the hue  
With endless winter; last she showed  
What seats her Sire's dark brother holds, nor knew  
The fated dark abode.

ALFRED CHURCH.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

[No. 178.]

## HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.\*

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XCVI.

#### MONKHAMPS.

On the 10th of August Nora Rowley left the river-side at Twickenham, and went down to Monkhamps. The reader need hardly be told that Hugh brought her up from Twickenham and sent her off in the railway carriage. They agreed that no day could be fixed for their marriage till something further should be known of Trevelyan's state. While he was in his present condition such a marriage could not have been other than very sad. Nora, when she left the cottage, was still very bitter against her brother-in-law, quoting the doctor's opinion as to his sanity, and expressing her own as to his conduct under that supposition. She also believed that he would rally in health, and was therefore, on that account, less inclined to pity him than was his wife. Emily Trevelyan of course saw more of him than did her sister, and understood better how possible it was that a man might be in such a condition as to be neither mad nor sane, — not mad, so that all power over his own actions need be taken from him; nor sane, so that he must be held to be accountable for his words and thoughts. Trevelyan did nothing, and attempted to do nothing, that could injure his wife and child. He submitted himself to medical advice. He did not throw away his money. He had no Bozzy now waiting at his heels. He was generally passive in his wife's hands as to all outward things. He was not violent in rebuke, nor did he often allude to their past unhappiness. But he still maintained, by a word spoken every now and then, that he had been right throughout in his contest with his wife, and that his wife had at last acknowledged that it was so. She never contradicted him, and he became bolder and bolder in his assertions, endeavoring on various occasions to obtain some expression of an assent from Nora. But Nora would not assent, and he would scowl at her, saying words, both in her presence and behind her back, which implied that she was his enemy. "Why not yield to him?" her sister said the day before

she went. "I have yielded, and your doing so cannot make it worse."

"I can't do it. It would be false. It is better that I should go away. I cannot pretend to agree with him, when I know that his mind is working altogether under a delusion." When the hour for her departure came, and Hugh was waiting for her, she thought that it would be better that she should go, without seeing Trevelyan. "There will only be more anger," she pleaded. But her sister would not be contented that she should leave the house in this fashion, and urged at last, with tears running down her cheeks, that this might possibly be the last interview between them.

"Say a word to him in kindness before you leave us," said Mrs. Trevelyan. Then Nora went up to her brother-in-law's bedside, and told him that she was going, and expressed a hope that he might be stronger when she returned. And as she did so she put her hand upon the bedside, intending to press his in token of affection. But his face was turned from her, and he seemed to take no notice of her. "Louis," said his wife, "Nora is going to Monkhamps. You will say good-by to her before she goes?"

"If she be not my enemy, I will," said he.

"I have never been your enemy, Louis," said Nora, "and certainly I am not now."

"She had better go," he said. "It is very little more that I expect of any one in this world; but I will recognize no one as my friend who will not acknowledge that I have been sinned against during the last two years, — sinned against cruelly and utterly." Emily, who was standing at the bed-head, shuddered as she heard this, but made no reply. Nor did Nora speak again, but crept silently out of the room; and in half a minute her sister followed her.

"I feared how it would be," said Nora.

"We can only do our best. God knows that I try to do mine."

"I do not think you will ever see him again," said Hugh to her in the train.

"Would you have had me act otherwise? It is

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FARRIS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.



not that it would have been a lie. I would not have minded that to ease the shattered feelings of one so infirm and suffering as he. In dealing with mad people, I suppose one must be false. But I should have been accusing her, and it may be that he will get well, and it might be that he would then remember what I had said."

At the station near Monkham's she was met by Lady Peterborough in the carriage. A tall footman in livery came on to the platform to show her the way and to look after her luggage, and she could not fail to remember that the man might have been her own servant, instead of being the servant of her who now sat in Lord Peterborough's carriage. And when she saw the carriage, and her Ladyship's great bay horses, and the glittering harness, and the respectably responsible coachman, and the arms on the panel, she smiled to herself at the sight of these first outward manifestations of the rank and wealth of the man who had once been her lover. There are men who look as though they were the owners of bay horses and responsible coachmen and family blazons,—from whose outward personal appearance, demeanor, and tone of voice, one would expect a following of liveries and a magnificence of belongings; but Mr. Glascock had by no means been such a man. It had suited his taste to keep these things in abeyance, and to place his pride in the oaks and elms of his Park rather than in any of those appanages of grandeur which a man may carry about with him. He could talk of his breed of sheep on an occasion, but he never talked of his horses; and though he knew his position and all its glories as well as any nobleman in England, he was ever inclined to hang back a little in going out of a room, and to bear himself as though he were a small personage in the world. Some perception of all this came across Nora's mind as she saw the equipage, and tried to reflect, at a moment's notice, whether the case might have been different with her, had Mr. Glascock worn a little of his tinsel outside when she first met him. Of course she told herself that, had he worn it all on the outside, and carried it ever so gracefully, it could have made no difference.

It was very plain, however, that, though Mr. Glascock did not like bright feathers for himself, he chose that his wife should wear them. Nothing could be prettier than the way in which Caroline Spalding, whom we first saw as she was about to be stuck into the interior of the diligence, at St. Michel, now filled her carriage as Lady Peterborough. The greeting between them was very affectionate, and there was a kiss in the carriage, even though the two pretty hats, perhaps, suffered something. "We are so glad to have you at last," said Lady Peterborough. "Of course we are very quiet; but you won't mind that." Nora declared that no house could be too quiet for her, and then said something of the melancholy scene which she had just left. "And no time is fixed for your own marriage? But of course it has not been possible. And why should you be in a hurry? We quite understand that this is to be your home till everything has arranged itself." There was a drive of four or five miles before they reached the park gates, and nothing could be kinder or more friendly than was the new peeress; but Nora told herself that there was no forgetting that her friend was a peeress. She would not be so ill-conditioned as to suggest to herself that her friend patronized her,—and, indeed, had she done so, the suggestion would have been false,—but she

could not rid herself of a certain sensation of external inferiority, and of a feeling that the superiority ought to be on her side, as all this might have been hers,—only that she had not thought it worth her while to accept it. As these ideas came into her mind, she hated herself for entertaining them; and yet come they would. While she was talking about her emblematic beefsteak with Hugh, she had no regret, no uneasiness, no conception that any state of life could be better for her than that state in which an emblematic beefsteak was of vital importance; but she could not bring her mind to the same condition of unalloyed purity while sitting with Lady Peterborough in Lord Peterborough's carriage. And for her default in this respect she hated herself.

"This is the beginning of the Park," said her friend.

"And where is the house?"

"You can't see the house for ever so far yet; it is two miles off. There is about a mile before you come to the gates, and over a mile afterwards. One has a sort of feeling when one is in that one can't get out,—it is so big." In so speaking, it was Lady Peterborough's special endeavor to state without a boast facts which were indifferent, but which must be stated.

"It is very magnificent," said Nora. There was in her voice the slightest touch of sarcasm, which she would have given the world not to have uttered; but it had been irrepressible.

Lady Peterborough understood it instantly, and forgave it, not attributing to it more than its true meaning, acknowledging to herself that it was natural. "Dear Nora," she said,—not knowing what to say, blushing as she spoke,— "the magnificence is nothing; but the man's love is everything."

Nora shook herself, and determined that she would behave well. The effort should be made, and the required result should be produced by it. "The magnificence, as an adjunct, is a great deal," she said; "and, for his sake, I hope that you enjoy it."

"Of course I enjoy it."

"Wallachia's teachings and preachings have all been thrown to the wind, I hope."

"Not quite all. Poor, dear Wally! I got a letter from her the other day, which she began by saying that she would attune her correspondence to my changed condition in life. I understood the reproach so thoroughly! And, when she told me little details of individual men and women, and of things she had seen, and said not a word about the rights of women, or even of politics generally, I felt that I was a degraded creature in her sight. But, though you laugh at her, she did me good, and will do good to others. Here we are inside Monkham's, and now you must look at the avenue."

Nora was now rather proud of herself. She had made the effort, and it had been successful; and she felt that she could speak naturally, and express her thoughts honestly. "I remember his telling me about the avenue the first time I ever saw him; and here it is. I did not think then that I should ever live to see the glories of Monkham's. Does it go all the way like this to the house?"

"Not quite; where you see the light at the end the road turns to the right, and the house is just before you. There are great iron gates, and terraces, and wondrous paraphernalia before you get up to the door. I can tell you Monkham's is quite a wonder. I have to shut myself up every Wednesday morning, and hand the house over to



Mrs. Crutch, the housekeeper, who comes out in a miraculous brown silk gown, to show it to visitors. On other days, you'll find Mrs. Crutch quite civil and useful,—but on Wednesdays, she is majestic. Charles always goes off among his sheep on that day, and I shut myself up with a pile of books in a little room. You will have to be imprisoned with me. I do so long to peep at the visitors."

"And I dare say they want to peep at you."

"I proposed at first to show them round myself; but Charles would n't let me."

"It would have broken Mrs. Crutch's heart."

"That's what Charles said. He thinks that Mrs. Crutch tells them that I'm locked up somewhere, and that that gives a zest to the search. Some people from Nottingham once did break into old Lady Peterborough's room, and the show was stopped for a year. There was such a row about it! It prevented Charles coming up for the county. But he would n't have got in; and therefore it was lucky, and saved money."

By this time Nora was quite at her ease; but still there was before her the other difficulty, of meeting Lord Peterborough. They were driven out of the avenue, and round to the right, and through the iron gate, and up to the huge front door. There, upon the top step, was standing Lord Peterborough, with a billycock hat and a very old shooting-coat, and nankeen trousers, which were considerably too short for him. It was one of the happinesses of his life to dress just as he pleased as he went about his own place; and it certainly was his pleasure to wear older clothes than any one else in his establishment. "Miss Rowley," he said, coming forward to give her a hand out of the carriage, "I am delighted that you should see Monkams at last."

"You see I have kept you to your promise. Caroline has been telling me everything about it; but she is not quite a complete guide as yet. She does not know where the seven oaks are. Do you remember telling me of the seven oaks?"

"Of course I do. They are five miles off,—at Clatton farm, Carry. I don't think you have been near Clatton yet. We will ride there to-morrow." And thus Nora Rowley was made at home at Monkams.

She was made at home, and after a week or two she was very happy. She soon perceived that her host was a perfect gentleman, and as such, a man to be much loved. She had probably never questioned the fact, whether Mr. Glascock was a gentleman or not, and now she did not analyze it. It probably never occurred to her, even at the present time, to say to herself that he was certainly that thing, so impossible of definition, and so capable of recognition; but she knew that she had to do with one whose presence was always pleasant to her, whose words and acts towards her extorted her approbation, whose thoughts seemed to her to be always good and manly. Of course she had not loved him, because she had previously known Hugh Stanbury. There could be no comparison between the two men. There was a brightness about Hugh which Lord Peterborough could not rival. Otherwise,—except for this reason,—it seemed to her to be impossible that any young woman should fail to love Lord Peterborough when asked to do so.

About the middle of September there came a very happy time for her, when Hugh was asked down to shoot partridges,—in the doing of which, however, all his brightness did not bring him near in

excellence to his host. Lord Peterborough had been shooting partridges all his life, and shot them with a precision which excited Hugh's envy. To own the truth, Stanbury did not shoot well, and was treated rather with scorn by the gamekeeper; but in other respects he spent three or four of the happiest days of his life. He had his work to do, and after the second day over the stubbles, declared that the exigencies of the D. R. were too severe to enable him to go out with his gun again; but these rambles about the park with Nora, for which, among the exigencies of the D. R., he did find opportunity, were never to be forgotten.

"Of course I remember that it might have been mine," she said, sitting with him under an old hollow, withered, sloping stump of an oak, which still, however, had sufficient of a head growing from one edge of the trunk to give them the shade they wanted; "and if you wish me to own to regrets, I will."

"It would kill me, I think, if you did; and yet I cannot get it out of my head that if it had not been for me your rank and position in life might have been so—so suitable to you."

"No, Hugh; there you're wrong. I have thought about it a good deal, too; and I know very well that the cold beefsteak in the cupboard is the thing for me. Caroline will do very well here. She looks like a peeress, and bears her honors grandly; but they will never harden her. I, too, could have been magnificent with fine feathers. Most birds are equal to so much as that. I fancy that I could have looked the part of the fine English lady, and could have patronized clergymen's wives in the country, could have held my own among my peers in London, and could have kept Mrs. Crutch in order; but it would have hardened me, and I should have learned to think that to be a lady of fashion was everything."

"I do not believe a bit of it."

"It is better as it is, Hugh,—for me, at least. I had always a sort of conviction that it would be better, though I had a longing to play the other part. Then you came, and you have saved me. Nevertheless, it is very nice, Hugh, to have the oaks to sit under." Stanbury declared that it was very nice.

But still nothing was settled about the wedding. Trevelyan's condition was so uncertain that it was very difficult to settle anything. Though nothing was said on the subject between Stanbury and Mrs. Trevelyan, and nothing written between Nora and her sister, it could not but be remembered that, should Trevelyan die, his widow would require a home with them. They were deterred from choosing a house by this reflection, and were deterred from naming a day also by the consideration that, were they to do so, Trevelyan's state might still probably prevent it. But this was arranged, that if Trevelyan lived through the winter, or even if he should not live, their marriage should not be postponed beyond the end of March. Till that time Lord Peterborough would remain at Monkams, and it was understood that Nora's invitation extended to that period.

"If my wife does not get tired of you, I shall not," Lord Peterborough said to Nora. "The thing is that when you do go we shall miss you so terribly." In September, too, there happened another event which took Stanbury to Exeter, and all needful particulars as to that event shall be narrated in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER XCVII.

MRS. BROOKE BURGESS.

It may be doubted whether there was a happier young woman in England than Dorothy Stanbury when that September came which was to make her the wife of Mr. Brooke Burgess, the new partner in the firm of Cropper and Burgess. Her early aspirations in life had been so low, and of late there had come upon her such a succession of soft showers of success, — mingled now and then with slight threatenings of storms which had passed away, — that the Close at Exeter seemed to her to have become a very Paradise. Her aunt's temper had sometimes been to her as the threat of a storm, and there had been the Gibson marriage treaty, and the short-lived opposition to the other marriage treaty, which had seemed to her to be so very preferable; but everything had gone at last as though she had been Fortune's favorite, — and now had come this beautiful arrangement about Cropper and Burgess, which would save her from being carried away to live among strangers in London! When she first became known to us on her coming to Exeter, in compliance with her aunt's suggestion, she was timid, silent, and altogether without self-reliance. Even they who knew her best had never guessed that she possessed a keen sense of humor, a nice appreciation of character, and a quiet, reticent wit of her own, under that staid and frightened demeanor. Since her engagement with Brooke Burgess, it seemed to those who watched her that her character had become changed, as does that of a flower when it opens itself in its growth. The sweet gifts of nature within became visible, the petals sprang to view, and the leaves spread themselves, and the sweet scent was felt upon the air. Had she remained at Nuncombe, it is probable that none would ever have known her but her sister. It was necessary to this flower that it should be warmed by the sun of life, and strengthened by the breezes of opposition, and filled by the showers of companionship, before it could become aware of its own loveliness. Dorothy was one who, had she remained ever unseen in the retirement of her mother's village cottage, would have lived and died ignorant of even her own capabilities for enjoyment. She had not dreamed that she could win a man's love, — had hardly dreamed till she had lived at Exeter that she had love of her own to give back in return. She had not known that she could be firm in her own opinion, that she could laugh herself and cause others to laugh, that she could be a lady and know that other women were not so, that she had good looks of her own and could be very happy when told of them by lips that she loved. The flower that blows the quickest is never the sweetest. The fruit that ripens tardily has ever the finest flavor. It is often the same with men and women. The lad who talks at twenty as men should talk at thirty has seldom much to say worth the hearing when he is forty; and the girl who at eighteen can shine in society with composure has generally given over shining before she is a full-grown woman. With Dorothy the scent and beauty of the flower and the flavor of the fruit had come late; but the fruit will keep, and the flower will not fall to pieces with the heat of an evening.

"How marvellously your bride has changed since she has been here!" said Mrs. MacHugh to Miss Stanbury. "We thought she could n't say boo to a goose at first; but she holds her own now among the best of 'em."

"Of course she does; why should n't she? I never knew a Stanbury yet that was a fool."

"They are a wonderful family, of course," said Mrs. MacHugh; "but I think that of all of them she is the most wonderful. Old Barty said something to her at my house yesterday that wasn't intended to be kind."

"When did he ever intend to be kind?"

"But he got no change out of her. 'The Burgesses have been in Exeter a long time,' she said, 'and I don't see why we should not get on at any rate as well as those before us.' Barty grunted and growled and slunk away. He thought she would shake in her shoes when he spoke to her."

"He has never been able to make a Stanbury shake in her shoes yet," said the old lady.

Early in September, Dorothy went to Nuncombe Putney to spend a week with her mother and sister at the cottage. She had insisted on this, though Priscilla had hinted, somewhat unnecessarily, that Dorothy, with her past comforts and her future prospects, would find the accommodation at the cottage very limited. "I suppose you and I, Pris, can sleep in the same bed, as we always did," she said, with a tear in each eye. Then Priscilla had felt ashamed of herself, and had bade her come.

"The truth is, Dolly," said the elder sister, "that we feel so unlike marrying and giving in marriage at Nuncombe, that I'm afraid you will lose your brightness and become dowdy, and grim, and misanthropic, as we are. When mamma and I sit down to what we call dinner, I always feel that there is a grace hovering in the air different to that which she says."

"And what is it, Pris?"

"Pray, God, don't quite starve us, and let everybody else have indigestion. We don't say it out loud, but there it is; and the spirit of it might damp the orange-blossoms."

She went of course, and the orange-blossoms were not damped. She had long walks with her sister round by Niddon and Ridleigh, and even as far distant as Cockchaffington, where much was said about that wicked Colonel as they stood looking at the porch of the church. "I shall be so happy," said Dorothy, "when you and mother come to us. It will be such a joy to me that you should be my guests."

"But we shall not come."

"Why not, Priscilla?"

"I know it will be so. Mamma will not care for going, if I do not go."

"And why should you not come?"

"For a hundred reasons, all of which you know, Dolly. I am stiff, impracticable, ill-conditioned, and very bad at going about visiting. I am always thinking that other people ought to have indigestion, and perhaps I might come to have some such feeling about you and Brooke."

"I should not be at all afraid of that."

"I know that my place in the world is here, at Nuncombe Putney. I have a pride about myself, and think that I never did wrong but once, — when I let mamma go into that odious Clock House. It is a bad pride, and yet I'm proud of it. I have n't got a gown fit to go and stay with you, when you become a grand lady in Exeter. I don't doubt you'd give me any sort of gown I wanted."

"Of course I would. Ain't we sisters, Pris?"

"I shall not be so much your sister as he will be your husband. Besides, I hate to take things. When Hugh sends money, and for mamma's sake it



is accepted, I always feel uneasy while it lasts, and think that that plague of an indigestion ought to come upon me also. Do you remember the lamb that came when you went away? It made me so sick."

"But, Priscilla, is n't that morbid?"

"Of course it is. You don't suppose I really think it grand. I am morbid. But I am strong enough to live on, and not get killed by the morbidity. Heaven knows how much more there may be of it — forty years, perhaps, and probably the greater portion of that absolutely alone —"

"No; you'll be with us then, — if it should come."

"I think not, Dolly. Not to have a hole of my own would be intolerable to me. But, as I was saying, I shall not be unhappy. To enjoy life, as you do, is I suppose out of the question for me. But I have a satisfaction when I get to the end of the quarter and find that there is not half a crown due to any one. Things get dearer and dearer, but I have a comfort even in that. I have a feeling that I should like to bring myself to the straw a day." Of course there were offers made of aid, — offers which were rather prayers, — and plans suggested of what might be done between Brooke and Hugh; but Priscilla declared that all such plans were odious to her. "Why should you be unhappy about us?" she continued. "We will come and see you, — at least, I will, — perhaps once in six months, and you shall pay for the railway ticket; only I won't stay, because of the gown."

"Is not that nonsense, Pris?"

"Just at present it is, because mamma and I have both got new gowns for the wedding. Hugh sent them, and ever so much money to buy bonnets and gloves."

"He is to be married himself soon, — down at a place called Monkham. Nora is staying there."

"Yes, with a lord," said Priscilla. "We sha'n't have to go there, at any rate."

"You liked Nora when she was here?"

"Very much, — though I thought her self-willed. But she is not worldly, and she is conscientious. She might have married that lord herself if she would. I do like her. When she comes to you at Exeter, if the wedding-gown is n't quite worn out, I shall come and see her. I knew she liked him when she was here, but she never said so."

"She is very pretty; is she not? He sent me her photograph."

"She is handsome rather than pretty. I wonder why it is that you two should be married, and so grandly married, and that I shall never, never have any one to love."

"O Priscilla, do not say that. If I have a child, will you not love it?"

"It will be your child, not mine. Do not suppose that I complain. I know that it is right. I know that you ought to be married and I ought not. I know that there is not a man in Devonshire who would take me, or a man in Devonshire whom I would accept. I know that I am quite unfit for any other kind of life than this. I should make any man wretched, and any man would make me wretched. But why is it so? I believe that you would make any man happy."

"I hope to make Brooke happy."

"Of course you will, and therefore you deserve it. We'll go home now, dear, and get mamma's things ready for the great day."

On the afternoon before the great day all the

visitors were to come, and during the forenoon old Miss Stanbury was in a great fidget. Luckily for Dorothy, her own preparations were already made, so that she could give her time to her aunt, without injury to herself. Miss Stanbury had come to think of herself as though all the reality of her life had passed away from her. Every resolution that she had formed had been broken. She had had the great enemy of her life, Barty Burgess, in the house with her upon terms that were intended to be amicable, and had arranged with him a plan for the division of the family property. Her sister-in-law, whom in the heyday of her strength she had chosen to regard as her enemy, and with whom even as yet there had been no reconciliation, was about to become her guest, as was also Priscilla, — whom she had ever disliked almost as much as she had respected. She had quarrelled utterly with Hugh, — in such a manner as to leave no possible chance of a reconciliation, — and he also was about to be her guest. And then, as to her chosen heir, she was now assisting him in doing the only thing, as to which she had declared that if he did it, he should not be her heir. As she went about the house, under an idea that such a multiplicity of persons could not be housed and fed without superhuman exertion, she thought of all this, and could not help confessing to herself that her life had been very vain. It was only when her eyes rested on Dorothy, and she saw how supremely happy was the one person whom she had taken most closely to her heart, that she could feel that she had done anything that should not have been left undone. "I think I'll sit down now, Dorothy," she said, "or I sha'n't be able to be with you to-morrow."

"Do, aunt. Everything is all ready, and nobody will be here for an hour yet. Nothing can be nicer than the rooms, and nothing ever was done so well before. I'm only thinking how lonely you'll be when we're gone."

"It'll be only for six weeks."

"But six weeks is such a long time."

"What would it have been if he had taken you up to London, my pet? Are you sure your mother would n't like a fire in her room, Dorothy?"

"A fire in September, aunt?"

"People live so differently. One never knows."

"They never have. but one fire at Nuncombe, aunt, summer or winter."

"That's no reason they should n't be comfortable here." However, she did not insist on having the fire lighted.

Mrs. Stanbury and Priscilla came first, and the meeting was certainly very uncomfortable. Poor Mrs. Stanbury was shy, and could hardly speak a word. Miss Stanbury thought that her visitor was haughty, and, though she endeavored to be gracious, did it with a struggle. They called each other ma'am, which made Dorothy uneasy. Each of them was so dear to her, that it was a pity that they should glower at each other like enemies. Priscilla was not at all shy; but she was combative, and, as her aunt said of her afterwards, would not keep her prickles in. "I hope, Priscilla, you like weddings," said Miss Stanbury to her, not knowing where to find a subject for conversation.

"In the abstract I like them," said Priscilla. Miss Stanbury did not know what her niece meant by liking weddings in the abstract, and was angry.

"I suppose you do have weddings at Nuncombe Putney sometimes," she said.

"I hope they do," said Priscilla, "but I never



saw one. To-morrow will be my first experience."

"Your own will come next, my dear," said Miss Stanbury.

"I think not," said Priscilla. "It is quite as likely to be yours, aunt." This, Miss Stanbury thought, was almost an insult, and she said nothing more on the occasion.

Then came Hugh and the bridegroom. The bridegroom, as a matter of course, was not accommodated in the house, but he was allowed to come there for his tea. He and Hugh had come together; and for Hugh a bedroom had been provided. His aunt had not seen him since he had been turned out of the house because of his bad practices, and Dorothy had anticipated the meeting between them with alarm. It was, however, much more pleasant than had been that between the ladies. "Hugh," she said, stiffly, "I am glad to see you on such an occasion as this."

"Aunt," he said, "I am glad of any occasion that can get me an entrance once more into the dear old house. I am so pleased to see you." She allowed her hand to remain in his a few moments, and murmured something which was intended to signify her satisfaction. "I must tell you that I am going to be married myself to one of the dearest, sweetest, and loveliest girls that ever were seen, and you must congratulate me."

"I do, I do; and I hope you may be happy."

"We mean to try to be; and some day you must let me bring her to you, and show her. I shall not be satisfied if you do not know my wife." She told Martha afterwards that she hoped that Mr. Hugh had sown his wild oats, and that matrimony would sober him. When, however, Martha remarked that she believed Mr. Hugh to be as hard-working a young man as any in London, Miss Stanbury shook her head sorrowfully. Things were being very much changed with her; but not even yet was she to be brought to approve of work done on behalf of a penny newspaper.

On the following morning, at ten o'clock, there was a procession from Miss Stanbury's house into the Cathedral, which was made entirely on foot; indeed, no assistance could have been given by any carriage, for there is a back entrance to the Cathedral, near to the Lady Chapel, exactly opposite Miss Stanbury's house. There were many of the inhabitants of the Close there to see the procession, and the Cathedral bells rang out their peals very merrily. Brooke, the bridegroom, gave his arm to Miss Stanbury, which was, no doubt, very improper, — as he should have appeared in the church as coming from quite some different part of the world. Then came the bride, hanging on her brother, then two bridesmaids, — friends of Dorothy's, living in the town; and, lastly, Priscilla with her mother, for nothing would induce Priscilla to take the part of a bridesmaid. "You might as well ask an owl to sing to you," she said. "And then all the frippery would be thrown away upon me." But she stood close to Dorothy, and when the ceremony had been performed, was the first, after Brooke, to kiss her.

Everybody acknowledged that the bride was a winsome bride. Mrs. MacHugh was at the breakfast, and declared afterwards that Dorothy Burgess — as she then was pleased to call her — was a girl very hard to be understood. "She came here," said Mrs. MacHugh, "two years ago, a plain, silent, shy, dowdy young woman, and we all said that Miss Stanbury would be tired of her in a week. There has never come a time in which there was any visi-

ble difference in her, and now she is one of our city beauties, with plenty to say to everybody, with a fortune in one pocket and her aunt in the other, and everybody is saying what a fortunate fellow Brooke Burgess is to get her. In a year or two she'll be at the top of everything in the city, and will make her way in the county too."

The compiler of this history begs to add his opinion to that of "everybody," as quoted above by Mrs. MacHugh. He thinks that Brooke Burgess was a very fortunate fellow to get his wife.

## CHAPTER XCVIII.

### ACQUITTED.

During this time, while Hugh was sitting with his love under the oak trees at Monkham, and Dorothy was being converted into Mrs. Brooke Burgess in Exeter Cathedral, Mrs. Trevelyan was living with her husband in the cottage at Twickenham. Her life was dreary enough, and there was but very little of hope in it to make its dreariness supportable. As often happens in periods of sickness, the single friend who could now be of service to the one or to the other was the doctor. He came daily to them, and with that quick growth of confidence which medical kindness always inspires, Trevelyan told to this gentleman all the history of his married life, — and all that Trevelyan told to him he repeated to Trevelyan's wife. It may therefore be understood that Trevelyan, between them, was treated like a child.

Dr. Nevill had soon been able to tell Mrs. Trevelyan that her husband's health had been so shattered as to make it improbable that he should ever again be strong either in body or in mind. He would not admit, even when treating his patient like a child, that he had ever been mad, and spoke of Sir Marmaduke's threat as unfortunate. "But what could papa have done?" asked the wife.

"It is often, no doubt, difficult to know what to do; but threats are seldom of avail to bring a man back to reason. Your father was angry with him, and yet declared that he was mad. That in itself was hardly rational. One does not become angry with a madman."

One does not become angry with a madman; but while a man has power in his hands over others, and when he misuses that power grossly and cruelly, who is there that will not be angry? The misery of the insane more thoroughly excites our pity than any other suffering to which humanity is subject; but it is necessary that the madness should be acknowledged to be madness before the pity can be felt. One can forgive, or, at any rate, make excuses for any injury when it is done; but it is almost beyond human nature to forgive an injury when it is a-doing, let the condition of the doer be what it may. Emily Trevelyan at this time suffered infinitely. She was still willing to yield in all things possible, because her husband was ill, — because perhaps he was dying; but she could no longer satisfy herself with thinking that all that she admitted — all that she was still ready to admit — had been conceded in order that her concessions might tend to soften the afflictions of one whose reason was gone. Dr. Nevill said that her husband was not mad; and indeed Trevelyan seemed now to be so clear in his mind that she could not doubt what the doctor said to her. She could not think that he was mad, and yet he spoke of the last two



years as though he had suffered from her almost all that a husband could suffer from a wife's misconduct. She was in doubt about his health. "He may recover," the doctor said; "but he is so weak that the slightest additional ailment would take him off." At this time Trevelyan could not raise himself from his bed, and was carried, like a child, from one room to another. He could eat nothing solid, and believed himself to be dying. In spite of his weakness, and of his savage memories in regard to the past, he treated his wife on all ordinary subjects with consideration. He spoke much of his money, telling her that he had not altered, and would not alter, the will that he had made immediately on his marriage. Under that will all his property would be hers for her life, and would go to their child when she was dead. To her this will was more than just,—it was generous in the confidence which it placed in her; and he told his lawyer, in her presence, that, to the best of his judgment, he need not change it. But still there passed hardly a day in which he did not make some allusion to the great wrong which he had endured, throwing in her teeth the confessions which she had made,—and almost accusing her of that which she certainly never had confessed, even when, in the extremity of her misery at Casalunga, she had thought that it little mattered what she said, so that for the moment he might be appeased. If he died, was he to die in this belief? If he lived, was he to live in this belief? And if he did so believe, was it possible that he should still trust her with his money and with his child?

"Emily," he said one day, "it has been a terrible tragedy, has it not?" She did not answer his question, sitting silent as it was her custom to do when he addressed her after such fashion as this. At such times she would not answer him; but she knew that he would press her for an answer. "I blame him more than I do you," continued Trevelyan,—"infinitely more. He was a serpent intending to sting me from the first,—not knowing perhaps how deep the sting would go." There was no question in this, and the assertion was one which had been made so often that she could let it pass. "You are young, Emily, and it may be that you will marry again."

"Never," she said, with a shudder. It seemed to her then that marriage was so fearful a thing that certainly she could never venture upon it again.

"All I ask of you is, that, should you do so, you will be more careful of your husband's honor."

"Louis," she said, getting up and standing close to him, "tell me what it is that you mean." It was now his turn to remain silent, and hers to demand an answer. "I have borne much," she continued, "because I would not vex you in your illness."

"You have borne much?"

"Indeed and indeed, yes. What woman has ever borne more!"

"And I?" said he.

"Dear Louis, let us understand each other at last. Of what do you accuse me? Let us, at any rate, know each other's thoughts on this matter, of which each of us is ever thinking."

"I make no new accusation."

"I must protest then against your using words which seem to convey accusation. Since marriages were first known upon earth, no woman has ever been truer to her husband than I have been to you."

"Were you lying to me then at Casalunga, when you acknowledged that you had been false to your duties?"

"If I acknowledged that, I did lie. I never said that; but yet I did lie, believing it to be best for you that I should do so. For your honor's sake, for the child's sake, weak as you are, Louis, I must protest that it was so. I have never injured you by deed or thought."

"And yet you have lied to me! Is a lie no injury,—and such a lie! Emily, why did you lie to me? You will tell me to-morrow that you never lied, and never owned that you had lied."

Though it should kill him, she must tell him the truth now. "You were very ill at Casalunga," she said, after a pause.

"But not so ill as I am now. I could breathe that air. I could live there. Had I remained, I should have been well now,—but what of that?"

"Louis, you were dying there. Pray, pray listen to me. We thought that you were dying; and we knew also that you would be taken from that house."

"That was my affair. Do you mean that I could not keep a house over my head?" At this moment he was half lying, half sitting, in a large easy-chair in the little drawing-room of their cottage, to which he had been carried from the adjoining bedroom. When not excited, he would sit for hours without moving, gazing through the open window, sometimes with some pretext of a book lying within the reach of his hand; but almost without strength to lift it, and certainly without power to read it. But now he had worked himself up to so much energy that he almost raised himself up in his chair, as he turned towards his wife. "Had I not the world before me to choose a house in?"

"They would have put you somewhere, and I could not have reached you."

"In a madhouse, you mean. Yes,—if you had told them."

"Will you listen, dear Louis? We knew that it was our duty to bring you home; and as you would not let me come to you, and serve you, and assist you to come here where you are safe, unless I owned that you had been right, I said that you had been right."

"And it was a lie, you say now?"

"All that is nothing. I cannot go through it; nor should you. There is the only question. You do not think that I have been—I need not say the thing. You do not think that?" As she asked the question, she knelt beside him, and took his hand in hers, and kissed it. "Say that you do not think that, and I will never trouble you further about the past."

"Yes, that is it. You will never trouble me!" She glanced up into his face and saw there the old look which he used to wear when he was at Willesden and at Casalunga; and there had come again the old tone in which he had spoken to her in the bitterness of his wrath,—the look and the tone which had made her sure that he was a madman. "The craft and subtlety of women passes everything!" he said. And so at last I am to tell you that from the beginning it has been my doing. I will never say so, though I should die in refusing to do it."

After that there was no possibility of further conversation, for there came upon him a fit of coughing, and then he swooned; and in half an hour he was in bed, and Dr. Nevill was by his side. "You



must not speak to him at all on this matter," said the doctor. "But if he speaks to me?" she asked. "Let it pass," said the doctor. "Let the subject be got rid of with as much ease as you can. He is very ill now, and even this might have killed him." Nevertheless, though this seemed to be stern, Dr. Nevill was very kind to her, declaring that the hallucination in her husband's mind did not really consist of a belief in her infidelity, but arose from an obstinate determination to yield nothing. "He does not believe it; but he feels that were he to say as much, his hands would be weakened and yours strengthened."

"Can he, then, be in his sane mind?"

"In one sense all misconduct is proof of insanity," said the doctor. "In his case the weakness of the mind has been consequent upon the weakness of the body."

Three days after that, Nora visited Twickenham from Monkham, in obedience to a telegram from her sister. "Louis," she said, "had become so much weaker, that she hardly dared to be alone with him. Would Nora come to her?" Nora came, of course, and Hugh met her at the station, and brought her with him to the cottage. He asked whether he might see Trevelyan, but was told that it would be better that he should not. He had been almost continually silent since the last dispute which he had with his wife; but he had given little signs that he was always thinking of the manner in which he had been brought home by her from Italy, and of the story she had told him of her mode of inducing him to come. Hugh Stanbury had been her partner in that struggle, and would probably be received, if not with sullen silence, then with some attempt at rebuke. But Hugh did see Dr. Nevill, and learned from him that it was hardly possible that Trevelyan should live many hours. "He has worn himself out," said the doctor, "and there is nothing left in him by which he can lay hold of life again." Of Nora, her brother-in-law took but little notice, and never again referred in her hearing to the great trouble of his life. He said to her a word or two about Monkham, and asked a question now and again as to Lord Peterborough, — whom, however, he always called Mr. Glascock; but Hugh Stanbury's name was never mentioned by him. There was a feeling in his mind that at the very last he had been duped in being brought to England, and that Stanbury had assisted in the deception. To his wife he would whisper little petulant regrets for the loss of the comforts of Casalunga, and would speak of the air of Italy, and of Italian skies, and of the Italian sun, as though he had enjoyed at his Sienese villa all the luxuries which climate can give, and would have enjoyed them still, had he been allowed to remain there. To all this she would say nothing. She knew now that he was failing quickly, and there was only one subject on which she either feared or hoped to hear him speak. Before he left her forever and ever, would he tell her that he had not doubted her faith?

She had long discussions with Nora on the matter, as though all the future of her life depended on it. It was in vain that Nora tried to make her understand that if hereafter the spirit of her husband could know anything of the troubles of his mortal life, could ever look back to the things which he had done in the flesh, then would he certainly know the truth, and all suspicion would be at an end. And if not, if there was to be no such retrospect, what did it matter now, for these last few hours before

the coil should be shaken off, and all doubt and all sorrow should be at an end? But the wife, who was soon to be a widow, yearned to be acquitted in this world by him to whom her guilt or her innocence had been matter of such vital importance.

"He has never thought it," said Nora.

"But if he would say so! If he would only look it! It will be all in all to me as long as I live in this world." And then, though they had determined between themselves in spoken words never to regard him again as one who had been mad, in all their thoughts and actions towards him they treated him as though he were less responsible than an infant. And he was mad, — mad though every doctor in England had called him sane. Had he not been mad, he must have been a fiend, or he could not have tortured, as he had done, the woman to whom he owed the closest protection which one human being can give to another.

During these last days and nights she never left him. She had done her duty to him well, at any rate, since the time when she had been enabled to come near him in Italy. It may be that in the first days of their quarrel, she had not been regardful, as she should have been, of a husband's will, — that she might have escaped this tragedy by submitting herself to the man's wishes, as she had always been ready to submit herself to his words. Had she been able always to keep her neck in the dust under his foot, their married life might have been passed without outward calamity, and it is possible that he might still have lived. But if she erred, surely she had been scourged for her error with scorpions. As she sat at his bedside watching him, she thought of her wasted youth, of her faded beauty, of her shattered happiness, of her fallen hopes. She had still her child; but she felt towards him that she herself was so sad a creature, so sombre, so dark, so necessarily wretched from this time forth till the day of her death, that it would be better for the boy that she should never be with him. There could be nothing left for her but garments dark with woe, eyes red with weeping, hours sad from solitude, thoughts weary with memory. And even yet, — if he would only now say that he did not believe her to have been guilty, how great would be the change in her future life!

Then came an evening in which he seemed to be somewhat stronger than he had been. He had taken some refreshment that had been prepared for him, and, stimulated by its strength, had spoken a word or two both to Nora and to his wife. His words had been of no especial interest, — alluding to some small detail of his own condition, such as are generally the chosen topics of conversation with invalids. But he had been pronounced to be better, and Nora spoke to him cheerfully, when he was taken into the next room by the man who was always at hand to move him. His wife followed him, and soon afterwards returned, and bade Nora good night. She would sit by her husband, and Nora was to go to the room below, that she might receive her lover there. He was expected out that evening, but Mrs. Trevelyan said that she would not see him. Hugh came and went, and Nora took herself to her chamber. The hours of the night went on, and Mrs. Trevelyan was still sitting by her husband's bed. It was still September, and the weather was very warm. But the windows had been all closed since an hour before sunset. She was sitting there thinking, thinking, thinking. Dr. Nevill had told her that the time now was very near. She was not thinking now how



very near it might be, but whether there might yet be time for him to say that one word to her.

"Emily," he said, in the lowest whisper.

"Darling!" she answered, turning round and touching him with her hand.

"My feet are cold. There are no clothes on them."

She took a thick shawl and spread it double across the bottom of the bed, and put her hand upon his arm. Though it was clammy with perspiration, it was chill, and she brought the warm clothes up close round his shoulders. "I can't sleep," he said. "If I could sleep, I should n't mind." Then he was silent again, and her thoughts went harping on, still on the same subject. She told herself that if ever that act of justice were to be done for her, it must be done that night. After a while she turned round over him ever so gently, and saw that his large eyes were open and fixed upon the wall.

She was kneeling now on the chair close by the bed-head, and her hand was on the rail of the bedstead supporting her. "Louis," she said, ever so softly.

"Well."

"Can you say one word for your wife, dear, dear, dearest husband?"

"What word?"

"I have not been a harlot to you; have I?"

"What name is that?"

"But what a thing, Louis! Kiss my hand, Louis, if you believe me." And very gently she laid the tips of her fingers on his lips. For a moment or two she waited, and the kiss did not come. Would he spare her in this the last moment left to him either for justice or for mercy? For a moment or two the bitterness of her despair was almost unendurable. She had time to think that were she once to withdraw her hand, she would be condemned forever, — and that it must be withdrawn. But at length the lips moved, and with struggling ear she could hear the sound of the tongue within, and the verdict of the dying man had been given in her favor. He never spoke a word more either to annul it or to enforce it.

Some time after that she crept into Nora's room. "Nora," she said, waking the sleeping girl, "it is all over."

"Is he — dead?"

"It is all over. Mrs. Richards is there. It is better than an hour since now. Let me come in." She got into her sister's bed, and there she told the tale of her tardy triumph. "He declared to me at last that he trusted me," she said, almost believing that real words had come from his lips to that effect. Then she fell into a flood of tears, and after a while she also slept.

## CHAPTER XCIX.

### CONCLUSION.

At last the maniac was dead, and in his last moments he had made such reparation as was in his power for the evil that he had done. With that slight touch of his dry, fevered lips he had made the assertion on which was to depend the future peace and comfort of the woman whom he had so cruelly misused. To her mind the acquittal was perfect; but she never explained to human ears — not even to those of her sister — the manner in which it had been given. Her life, as far as we are concerned with it, has been told. For the rest, it cannot be

but that it should be better than that which was passed. If there be any retribution for such sufferings in money, liberty, and outward comfort, such retribution she possessed; for all that had been his was now hers. He had once suggested what she should do, were she even to be married again; and she had felt that of such a career there could be no possibility. Anything but that! We all know that widow's practices in this matter do not always tally with wives' vows; but, as regards Mrs. Trevelyan, we are disposed to think that the promise will be kept. She has her child, and he will give her sufficient interest to make life worth having.

Early in the following spring Hugh Stanbury was married to Nora Rowley in the parish church of Monkham, — at which place by that time Nora found herself to be almost as much at home as she might have been under other circumstances. They had prayed that the marriage might be very private; but when the day arrived there was no very close privacy. The parish church was quite full, there were half a dozen bridesmaids, there was a great breakfast, Mrs. Crutch had a new brown silk gown given to her, there was a long article in the county gazette, and there were short paragraphs in various metropolitan newspapers. It was generally thought among his compeers that Hugh Stanbury had married into the aristocracy, and that the fact was a triumph for the profession to which he belonged. It showed what a Bohemian could do, and that men of the press in England might gradually hope to force their way almost anywhere. So great was the name of Monkham! He and his wife took for themselves a very small house near the Regent's Park, at which they intend to remain until Hugh shall have enabled himself to earn an additional two hundred a year. Mrs. Trevelyan did not come to live with them, but kept the cottage near the river at Twickenham. Hugh Stanbury was very averse to any protracted connection with comforts to be obtained from poor Trevelyan's income, and told Nora that he must hold her to her promise about the beefsteak in the cupboard. It is our opinion that Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stanbury will never want for a beefsteak and all comfortable additions until the inhabitants of London shall cease to require newspapers on their breakfast-tables.

Brooke and Mrs. Brooke established themselves in the house in the Close on their return from their wedding tour, and Brooke at once put himself into intimate relations with the Messrs. Croppers, taking his fair share of the bank work. Dorothy was absolutely installed as mistress in her aunt's house with many wonderful ceremonies, with the unlocking of cupboards, the outpouring of stores, the giving up of keys, and with many speeches made to Martha. This was all very painful to Dorothy, who could not bring herself to suppose it possible that she should be the mistress of that house during her aunt's life. Miss Stanbury, however, of course persevered, speaking of herself as a worn-out old woman, with one foot in the grave, who would soon be carried away and put out of sight. But in a very few days things got back into their places, and Aunt Stanbury had the keys again. "I knew how it would be, miss," said Martha to her young mistress, "and I did n't say nothing, 'cause you understand her so well."

Mrs. Stanbury and Priscilla still live at the cottage, which, however, to Priscilla's great disgust, has been considerably improved and prettily furnished. This was done under the auspices of Hugh,



but with funds chiefly supplied from the house of Brooke, Dorothy, and Co. Priscilla comes into Exeter to see her sister, perhaps every other week, but will never sleep away from home, and very rarely will eat or drink at her sister's table. "I don't know why, I don't," she said to Dorothy, "but somehow it puts me out. It delays me in my efforts to come to the straw a day." Nevertheless, the sisters are dear friends.

I fear that in some previous page a half-promise was made that a husband should be found for Camilla French. That half-promise cannot be treated in the manner in which any whole promise certainly would have been handled. There is no husband ready for Cammy French. The reader, however, will be delighted to know that she made up her quarrel with her sister and Mr. Gibson, and is now rather fond of being a guest at Mr. Gibson's house. On her first return to Exeter after the Gibsons had come back from their little Cornish rustication, Camilla declared that she could not and would not bring herself to endure a certain dress of which Bella was very fond; and as this dress had been bought for Camilla with special reference to the glories of her anticipated married life, this objection was almost natural. But Bella treated it as absurd, and Camilla at last gave way.

It need only further be said that though Giles Hickbody and Martha are not actually married as yet,—men and women in their class of life always moving towards marriage with great precaution,—it is quite understood that the young people are engaged, and are to be made happy together at some future time.

### THRIFT.

A LECTURE TO LADIES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LADIES, — I have chosen for the title of this lecture a practical and prosaic word, because I intend the lecture itself to be as practical and prosaic as I can make it, without becoming altogether dull.

The question of the better or worse education of women is one far too important for vague sentiment, wild aspirations, or Utopian dreams.

It is a practical question, on which depends, not merely money or comfort, but too often health and life as the consequences of a good education, or disease and death (I know too well of what I speak) as the consequences of a bad one.

I beg you, therefore, to put out of your minds at the outset any fancy that I wish for a social revolution in the position of women, or that I wish to see them educated by exactly the same methods, and in exactly the same subjects, as men. British lads, on an average, are far too ill-taught still, in spite of all recent improvements, for me to wish that British girls should be taught in the same way.

Moreover, whatever defects there may have been, — and defects there must be in all things human, — in the past education of British women, it has been most certainly a splendid moral success. It has made, by the grace of God, British women the best wives, mothers, daughters, aunts, sisters, that the world, as far as I can discover, has yet seen.

Let those who will sneer at the women of England. We who have to do the work and to fight the battle of life know the inspiration which we derive from their virtue, their counsel, their tenderness, and — but too often — from their compassion and their

forgiveness. There is, I doubt not, still left in England many a man with chivalry and patriotism enough to challenge the world to show so perfect a specimen of humanity as a cultivated British woman.

But just because a cultivated British woman is so perfect a personage, therefore I wish to see all British women cultivated. Because the womanhood of England is so precious a treasure, I wish to see none of it wasted. It is an invaluable capital, or material, out of which the greatest possible profit to the nation must be made. And that can only be done by thrift; and that, again, can only be attained by knowledge.

Consider that word thrift. If you will look at Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, or if you know your Shakespeare, you will see that thrift signified originally profits, gain, riches gotten, — in a word, the marks of a man's thriving.

How, then, did the word thrift get to mean parsimony, frugality, the opposite of waste? Just in the same way as economy (which first, of course, means the management of a household) got to mean also the opposite of waste.

It was found that in commerce, in husbandry, in any process, in fact, men thrive in proportion as they saved their capital, their material, their force.

Now this is a great law which runs through life; one of those laws of nature — call them, rather, laws of God — which apply not merely to political economy, to commerce, and to mechanics, but to physiology, to sociology, to the intellect, to the heart, of every person in this room.

The secret of thriving is thrift; saving of force; to get as much work as possible done with the least expenditure of power, the least jar and obstruction, the least wear and tear.

And the secret of thrift is knowledge. In proportion as you know the laws and nature of a subject, you will be able to work at it easily, surely, rapidly, successfully, instead of wasting your money or your energies in mistaken schemes, irregular efforts, which end in disappointment and exhaustion.

The secret of thrift, I say, is knowledge. The more you know, the more you can save yourself and that which belongs to you, and do more work with less effort.

A knowledge of the laws of commercial credit, we all know, saves capital, enabling a less capital to do the work of a greater. Knowledge of the electric telegraph saves time; knowledge of writing saves human speech and locomotion; knowledge of domestic economy saves income; knowledge of sanitary laws saves health and life; knowledge of the laws of the intellect saves wear and tear of brain; and knowledge of the laws of the spirit, — what does it not save?

A well-educated moral sense, a well-regulated character, saves from idleness and ennui, alternating with sentimentality and excitement, those tenderer emotions, those deeper passions, those nobler aspirations of humanity, which are the heritage of the woman far more than of the man, and which are potent in her, for evil or for good, in proportion as they are left to run wild and undisciplined, or are trained and developed into graceful, harmonious, self-restraining strength, beautiful in themselves, and a blessing to all who come under their influence.

What, therefore, I recommend to ladies in this lecture is thrift; thrift of themselves and of their



own powers: and knowledge as the parent of thrift.

And because it is well to begin with the lower applications of thrift, and to work up to the higher, I am much pleased to hear that the first course of the proposed lectures to women will be one on domestic economy.

I presume that the learned gentleman who will deliver these lectures will be the last to mean by that term the mere saving of money; that he will tell you, as (being a German) he will have good reason to know, that the young lady who learns thrift in domestic economy is also learning thrift of the very highest faculties of her immortal spirit. He will tell you, I doubt not (for he must know), how you may see in Germany young ladies living in what we more luxurious British would consider something like poverty; cooking, waiting at table, and performing many a household office which would be here considered menial: and yet finding time for a cultivation of the intellect, which is unfortunately too rare in Great Britain.

The truth is, that we British are too wealthy. We make money, if not too rapidly for the good of the nation at large, yet too rapidly, I fear, for the good of the daughters of those who make it. Their temptation, — I do not of course say they all yield to it, — but their temptation is, to waste of the very simplest (I had almost said, if I may be pardoned the expression of the most barbaric) kind, — to an oriental waste of money and waste of time; to a fondness for mere finery pardonable enough, but still a waste; and to the mistaken fancy that it is the mark of a lady to sit idle and let servants do everything for her.

Such women may well take a lesson by contrast from the pure and noble, useful and cultivated thrift of an average German young lady, — for ladies these German women are, in every possible sense of the word.

But it is not of this sort of waste of which I wish to speak to-day. I only mention the matter in passing, to show that high intellectual culture is not incompatible with the performance of homely household duties, and that the moral success of which I spoke just now need not be injured, any more than it is in Germany, by an intellectual success likewise. I trust that these words may reassure those parents, if any such there be here, who may fear that these lectures will withdraw women from their existing sphere of interest and activity. That they should entertain such a fear is not surprising, after the extravagant opinions and schemes which have been lately broached in various quarters.

The programme to these lectures expressly disclaims any such intentions; and I, as a husband and a father, expressly disclaim any such intention likewise.

"To fit women for the more enlightened performance of their special duties"; to help them towards learning how to do better what we doubt not they are already doing well, is, I honestly believe, the only object of the promoters of this scheme.

Let us see now how some of these special duties can be better performed by help of a little enlightenment as to the laws which regulate them.

Now, no man will deny — certainly no man who is past forty-five, and whose digestion is beginning to quail before the lumps of beef and mutton which are the boast of a British kitchen, and to prefer, with Justice Shallow, and (I presume) Sir John Falstaff also, "any pretty little tiny kickshaws," —

no man, I say, who has reached that age, but will feel it a practical comfort to him to know that the young ladies of his family are, at all events, good cooks, and understand, as the French do, thrift in the matter of food.

Neither will any parent who wishes, naturally enough, that his daughters should cost him as little as possible, and wishes, naturally enough also, that they should be as well-dressed as possible, deny that it would be a good thing for them to be practical milliners and mantua-makers, and, by making their own clothes gracefully and well, exercise thrift in clothing.

But, beside this thrift in clothing, I am not alone, I believe, in wishing for some thrift in the energy which produces it. Labor misapplied, you will agree, is labor wasted; and as dress, I presume, is intended to adorn the person of the wearer, the making a dress which only disfigures her may be considered as a plain case of waste. It would be impertinent in me to go into any details; but it is impossible to walk about the streets of London now without passing young people who must be under a deep delusion as to the success of their own toilet. Instead of graceful and noble simplicity of form, instead of combinations of color at once rich and delicate, because in accordance with the chromatic laws of nature, one meets with phenomena more and more painful to the eye, and startling to common sense, till one would be hardly more astonished, and certainly hardly more shocked, if in a year or two one should pass in Regent Street some one going about like a Chinese lady, with pinched feet, or like a savage of the Amazons, with a wooden bung through the lower lip. It is easy to complain of these monstrosities; but impossible to cure them, it seems to me, without an education of the taste, an education in those laws of nature which produce beauty in form and beauty in color. For that the cause of these failures lies in want of education is patent. They are most common in — I had almost said they are confined to — those classes of well-to-do persons who are the least educated; who have no standard of taste of their own; and who do not acquire any from cultivated friends and relations; who, in consequence, dress themselves blindly according to what they conceive to be the Paris fashions, conveyed at third-hand through an equally uneducated dressmaker; in innocent ignorance of the fact — for fact I believe it to be — that Paris fashions are invented now not in the least for the sake of beauty, but for the sake of producing, through variety, increased expenditure, and thereby increased employment; according to the strange system which now prevails in France of compelling, if not prosperity, at least the signs of it; and like school-boys before a holiday, nailing up the head of the weather-glass to insure fine weather.

Let British ladies educate themselves in those laws of beauty which are as eternal as any other of nature's laws, which may be seen fulfilled, as Mr. Ruskin tells us, so eloquently in every flower, and every leaf, in every sweeping down of rippling wave; and they will be able to invent graceful and economical dresses for themselves, without importing tawdry and expensive ugliness from France.

Let me now go a step further, and ask you to consider this. There are in England now a vast number, and an increasing number, of young women who, from various circumstances which we all know must in after life be either the mistresses of their own fortunes, or the earners of their own bread. And, to do that wisely and well, they must be more



or less women of business ; and to be women of business, they must know something of the meaning of the words capital, profit, price, value, labor, wages, and of the relation between those last two. In a word, they must know a little political economy. Nay, I sometimes think that the mistress of every household might find, not only thrift of money, but thrift of brain, freedom from mistakes, anxieties, worries of many kinds, all of which eat out the health as well as the heart, by a little sound knowledge of the principles of political economy.

When we consider that every mistress of a household is continually buying, if not selling; that she is continually hiring and employing labor, in the form of servants; and very often, into the bargain, keeping her husband's accounts, I cannot but think that her hard-worked brain might be clearer, and her hard-tried desire to do her duty by every subject in her little kingdom might be more easily satisfied, had she read something of what Mr. John Stuart Mill has written, especially on the duties of employer and employed. A capitalist, a commercialist, an employer of labor, and an accountant,—every mistress of a household is all these, whether she likes it or not; and it would be surely well for her, in so very complicated a state of society as this, not to trust merely to that mother-wit, that intuitive sagacity and innate power of ruling her fellow-creatures, which carries women so nobly through their work in simpler and less civilized societies.

And here I stop to answer those who may say, as I have heard it said, that a woman's intellect is not fit for business; that when a woman takes to business, she is apt to do it ill, and unpleasantly likewise; to be more suspicious, more irritable, more grasping, more unreasonable, than regular men of business would be; that, as I have heard it put, "a woman does not fight fair." The answer is simple. That a woman's intellect is eminently fitted for business is proved by the enormous amount of business she gets through without any special training for it; but those faults in a woman of which some men complain are simply the results of her not having had a special training. She does not know the laws of business. She does not know the rules of the game she is playing; and therefore she is playing it in the dark, in fear and suspicion, apt to judge of questions on personal grounds, often offending those with whom she has to do, and oftener still making herself miserable over matters of law or of business, on which a little sound knowledge would set her head and her heart at rest.

When I have seen widows, having the care of children, of a great household, of a great estate, of a great business, struggling heroically, and yet often mistakenly; blamed severely for selfishness and ambition, while they were really sacrificing themselves with the divine instinct of a mother for their children's interest I have stood by with mingled admiration and pity, and said to myself, "How nobly she is doing the work without teaching! How much more nobly would she have done it had she been taught! She is now doing the work at the most enormous waste of energy and of virtue: had she had knowledge, thrift would have followed it; she would have done more work with far less trouble. She will probably kill herself if she goes on; sound knowledge would have saved her health, saved her heart, saved her friends, and helped the very loved ones for whom she labors, not always with success."

A little political economy, therefore, will at least

do no harm to a woman, especially if she have to take care of herself in after life; neither, I think, will she be much harmed by some sound knowledge of another subject, which I see promised in these lectures,— "Natural philosophy, in its various branches, such as the chemistry of common life, light, heat, electricity, &c., &c."

A little knowledge of the laws of light, for instance, would teach many women that by shutting themselves up day after day, week after week, in darkened rooms, they are as certainly committing a waste of health, destroying their vital energy, and diseasing their brains, as if they were taking so much poison the whole time.

A little knowledge of the laws of heat would teach women not to clothe themselves and their children after foolish and insufficient fashions, which in this climate sow the seeds of a dozen different diseases, and have to be atoned for by perpetual anxieties and by perpetual doctors' bills; and as for a little knowledge of the laws of electricity, one thrift I am sure it would produce,—thrift to us men of having to answer continual inquiries as to what the weather is going to be, when a slight knowledge of the barometer, or of the form of the clouds and the direction of the wind, would enable many a lady to judge for herself, and not, after inquiry on inquiry, disregard all warnings, go out on the first appearance of a strip of blue sky, and come home wet through, with what she calls "only a chill," but which really means a nail driven into her coffin,—a probable shortening, though it may be a very small one, of her mortal life; because the food of the next twenty-four hours, which should have gone to keep the vital heat at its normal standard, will have to be wasted in raising it up to that standard from which it has fallen by a chill.

Ladies, these are subjects on which I must beg to speak a little more at length, premising them by one statement, which may seem jest, but is solemn earnest,—that, if the medical men of this or any other city were what the world now calls "alive to their own interests,"—that is, to the mere making of money,—instead of being, what medical men are, the most generous, disinterested, and high-minded class in these realms, then they would oppose by all means in their power the delivery of lectures on natural philosophy to women; for if women act upon what they learn in those lectures,—and having women's hearts, they will act upon it,—there ought to follow a decrease of sickness, and an increase of health, especially among children,—a thrift of life, and a thrift of expense besides, which would very seriously affect the income of medical men.

For let me ask you, ladies, with all courtesy, but with all earnestness, Are you aware of certain facts, of which every one of those excellent medical men is too well aware? Are you aware that more human beings are killed in England every year by unnecessary and preventable diseases than were killed at Waterloo or at Sadowa? Are you aware that the great majority of those victims are children? Are you aware that the diseases which carry them off are for the most part such as ought to be specially under the control of the women who love them, pet them, educate them, and would in many cases, if need be, lay down their lives for them? Are you aware, again, of the vast amount of disease which, so both wise mothers and wise doctors assure me, is engendered in the sleeping-room from simple ignorance of the laws of ventilation, and in the school-room likewise, from simple ignorance of the



laws of physiology? from keeping the brain too long on the stretch, especially immediately after meals? from making girls sit on hard forms without any support to the back? and from many other mistakes, of which I shall mention no other case here save one,—that too often from ignorance of signs of approaching disease, a child is punished for what is called idleness, listlessness, wilfulness, sulkiness, and punished, too, in the unwise way, by an increase of tasks and confinement to the house, thus overtasking still more a brain already overtasked, and depressing still more, by robbing it of oxygen and of exercise, a system already depressed?

Are you aware, I ask again, of all this? I speak earnestly upon this point, because I speak with experience. As a single instance: A medical man, a friend of mine, passing by his own schoolroom, heard one of his own little girls screaming and crying, and went in. The governess, an excellent woman, but wholly ignorant of the laws of physiology, complained that the child had of late become obstinate, and would not learn; and that, therefore, she must punish her by keeping her in doors over the unlearned lessons. The father, who knew that the child was usually a very good one, looked at her carefully for a little while; sent her out of the schoolroom, and then said, "That child must not open a book for a month." "If I had not acted so," he said to me, "I should have had that child dead of brain-disease within the year."

Now in the face of such facts as these, is it too much to ask of mothers, sisters, aunts, nurses, governesses, all who may be occupied in the care of children, especially of girls, that they should study thrift of human health and human life, by studying somewhat the laws of life and health? There are books—I may say a whole literature of books—written by scientific doctors on these matters, which are in my mind far more important to the schoolroom than half the trashy accomplishments, so-called, which are expected to be known by governesses. But are they bought? Are they even to be bought, at most country booksellers? Ah, for a little knowledge of the laws of physiology,—of the laws of ventilation,—of the value of different kinds of food and clothing,—of those sanitary laws, to the neglect of which is owing so much fearful disease, which, if it does not produce immediate death, too often leaves the constitution impaired for years to come! Ah, the waste of health and strength in the young; the waste, too, of anxiety and misery in those who love and tend them! How much of it might be saved by a little rational education in those laws of nature which are the will of God about the welfare of our bodies, and which, therefore, we are as much bound to know and to obey, as we are bound to know and obey the spiritual laws whereon depends the welfare of our souls!

Pardon me, ladies, if I have given a moment's pain to any one here; but I appeal to every medical man in the room whether I have not spoken the truth; and having such an opportunity as this, I felt that I must speak for the sake of children, and of women likewise, or else forever hereafter hold my peace.

Let me pass on from this painful subject (for painful it has been to me for many years) to a question of intellectual thrift,—by which I mean just now thrift of words, thrift of truth, restraint of the tongue, accuracy and modesty in statement.

Mothers complain to me that girls are apt to be, not intentionally untruthful, but exaggerative, prejudiced, incorrect in repeating a conversation or

describing an event; and that from this fault arise, as is to be expected, misunderstandings, quarrels, rumors, slanders, scandals, and what not.

Now for this waste of words there is but one cure; and if I be told that it is a natural fault of women,—that they cannot take the calm, judicial view of matters which men boast, and often boast most wrongly that they can take,—that under the influence of hope, fear, delicate antipathy, honest moral indignation, they will let their eyes and ears be governed by their feelings, and see and hear only what they wish to see and hear, I answer,—that it is not for me as a man to start such a theory; but that if it be true, it is an additional argument for some education which will correct this supposed natural defect. And I say deliberately that there is but one sort of education which will correct it; one which will teach young women to observe facts accurately, judge them calmly, describe them carefully without adding or distorting; and that is, some training in natural science.

I beg you not to be startled; but if you are, test the truth of my theory by playing to-night at the game called "Russian Scandal," in which a story, repeated in secret by one player to the other, comes out at the end of the game, owing to the inaccurate and,—forgive me if I say it,—uneducated brains through which it has passed, utterly unlike its original; not only ludicrously maimed and distorted, but often with the most fantastic additions of events, details, names, dates, places, which each player will aver that he received from the player before him. I am afraid that too much of the average gossip of every city, town, and village is little more than a game of "Russian Scandal," with this difference, that while one is but a game, the other is but too mischievous earnest.

But now, if among your party there shall be an average lawyer, medical man, or man of science, you will find that he, and perhaps he alone, will be able to retail accurately the story which has been told him. And why? Simply because his mind has been trained to deal with facts; to ascertain exactly what he does see or hear; and to imprint its leading features strongly and clearly on his memory.

Now you certainly cannot make young ladies barristers, or attorneys, or employ their brains in getting up cases, civil or criminal; and as for chemistry, they and their parents may have a reasonable antipathy to smells, blackened fingers, and occasional explosions and poisonings; but you may make them something of botanists, zoologists, geologists.

I could say much on this point; but allow me at least to say this. I verily believe that any young lady who would employ some of her leisure time in collecting wild flowers, carefully examining them, verifying them, and arranging them; or who would in her summer trip to the sea-coast do the same by the common objects of the shore, instead of wasting her holiday, as one sees hundreds doing, in lounging on benches on the esplanade, reading worthless novels, and criticising dresses,—that such a young lady, I say, would not only open her own mind to a world of wonder, beauty, and wisdom, which if it did not make her a more reverent and pious soul, she cannot be the woman which I take for granted she is, but would save herself from the habit—I had almost said the necessity—of gossip; because she would have things to think of and not merely persons; facts instead of fancies; while she would acquire something of accuracy, of patience, of methodical observation and judgment, which would stand



her in good stead in the events of daily life, and increase her power of bridling her tongue and her imagination. "God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few," is the lesson which those are learning all day long who study the works of God with reverent accuracy, lest by misrepresenting them they should be tempted to say that God has done that which he has not: and in that wholesome discipline I long that women as well as men should share.

And now I come to a thrift of the highest kind, as contrasted with a waste the most deplorable and ruinous of all,—thrift of those faculties which connect us with the unseen and spiritual world, with humanity, with Christ, with God,—thrift of the immortal spirit. I am not going now to give you a sermon on duty. You hear such, I doubt not, in church every Sunday, far better than I can preach to you. I am going to speak rather of thrift of the heart, thrift of the emotions. How they are wasted in these days in reading what are called sensation novels, all know but too well; how British literature, all that the best hearts and intellects among our forefathers have bequeathed to us, is neglected for light fiction, the reading of which is, as a lady well said, the worst form of intemperance,—drinking and opium eating, intellectual and moral.

I know that the young will delight—they have delighted in all ages and will to the end of time—in fictions which deal with that "oldest tale which is forever new." Novels will be read; but that is all the more reason why women should be trained, by the perusal of a higher, broader, deeper literature, to distinguish the good novel from the bad, the moral from the immoral, the noble from the base, the true work of art from the sham which hides its shallowness and vulgarity under a tangled plot and melodramatic situations. She should learn—and that she can only learn by cultivation—to discern with joy, and drink in with reverence, the good, the beautiful, and the true; and to turn with the fine scorn of a pure and strong womanhood from the bad, the ugly, and the false.

And if any parent should be inclined to reply, "Why lay so much stress upon educating a girl in British literature? Is it not far more important to make our daughters read religious books?" I answer, of course it is. I take for granted that that is done in a Christian land. But I beg you to recollect that there are books and books; and that in these days of a free press it is impossible, in the long run, to prevent girls reading books of very different shades of opinion, and very different religious worth. It may be, therefore, of the very highest importance to a girl to have her intellect, her taste, her emotions, her moral sense, in a word, her whole womanhood, so cultivated and regulated that she shall herself be able to discern the true from the false, the orthodox from the unorthodox, the truly devout from the merely sentimental, the Gospel from its counterfeit.

I should have thought that there never had been in Britain, since the Reformation, a crisis at which young Englishwomen required more careful cultivation on these matters; if at least they are to be saved from making themselves and their families miserable; and from ending (as I have known too many end) with broken hearts, broken minds, broken health, and an early grave.

Take warning by what you see abroad. In every country where the women are uneducated, unoccupied; where their only literature is French

novels or translations of them,—in every one of those countries, the women, even to the highest, are the slaves of superstition, and the puppets of priests. In proportion, as in certain other countries (notably, I will say in Scotland), the women are highly educated, family life and family secrets are sacred, and the woman owns allegiance and devotion to no confessor or director, but to her own husband or to her own family.

I say plainly, that if any parents wish their daughters to succumb at last to some quackery or superstition, calling itself scientific, or calling itself religious,—and there are too many of both just now,—they cannot more certainly effect their purpose than by allowing her to grow up ignorant, frivolous, luxurious, vain, with her emotions excited, but not satisfied, by the reading of foolish and even immoral novels.

In such a case, the more delicate and graceful the organization, the more noble and earnest the nature, which has been neglected, the more certain it is (I know too well what I am saying) to go astray.

The time of depression, disappointment, vacuity, all but despair, must come. The immortal spirit, finding no healthy satisfaction for its highest aspirations, is but too likely to betake itself to an unhealthy and exciting superstition. Ashamed of its own long self-indulgence, it is but too likely to flee from itself into a morbid asceticism. Not having been taught its God-given and natural duties in the world, it is but too likely to betake itself, from the mere craving for action, to self-invented and unnatural duties out of the world. Ignorant of true science, yet craving to understand the wonders of nature and of spirit, it is but too likely to betake itself to non-science,—nonsense as it is usually called,—whether of spirit-rapping and mesmerism, or of miraculous relics and winking pictures. Longing for guidance and teaching, and never having been taught to guide and teach itself, it is but too likely to deliver itself up in self-despair to the guidance and teaching of those who, whether they be quacks or fanatics, look on uneducated women as their natural prey.

You will see, I am sure, from what I have said, that it is not my wish that you should become mere learned women, mere female pedants, as useless and unpleasing as male pedants are wont to be. The education which I set before you is not to be got by mere hearing lectures or reading books; for it is an education of your whole character, a self-education, which really means a committing of yourself to God, that he may educate you. Hearing lectures is good, for it will teach you how much there is to be known, and how little you know. Reading books is good, for it will give you habits of regular and diligent study. And therefore I urge on you strongly private study, especially in case a library should be formed here, of books on those most practical subjects of which I have been speaking. But, after all, both lectures and books are good, mainly in as far as they furnish matter for reflection; while the desire to reflect and the ability to reflect must come, as I believe, from above. The honest craving after light and power, after knowledge, wisdom, active usefulness, must come—and may it come to you—by the inspiration of the Spirit of God.

One word more, and I have done. Let me ask women to educate themselves, not for their own sakes merely, but for the sake of others. For, whether they will or not, they must educate others.



I do not speak merely of those who may be engaged in the work of direct teaching; that they ought to be well-taught themselves, who can doubt? I speak of those — and in so doing I speak of every woman, young and old — who exercise, as wife, as mother, as aunt, as sister, or as friend, an influence, indirect it may be, and unconscious, but still potent and practical, on the minds and characters of those about them, especially of men. How potent and practical that influence is, those know best who know most of the world, and most of human nature. There are those who consider — and I agree with them — that the education of boys under the age of twelve years ought to be intrusted as much as possible to women. Let me ask, — of what period of youth and of manhood does not the same hold true? I pity the ignorance and conceit of the man who fancies that he has nothing left to learn from cultivated women.

I should have thought that the very mission of woman was to be, in the highest sense, the educator of man from infancy to old age; that that was the work towards which all the God-given capacities of women pointed, for which they were to be educated to the highest pitch. I should have thought that it was the glory of woman, that she was sent into the world to live for others, rather than for herself; and therefore I should say, Let her smallest rights be respected, her smallest wrongs redressed; but let her never be persuaded to forget that she is sent into the world to teach man, — what, I believe, she has been teaching him all along, even in the savage state, — namely, that there is something more necessary than the claiming of rights, and that is, the performing of duties; to teach him specially, in these so-called intellectual days, that there is something more than intellect, and that is, — purity and virtue. Let her never be persuaded to forget that her calling is not the lower and more earthly one of self-assertion, but the higher and the diviner calling of self-sacrifice; and let her never desert that higher life, which lives in others and for others, like her Redeemer and her Lord.

And, if any should answer, that this doctrine would keep woman a dependant and a slave, I answer, Not so; it would keep her what she should be, — the mistress of all around her, because mistress of herself. And more, I should express a fear that those who made that answer had not yet seen into the mystery of true greatness and true strength; that they did not yet understand the true magnanimity, the true royalty of that spirit, by which the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

Surely that is woman's calling, — to teach man; and to teach him what? To teach him, after all, that his calling is the same as hers, if he will but see the things which belong to his peace. To temper his fiercer, coarser, more self-assertive nature, by the contact of her gentleness, purity, self-sacrifice. To make him see that not by blare of trumpets, not by noise, wrath, greed, ambition, intrigue, puffery, is good and lasting work to be done on earth; but by wise self-distrust, by silent labor, by lofty self-control, by that charity, which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things; by such an example, in short, as women now in tens of thousands set to those around them; such as they will show more and more, the more their whole womanhood is educated to employ its powers without waste and without haste in harmonious unity. Let the woman begin in girlhood, if such be her happy

lot, to quote the words of a great poet, a great philosopher, and a great Churchman, William Wordsworth, — let her begin, I say, —

"With all things round about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

Let her develop onwards, —

"A spirit, yet a woman too,  
With household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin liberty;  
A countenance in which shall meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

But let her highest and her final development be that which not nature, but self-education alone can bring, — that which makes her once and forever —

"A being breathing thoughtful breath;  
A traveller betwixt life and death.  
With reason firm, with temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.  
A perfect woman nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command.  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light."

## MADemoiselle EUPHROSINE'S THURSDAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DR. JACOB."

### I. — THE FIRST THURSDAY.

We were four medical students in Paris.

The elder, Aleck McKaye, was a Scotchman; next came Sebastian Krebs, whose patronymic bespeaks his German origin; the third in the category was myself, Tom Lightfoot, a Londoner; a gifted young Italian named Joseph Pontremoly, completed the quartette.

More than one tie bound us together in a sort of brotherhood.

There was our poverty to begin with. We were almost as poor as Victor Hugo's hero who made a mutton-chop do duty for three dinners. We were all young, all enthusiastic votaries of *Æsculapius*, all fond of pleasure; and we were all in love with the same woman. The beginning of our love-story is the beginning of my narrative.

It happened in this wise.

There were two professional ladies, relatives of Pontremoly, to whose weekly *réunions* we were always welcome, and, as we liked society, and got very little of it, we seldom failed to present ourselves at the modest salon of Mademoiselle Euphrosine.

Mademoiselle Euphrosine, the youngest of the two sisters and the leading spirit of the little coterie, was no longer young. Of a woman's age who may dare to speak? Suffice it to say, that in losing her youth she had not lost her charms, and that if she wanted declared lovers, she could count admirers by the dozen. She was, moreover, a siren by right of musical gifts. She sang and played our hearts away night after night. There was this inexpressible consolation, that as our siren was neither young nor beautiful, we were not constrained to stop our ears with wax.

Mademoiselle Antoinette, the elder sister, fascinated us by her intellect and conversational powers. A *diplomee* professor of literature, she prided herself upon being able to break a lance with this or that distinguished author in the field of politics, belles-lettres, or social science. Mademoiselle Euphrosine



by comparison with her sister Mademoiselle Antoinette, was beautiful. We will let this description suffice, qualifying it with the assertion that she was equally charming.

The weekly receptions, though each was a tolerably accurate copy of the other, did not tire us. Music, conversation, dominos, whist, and tea followed each other in unvarying succession, and there was so little variety among the guests that a fresh arrival was looked upon as an event.

With such an event our love-story began. One evening we entered Mademoiselle Euphrosine's salon to find everything as completely transformed as if a magician's wand had been at work there. Our two hostesses were in their usual places and surrounded by their usual satellites; the æsthetic siren, Mademoiselle Euphrosine, dressed in a girlish costume of white muslin and pink rosebuds, sat at the piano. Over her bent Monsieur Laguesse, the most devoted of her adorers, a stout, sentimental gentleman, who may be described as one of those unknown celebrities so plentifully met with in artistic and literary society. In close proximity to these two, sat another of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's adorers, a portrait-painter, named Berneval. He also boasted a prosperous looking rotundity of figure that argued well for a profession not usually held to be lucrative.

Mademoiselle Antoinette occupied the sofa. Her appearance contrasted strikingly with that of her sister, for she wore the same rusty garments on gala occasions and in the professional chair. Her hair went its own way. No such womanly vanities as white wristbands, neck-ribbons, or gloves were ever indulged in. "Il y a des femmes et des femmes," she would say to her confidential friends: "J'ai les beaux yeux et ça suffit pour une femme d'esprit." What indeed mattered a limping gait, or crooked shoulders, or slatternly appearance to such a woman or those who valued her?

Chief of her worshippers were two members of the legal profession; what they did in the legal profession is not necessary to know. It is enough to say that they both had "a lean and hungry look," befitting men who are supposed "to think too much."

Gathered round the table were the usual whist and domino players, a group of ladies and gentlemen who, having nothing to do with my narrative, may be described *en masse* as literary, artistic, amiable, and gifted with the enviable faculty of never growing tired of each other.

Such, then, was the usual *mise-en-scène* of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays. But where was the magician whose wand had metamorphosed the familiar scene to us on this particular night, so that we stood transfixed with joy and bewilderment?

In a remote corner of the room, unnoticed by the rest of the company sat a young girl of about seventeen years of age. She was dressed in an ill-made school-girl's frock of blue stuff, and was turning over photographs with the air of a child who is told to amuse itself and be good, hardly looking up on our entrance. But her face was so sweet and lovely, that it seemed wonderful the others could for a moment ignore her presence. Her complexion was that of a delicate pea-blossom, her mouth small and vivacious, her nose, not classic certainly, but the prettiest imaginable; her eyes large and of a delicious blue, misty, dreamy, unfathomable; and to crown all, she had the gold-brown hair that poets love and painters adore.

All four of us were bewitched, and in a breath demanded of Mademoiselle Euphrosine the favor of an introduction.

"An introduction to my little pupil and cousin, Theresine Romano? Certainly, Messieurs; but she is a school-girl at present, and speaks hardly ten words of French. Theresine, mon enfant, Messieurs Krebs, Pontremoly, and Lightfoot, voilà. Monsieur Pontremoly is your fellow-countryman."

Pontremoly's eyes sparkled with conscious triumph, and he seated himself by the young girl's side. In a moment or two they had fallen into an easy, animated conversation, every word of which was lost to us. We turned away, for once out of humor with Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays.

There remained no alternative but to bear unlucky fate, to play dominos with the obese bachelors and widows, to hang on the piano whilst Mademoiselle Euphrosine played and sang to her adorer in rusty brown, to partake of Mademoiselle Antoinette's tea, and listen to her tirades on French literature, with as little ennui as we might.

And all the time Pontremoly looked so happy! It seemed as if the musical Tuscan tongue were a freemason's sign making the two friends at once. Theresine looked shy, but perfectly unembarrassed; their eyes beamed with reciprocated interest; their voices, both very sweet, kept up a duet of never-flagging talk; they seemed as lost to the rest of us as if we had been hundreds of miles away.

This lasted till sugar-water, wine, and biscuits were handed round, and the party broke up.

We walked along the Boulevards moodily. For the first time we had nothing to say to each other about the evening's amusement; formerly it had been, how well So-and-So had played whist; what clever things So-and-So had said; how exquisitely Mademoiselle Euphrosine had played this or that movement of Beethoven's, &c., &c.

"Confound Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays," said Aleck to me, surlily. "I would give them up to-morrow, were it not for the good opportunity it is of speaking French."

"For my part," Krebs said, with an affectation of gayety, "the spirit of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays has only now begun."

Pontremoly said nothing till we reached our quarters on the Quai St. Michel. When the others had taken their keys and gone off to bed, he accompanied me to my room, evidently seeking a *tête-à-tête*. He threw himself on the sofa, with an unusual expression of face, half troubled, half joyful. Pontremoly had always trusted me, and loved me better than the others, and I regarded him in the light of a young and petted brother.

"Is she not an angel to look at?" he asked; "and an angel she is. Yet, do you know, Lightfoot, I almost wish I had never seen her."

"Never see her again," I cried. "The remedy is in your own hands."

"I am not joking," Pontremoly added, smiling his own wayward, winning smile; "and I do not mind telling my strange fancies to you, for you respect them. Mark, then, what I say. I feel as sure that Mademoiselle Euphrosine's niece is my Fate, as I am of my own existence."

"My dear fellow," I answered, "every pretty face is a man's fate by turns. Remember Adrienne; remember Emilie."

"Oh! what have they in common with Theresine?" he said. "But wait for the evidence of my words. It may come to-morrow. It may come ten



years hence. Come it surely will, and the day will be a day of fate for us all."

Of what use is it to contradict a madman or a genius? Pontremoly had ever been the spoiled child of our little fraternity, by virtue of his sweet, impulsive temper, his winning looks, his happy way of doing things; and he had ever been a riddle to us. The strangest theories floated through his brain upon every social and metaphysical question. To-day he would be deep in Fourierism; to-morrow in the Hegelian philosophy. He was like a chameleon, consistent only in his inconsistency.

From that day Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays became the turning-point in our existence. Krebs, Aleck, and myself betook ourselves to the study of Italian, in which Pontremoly assisted us with a zeal we could only attribute to excessive confidence. Without a doubt he imagined Theresine to have fallen in love with him. Be that as it may, we all set out on the same race; and if Pontremoly were the swiftest runner, there was always the chance that some stone might trip him up.

Certainly Theresine was very kind to us all. She was of so childlike and caressing a nature that it seemed impossible to her to pain any one of us by a slight, however unintentional. Without the slightest shade of coquetry, she distributed smiles and words so impartially that it would have been impossible for an outsider to guess at the most favored lover. Krebs and myself declared to each other that we were frantically in love; at the same time we acknowledged, *sub rosâ*, Pontremoly's chances to be immeasurably the greater.

Aleck alone maintained an icy silence as to his feelings. He sat up till midnight poring over an Italian grammar and phrase-book. He dined off bread and *soupe maigre* every Thursday, in order to buy Theresine a bouquet. He pawned his dearly loved skeleton for the sake of buying a dress coat.

Aleck was the least popular among us; but we felt bound to acknowledge that he, if any one, deserved to carry off the prize.

## II. — THE SECOND THURSDAY.

Thursday succeeded Thursday, bringing its portion of joy or disappointment to each of us as chance might be. If Theresine smiled upon Krebs, — stout, jolly, spectacled Krebs, — he became a person the gods might envy. If Theresine had withheld a kind word from myself, I declared my cup of wretchedness to be full to the brim, and my comrade believed me.

We had all mastered a little Italian now, and as Theresine could speak charming broken French, Pontremoly's supremacy was at an end. Wayward in all things, he was equally wayward in love-making. What would have disconcerted most lovers seemed a cause of satisfaction to him, and instead of resenting the advantages we had already gained, he positively put others in our way.

"He wishes to give us all fair play," Aleck said more than once, smiling bitterly; Krebs and I acknowledged the fact with a better grace than the Scotchman.

All this time Mademoiselle Euphrosine and her guests seemed indifferent to the by-play going on during the usual games of dominos and whist, the coquetry over the piano, and the artistic discussions held on the sofa. What, indeed, was Theresine to them, so long as her adorers took a hand at whist when called upon to do so, or otherwise made themselves agreeable? She had never occupied a more

important position at these *réunions* than that of minor parts in a play, which, though highly necessary, are not imposing or responsible. But now we were acting a little melodrama of our own, and straining every nerve to do it well. No comments were made by the outsiders. That Theresine was lovely; that we were bewitched by her loveliness, seemed a fact too insignificant to be commented upon by these elderly sentimentalists, who never grew tired of chiding Mademoiselle Euphrosine for her cruelty, or Monsieur Laguesse for his boldness. If Mademoiselle Euphrosine wore a new gown, or had a more attractive *coiffure* than usual, the admiring comments upon either fact lasted all the evening. Theresine in her blue stuff gown looked beautiful as an angel, and no one but ourselves discovered it.

We were now in the month of June, and one Thursday Mademoiselle Euphrosine invited us to spend the afternoon with her party in the Bois de Boulogne, instead of giving the usual reception.

To a set of poor, hard-working, friendless students like ourselves, a gala-day had always come like a godsend; but a gala-day in the society of Theresine seemed too good to be true. We dressed ourselves à l'Anglais, with straw hats, and flowers in our button-hole, and set off to the rendezvous in great exhilaration.

The day was superb. Mademoiselle Euphrosine's toilet was the delight of all her visitors excepting Theresine's lovers. She looked, at a distance, like a shepherdess on a piece of Dresden china, what with her broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed with rosebuds, her fanciful blue bodice and long white dress bordered with blue. On her arm she carried a dainty scarf matching the dress, and in one hand a tiny parasol. What she wanted in youthfulness she made up by animation. No wonder Monsieur Laguesse was in a seventh heaven.

And Theresine? She needed no superficial allurements of the milliner, looking in her cheap blue gown and old-fashioned brown hat as lovely as the Madonnas of Raphael and Murillo. Her bright, gold-brown hair hung curling in childish fashion about her neck; her sweet mouth smiled "celestial rosy red"; her large, dreamy eyes looked bluer, more pathetic than ever.

For an hour or two we wandered among the green alleys, then resorted to a little restaurant on the borders of the fairy-like little lake southward of the Bois and partook of ices. Monsieur Laguesse proposed that the gentlemen should treat the ladies to a row, and though such an act of gallantry was sure to entail the sacrifice of a dinner or breakfast, we hailed the proposal eagerly.

Mademoiselle Euphrosine divided the party warily, arranging Theresine to the care of Aleck and myself, requiring Pontremoly and Krebs as cavaliers to two of the younger young ladies of the party. The plain truth must be told, that we were less entertaining than our Italian and German comrades, so that we were indebted to the privilege by very reason of our inferiority. But Pontremoly, for the first time, acted like a jealous lover. With a swift, snake-like movement, he possessed himself of the Scotchman's seat beside Theresine, seized the oar, and put off.

Aleck turned deadly white, and, holding up his fist, shook it in Pontremoly's face. Pontremoly only laughed defiance, and as the boat glided away shouted, in a mocking voice, "I give you my next chance!"



"You shall pay the price of this first," shouted back Aleck, in return.

Then we saw him deprecate Mademoiselle Euphrosine's suave interference by angry gestures, and without a word of adieu or apology to the others, stride off in the direction of Paris. Theresine reproved Pontremoly for his unkind behavior to *ce pauvre Ecossais*, but he answered lightly, and was in the most extravagant spirits all the afternoon. He sang, he laughed, he improvised games, he acted the minstrel and *pierrot* alternately. When we joined the others, I noticed that he fell back with Theresine, and whispered earnestly to her. She replied in low, trembling tones. I fancied I heard the sound of sobs. Pontremoly looked pale and agitated after the adieux were made, and taking hold of my arm, proposed that we should leave Krebs to follow his own behests and stroll home together.

"What a fool that good Aleck must be!" he said, "to think that his passion or his rage can divide Theresine and myself! You're an Englishman, Lightfoot, and a person to be trusted; of course, it's as plain as daylight how matters stand between her and me."

I could not deny that he appeared Theresine's favored love, and I said so.

"That's well said," he went on, "but now I have a strange thing to confide to you. Something—I know not what—tells me that though Theresine loves me, and though I would die for her, we shall not be long together. Aleck's chance will come then." He broke into a wild laugh, adding, "Let him use it as best he may. But now I want to talk to you of ourselves. I shall soon have to leave Theresine."

I answered him lightly, taking this new thought as only the thousandth of nine hundred and ninety-nine vagaries.

"Turn philosopher ere it may be too late, my friend," I said. "There is no time like the present."

"What business have we to talk of time?" he said. "Time is but the succession of such events as are assigned to us. Theresine in the spirit must be mine always, though in the flesh we may be divided next week, ay, to-morrow!"

"On my word," I answered, "you make light of lovers' partings. Come, now, confess that you will be very melancholy, very lachrymose!"

"Jest at me, mock me as you will," he added, coldly; "the time for jesting is short. Did I not tell you that my fate was coming, Lightfoot? When it comes, you will jest no more."

Then he left me. We had strolled together the length of the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, and parted at the *Place de Concorde*. Pontremoly entered the *Tuileries* gardens, bound homeward,—we lived on the *Quai, St. Michel*,—and I turned down the *Rue de Rivoli*.

But I had hardly walked a dozen yards before a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a familiar voice called my name.

It was Pontremoly.

"I did not mean to part from you in anger, just now," he said, "and I want to say something to you for once and for all that has been on my mind for a long time. Will you promise to stand by Theresine and be a true friend to her whatever happens?"

I would have answered him lightly, but his look forbade. Grasping his hand firmly, I gave the promise. Then he thanked me with a satisfied though melancholy smile, and we parted.

I watched him over the street—graceful as a fawn, beautiful as an Apollo—with mixed feelings of envy and compassion. How winning and gifted he was! How women loved him! Yet something told me that his lot was not a lot to covet.

At seven o'clock we were in the habit of dining together at the *Palais Royal*; but to-night only Krebs joined me.

"This is a bad business between Aleck and Pontremoly," he said. "I don't believe they will ever rest till worse has come of it. Pontremoly is a child in most things, but there is just a touch of the tiger in his composition; and as to Aleck, I'd as soon face an enraged bear as face him now."

"Pontremoly won't fight," I answered, "and Aleck is too much of a gentleman to compromise us all by any such folly."

Krebs shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't like it," he said; and after placidly eating his soup, added, "Confound Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays."

"*Et tu Brute?*" I asked, slyly. "Is Theresine your fate also?—to borrow Pontremoly's way of putting it."

"Don't be a fool, Lightfoot," Krebs answered, bearishly. "All I say is,—confound Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays."

We finished our dinner and returned home in silence. Krebs solaced himself with smoking for an hour over the tenth volume of a German historical novel; then he went to bed.

I lighted my lamp and prepared for two or three hours' hard work. At eleven o'clock I heard Aleck's heavy step on the stairs.

"Is Pontremoly back?" he asked, putting his head through the door.

"Not yet; but come in. I have got half a bottle of Bordeaux and some bread and cheese in the cupboard," I said. "You look half dead of hunger."

He came in, and ate and drank what I had to give him ravenously.

"I have n't a sou left," he said, smiling grimly; "I spent my last Napoleon upon that fan for Theresine,—the more fool I."

"I can lend you a few francs," I said.

"Don't encourage fooleries," he answered. "I'll take some clothes to the *Mont de Piété*. Will Pontremoly soon be in?"

"I have n't an idea."

He growled out something that I did not understand, and went to bed.

I sat up working till midnight, but Pontremoly did not return. A vague feeling of uneasiness took possession of me. Had the two rivals met to quarrel afresh. Had Aleck struck a fierce blow in unconsidered haste? Was our pleasant fraternity broken up forever? All these misgivings crossed my mind as I lay wakeful till the morning dawned.

### III. THE MYSTERY.

When I awoke, the sun stood high in the heavens, and Krebs was by my bedside with a letter in his hand.

"Now for the great and inscrutable mystery," he said. "Pontremoly has never come home, but this note was left at the house-door early, and will, doubtless, explain everything."

I rubbed my eyes and turned over the missive inquisitively.

"Don't keep a fellow in suspense," Krebs cried, with impatience. "What if it prove a mere case of elopement, after all?"



Then I tore open the envelope and read the following, written closely and deliberately in Pontremoly's effeminate hand:—

*"I follow the beckoning finger of Fate without looking back. Remember your promise, and be a brother to Theresine."*

For a moment we looked into each other's eyes in blank amazement. Then all broke into one cry of horrified dismay.

"Barmherziger Gott!" exclaimed Krebs, turning pale. "The poor lad has not committed suicide?"

"What motive should he have for such a deed?" I said, trembling with undefined apprehension.

"None, except madness," Krebs answered, wiping the drops of perspiration from his brow. "And Pontremoly has always seemed half mad to me. But let us hear what Aleck has to say."

"Am I the madman's keeper?" said an angry voice; and, looking up, we beheld Aleck, who stood in the doorway, paler and more aghast than ourselves.

"You don't think I've murdered him, do you?" he said, laughing grimly.

There was a somewhat awkward pause. At last Krebs asked, quite naturally, whether Aleck and Pontremoly had fought on the previous night.

Aleck glared angrily from one to the other of us, and took an impatient turn in the room.

"Of course I should have fought him, had he given me the chance, and perhaps murdered him,—who knows?" he said; "but he clearly kept out of my way. You may look incredulous, Lightfoot; you may stare, Krebs: that is my reading of the poor fool's prating about the finger of Fate. He was afraid of me," and then Aleck laughed,—"afraid of me, and not, perhaps, without good reason."

Aleck's manner was so excited and suspicious that Krebs and myself felt thankful when he went off to his daily work at the Sorbonne. We wanted to talk over the matter of Pontremoly's disappearance calmly and dispassionately, and how could we do it with Aleck present in such a mood.

"Of course, Aleck is as innocent of any harm to our old comrade as myself," Krebs said, adding, with a grimace, "though I would n't stand in his shoes for something, if Pontremoly never turns up."

"He will not be suspected?" I said.

Krebs shrugged his shoulders.

"If a man disappears, somebody must be suspected of foul play, and who so likely as the person known to have threatened him the day before?"

We talked a long time, and at last came to the conclusion that, if Pontremoly did not appear in a week's time, we would hand over his letters, keys, &c. to the police. Of our consternation, as day succeeded day, of our confidence in to-morrow's chance, of our blind hopes, of our still blinder solutions of the mystery, I need not speak. All our fellow-participants in the delights of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays took part in our suspense and sorrow. By their advice, the facts of the case were laid before a commissary of the police, and Aleck was subjected to a judicial examination that was anything but agreeable. Pontremoly, however, not to be proved dead, how was Aleck to be proved murderer?

For several days our quiet little apartments were besieged by magnificent looking gendarmes, who peered into every corner, and almost took us all into custody because we could not manufacture proofs.

During this unhappy time, Aleck's conduct was most extraordinary. No vestige of evidence marked him as guilty of anything beyond the shaken fist and the muttered threat in the Bois de Boulogne. There alike proofs and probability came to a standstill, since there was nothing to show that the rivals had met again. But Aleck's attitude was wilfully, persistently, that of a conscience-smitten man. He seemed to take a weird delight in the mesh of suspicious circumstances in which he found himself. He would so improve upon the chances against him, that there were times when Krebs and myself trembled, as if indeed we were in the presence of a murderer. Our concern, discomfort, transient mood, or—to put the thing into plain words—suspicion, however much we might try to conceal it, filled him with eerie exultation. Laying hold on some chain of circumstantial evidence, finer than Ariadne's thread, he would force us to follow him through labyrinthine thickets of guilt and darkness till we came to the full light of the horrible truth. Then, with a grim chuckle of satisfaction, "Don't you see it?" he would cry, looking from one to the other. "It must be I, and no other, on whose shoulders the crime of Pontremoly's disappearance rests."

For a time our peaceful little *maison* became a very den of discord. One moment Aleck turned upon us for slighting or insulting him; the next, for being too kind to a wretch who would bear the brand of Cain to his dying day.

But here the influence of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays came like balm, healing, soothing, restoring. The sisters really bewailed the loss of their youngest, most gifted, and most beautiful guest,—for, as I have before said, Pontremoly had the face of a young god; moreover, they felt much for the misery that had befallen his boon companions. Accordingly, we were fêted and petted like convalescent children or prodigal sons. Each succeeding Thursday was made, in some sort, a surprise by means of new guests or new amusements. Mademoiselle Euphrosine borrowed novels for us without number; Mademoiselle Antoinette invited us to *tête-à-tête* intellectual breakfasts. Under this kindly feminine influence Krebs and myself gradually recovered our spirits, whilst Aleck recovered his sanity. And Theresine?

Her conduct was even more inexplicable than that of Aleck, since it did not change. She had ever been gay and sad by turns,—the one to-day, the other to-morrow; changeful as the winds and seas, it was always doubtful in which mood we should find her. Either she was an incomparable actress, or Pontremoly's disappearance affected her less than it did any of us. She talked of him to all of us in a strain of mingled enthusiasm and triumph. She even entered into the never-ending discussions upon the mystery without apparent flinching. Had she any heart, this young Southerner, with her enchanting smiles and chameleon eyes? Did she mask an inward despair under the semblance of unconcern? Was she privy to this terrible silence? Was she a traitor to him, to herself, to us all?

I had made many overtures of friendliness, in compliance with my poor friend's request, but met with rebuffs only. Theresine would lightly deprecate the proffered service with a smile or a sophism. Again and again I endeavored to fulfil the sacred trust confided to me, again and again to fail. At last my patience gave way, and I spoke out.

It happened one evening that I found myself alone on the sofa with Theresine. The rest of the



party were engaged in a loud and animated social discussion, and there was no fear of our conversation being overheard.

"Mademoiselle," I said in Italian, "I am sad to see you so gay. Pontremoly was a rare lover,—yet you smile, you sing, you dance! Must I believe that you are heartless? Must I believe that, worse still, you are untrue? Pardon me, mademoiselle, if, as the friend deputed by Pontremoly to watch over you, I speak out the thought of my heart, knowing all the while that it must give you pain."

She looked at me with all the pathos of her sweet eyes, her lips trembled, her dimpled cheeks grew pale; and, bending low, she whispered with apparent effort,—

"O monsieur, do not judge me yet. Have patience; trust me a little longer. I am indeed true to him."

"And have you any hope?" I asked.

"How can I despair?" she said. "If he were dead, I know that his spirit would not dwell apart from mine. He believed that too."

"You will be happy till then?" I said, for the time possessed by the young girl's strange faith.

"I shall hope till then; and even this silence, worse than death, does not divide true lovers," she answered, passionately. "What, indeed, is separation in the letter, since in the spirit it cannot exist?"

More of this strange talk we held that night, and then I learned, for the first time, how thoroughly Pontremoly had imbued this fresh young nature with his fatalistic notions and dreamy pantheism. Theresine, who looked and seemed so childlike, could understand better than any of us the exquisitely harmonious and gifted being whom we all loved so well and mourned so bitterly.

For the first time Theresine's actions became transparent to me as the waters of a brooklet bubbling over pebbles. She believed too strongly in the supernatural doctrines with which Pontremoly had imbued her to despair, or even doubt as yet. Thus explained, her cheerfulness was no longer heartless, her belief in the future no longer a chimera.

But for us, who could not cherish the same hopes, or console ourselves with the same assurance of revelation by and by, the mystery became as a nightmare, and time did not remove it from our souls.

#### IV. — THE LAST THURSDAY.

Thus months wore on; and if we did not grow reconciled to the mysterious loss of our comrade, at least we began to look upon it as inevitable, and consequently to be endured. Anything like a vestige of evidence never appeared. Gradually the police ceased to grumble, and the public to make inquiry. A young medical student had disappeared,—an Italian,—given to queer hallucinations and somewhat unorthodox notions about life and social destiny, *voilà tout*. The Parisian world has too much on its hands to concern itself beyond the moment about so small an affair.

Exactly a year after the rueful day on which we had lost sight of Pontremoly, Mademoiselle Euphrosine gave a more important Thursday than usual. In the first place, the courtship of twenty years seemed likely to come to an end; for, in consequence of having received a small legacy, Monsieur Laguesse had made our hostess an offer of marriage; in the second, our term of study was drawing to a close, and before Mademoiselle Euphrosine should have reopened her *salon* as Madame Laguesse, we were sure to be leagues away from Paris. Krebs

was about to return to Stuttgart; Aleck had accepted the post of surgeon on board a steamer in the *Messageries Impériales*; I, too, reluctantly saw myself drifting into that most stagnant of respectable careers, a country practice. With regard to Theresine, our feelings remained much the same, excepting that Aleck grew more hopeful as the time of separation grew near.

"There is no accounting for the ways of women," he said to me one day, confidentially. "Theresine has given me a promise."

I looked up in amazement.

"You may well want to know more," he said; "but I have only this to tell you. If ever Theresine accepts a second lover, I am he."

This hope, which I could but regard as deceptive as the landscape of a mirage, buoyed him up to the last. He paid court to her with a persistency that would have been ludicrous in another man, but was pathetic in him. He determined to make money, so that the wooing, if ever it came to that, should be done in a shower of gold. In fact, there were no bounds either to his infatuation or his blindness.

On this last gala evening that we were all to spend together, he had laid out five francs on a bouquet of exquisite roses, which he presented immediately on entering the room. They were hardly needed to heighten Theresine's loveliness that night. She no longer wore a child's stuff frock, and secluded herself in an obscure corner of the room. Dressed in white, her golden hair braided about her exquisitely shaped head and adorned with a wreath of blush roses, a transparent silvery scarf falling over her shoulders, her lips, cheeks, and eyes aglow with excitement,—what wonder that we all wished Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays but just begun?

Doubtless Theresine's piquant beauty and naive character had been developing for months past; but to us the child seemed to have merged into the maiden as if by magic. Where had she learned this vivacity, this repartee, this delightful art of pleasing and tormenting in a breath? Who had taught her the woman's way of delicious cruelty, of fascinating unkindness?

"What fools you and I have been!" whispered Krebs at my elbow. "The race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong. We might have stepped into Pontremoly's shoes had we set our minds to it."

He joined the whist-players. I sat down at the piano, and turned over Mademoiselle Euphrosine's music-book, alas! for the last time. Aleck had no eye but for Theresine. About ten o'clock little Antoinette prepared tea, and the vociferation was hushed for a while. Mademoiselle Euphrosine and her betrothed pathetically divided a *plaisir biscuit* between them, and sat munching it, with sentiment, side by side. A semicircle of nondescript visitors occupied the sofa, sipping tea and talking scandal. Krebs and Aleck had been summoned to assist with the teacups, and stood apart contemplating every one by turns. Theresine, for the only time that evening, sat alone, and precisely in the same spot where we had first seen her sitting months and months ago. I remembered how Pontremoly had taken the coveted place beside her, leaving us all so boyishly jealous, and then the great mystery of our poor friend's disappearance forced itself upon my mind as if it were a thing of to-day.

Must it remain forever unsolved? I said to myself, with fierce impatience. Must we go each our ways, nay, down to our graves, and never unriddle the awful game that Fate has played with us? If



this is so, then indeed are the fatalists to be envied, who console themselves with the assurance that all is foredoomed from the beginning of time; one thought, aphis-like, generates thousands: and as I stood thus, thinking so little of the scene and the life present with me, launching so recklessly into inscrutable circumstances, many minutes had passed. When this mood of intense introspection was over, I looked up involuntarily. The women coquetted, the men flattered, the lights gleamed; but Thereseine was no longer alone.

Was I dreaming, or was it indeed Pontremoly who sat beside her, his face intent, his slight figure leaning forward, his fingers toying with the flowers that lay on her lap, his whole attitude recalling that evening on which he had first taught us to envy him?

I felt as if turning to stone; I could not utter a word; I could not lift my hand; I could only gaze and gaze with increasing bewilderment. How came he there, and thus? Why had he entered secretly? Why did no one notice his presence?

A voice at my elbow refreshed my clouded senses as cold water rouses the swooning. It was Aleck who was speaking. Pale, his hair bristled, his eyes dilating, he lifted an unsteady finger in the direction of Pontremoly and whispered,—

"See, he is going—he is gone! Oh! Lightfoot, what have we two seen to-night?"

I looked up. The chair beside Thereseine was vacant. She sat gazing at it, pale but calm.

"Do you think she saw—it—him?" asked Aleck, under his breath. "Speak to her, Lightfoot; I cannot."

I drew him a little aside, and tried to reason away our strange hallucination. The empty chair, the unconcerned faces of the guests, Thereseine's composure,—all went to prove that we had been the victims of our own excited fancy. I did not wish to believe myself nor any one else subject to supernatural influences; and is it not a well-known fact in physiological history that the brain in a diseased state of activity can produce an outward *ειδωλον* of the unseen spiritual conception?

"My dear fellow," I said, "granted that we have both been under a delusion,—what more likely?—but do not magnify the delusion into a supernatural manifestation. Doubtless you were thinking, as I was, of Pontremoly. Was it not natural that imagination should do the rest, and seem to present him in living reality before us?"

He shook his head incredulously and was about to answer, when Mademoiselle Antoinette came up with lemonade. We were compelled to accept it, and her company also. When we were released, the party had begun to disperse; Thereseine was not to be seen; and, after lingering in the deserted *salon* for some time, politeness bade us to depart.

"Thereseine is gone to bed, somewhat overcome with the evening's excitement, *pauvre enfant*," Mademoiselle Euphrosine said, apologetically; "but call and make your adieux to-morrow, gentlemen; we must not spoil such a pleasant evening by making them now."

We went away, therefore, and betook ourselves homeward along the still brilliantly lighted Boulevards. For a time, no one spoke, neither Aleck nor myself feeling at all disposed to allude to the crowning event of so many strange ones linked with Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays. We noticed that Krebs, for his part, seemed equally abstracted. At last he said, speaking with considerable effort,—

"I wonder what you two will think of me when I tell you that, if ever I saw any one or anything in my life, I saw Pontremoly, or Pontremoly's image, sitting by Thereseine's side to-night. I couldn't be drunk on *sirop à groseilles* and weak tea. Men do not turn mad all in a moment. Yet I saw him! How I wish that some one else had seen him too!"

We stopped short and looked into each other's eager faces.

Krebs read our secret at a glance.

"You saw him,—and you?" he cried, turning from Aleck to myself. "Are we all mad alike? Are we to believe that there are *doppel-gängers* in the world? or are we dreaming?"

We tried to compare our experiences soberly and they coincided with almost complete exactness. Each of us had fallen into a long train of reflections, beginning with the first evening of Thereseine's appearance in Mademoiselle Euphrosine's *salon*, and ending with our poor friend's strange fate. Each had felt the same impatience at the mystery enshrouding it; each had recalled Pontremoly's attitude of happy abandonment, whilst we stood looking on, so foolishly curious!

Krebs was fain to accept the supernatural interpretation only, and Aleck leaned towards his way of thinking; but I combated it with all the force of which I was capable. I entertained a wholesome horror of mystic and spiritual influences, and would not confess to the somewhat natural awe that had in the first instance taken possession of me.

"You must remember," I urged, as we talked over the matter into the small hours, "that we have all been working with abnormal activity during the past week for our examination. If we were to go on at this rate much longer, we should be in a high fever, and my only wonder is that Pontremoly's apparition is the first we have seen."

"I have not a shadow of doubt," Aleck answered, "that Pontremoly is dead, and that this was the warning. Treat the matter lightly as you will, Lightfoot, I think my own thoughts about it. When my father died at the taking of Sebastopol, my mother saw him unlatch our garden-gate and enter. When my great-uncle—"

"Settle it between you as you like," I said, taking up my bedroom candle, "but for Heaven's sake don't ask me to be umpire."

And I went to bed, heartsick and heartsore with the events of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays from first to last.

#### V. — THE THREADS UNRAVELLED.

The next day and the next we called at Mademoiselle Euphrosine's, but Thereseine did not appear. The poor child, said the ladies, had been suffering from feverish headache ever since their last *soirée*, and could not be induced to rise from her bed.

"My own idea," Mademoiselle Euphrosine said, lightly, "is that the child is suffering from *mal de pays*, and, if so, the sooner we send her back to her parents in Italy the better, though it would be a thousand pities to leave off cultivating that fine voice of hers."

Must we, then, leave Paris without seeing Thereseine for the last time? Aleck recklessly threw up his appointment at the eleventh hour, determined to have his promised word of adieu. Krebs put off his journey to the Vaterland for a week or two, gallantly bent upon acting the faithful knight to the last. I was in no particular hurry to get back to England, and thus it happened that



Mademoiselle Euphrosine's wedding drew near, and found us still in Paris.

Theresine continued to remain invisible, and our messages, flowers, and other attentions brought nothing but a word or two of thanks by way of return. One afternoon, Aleck came back from his daily visit of inquiry with a white face.

"She is very ill," he gasped out. "Even Mademoiselle Euphrosine acknowledges it. They have got a doctor at last."

We were all anxious enough, but Aleck's misery was terrible to witness. He could not sleep, he could not eat, he could not rest anywhere. His time was spent in hovering about Mademoiselle Euphrosine's *appartement*, doing little errands for the troubled ladies, fetching Theresine's medicines, et cetera. At this time, poor Aleck himself looked like an apparition, so ghastly pale, so attenuated, so hollow-eyed was he; and we were all too much absorbed in Theresine's illness to think of the strange events that had gone before. Pontremoly's memory ceased to trouble us for a while.

At last, the crisis came. Theresine died. Of Krebs's distress and my own, of Mademoiselle Euphrosine's and her sister's concern, of poor Aleck's frenzy, need I speak? These awful catastrophes darken every life by turns, and are mercifully softened by years of fore and after peace, or would be too hard to bear. We do not cease to suffer, but by God's goodness, as time wears on, we cease to despair.

Aleck's state of mind became so terrible that, to prevent him from being taken off to a *maison de fous*, our kindly friend Krebs carried him off to Central America instead.

A gigantic scientific expedition under Imperial auspices was about to start, when the surgeon selected to accompany it fell ill. Krebs obtained the appointment, coupled with the privilege of taking a friend who would make himself useful. The two departed. When opportunity offered, Krebs sent me letters, which, as time wore on, became satisfactory. He hoped that Aleck would come home, if not a happy, at least a resigned man, and spoke of the expedition as one of great excitement and adventure.

For myself, I remained in Paris, determined to make a last effort on behalf of the mystery so vital to us all. Circumstances had occurred in my family affairs which improved my position and rendered the so-dreaded country practice no longer obligatory. In a word, I had inherited some money. My efforts, and consequent success, will be best told by the following letter which I wrote to Krebs and Aleck about six months from the time of their departure:—

"DEAR KREBS AND ALECK,—I have at last something to tell you about our beloved lost friends, Theresine and Pontremoly. As soon as Mademoiselle Euphrosine's marriage was over, I did all in my power to possess myself of Mademoiselle Antoinette's confidence. I won't waste your time and my own by describing the artifices and enumerating the shifts to which the little woman's persistent reticence drove me. Make love to her I could not do, but I hit upon a happy compromise. I poured gifts upon her as if I had been a lover, and took her to sights and spectacles as if I were her cousin from the country. And, at last, I had my reward. She told me under the strictest secrecy,—I need not say to you, *verbum sap*,—the following facts concerning our poor Theresine's death:—

"The day before she died she told her aunt that she had been persuaded of Pontremoly's presence during their last 'Thursday,' and that the manifestations had convinced her of his death. Being pressed further on this point, she said that Pontremoly's disappearance was most likely to be accounted for by the fact of his having joined an Italian secret society, to which some of her own relations belonged. Pontremoly had always warned her that he might be summoned on some secret and dangerous mission at any moment, admonishing her to live for the regeneration of Italy, and to convert others to the good cause.

"Now these facts pointed to either of two conclusions. Pontremoly had been secretly sent out of the country by the police, or he had fallen a victim to some political antagonist whilst fulfilling the behests of his fraternity.

"But how to arrive at anything like ultimate truth? To go to Italy seemed the only rational plan; yet it was not without dangers and doubts. The most cautious person would hardly fail to be caught tripping on such delicate ground as that of Italian liberty, and months and years might elapse before any result were obtained.

"I started for Italy, however, and after many fruitless journeys,—to Theresine's old home, for instance, and to the little country town where resided Pontremoly's old father,—betook myself to Rome, and there *en voyageur* pursued my inquiries as circumspectly as I could.

"When we meet, I will tell you all; till then it suffices to say that Pontremoly met with his death whilst fulfilling what to him was a sacred errand. It is a consolation to know that though his 'fate' came, as he used to say, so prematurely, and from the hand of an assassin, he died for the cause he loved so well, namely, Italian freedom.

"Poor Pontremoly and poor Theresine! I have to-day placed some wreaths of immortelles upon her lonely little grave in the Cimetière Montmartre. You can easily find it if you inquire for the grave of Mürger, the novelist. It lies to the left of the same alley.

"And now good-by. I am off to England at last. I can afford to ask you to come and see me now, being comparatively a rich man. Come as soon as you can, and, over our cigars and coffee, we will talk over old days and old friends.

"Yours always,

"HARRY LIGHTFOOT."

With this letter properly ends my story. I add, however, that my old comrades are both prospering, and that even Aleck is able to recall calmly the strange events connected with Mademoiselle Euphrosine's Thursdays.

#### A PAGE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY CORNELIUS O'DOWD (CHARLES LEVER).

I HAVE just read a story in which Jules Janin records a youthful exploit of his with some compunctions of conscience, and it has suggested to myself an incident not altogether dissimilar. In a late feuilleton of the *Débats*, Jules Janin relates that the musical critiques of that journal were generally written by Berlioz, who signed his articles XXX. In one severe paper so signed, Herold's "Préaux Clercs" was ruthlessly attacked, and the authorship naturally ascribed to Berlioz. M. Janin, however, says, "It was not Berlioz: it was another person, an



ignorant young man, with no doubts on any subject at the time, who in a wretched feuilleton abused Herold's masterpiece. He will repent it all his life. The name of this young man — I am ashamed to confess it, but it must be confessed — was Jules Janin."

Now for my tale: A good many years ago, farther back than I like my memory to be generally charged with, there was a movement of great political excitement in Ireland. Sir Robert Peel had, it was said, deserted the party he had led so long, and made steps of approaching conciliation to the Whigs. The ultra Tories of Ireland, whose true blue was always wool-dyed, and a shade deeper than any one else's, held indignation meetings through the land, to expose the treason and denounce the traitor. One of these, summoned with great pomp and circumstance, was held at Morisson's hotel, where a considerable number of influential men — peers and commoners — were met to declare their opinions, and pledge themselves to a future concerted action. This gathering represented a large share of the rank and riches of the land, and included many who for the first time had taken any part in political life. So well as I can remember, a well-known Tory peer was in the chair, supported by a strong phalanx of peers; and eloquence was fully represented by Mortimer O'Sullivan, Magee, and Cooke of Belfast. In a word, it was such a union of property and intellectual power as to carry weight in any country endowed with a vigorous public opinion.

Many men, however, whose political views had not been fully decided, who cautiously abstained from pledges of any kind, and who believed that in a period so full of contingency waiting was the truest policy, held coyly aloof, and either sent letters apologizing for their absence, or expressing doubtfully their hopes of being able to attend the meeting. This circumstance added considerably to the anxiety of the men who had promoted the movement, for anything bordering on a failure would have been fatal to the hopes of the party. One of the chief — if not the chief — leaders of Protestant opinion of the day was a junior fellow of the Irish university, — a man of the very highest order of ability, allied to a most impassioned temperament and an almost boundless ambition. He had thrown himself suddenly into political life, and with an ardor that showed that he cared for no other excitement, nor took pleasure in other successes than those it offered. This was Charles Boyton, whose splendid stature and imposing appearance were ever to be seen surrounded by the young men of the day who gloried in him as their leader, and were wildly enthusiastic on his noble gifts.

One of the principal resolutions of the meeting — some sort of declaration of distrust in a policy that entailed coalition — was to be moved by Boyton; and so eager was he to acquit himself well before men so thoroughly competent to pronounce on an oratorical success, that he secluded himself for weeks from all intercourse, and worked at the details of his speech incessantly. He knew that much was expected of him, and he resolved he would not, so far as he could help it, disappoint the expectation.

As the meeting began to fill, the scene became one of intense excitement. The doubts as to whether this or that man would come, the anxieties whether such a one had been tampered with, or some other was faltering in his allegiance, rose to a fever heat, relieved at times by thunders of applause, as some well-known leader would mount the plat-

form and receive the eager welcome of his friends. Boyton, as usual surrounded with a crowd of young college men, — a prætorian guard that moved with him wherever he went, — stood next the door, to greet the men of mark and station, and whisper a few words of welcome and encouragement as they came. The resolution he was to move was the third on the list, and he had ample time for his task of chamberlain before he need mount the platform. Overflowing with vitality, — with a vigor and energy that might have sufficed a dozen men, — on this morning he seemed more than ever carried away by high spirits, and he actually beamed with the triumphant glow that shone in his countenance. Peers, dignitaries of the Church, lieutenants of counties, and distinguished members of the House, poured in, each stopping to grasp his vigorous hand, and gather from his whispered word some fragment of encouragement and hope, when, while he thus heralded his company, a tremendous cheer shook the room, and was repeated with another still louder. "What is it? who is it?" cried they near the door. "It is the Marquis of D——," said one; "he has just come in by the private entrance, and has now shown himself on the platform."

Now the Marquis of D—— was politically in that position which, we are informed on the highest of all testimony, sheds more joy over conversion than the habitual loyalty of those nine hundred and ninety-nine, whose fidelity no man doubts of. He was not a Tory, nor was he a Whig; but he was a staunch aristocrat, with certain Liberal tendencies that kept him in a state of suspension, like those solid particles which neither dissolve nor descend to the bottom of the fluid. He was, however, a great man, a peer of high station, and with an ample fortune; but, above all, he was a man who had nothing to seek, nothing to obtain from any party; he neither wanted office for himself nor for his friends, and stood in a position of complete independence. His accession, totally unlooked for, was then a great gain; and ere he had been many minutes on the platform, a peer of great weight with the party drew Boyton aside, and said, "Here is D—— come amongst us most unexpectedly; he has astonished us all, not only by his presence, but by his offering to move a resolution. This is an immense accession to us, though a heavy price is attached to it."

"What's the price?" asked Boyton.

"It is this," said the other, in some confusion: "he has looked through the list of resolutions, and the only one he says he could speak on is yours! 'I think I could move this,' he said; and now we are in a fix. We do not know how to ask you to forego the opportunity for which you have made such splendid preparation, nor do we want to lose the benefit of such a speech as you are sure to deliver; but still, can we afford to reject D——'s accession? — that's the question."

Boyton felt the appeal at first like a personal insult, and was disposed to resent it as such; but after a moment's silence he replied, "I suppose you are right. The man is a Marquis, and that fact will do more for you in England than any words of mine. There's the resolution," said he, haughtily, handing the slip on which the motion was written. "Let him move it; I'll not speak."

It was clear enough the haughty spirit was deeply wounded; and though the noble Lord who had come on the mission of pacification did his very best, and with consummate tact and delicacy, the proud nature of the other would accept no explana-



tion, but turned indignantly away and lost himself in the crowd.

The business of the meeting began. Peer followed peer, and deputy-lieutenant spoke after county member, with the same sort of fluency and the same stock of platitudes such assemblages record generally. There was plenty of cheering, however, and a very hearty air of concurrence on the part of the listeners; and at last, as Lord D—— came forward, a thundering Kentish fire welcomed his appearance. "Now for a splendid display of unmitigated blundering," muttered Boyton, whose dark brow loomed with unusual blackness as he scowled at the scene. "What a mess of confusion and misapprehension he will make of it!"

The speaker began tamely and irresolutely; he mumbled something about his astonishment at seeing himself where he was, his total want of preparation, and his general condition of ignorance as to what the meeting expected of him. He was not given to speech-making, he was a plain county gentleman, who for the most part shunned large gatherings, which, generally speaking, he thought were mobs, and he hated mobs. (Here he was cheered, and seemed rather the better for it.) He thought mobs were good things for O'Connell and Shiel, and those kind of people who were fond of open-air talking, but did not suit gentlemen (more cheering); after which he maundered on into some weak abuse of the Whigs, and the way in which they courted the party of disaffection in Ireland.

"O, listen to that miserable driveller," groaned Boyton; "see how he is unmasking his battery before he has fired a shot! Does he not perceive that he is destroying us? does he not feel that his stupidity will cover us with shame and confusion? The real line of argument is this,"—and here, with an impassioned vehemence, he ran over the leading points on which he meant to have insisted, showing how a mock resistance by O'Connell was to have given way on certain measures of conciliation being proposed, and a sham fight be performed before the eyes of the nation. "Hear him now," he muttered. "Hear how that dolt is undoing every step I have won, and actually uprooting the foundation of our position."

Lord D—— at last concluded, three deafening cheers greeting him as he sat down, and three more calling him back to acknowledge the enthusiastic delight of the meeting.

The editor of the leading Conservative paper, a man of remarkable social ability, and the real mover of the party, stood at Boyton's side, and tried to pacify and appease him. "Your case," said he, "is hard enough, but think of mine, which is perhaps harder. You have lost an occasion for a grand intellectual display, but I must endeavor to make that man appear to have made one. It will never do to report what he has said, and what shall I do with him?"

"An ignorant young man, who had no doubt on any subject," was present, and whispered the editor in these words: "Come back with me to the printing-office, and I'll make the thing easy enough. I have been standing by Boyton all day, and I have heard every point of his argument. We'll give it to D—— and make a capital speech for him." The editor closed with the bargain at once, they both slipped noiselessly away, gained P—— Street, and by the evening edition Lord D——'s speech appeared; it filled two columns of the paper, and was the speech of the day. It was not merely a piece of

admirable close reasoning and logic, but was marked by bursts of high eloquence and splendid imagery, which well justified the "deafening cheering" which interrupted the speaker, and compelled him to pause till the enthusiasm had partly subsided.

Nor was it the worst of the joke that Lord D—— fully believed he had delivered the oration as it was reported, saying, "I don't do these sort of things often; but when my blood is up, I get along without knowing it, never wanting a word or feeling the slightest difficulty for an illustration."

As for Boyton, it was only after the lapse of years he could be brought to believe that the notes of his speech had not been stolen from his writing-desk; and when the culprit himself confessed the crime, it was with difficulty he could be brought to accept his excuses, and declared that it was an offence only to be pardoned by time. The ignorant young man has had leisure to bethink him of his indiscretion, and his name—"I am ashamed to confess it, but it must be confessed"—was "Cornelius O'Dowd."

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF ETCHING.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

THERE is great need of a word in the English language, and, so far as I know, in other languages also, which would express, in a manner so perfectly courteous that nobody could take offence at it, what we mean by the phrase, *persons ignorant of art*. If we say "the laity," borrowing the old clerical form, we are courteous, but we do not exactly say what we mean, because a layman in this sense is merely a person who is not professionally an artist, and it does not follow that he is ignorant of art. If, on the other hand, we plainly use the word "ignorant," or any word which means the same thing, we seem to be guilty of rudeness and contempt towards the immense majority of the public, and an unfortunate impression is conveyed that we are proud of our own superior knowledge, when in reality we are simply aware of a difference which is the natural result of a different employment of time and effort, and which in all other human occupations is regarded by every one as inevitable. It is still more dangerous to use the word "vulgar," although we may attach no contemptuous meaning to it, because in ordinary conversation it is associated with the idea of ill-breeding.

It might, perhaps, be permitted us to attempt the introduction of a term which has no associations of reproach. A person ignorant of art might be called an *atechnic*, a man not technically instructed. It is true that the word bears more a practical than a theoretical sense, but this would not be a reason for rejecting it, since the rudiments of critical knowledge can only be acquired practically, and no one ever saw form or color delicately enough to criticise well whose eye had not been educated by practical artistic study. It would be an awkward lengthening of the word to have to compound it with *γνωστικός*, so as to express connoisseurship.

In every fine art there is much which is illegible by *atechnics*, and this is due to the habits of interpretation into which artists always fall, and which grow upon them with the increase of their culture. For reasons which have already been explained by the best English and Continental writers upon art in books which are widely circulated, and which it is unnecessary to quote, the fine arts are less imitative than interpretative, and the nobler the artist



the more frankly interpretative he is. Now, there is always, in artistic interpretation, a considerable element of conventionalism; the artist begins with a set of postulates of which the simplest and most familiar is the postulate about the line, which might be worded thus: "Let it be granted that the line, though it does not exist in nature, may be admitted in art for the sake of the forms which may be defined by it." A liberal criticism is always willing to grant all the postulates which may be necessary to the free development of an art. In oil-painting there is an important postulate about light, "Let it be granted that white lead may mean the highest sunlight"; and there are also other postulates about color which might easily be expressed if they did not carry us somewhat beyond the subject of this paper.

Etching may be defined as the stenography of artistic thought, and there exists in etching an amount of conventionalism scarcely less than that which exists in all other stenographies. But as there are good and bad stenographies, so there are good and bad styles in etching, and these may be distinguished by reason, aided by artistic perception and experience. Very many systems of short-hand writing have been invented, and it may appear to persons who have not studied short-hand — to persons who, as regards short-hand, are *atechnics* — that it is not easy to decide which is the best, whereas, since all the systems of short-hand aim only at two results, and at the same two results, — namely, to be as rapid as possible, and as legible as possible, — and since, in compliance with the first of these, only the very simplest lines and the very simplest curves are admissible, the question of relative merit narrows itself to one of intelligent combination; and, after comparing several systems of short-hand, it is easy to see which system answers its purpose best. In the same way, since etching proposes to itself the rapid autographic rendering of artistic thought, the best manner in etching, the manner most in conformity with reason, is that which combines the maximum of speed with the maximum of expressional clearness, so that it may be written off whilst the thought is fresh and vivid, and easily read afterwards by the author of it, and by any one else who has learned to read that kind of artistic writing. All waste of labor, any movement of the hand which is not necessary to the expression of the thought, is a departure from the ideal of the art. But however good and legible an etching may be, it cannot be legible unless we have learned to read it, — unless, that is, we have acquired by practice the power of seeing at once through the sign employed the idea signified by it. A time comes ultimately when the sign suggests the natural fact or the artistic idea so instantaneously that we come to look upon the two as inseparable, and cease to be aware of the conventionalism of the sign. As Blake declared that he looked through his corporeal eye, and not with it, so it is not an exaggeration to say that we look through the hurried lines of artistic short-hand, and not at them. For the short-hand in itself is nothing, we care only for the meaning of it. Where the *atechnic* sees a few irregular horizontal lines at the top of a piece of paper, the artist, by instantaneous association of the sign with the thing signified, beholds the serene sky; where the *atechnic* sees an undecipherable medley of scrawls and scratches, the artist reads the glory of a sunset amongst the illuminated clouds. The tenderest and noblest poetry leaves us cold if we have never learned the characters in which it is written, and good etching is the

poetry of drawing written down rapidly in short-hand.

It may seem incredible that an art so inoffensive and non-popular should have enemies, but the present writer has known many instances in which fine etchings have appeared to give offence, and it is sometimes not quite safe to confess that they afford you pleasure. If you say you enjoy certain plates of the more rapid and abstract kind, *atechnics* often consider that you make such professions from an affectation of superior knowledge, and they do not altogether like you for it. A certain amount of circumspection is necessary in the avowal of your preferences: for instance, there are plates of Rembrandt, and some of Whistler and Jongkind, which a collector wise in his generation would refrain from exhibiting to *atechnics*. They have an uneasy suspicion that you are amusing yourself at their expense when you say that these things are of fine quality. If you venture to say so in print, and your book or article should fall into the hands of some thoroughly *atechnic* reviewer, he will treat you as the victim of monomania.

The explanation of our liking for such art as that is, however, very simple, and ought to be intelligible even to persons who do not find the art itself intelligible to them. It is merely a question of time given, and of excellence attainable within the limits of the time. If you give a month to a piece of work, you do not set about it in the same way as you would if you had only a week to do it in; and if you have only a day, or an hour, or twenty minutes, you will adopt a different system of expression, according to the time you have to give. Now, the best plates of Jongkind are admirable as a very summary statement of an impression; there may be an hour's work in the most elaborate of them, others may have been done in half an hour, or twenty minutes, or ten. Landscape painters are all in the habit of taking memoranda which *must* be very rapid, because the effects of nature pass so rapidly, and the landscape painter is obliged to write artistic short-hand to make his reports, just as a reporter in the House of Commons is obliged to write in stenography. The best artistic short-hand is that which notes an impression most perfectly in the time given. The portfolios of landscape painters are full of memoranda which to *atechnics* would be quite as unintelligible as the most hurried etchings of Rembrandt or Jongkind; but artists do not exhibit these; they translate them into the more intelligible form of elaborate painting, that the *atechnics* may read them easily, as they read the copied reports in the newspapers, when they could not have read the original short-hand report made in the gallery of the House.

It does not follow that we prefer these rapid notes, where form itself has often to be sacrificed to the exigences of rapidity, to drawings of highly elaborated truth; and it is an unjust misrepresentation of our views to describe us as especially partial to the slight and the incomplete, and indifferent to the noble works of art which have been slowly brought to perfection by the efforts of months or years. All that we say is, that this rapid and abstract art is good and valuable in its own kind, and that it has certain special qualities and utilities of its own which do not belong to the arts of elaboration. It is amongst the arts as amongst the characters of men, — you have the rapid and decisive characters, and the slow, patient characters. It would be a very narrow view of humanity which would



desire to see either of the two suppressed, since each kind is good for uses of its own. And so it would be a narrow view of the fine arts which would desire the suppression either of the art which swiftly notes impressions, or of that which patiently elaborates them. In fact, there exists between the two a certain interdependence. The power of making a swift and comprehensive synthesis must be preceded by elaborate analytical study; whilst, on the other hand, the picture which it takes years to execute must be founded upon a synthetic conception. An art critic who sees the arts in their just relations would be the very last person to deny the value of analysis in study. No man ever executed a fine synthetic etching without having gone through the most patient analysis; and when atechnic reviewers accuse us of being carried away by an especial enthusiasm for etching which blinds us to the value of elaborated work in other arts, they little know how large a share analysis must have in the education of the swiftest aquafortists.

The question whether elaborate or summary expression needs the higher artistic accomplishment is answered in opposite ways by different artists and theorists, and is, indeed, one of those questions which seem equally to suggest two opposite solutions. We will endeavor to state the arguments on both sides with equal force.

It may be argued that elaborate expression requires greater knowledge, because the mere elaboration or finish is in itself the adding of more truth. For instance, if you take a rapid etching or other memorandum from nature, and paint a picture from it, you have to add more form, you have to add many subdivisions of light and dark, and you have to add color. A picture, therefore, it may be argued, contains all that an etching of the same subject and equal quality contains, whilst it also contains much more, and, therefore, to produce it greater knowledge and ability are needed. This is the view most generally received not only by atechnics, but by many artists and by some critics.

On the other hand, it may be argued that since an etching is an abstract or epitome of nature, for which greater power of selection is needed, the mere exercise of selection, if thoroughly well done, implies a certain mental superiority; and that this faculty of selection being less needed in elaborate work, and hardly exercised at all in very imitative and literal painting (of which we have had much in England), the elaborate art may in a certain sense be less noble than the abstract art. This idea may be readily illustrated from literature. Suppose that a publisher gave a commission to a man of letters to compile a catalogue of all extant ancient Greek writings, the work would be laborious and the list would be long; but suppose that he gave a commission to another man of letters to make extracts from Greek literature illustrating some especial subject, as, for instance, Greek religious sentiment, and to group these extracts so as to make them throw the utmost possible light upon each other, would not the work here be of a higher kind, merely because the faculty of synthetic selection was called into play?

The two views may be expressed with great brevity. According to the first, elaboration is greater than summary expression, as needing more knowledge, and according to the second, the summary expression is greater, as needing equal knowledge and more selection.

The truth is, that to make any summary really

well, we must know a great deal more than can be visibly set down in it; and the knowledge of nature and art possessed by an accomplished etcher must always be much vaster in bulk than the concentrated essence he gives us. The difference between the critic and the atechnic lies in this, that the one infers the masses of knowledge from which the abstract has been made, and that the other does not infer them.

It seems to us a very erroneous view to consider a good etching as merely the rude skeleton of a work of art. It is not a skeleton, but a *résumé*. The difference between the two things may be illustrated from the practice of sculpture. Before a sculptor makes a statue he makes a sketch of the complete idea in modelling clay, and afterwards, for the larger and elaborated model, a framework or skeleton of iron is set up. Etchings do not answer to this rigid and formless skeleton; they answer to the first little model, — the synthetic expression of the entire and living idea.

The necessity for rapidity in etching presupposes that the idea is quite ripe for expression. If the hand goes faster than the thought, the work will fail in the direction of unmeaning mannerism; if, on the other hand, the hand waits for the thought, and the thought comes too slowly, the work may be delicate and careful, but it can hardly have the look of free and passionate inspiration, which is the glory of first-rate etching. Now, there are many excellent and admirable artists who come by their beautiful thoughts in dwelling upon them, and to whom, therefore, slowness and even hesitation in execution are necessary. The method which is natural and right for them is elaboration, and consequently it may be wise in them to abstain from the etching needle. We do not wish to imply that etching is above them, we mean only that it is unsuitable for them. In the same way there are authors who can write a powerful book, but cannot make an effective speech. Many of the best painters have etched very indifferently, or not at all.

In speaking of etching as a kind of artistic short-hand, we are quite aware that much might be said to prove that the process is also available for elaboration. For instance, several members of the English school have produced plates which are highly elaborate, and, in their way, very beautiful, especially Samuel Palmer (of whose exquisite art I would always speak with deep respect), Frederick Tayler, and Hook. But it seems to me that in this they have not insisted upon the especial and peculiar power of the art, and might have expressed their thoughts equally well in some other way. Then, again, there is that wonderful man, Jules Jacquemart, who has carried a refined kind of imitation so far in etching as to refute triumphantly the popular notion that etching cannot give light and dark properly, and is not suitable for delicate drawing; but still, perhaps Jules Jacquemart may have quitted, in some degree, the ground which peculiarly belongs to etching. It may be said that we are somewhat arbitrary and narrow in desiring to define etching as short-hand, since it is capable of just as much elaboration as any other kind of engraving; but the question always is, with reference to an artistic product, *Could it be done in any other way?* If it could, it is not genuine in its own kind. A pure and genuine etching cannot be imitated by any other process whatever, and the ideas and feelings expressed in it could not be so clearly expressed otherwise.



The atechnic reader is respectfully informed, that what is said here of etching does not refer to Dry Point, which is quite a distinct art, though often made auxiliary to etching in the progress of a plate. A very ludicrous instance of the blunders made by atechnic reviewers occurred a little time ago in a Scotch paper, where an illustration to a recent work on the art was criticised as an etching, — the fact being that there was not an etched line in it from beginning to end. In Dry Point the needle encounters great resistance from the metal which it has to cut. In etching it encounters no resistance, for here it has to cut nothing but a coat of varnish, of the utmost possible tenuity, the copper being afterwards bitten by acid. Consequently etching is a much freer art than Dry Point, and nobody who knows the difference between them will expect the same qualities from both.

It might have interested us to trace the probable effects of the revival of etching upon the practice of oil-painting, but for the present this subject must be reserved. It may, however, be remarked that painting generally is becoming more synthetic, and rather more simple and direct in expression than it was a few years ago. Nevertheless, artists will always be constitutionally divided into two classes, the men who resume their knowledge in rapid and direct work (however slowly and painfully they may acquire that knowledge), and the men who hesitate and linger in execution, and find that the longer they linger over a work the better it becomes. This difference being, as I said, constitutional, will divide artists into two camps so long as the world endures. Let us hope that the progress of a truly philosophical art-culture may enable each to see the merits of the other. The best etchers will always belong to one of these classes; the other may produce, as it does to-day, painters of admirable refinement, and engravers of astonishing industry and skill.

### WEIGHING TENNYSON.

HAVE we any sure clew by which to measure the true greatness of the Poets of our own age, — any artifice by which we can relieve ourselves from the pressure of the present, and judge the greatest products of our literature by a standard wider than that of our immediate sympathies and slowly engendered tastes? There is a double difficulty in the matter, — not merely to set ourselves free from the exclusive domination of temporary influences; but also, when we have done so, to estimate fairly the charm which those temporary influences may rightly exercise over future ages, — ages not subjected to them in anything like equal degree. There can be no doubt, for instance, that there is something in the age of Chaucer and the age of Shakespeare, and the age even of Pope and of Goldsmith, which now gives a special flavor to the writings of those various authors, but which did not half so much attract their contemporaries, because it was to them an imperceptible atmosphere, part of their very lives; while it is to us perceptible, unique, and attractive, just because it is *not* the echo of our own every-day thoughts, because it is so different from them, because it calls into life parts of our nature which are generally too little active, because it transports us into a new world. The exquisite charm of such lines as Shakespeare's,

"Violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath,"

is in some measure, no doubt, one which Shakespeare's contemporaries felt as deeply as we can, but in some measure also we do not doubt it is due to the refreshment of a mode of metaphor, that would be strained, unnatural, and entirely out of date now, yet which bears on it the impress of ease, nature, and timeliness as it runs from Shakespeare's lips.

Thus, in standing on tip-toe, as it were, to try and steal a march on the judgment of posterity as to the poets of our own day, we are, as it seems to us, almost, if not quite, as likely to depreciate them unduly through a too low estimate of the special qualifications of the time for grasping some aspect of life with force and beauty, as to over-estimate them through undue sympathy with temporary currents of thought. We are told that "the serious critic can put himself outside folks' various likings and preferences; he is not bound by the average tastes of his time; all literature is open to him, and he approaches the measure of any new poetical claimant with the standard left by the productions of bygone centuries." No doubt he does, but this is almost as much his difficulty as his privilege. The "serious critic" comes to such a task saturated with the literature of his own age, and rather weary of it. He soaks himself in other literatures, and is like a man travelling in a new country. Every new feature delights him; the absence of any old feature is a stimulus to his imagination. He depreciates that with which he is familiar. He feasts himself on that which is fresh and full of intellectual surprises. Of course the danger is that he will run down the true greatness which has made the mind and imagination of his age what it is, and extol those other secrets of true greatness for which he has been hungering without any full satisfaction.

There is a curious instance of this sort of error in two articles which have appeared in separate quarters during the last week or two, both more or less leading a sort of reaction against the high modern estimate of Tennyson. The new number of the Quarterly Review, in an article of a good deal of literary ability, and not in any way intended as an assault upon Tennyson, still curiously enough denies him originality of intellect and comprehensiveness of grasp; while a paper in the May number of the Temple Bar Magazine, written with much force and knowledge, but with rather a hackneyed bumpiousness, — an Old Bailey Chaffinbrass style of aggressiveness (as if the writer had previously bound himself by an oath to "do for" the idolatry of Tennyson), — goes so far as to cheapen Tennyson down to the standard of a mere minor poet. He tells us that Tennyson is "not a great poet, unquestionably not a poet of the first rank, all but unquestionably not a poet of the second rank, and probably — though no contemporary can settle that — not even at the head of poets of the third rank, among whom he must ultimately take his place." This might be true, for it is so very vague that we scarcely know its meaning. First-rate might be one of three or four poets of universal fame, second-rate one of ten or a dozen, and probably in such a sense Tennyson would be neither. But we know what the writer means when we come to detail. He appears to condemn "the universally jabbered opinion" (why this vulgar anger? it does not add to the strength of the paper) that Tennyson is *greater than Scott*. To us he seems a great poet, and Scott hardly more than a spirited and stirring versifier.

But, in this writer's view, Tennyson is only a garden poet, not a poet of nature in the larger sense



at all. He has, we learn, a "dainty and delicious" muse, and "a Pegasus with very decent legs, small elegant head, right well groomed, and an uncommonly good mane and tail, but a Pegasus without wings." The critic goes on to say of Tennyson, "Alas, he is no eagle! as we have said, he never soars! He twitters under our roof, sweeps and skims round and round our ponds, is musical on the branches of our trees, plumes himself on the edges of our fountains, builds himself a warm nest under our gables and even in our hearts, 'cheeps,' to use his own words, twenty million loves, feeds out of our hands, eyes us askance, struts along our lawns, and flutters in and out our flowery pastures, does all, in fact, that welcome semi-domesticated swallows, linnets, and musical bullfinches do, but there it ends." Such is the curiously false estimate which this confident, conceited, somewhat coarse, though often eloquent and vigorous writer gives us of Tennyson, through a rash use of that comparative method of which we have spoken of the difficulties already. To a certain extent the Quarterly reviewer, to a much greater extent this slashing critic in Temple Bar, in whom we seem to recognize a writer of some name, seems to us vastly to underrate his genius, and to do so mainly because that genius is so near his mind's eye, and has affected the whole life of the day so powerfully, that he cannot even take in its outline. To our ears, the description of a dainty cabinet-picture maker, of a tame singing-bird haunting trim gardens, has about as much true application to Tennyson as it would have to Goethe, perhaps rather less.

The great blunder which the critic of whom we speak makes in his estimate of Tennyson, and in a less degree the much juster critic in the Quarterly, seems to us to be this, — that in that abstract way which has so little of real instinctiveness in it, each of them compares him with other poets of quite different and more rapid or passionate genius, — and building on an implicit assumption, not fairly realized, much less examined and sustained, that rapidity, or passion, is the great criterion of great poets, classes him hastily with the smaller poets because he is found to be wanting in these qualities. But not only are there very great poetical faculties indeed which do not need rapidity and what is here meant by passion, but there are some which are hardly consistent with them. And one of the greatest of these qualities seems to us Tennyson's distinguishing, mastering, pervading characteristic, — we mean the imaginative faculty which corresponds to the microscope, rather than the telescope, in its treatment of human feeling, and instead of sweeping a wide horizon, and compressing much into little by the swiftness of its glance, keeps the object-glass fixed on one point, and compresses much into little by the fulness and variety and minuteness of its accumulations. This seems to us not merely Tennyson's tendency, but the tendency in an even higher degree of the younger contemporaries of Tennyson, — of Matthew Arnold and of Clough. It is to our minds simply silly to say that because a great poet does not fly like Shelley in the thin air between earth and sky, or thunder like Byron in his passion, or muse like Wordsworth in his solitary rapture, he is destitute of the higher poetic gifts, nay, is even a sort of effeminate *petit-maitre* in poetry, which is almost what the Temple Bar critic implies.

What can be more masculine, severely defined, strongly grasped, more directly built on the solid rock of human nature than Tennyson's Northern

Farmer, — which this presumptuous critic wholly ignores, venturing even to assert that since 1842 "he has added no fresh laurels, *in kind*, to his brow"? The Northern Farmer was not only new in kind, but a picture that may well be held to out-shine almost all Chaucer's grand portraits of his Canterbury pilgrims; and we will say with confidence that it is an absolute and final answer to that attempt which has been so elaborately made to paint Mr. Tennyson as a dainty and all but conventional poet. The poet who could draw as he has drawn the Northern Farmer cannot but be at bottom a poet of bold, hardy, and masculine genius, however tropical and luxuriant the overgrowth which often half conceals it. And that this is his true essence, we do not need even the Northern Farmer to prove beyond question. Would not that daring, original, and powerful, if painful poem, "The Death of Lucretius," alone have proved it? — a poem of a harder fibre, and far more thoughtful and full of genuine study than anything which Byron ever attempted, not to say produced. Indeed, the same might be said of either "Tithonus" or "Ulysses," poems both of them unequalled in any other poet for the clear dominion of a ruling idea, and the sharp perfection of its execution (free altogether from the excess of detail by which Tennyson so often hides, only too successfully, the masculine, strongly marked type beneath). The truth seems to be that the writer in the Temple Bar has no power to enter into Tennyson's highest work.

When he speaks of the "Gardener's Daughter" — perfect as in its way it is — as marking the high-tide line of his genius, the "smashing" critic smashes not Tennyson, but himself. Even the Quarterly reviewer seems to us to show a remarkable want of insight when he speaks of Tennyson's genius as almost feminine, and as showing the power of compression without the power of comprehension. If any woman had written any one of the four poems we have just named, what would have been the criticism upon her? — simply that she had absolutely overleaped all the imagined (and possibly imaginary) bounds of feminine genius; that she had produced a bold, massive, terse, absolutely perfect piece of poetic sculpture. "Ulysses" has, we admit, a dash of the modern in him. He is not absolutely Greek, — he speaks of all experience as

"Au arch where thro'  
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades  
Forever and forever when I move."

But no figure was ever hewn out by a sculptor, in expression so perfect and form so stately. Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Goethe have nothing to equal it. That

"Gray spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge like a sinking star  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought,"

and cherishing an irrepressible scorn for his tame, domestic-minded son, the blameless Telemachus,

"Centred in the sphere  
Of common duties, decent not to fall  
In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet admiration to my household gods  
When I am gone; — he works his work, I mine,"

— that "Ulysses" is a figure that will live in literature as long as literature is, and which it argues sheer dulness in the eye of any critic not to have recognized, with its various compeers, as marking the highest point literature has yet reached in severe and stately intellectual delineation.

Tennyson's greatness will, as we believe, be in many respects estimated by future generations as we are never likely to recognize it, though much of



the popularity of his "Gardener's Daughter," his "May Queen," his "Locksley Hall," and so forth, will undoubtedly pass away with the generation in whose tone of sentiment these are somewhat minute studies, — even perhaps overloaded with small ornament. He is the first and greatest of the true student poets, as the Quarterly Review justly observes, though Clough at least has written some things which even Tennyson will never equal. And by the true student poets we do not mean purely introspective poets, — on the contrary, no poet ever lived who can paint external landscape with the sure and rapid hand of Tennyson, — but those poets who have studied the limits of human knowledge, and know how to discriminate with subtle and accurate touch the false from the true, the showy from the substantial, in their own hearts and minds, and in the human world as well. Byron did not know this. Half his poetry at least is spurious stuff, with all its magnificent force. His Giaours and his Childe Harolds are buckram heroes. It was not till he got into his cynical vein, and wrote "Don Juan," that he rose clear of the rubbish, the false stuff, in himself. Shelley never even tried for a moment to disentangle the mystical falsetto element in himself from the pure ethereal poetry.

He is wild, sweet, eerie, supernatural, but he is never real. Wordsworth is meditative, but has no discriminating self-knowledge. Of all poets that ever lived, Tennyson is the greatest in painting human moods with a richness and subtlety of insight that a hair's-breadth of deviation would have spoiled. There is no human regret and yearning in our language equal to this: —

"Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me!"

"Oh, well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
Oh, well for the sailor lad  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!"

"And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

"Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me."

Shelley's: —

"When the lamp is shattered, the light in the dust lies dead,  
When the cloud is scattered, the rainbow's glory is fled,"

expresses a far wilder and more desolate mood, as of one shivering in the dark wilderness; but it is not so yearning and so human a mood as Tennyson's, whose greatness it is to be always self-possessed, even when most possessed by waves of emotion which he can neither sound nor measure.

With what a firm and self-possessed sculptor's hand he carves out the vagrant longings and breaking threads of thought in that variable elation and depression of mood due to wine, in his marvellously fine poem, "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue!" Beneath that apparently wandering hand, there is as firm and sure and over-mastering a conception as runs through his "Tithonus," or his "Ulysses," or his "Luciferius," or his "Two Voices," or his "In Memoriam," or his "Northern Farmer." For the painting and sculpture of moods which require the fullest insight into a rich and complex nature, no poet, to our knowledge, has ever lived to rival Tennyson. No doubt to an ordinary eye the field of view is small, but it is not small under Tennyson's treatment. It is so full, fetches so real and true an illustration from an hun-

dred sources, and follows so unflinchingly the true lines of nature even beneath all this tangle of detail, that you might as well call the Laocoon a small subject of art, as give that name to Tennyson's greatest themes. Where precisely he stands in the hierarchy of poets we do not feel either the power or the inclination to determine, — certainly we should say below Wordsworth, perhaps below Byron and Shelley, certainly above Keats. But of one thing we are very sure, that the critics of future times will not even try him by the tests of the somewhat rash and pretentious critic in the Temple Bar; and will see in him some far greater qualities than any that are indicated even in the criticism of the Quarterly Review.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

THOUGH the health of Charles Dickens will prevent him from giving any readings at present, it will not interfere with his literary labors.

VICTOR HUGO has presented Captain Abraham Martin at Guernsey, with a life-buoy and belt, for having saved the lives of forty-five persons.

THE total amount of the gifts presented to the Pope on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his entering the priesthood is estimated at twenty millions of francs.

AN English auctioneer announces for sale a cast of the face of Napoleon I., taken in May, 1821, presented by the French Government to the late Lewis Gideon, Esq., of St. Helena, at the time of the exhumation of the Emperor's body in 1840.

ERNEST RÉNAN announces the appearance of his next work, — "St. Paul," — which will constitute the third of his volumes of the origin of Christianity. The book is said to contain a splendid map, upon which are traced the journeyings of the Apostle.

THAT essentially modern curse, the organ-grinder, stands the chance of being made a rarer species than he is or has been for years past in London. General Menabrea has presented to the Italian Senate a bill prohibiting the illicit deportation of boys as organ-grinders.

THE eccentric Marquis de Montreuil who promenade the streets of Paris on a white charger, to whose tail he had fastened the Cross of the Legion of Honor bestowed on him by the first Emperor, who boxed the ears of that arch diplomatist, Talleyrand, who married Mdle. Schumacker, a queen in the *demi-monde*, and who died in poverty and much neglect last year, has again come before the public. An English person, Miss Ellen Cockmann, has sued the widowed marquise — shot at, as will be recollected, by her brother, recently escaped from the Toulon *bagne* — for a sum of £ 24 due to her as salary and a pension of £ 50, as she asserted, settled on her by the late marquis.

THE great dramatic success of the day in Paris Victorien Sardou's "Patrie," has elicited from the descendants of the Duke of Alba, of Inquisition memory, a series of remonstrances. His ancestor, says the present duke, was a perfect model of gentleness and benevolence, the most amiable of men, and Victorien Sardou is a base slanderer to represent him as the bloodthirsty persecutor of the wretched Flemish Protestants. The duke, in defence of his maligned progenitor, and in consequence



of the appearance of M. Sardou's "Patrie," intends to edit and bring out forthwith a series of family papers, by the perusal of which hitherto unpublished documents M. Sardou in particular, and the world in general, will be convinced that it has been all a mistake as to the queux having been imprisoned, burnt, or cut up into small pieces at the flat of his noble ancestor. They (the Flemish) were a set of brutes, and the Duke of Alba the real philanthropist who would not hurt a fly.

WE extract the following graceful lyric from George Eliot's new poem, "How Lisa loved the King." One of Boccaccio's most pathetic tales has furnished the author of the "Spanish Gypsy" with a congenial theme. In George Eliot's verse the story of Lisa's love wears a beauty which it does not possess even in the mellow prose of the Decameron. "How Lisa loved the King" is published in an exquisite little volume by Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.

"Love, thou didst see me, light as morning's breath,  
Roaming a garden in a joyous error,  
Laughing at chases vain; a happy child,  
Till of thy countenance the alluring terror  
In majesty from out the blossoms smiled,  
From out their life seeming a beauteous Death.  
O Love, who so didst choose me for thine own,  
Taking this little isle to thy great sway,  
See now, it is the honor of thy throne  
That what thou gavest perish not away,  
Nor leave some sweet remembrance to atone  
By life that will be for the brief life gone:  
Here, ere the shroud o'er these frail limbs be thrown—  
Since every king is vassal unto thee,  
My heart's lord must needs listen loyally—  
O tell him I am waiting for my Death!"

"Tell him, for that he hath such royal power  
I were hard for him to think how small a thing,  
How slight a sign, would make a wealthy dower  
For one like me, the bride of that pale king  
Whose bed is mine at some swift-nearing hour.  
Go to my lord, and to his memory bring  
That happy birthday of my sorrowing  
When his large glance made meaner gazers glad,  
Entering the bannered lists: 't was then I had  
The wound that laid me in the arms of Death.

"Tell him, O Love, I am a lowly maid,  
No more than any little knot of thyme  
That he with careless foot may often tread;  
Yet lowest fragrance oft will mount sublime  
And cleave to things most high and hallowed,  
As doth the fragrance of my life's springtime,  
My lowly love, that soaring seeks to climb  
Within his thought, and make a gentle bliss,  
More blissful than if mine, in being his;  
So shall I live in him and rest in Death."

SPEAKING of Bayard Taylor's last book, "Byways of Europe," the London Athenæum remarks: "The announcement with which Mr. Bayard Taylor opens these volumes, coupled with the sketches they contain, inspires us with a feeling between regret and indignation. 'This is probably,' he says, 'the last book of travels I shall ever publish.' To crown this threat, he gives us a series of pictures which he has never excelled,—taking us to scenes and places which will be new to most of us, and painting them with such vivid colors that they are at once stamped upon our memory. We call such treatment as this a wanton violation of our finest feelings. Granted that Mr. Bayard Taylor has published ten volumes of travel, it is impossible that he can have exhausted every region. In the present work he shows us that there is a rich harvest left where so many others have reaped. After all the books that have been published about Spain, the two papers in Mr. Bayard Taylor's second volume have a charm and freshness of their own, and are doubly pleasing from comparison. Enthusiastic Garibaldians have written volumes about their interviews with the exile of Caprera, but there was

room for Mr. Bayard Taylor's account of his strange repulse from the General's presence. At the end of the chapter on 'Catalonian Bridle-Roads,' Mr. Bayard Taylor observes, 'Byways are better than highways; and if an intelligent young American, who knows the Spanish language, will devote a year to the byways of Spain, living with the people and in their fashion, he will find that all the good books of observation and adventure have not yet been written.' But surely the one who gives the hint is best able to profit by it. Our intelligent young American is Mr. Bayard Taylor."

### SUGGESTION.

THE lad and lass were forced to part,  
They kissed and went along;  
The sight went into the poet's heart,  
And it came out a song.

The sun, down-sloping in the west,  
Made gold the evening air;  
The sight went into the painter's breast,  
And grew to a picture fair.

The mother murmured to her child,  
And hushed it yet again;  
The sound, as the musician smiled,  
Grew music in his brain.

The damsel turned, her hair to bind,  
A flower was in her zone;  
There grew from out the sculptor's mind,  
A damsel carved in stone.

The song was said, the tune was played,  
The girl in marble stood,  
The sunset in the picture stayed,  
And all was sweet and good.

And God, who made these things to be,  
The damsel and the sun,  
Color and sound, and you and me,  
Was pleased to see it done;

And all the angels would be glad  
If, in the world He built,  
Although there must be some things sad,  
No drop of joy were spilt,

But all the beauty in the earth,  
And skies, and hearts of men,  
Were gently gathered at its birth,  
And loved, and born again.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

### LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT.

#### I.

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,  
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.  
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!  
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

#### II.

What's the world, my lass, my love!—what can it do?  
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.  
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by,  
For we two have gotten leave, and once more we'll try.



III.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride !  
It's we two, it's we two, happy side by side.  
Take a kiss from me thy man ; now the song begins :  
" All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

IV.

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,  
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.  
It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away,  
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

JEAN INGELow.

A BURIAL AT MACHÆRUS.

"And when his disciples heard of it, they came and took up his  
corpse, and laid it in a tomb."

LIFT up the lifeless trunk ;  
The star of hope that lit the eastern sky  
Now in deep night is sunk,  
And all bright visions fade away and die.

We dreamt it had been he  
Should lead us onward to a land of rest,  
Or give at least to see  
The wide fair valleys from the mountain's crest.

Half hoped we that at last  
Had come the fulness of great joy unpriced,  
That all the dreary past  
Would fade before the glory of the Christ.

Or had Elijah come  
With prophet's garment rough and words of fire,  
To strike the murmurers dumb,  
And turn the hearts of children to their sire ?

Not so, he told us, no,  
Nor Christ, nor yet Elijah, was the seer,  
The friend who thus lies low,  
Who taught us how to love, and whom to fear

Only a voice, no more,  
Heard crying in the wilderness, " Prepare,"  
And then, its one work o'er,  
Melting in silence of the midnight air.

And yet that voice could thrill  
Through soul and brain with agony intense,  
Searching each thought of ill,  
Waking to rapture all the torpid sense, —

Could stay the lust of greed  
In soldier rushing eager on the spoil,  
Or meet the utmost need  
Of peasants worn by ceaseless, thankless toil.

We listened till we poured  
In all men's ears the story of our woes,  
And kneeling there adored,  
Where the old river through the reed-bed flows.

Then, casting off our shame,  
Naked we plunged beneath the cleansing stream,  
And lo ! upon us came  
New thoughts and hopes that were not all a dream.

We might not onward press,  
To where he dwelt upon the mountain's height,  
Arrayed in holiness,  
True priest, great prophet, stainless Nazarite.

Yet still from that blest day  
We strove to curb the promptings of the sense ;  
Taught by him how to pray,  
We climbed the lower slopes of excellence.

And now a woman's wiles,  
A girl's soft movements in the winding dance,  
A wanton's wreathed smiles,  
Stirring the tetrarch's blood with harlot glance, —

These, these, O grief and woe,  
Have crushed our hopes, and laid them in the dust ;  
Yes, these have brought him low,  
The proud Herodias triumphs in her lust.

No hero's death was his,  
Ten thousand warriors looking on to cheer ;  
He might not taste the bliss  
Of those whose heart has known nor doubt nor fear.

Weary the slow, slow days,  
The stifling dungeon, and the sultry air ;  
Weary the long delays  
Of hopes that bordered almost on despair.

Once there had come to him,  
With brow that told its tale of sinless youth,  
And speech not dark or dim,  
That showed Him born true vessel of the Truth,

One before whom he bowed,  
And fain had sought a blessing at His hand ;  
And lo ! from out the cloud,  
The voice of power that few might understand.

Yea, from the opened sky  
He heard the words which bade him worship there  
The Son of God most high,  
And saw the Spirit hover through the air ;

And then, when forty days  
Had done the work of forty years of life,  
And, working highest praise,  
That prophet came victorious from his strife,

We heard the witness clear,  
" Behold the Lamb that bears the world's great sin " ;  
And some who saw Him there,  
Went where He dwelt, and stayed all night within.

And these we saw no more,  
They left the seer who raised their souls from earth ;  
And on Gennesareth's shore  
Gained, so they said, the gift of second birth.

Those men of Galilee,  
The peasants and the fishers of the lake,  
They went to hear and see :  
But we our prophet-guide might not forsake.

We saw the crowds grow thin,  
No more they came by hundreds to the stream ;  
Hushed was their stir and din,  
The fame and favor vanished as a dream.

We mourned, but he, our guide,  
Rejoiced in spirit, as the bridegroom's friend,  
When bridegroom meets his bride,  
And love's long hopes at last attain their end.



"He must increase, but I  
Am ready," so he spake, "to wane and fade,  
Ready to fall and die,  
Or wither slowly in the blighting shade."

So in his prison cell  
He lingered on, not knowing all that passed,  
If all things prospered well,  
Or the bright morning were with storms o'ercast.

At length, sore vexed and tried,  
Worn down by dark perplexity and doubt,  
He called us to his side,  
And bade us go and ask the question out.

Weary he was and faint,  
And dark clouds gathered round his vision clear,  
And just the nascent taint  
Of weakened faith had filled his soul with fear.

"Art Thou," he asked, "art Thou  
The one we looked for, coming to redeem?  
Or must another now  
Rear the proud fabric of the glorious dream?"

"Needs must my soul rejoice  
That now men list to Him their King and Lord,  
I but a wandering voice,  
He the true Christ, the Everlasting Word."

So spake he then, but soon  
Came the sore heat and burden of the day;  
As the sun strikes at noon,  
So fell on him the blasts that smite and slay.

He lost the people's love,  
And would not turn to fawn upon the great;  
With crowned guilt he strove,  
And earned the guerdon of a harlot's hate.

Then came the weary weeks,  
The fruitless strivings with a wavering will,  
The pain of one who seeks  
To wake to good a soul that cleaves to ill.

"Why still from day to day  
Tarry the wheels that should the Conqueror bring?  
Why this long, long delay,  
The halting of the chariots of the King?"

"Why leave the prisoners still  
In dungeon dark and fetters sharp to lie?  
Why stays the all-loving Will  
To set the sufferers free, or bid them die?"

We came and looked, and lo!  
Blind saw, deaf heard, and leapt as harts the lame,  
And a sweet voice and low  
With gentle words of love to poor men came.

We saw the fixed eye  
Gush with hot tears of love and holiest joy,  
The man's heart, seared and dry,  
Beat with the pulse and passion of the boy.

We saw the rough hands clasped,  
The sighs breathed forth upon the silent air,  
While many fondly grasped  
His garment's hem in agony of prayer.

He heard our speech, nor spake  
One word of anger at the quest o'erbold,  
Nor would his friend forsake,  
Nor leave the tale of love and power untold.

He bade us look and tell  
Yet once again to John the things we saw;  
And all at last was well,  
And the old faith was once more clear from flaw.

And then a few weeks more,  
And at the gate we heard the spearman knock,  
And too soon all was o'er,  
The shepherd smitten, we a scattered flock.

But little time had he  
For parting words of hope, or faith, or love,  
And none were there to see,  
The hero-greatness of his soul to prove.

And now the sun is set,  
The grave is hollowed in the cavern's side,  
And we few friends are met  
That bleeding form within the tomb to hide.

Yes, wrap him as he lies;  
But little cared he for the spice and balm;  
No hireling mourner's cries  
Need break the stillness of the sunset calm.

The linen fine and clear,  
Keep that for lordly burials of the great;  
As he lived, lay him here;  
He needs no pageant, and the hour is late.

As he lived, let him lie,  
That garment rough his only winding-sheet,  
Just veiling from the eye  
The bleeding trunk, and swathing round the feet.

Scarce thirty summers old,  
His sun goes down ere half the day is done,  
And as a tale is told,  
So all his work is ended, scarce begun.

And what shall we do now?  
To whom shall we in doubt and sadness turn?  
Whilst Thou receive us, Thou,  
Who mad'st our cold faint hearts within us burn?

The old has passed away,  
The new begins in clouds and darkness veiled;  
But we not far shall stray,  
If we but trust the Love that ne'er has failed.

Yes, bearing with us still,  
Precept, and prayer, and hymn, and fast, and rite,  
All that our spirits fill  
With life and truth, with gladness and delight.

We to the Christ will go,  
And bide our time till John arise again;  
We will not linger, no,  
We will not wait till all things are made plain.

Enough for us to live  
As those on whom the light of God has shone,  
Till He more light shall give,  
Or through the darkness claim us as His own.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

## A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

[No. 179.]

### SCENES FROM PARISIAN THEATRES.

THEATRICAL entertainments have at all times entered more into the social life of the French people than that of their island neighbors. It would hardly come within the scope of our present paper to account for the circumstance, which we believe will be taken on trust by our readers, especially by such of them as have made the transit of the Channel. They have seen that six days of the week are not sufficient for the Parisian play-goer's enjoyment of *Le Spectacle*; he must supplement it by Sunday evening. We do not envy his sensations at his awaking on Monday morning, if he has any regular employment. We British islanders plume ourselves on our superior morality when we put ourselves in comparison with our Gallic contemporaries, and without doubt the moral exchange between French and British comedians and directors of theatres is in favor of the latter. Were every shadow of restraint to be removed from theatrical management in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, no such licentious spectacles would ever be tolerated by the public as were exhibited successively in Paris immediately after its three revolutions. In fact, no actors or actresses known to the British public could ever be induced to appear in them.

The interest taken in the drama in Paris, so much exceeding anything witnessed here, it is not to be wondered at that the French Government should so long have made a useful engine of it, and subsidized it with liberal subventions when it was incapable of supporting itself, or that the great people about the Court have from the days of Corneille at all times been assiduous visitors to the green-rooms and the coulisses of the principal theatres. The people in authority during the Directory and those who succeeded them in the Consulate were as assiduous in their attendance as those who, under the elder régime were admitted to the orgies of the Regency and of the Court of Louis XV. Our object in this paper being merely to notice some interesting circumstances and characters of the Parisian stage within the present century, the reader need not fear the perusal of a chronicle embracing the lives and works of Corneille, Racine, Molière, and their less known successors.

#### TALMA AND BUONAPARTE.

The predilection of the First Consul for the theatre was only less strong than his love of arms. From the epoch of 1792 he and Talma were inseparable, and he passed his evenings in the coulisses of the Théâtre Français. More than once the

stage manager asked Talma, "Who is this young officer?" "Napoleon Buonaparte." "His name is not on our stage list." "Don't mind; he is my friend." "O, that's another affair."

If ever emperor or king loved the theatre, that man was Napoleon I. On the battle-field, and in the gallery, pit, and boxes of the playhouse it was his supreme will to civilize and render happy all the nations of the earth. When conquering and going to conquer, he carried about with him his favorite actors and actresses. When at Erfurth, in 1808, Talma presented every morning to the Emperor the play-bill of the ensuing evening. One morning, as he afterwards related to Dr. Veron, when proceeding to the door of Napoleon's reception-room, he found himself detained by the skirt of his coat. "Will you inform the Emperor," said the impatient visitor, "that I am here?" This impatient visitor was the King of Saxony.

#### TALMA AND DUMAS.

One of the earliest theatrical performances witnessed by Alexander Dumas in his youth was Talma's "Hamlet" in Ducis's adaptation of the play. It was an epoch in his life. What would it not have been had he seen the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare! He had read some of the tragedies of Corneille and Racine and found the exercise rather tiresome. The piece was performed at Soissons by a strolling company, but he had not yet seen Talma, nor ever had been inside a Paris theatre, nor heard Shakespeare's name pronounced.

"The actor," he writes in his *Mémoires*, tome 5, "who presented 'Hamlet' was a tall, pale, and dark young fellow named Cudot. He had fine eyes, a powerful voice, and such good recollection of Talma, that when I saw the great tragedian in the same part, I thought he was imitating Cudot.

"As I was entirely ignorant of the original, the 'Hamlet' of Ducis with his fantastic entry, his apparition, visible to himself only; his argument with his mother, his soliloquy, the sombre interrogatory addressed by doubt to death,—in fine the 'Hamlet' of Ducis appeared a masterpiece, and made a profound impression on me, full of inexplicable sensations, of desires without object, of mysterious vistas of light, of pleasing but puzzling ideas."

Dumas, on procuring the printed play, got it by heart in three days; and later in time, when he became acquainted with the original (Alexander is vain of his knowledge of English), he could not forget the poor adaptation, and this has always been a source of annoyance to him.

It was a happy morning for young Alexander



when his friend Adolphe introduced him to the great tragedian, the object of the visit being tickets to see him in "Sylla" in the evening.

"Talma was very short-sighted, so I do not know whether he saw me or not.

"He was washing his breast. His head was nearly bald, a circumstance which rather puzzled me, as I have heard that his hair absolutely rose on his head at the supposed sight of the ghost.

"It must be acknowledged that there was little of the poetical at that moment about Talma.

"Still, when he stood upright with the lower part of his body draped in a white woollen robe, and drew a corner of it over his shoulder and breast, there was in the movement something imperial."

Discovering that Alexander was a son of an old acquaintance, he discoursed awhile with him, and at parting gave him his hand, which his visitor would have gladly kissed. His description of the rest is entirely Dumasian.

"With my exalted ideas of the theatre, Talma was a god, — one unknown 't is true as Jupiter was to Semele, — a god who then appeared to me, but who would be fully revealed in the evening.

"Our hands touched.

"O Talma, if you had been twenty years younger, or I twenty years older!

"All the honor was for me. I knew the past; you could not know the future (renown of D., to wit).

"If any one could have told you that the hand which you then held would thereafter write sixty or eighty dramas, in each of which you who were seeking for characters all your life would have found one which you would exalt to a wonder, you would not have let off so coolly the poor young man, all blushing for having had the honor of speaking to you, — of touching your hand.

"But how could you have discovered in me, O Talma, that of which I was unconscious myself?"

A very sensible query! Many a successful man of letters, as well as Dumas, has been seized with melancholy at the recollection of the death of his parents, before they could enjoy the literary renown of their child.

Dumas had seen Bonaparte, his head bent on his breast, pass in his carriage northwards eight days before Ligny, and return the day after Waterloo, and he uttered a cry of surprise from his seat behind the orchestra, when he saw the same sombre face on Talma's shoulders as he came on the stage in the character of *Sylla*.

"Many," observed Dumas, "have since essayed by means of the green uniform, the gray *redingote* and the little hat, to re-cast this antique medal, this bronze, half Greek, half Roman; but none, O Talma, had your flashing eye, with the calm and serene physiognomy, on which the loss of a throne and the death of twenty-five thousand men seemed not to have had the smallest effect. This was the head made up for *Sylla*, — a crown over the limp hair, the forehead wrinkled with inquietude, the look that of the lynx and hyena combined, the eyes darting gleams from under the quivering eyelashes, like those of animals whose time of watching is the night."

In Talma were united three supreme qualities seldom found together in any one man, — simplicity, strength, and poetry. He completely identified himself with his character, was profoundly melancholy in *Orestes*, terrible in *Nero*, hideous in *Gloucester*.

Actors are profoundly chagrined that they can leave nothing characteristic of their genius behind them; but Dumas says he has preserved a distinct consciousness of Talma's appearance, his tones and gestures. "O," he exclaims, —

"Might your great shade hear me, and tremble with joy to be so well remembered! I see you still with the ironic smile on your lips, leisurely shorten the distance between yourself and the accuser. I see you lay your hand on his shoulder, and, draped as one of the finest antique statues, I hear you pronounce with those searching tones which vibrated on the most secret fibres of the heart, these cutting and sonorous words," &c., &c., &c.

In the scene of the abdication Talma found it an easy matter to produce a deep and thrilling effect, it so strikingly recalled the similar event in the career of the Emperor.

Dumas and Adolphe paying a visit to Talma's dressing-room, to re-express their delight at the gratification afforded them, found it filled with the literary men of Paris, Casimir Delavigne, Jouy, the author of "Sylla," and other names now forgotten. They discovered him in his white flannel robe, relieved of his purple, and a short, friendly conversation ensued. But it would be unworthy of Alexander to give the conclusion in any but his own words, which, sublime as they are, are separated by a very narrow line from the ridiculous.

"'Touch my forehead,' said I to Talma, 'it will bring me good fortune.'

"Talma laid his hand on my head.

"'Be it so,' said he. 'I pronounce you poet in the names of Shakespeare, of Corneille, and of Schiller. Return home, enter your business office, and if you possess the true vocation, the angel of poesy will find your abode, will take you by the hair as befell the prophet Habacuc, and carry you where your destiny calls.'

"I took Talma's hand with intention to kiss it.

"'Come, come,' said he; 'this youth is enthusiastic; something will be made out of him.'"

#### TRAITS OF TALMA.

From the *Allemagne* of Mme. de Staël we quote this sketch of the great actor, premising that we do not altogether subscribe to the illustrious Madame's dictum, that "when a man of genius appears in France, it is almost of necessity, that he should attain to a degree of perfection nearly without example. For he unites the boldness which has raised him above the crowd of ordinary men to the tact of good taste, which is so essential to possess, when it does not injure the originality of talent."

"Talma may be cited as a model of boldness and of rule, of natural grace and dignity. He possessed the secrets of different arts; his attitudes recalled the beautiful statues of antiquity, his drapery in his various movements assumed those graceful folds which might seem the effect of arrangement in a state of repose. The expression of his look deserved to be studied by painters. Sometimes he entered on the scene with his eyes half closed, and suddenly feeling or emotion made them give forth such flashes as seemed to brighten the scene.

"The sound of his voice thrilled the spectators even before the sense of the words could excite any emotion. When descriptive verses occurred in his part, he made their beauties be felt, as if Pindar himself had been reciting his own compositions. Others require time to produce emotion, but there



was in the voice of this man a certain magic, which with the first accents awakened the heart's sympathy.

"This artist conferred on the French drama what the Germans, right or wrong, affirm it does not possess, — nature and originality. He strongly seized on foreign characteristics in his rôles, and no actor could produce such imposing effects by such simple means. Shakespeare and Racine were artistically combined in his declamation."

Talma is praised for his attention to the convenience of his stage-brothers and sisters during the scenes, instead of endeavoring, as some do, to thwart or disconcert them in their parts. Many are known through mischief or ill-will to lay snares for their fellows to their own detriment, or that of the business of the scene for the moment. He always endeavored to render the parts of his interlocutors effective as well as his own. Talma knew English, and was in other respects familiar with the literature of his day. He left many in sincere affliction at his death, for he was of a kind and obliging disposition. His theatrical career commenced in 1787 at the Théâtre Français, his death took place on the 19th of October, 1826.

#### MADemoisELLE GEORGES.

In the revolutions of years, Talma had his entrées at the Tuileries, and this or that crowned head would ask of the Emperor, "Sire, who is this man?" and the answer invariably was, "It is Talma, one of my friends." It was Talma, who first gave the little court at Malmaison a desire to see Mlle. Georges, who made her *début* in "Iphigenia in Aulis," at the "Theatre of the Republic," on the 29th of November, 1802. A fine woman and charming actress was Mlle. Georges Weymer, and hard was the struggle for places to get a glimpse of her on that memorable night. Geoffry, the "Jules Janin" of that day, was scandalized at the ill-conduct which the most polite people under the sun exhibited on getting into the playhouse.

"This taste for spectacles resembles ferocity and barbarism. Women nearly stifled uttered piercing cries, while men in a savage silence, forgetful of all politeness and respect to the fair sex, thought of nothing but forcing a passage at the expense of all that surrounded them. . . . We have perhaps better pieces and better actors than the Athenians, — this is not proved, — but it is certain that they conferred on their scenic entertainments more nobility and dignity.

"The councillors of King Priam cried out as Helen went by, 'So beautiful a princess is worth fighting for, but however wonderful her beauty, peace is to be preferred to it.'

"And I have said to myself in beholding Mlle. Georges, 'Can we be surprised that people should run the risk of suffocation for the sight of so superb a woman? But if she were fairer still, they should not allow people to be stifled, — even on her own account, for an audience is more severe on a débutante when the sight of her has cost them much.'"

The historian of the Dublin Theatre in our own days would not subscribe this opinion. He says, and it is from experience he speaks, that no spectators are more chary of applause than those who have paid nothing at the doors.

In 1835, thirty-three years later, Theophile Gautier felt himself at a loss for words to present a befitting idea of the appearance of the same enchantress. How a woman, ever under the influence of

public applause, strong hopes, strong fears, exhaustive passions, and life spent in the unhealthy atmosphere of a theatre could retain her good looks and her popularity for such a long period is more than we can undertake to account for. We must venture on a version of Gautier's impassioned French.

"Mademoiselle Georges resembles a medal of Syracuse, or an *Isis* from the bas-reliefs of Egina. The curve of the eyebrows, traced with an incomparable purity and delicacy, shadow two eyes full of fire and the lightning flashes of tragedy. The nose slender and straight, distinguished by nostrils oblique and dilated when under the influence of passion, is united to the forehead by a line simple and grand at the same time. The mouth, displaying great firmness, is distinguished by sharpness at the corners, and is as superbly disdainful as that of the avenging *Nemesis*, about to unuzzle her lion with the claws of bronze. This mouth, however, is decked at times with smiles of imperial grace, and no one would think when it is expressing the tender passions that it has ever launched the antique imprecation or the modern anathema. The chin, full of strength and resolution, relieves by a majestic outline the profile, which is rather that of a goddess than a mortal. As all the fine women of the Pagan cycle, Mademoiselle Georges has the forehead broad, full, and swelling at the temples, — not high, however, — resembling in this particular the *Venus* of Milo. The junction of the arms (to the body) presents a formidable appearance from the vigor of the muscles, and the boldness of the outline. One of the bracelets of the upper arm would serve for girdle to a woman of moderate size. But they (the arms) are white, smooth, and terminated by a dimpled hand of childish delicacy, — genuine royal hands, made to bear the sceptre or the poniard of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*."

All the influence of the Christian religion has hitherto been ineffectual to drive out the sensuous pagan spirit from the inhabitants of the old *Lutetia*, its stronghold and citadel being in the hearts and minds of its men of letters and its artists.

#### NAPOLEON A GREAT PLAY-GOER.

We do not purpose to dwell on the special favor found by Mlle. Georges as well as Mlle. Mars, in the sight of the First Consul. With his innate love of the stage and everything connected with it, it followed of course that two such gifted and attractive exponents of the institution should have entered more deeply into his affections than was agreeable to poor Josephine.

The reader probably recollects the name of that Roman general who, when seeing some masterpieces of Grecian art embarked at the *Firæus* for Rome, gave the captain a serious charge concerning them. "Take special care of these images and pictures," said he, "for if they are lost or damaged, you will have to get others as good as them made."

The First Consul had in him something of the stuff of this man of war. Being in want of a few poets, he asked them of his Grand Master of the University, as he would have demanded soldiers from his War Minister. "But," as Dumas says in his *Mémoires*, "it was easier for M. le Duc de Feltré to furnish three hundred thousand conscripts than for M. de Fontanes to furnish twelve poets." So the great man was obliged to be content with a few men of verse of the second order. For the



sake of geniuses of this class many chiefs like Napoleon I. would be desirable. Said he to Luce de Lancival, who had just finished the readings of his *Hector*, "You have written a fine tragedy; I will have it acted in the camp." And the evening of its representation he sent the poet a brevet of 6,000 francs pension, with directions that, taking into consideration the poverty of poets in general, the first year's salary should be paid in advance.

#### MADemoisELLE MARS.

It was the imperial will that all the members of his family and the great dignitaries of the crown should have their boxes at the *Théâtre Français*. He set them the example by engaging one for himself at 21,000 francs per annum. He did not even think it beneath his dignity to pay attention to the reigning stage goddess on a public occasion. One Sunday, reviewing his guards in the court of the Tuileries, he perceived Mlle. Mars in the crowd of spectators, kept from pressing on the exercise-ground by a row of pickets. He advanced at once through this cordon, and accosted the lady with the utmost kindness and courtesy. "You have, Mademoiselle," said he, "come to return one of the frequent visits which it gives us such pleasure to make to you at the *Théâtre Français*." Of course the eyes and attention of the staff officers were at once fixed on the lady, whom all her familiarity with the attention of the great hardly fitted to go composedly through her part in the conference.

Buonaparte's return from Elba was a source of joy and triumph to the great actress. On her first appearance during the "Hundred Days" she held in her hand a bouquet of violets; she bore violets in her sash; they were to be seen on the borders of her robe; they adorned her hair. This was remembered to her prejudice in the early days of the Restoration. Acting in "*Tartuffe*" she was prevented from proceeding by loud orders from the orchestra and the pit to cry "*Vive le Roi!*" She availed herself of a moment of quiet to say, "Gentlemen, I have already cried '*Vive le Roi!*' and they condescended not to insist on the repetition."

In private life, as well as on the boards, Mademoiselle Mars was natural, unaffected, and cheerful. She showed in her manners, in her language, and in her conduct, a rare penetration, and the delicacy of a well-educated woman. She did not seek for witty expressions, but spoke with tact and good sense. One of her observations deserves to be quoted: "How much better would we act if we sought applause less!"

Daughter of a comedian, she appeared on the boards at eight years of age. Her *début* as an *ingenue* in the *Théâtre Français* was not successful. She was meagre in person, had sharp elbows, and rather red arms and hands, but her eyes were expressive, her smile agreeable, and her voice of a pleasing and impressive character. With time came soft and rounded contours, and she combined in herself all the qualities of beauty, talent, and success.

Mademoiselle Mars was well-favored by fortune. Besides her profits as *sociétaire* of the theatre, she was in receipt of a salary of 30,000 francs besides her gains during the recess; and the presents made to her (some from unknown quarters) amounted to a fabulous sum.

She was of a generous and charitable disposition, and supported more than one helpless artist. The life of the theatre was so combined with her well-

being that she did not renounce the presentation of young *Ingenues* till she was close to sixty years. Her farewell of the stage was an initiatory death.

In 1838, when the *sociétaires* of the theatre were becoming painfully sensible that the lady's age and appearance, and her pretensions to fill the parts of young ladies were not in accordance, some of them said to Scribe, "Ah, if you could induce her to select the rôle of a duenna!" "Certainly," said he, "I'll do it." A wager was made, and the never-weary dramatist composed a piece in which there was a charming woman, but still a grandmother. She was such a delightful personage that the wooer of her granddaughter changed his mind and proposed for herself. Having read the piece to Mlle. Mars, and received abundant applause for it, he said, "I need not mention, Mademoiselle, the part intended for you." "O, no need at all," said she, "but whom do you intend for the grandmother?" Scribe's spirits descended into his boots; he lost his wager, and the company their hopes.

#### LOUIS XVIII. AT THE PLAY.

Alas, alas! for the transitoriness of earthly pleasures and earthly grandeurs! Napoleon, who could bring into the field myriads of devoted fighting men, who was adored by his veterans and his family, who might have been clothed in purple and gold, and fared sumptuously every day if he chose, and who so heartily enjoyed his evening's dramatic performance, and the society of its exponents, is in time a lonely inhabitant of a rocky island, and another is seated on his uneasy throne.

There can be no doubt of the joy and gratification experienced by Louis XVIII. and the other members of his family on entering the *Comédie Française*, on the 16th of November, 1814. While his ears were filled with the shouts of acclaim from every part of the theatre, and his heart with self-complacency, it is probable that the terms of execration in which his family were continually mentioned in the various theatres during the decade 1790-1800 never recurred to his mind any more than the enthusiasm of actors and audience for Napoleon during his days of power. Dr. Veron thus describes the temporary insanity.

"Long before the opening of the doors, the Rue de Richelieu and all the approaches to the theatre were incumbered with an immense crowd. The throng was so dense at the entrance that the officials were overpowered for a time, and many penetrated into the building without tickets. Standing room in the parterre (pit) sold as high as 120 francs."

Count Orloff and the Duke of Vauguyon, failing at all other points, attempted the stage entrance at the end of a long and dark passage. The porter keeping them at bay, they took out several gold pieces (Dr. Veron says handfals), but there were lookers-on, and poor Cerberus was forced to remain in his duty. The shouts of welcome on the entrance of the Royal Family would have blown off the roof of a weak building. At the conclusion one of the high officials of the candle having ceded his place to Talma, the King looked on the change with much pleasure. "Ah, M. Talma," said he, "you have given me much gratification, and my opinion is worth something; I have seen Lekain."

Talma of course was happy for the moment at the distinguished notice of which he was the object, but he could not the less, when in the quiet of his own room, lament the untoward fate of him who



had remained his constant friend in every station from Sous-lieutenant to Emperor of the French. Thus was the Restauration inaugurated at the Théâtre Français.

AUGUSTIN EUGENE SCRIBE.

M. Scribe, to whom we have alluded as winning his spurs at the Restauration, was not driven by the hard and sharp whip of necessity to write for the stage. His income on quitting college reached to 2,000 francs. The instinct of arranging plots and inventing suitable dialogues must have been very strong in him, for in the year 1853 he had written upwards of three hundred pieces. Like others who have attained the height of literary reputation, he found great difficulty in the beginning of his ascent. From 1811 to 1816 he was employed in the production of unsuccessful pieces. At last, in collaboration with M. Delestre-Poirson, he wrote *Une Nuit de la Garde National*, and from its first representation the Vaudeville and Variété Theatres kept him constantly at work. From the opening of *Le Gymnase* in 1820, he wrote assiduously for that theatre, having signed an engagement with the proprietor, his collaborateur just mentioned, to supply him a piece per month during the term of twelve years. He not only furnished the number agreed on, but even eighteen on some years. Till the days of July the *Gymnase* boasted the title of *Le Theatre de Madame*, as it enjoyed the special patronage of La Duchesse de Berri.

This amount of literary work, saying nothing of attendance at rehearsals, would apparently require from twelve to sixteen hours of close daily application, yet Augustin Eugene Scribe never wrote more than four or five hours in the twenty-four, viz. from 5 A. M. in summer and 6 in winter to 10. The rest of his day was spent in correcting and advising his actors and actresses, and gathering suggestions and ideas from every available quarter to furnish forth dialogue or plot. Remarks casually heard, passages in books, facts from newspapers, — all furnished material. His mind seemed to assimilate to dramatic material everything gathered in by his senses. All this industry would have been unavailing but for the aid given by several working brothers, furnishing frameworks, general ideas, plots, dialogues, verses. Scribe himself, endowed with a wonderful facility of execution and incredible perseverance, overlooked all, directed all, sometimes furnishing the outline, sometimes merely retouching the piece, and at other times recasting it. When it was finished, he always joined the name of his principal collaborateur to his own in the announcements.

The Revolution of July, 1830, so fixed the people's attention on the great drama in which they themselves were actors, or at least chorus, that they could not feel much interest in the comparatively insipid pieces of the Vaudeville. So Scribe began to invest his creations with a political character, and thereby fixed again the distracted attention of the Parisians on his clever creations, — *Bertrand et Raton*, ou *l'Art de Conspirer*; *La Passion Secrète*, *Les Ambitieux*, *La Camaraderie*, ou *la Courte Echelle*, &c., which were received and performed at the Théâtre Français. Till his death, in 1861, he never put off his harness. When not composing short musical pieces or comedies, he was preparing the canvas on which Halevy, Adam, and Auber were to embroider their musical creations. In 1834 he replaced the deceased poet Arnault in the Acad-

emy. It may be readily supposed, from what we have said, that his gains were great; but the possession of riches never diverted him from mental labor. He assumed for his device a pen, and for motto the legend — "*Inde Fortuna et Libertas.*" He was not ashamed to put up the following modest inscription over the entrance of his noble chateau of Sericourt, near Ferte sous Jouarre: —

"Le Théâtre a payé cet Asile Champêtre;  
Vous qui passez merci! Je vous le dois peut-être." \*

Scribe did not entertain the idea of settling down as a married man till he was of the more than ripe age of fifty-eight. He made good use of the worldly means vouchsafed him by generosity towards all who had any claim on his good offices. He liberally upheld institutions whose object was the relief of distressed members of the profession.

If it would be incorrect to call Scribe a genius, the highest degree of talent at least must be awarded to him. His works, indeed, betray rapidity in composition, and although the style be lively and brisk, it wants strength and correctness. We miss analysis of passion and development of character, but instead we get a succession of incidents happily linked, a power of complicating and of unravelling, of imagining happy situations, and of fixing the spectator's attention on the progress of the fable.

Some writers light on a subject which gives pleasure to themselves, and then endeavor to infuse a like interest into their public. This was no part of Scribe's system. He ascertained what was occupying public attention for the moment, seized on it, and presented it in an attractive form to his auditors, already well disposed for its reception.

Scribe's inferiority in the higher department of fictional literature was made apparent in his historical romance of "*Piquillo Alliaga*," for which notwithstanding he received from the proprietors of *Le Siècle* 20,000 crowns. The subscribers uttered many complaints while it was running its course in the feuilletons, and the experiment was not repeated. Scribe's ability lay in presenting to an assemblage of ordinary capacities lively pieces, the chief merit of which lay in the smartness of the dialogue and the skilful construction of the plot. He did not possess that extensive information, that depth of thought, that insight into character or into the workings of passion, nor those powers of imagination which would interest persons not under the influence of the scene or its living exponents. The shorter tales of Scribe deserve scant praise from any one who has a leaning towards morality. Some will probably consider the following circumstance as indicative of a small mind. Scribe, arranging his pieces in alphabetical order, found that the titles of none of them had for initials K, Y, or X; so he wrote the "*Kiosk*" for the Opera Comique, "*Yelva*" for the Gymnase, and "*Xacarilla*" for Le Grand Opera.

The sufferings endured by Scribe at the hand of the musical *maestros* when composing librettos for them, were almost incredible, — such changes and re-changes, and still new alterations, as he was obliged to make in his verses.

Scribe was not popular with publishers nor the directors of theatres. He should have his compensation for his labors, but what a noble use did he not make of a great portion of his income! Poor ladies and sometimes poor gentlemen endeavoring to repair their fortunes by the production of a piece

\* "The Drama has paid for this Rural Retreat;  
Thanks to you who pass, I'm perhaps your debtor."



on the stage, and making known their straits to Scribe, he would take their pieces, touch them up, recast them sometimes, get them a hearing and gladden the hearts of the applicants by the produce (in chief) of his own brain.

Early one morning Mr. Saintine calling at his residence, Rue Olivier Saint Georges, found the entrance of his house crowded with a number of poor laborers of the neighborhood, to whom he was in the habit of distributing a monthly pension, when employment was not to be had. His wife, whose heart was as large as his own, urged him again and again to lay aside his literary labors, and take his ease, but he cunningly obtained permission to work on by allowing her pensioners a large proportion of his earnings.

#### VERON'S PORTRAIT BY VERON.

Evidently Dr. L. Veron had not heard, or if he had heard, had not found any wisdom in the maxim, "self-praise is no commendation." The following appreciation of his own merits he complacently required the public to subscribe:—

"In all the situations of my life so varied and so opposed to each other, I have endured trials very different in their nature. As director of the Opera, I have respired the finest perfume of adulation. All the journals contended with each other in extolling my great abilities as director, and my enlightened passion for letters and the arts. The members of the succeeding Governments whom I often conferred with either at their own houses or at my own, often said to me, 'How do you manage with the journals? The praises they bestow on you really fill us with jealousy.' Well, I was only attentive and polite to all, and complimentary to every one. I never sent a box ticket to a man of letters without enclosing in it an autograph note, and reproaching him for not coming more frequently to the opera."

#### ROBERT LE DIABLE.

The greatest event of Veron's operatic reign was the production of *Robert le Diable*. The preparation lasted for four months, and during the whole time the poor director had a feverish half-hour of it. Before the scenes and decorations were painted he had them arranged in their places to satisfy himself of their fitness in relation to the action, but the adjustment of scenery and machinery was the smallest part of his annoyance. The great piece was to be performed in the early part of the month of November, and some days before the first representation, Mme. Damoreau, who personated the princess, paid the director an early visit to announce in a very pleasant fashion that her engagement allowed her a vacation of two months, and that she intended to avail herself of it by the 1st of December at latest. Madame had only lately recovered from some pulmonic attack. "I am surprised," said the doctor, "that you should select the severe month of December for your tour of pleasure so soon after your late illness, but I cannot suffer you thus to endanger your life. You have well selected the time to make the announcement. How much were you allowed for giving up your two months' leisure under Charles X.?" "My last *congé* was purchased at 19,000 francs." "I will not chaffer with you. The money you shall get, and I trust to your own sense of what is right to exert yourself during these two months for the interest of the House!" He re-

cords that she discharged her duty in a most satisfactory manner.

Two Italians, cornet-à-piston artists, one of whom had to play a solo in the fifth act of "Robert," announced to the harassed director after the last rehearsal that they would not attend the first representation unless their moderate salaries were enlarged, and he was obliged to satisfy them.

Four months were occupied with separate repetitions for the singing, the orchestra, and the dances, before they arrived at the complete rehearsals. Then attended M. Scribe with the masters in song and dance. Scribe showed his great ability and experience while assisting at this general repetition, from which all separated wearied enough, sometimes in great spirits, at others much depressed, according as things had gone well or ill.

Veron thus describes a happy combination of circumstances for the musical department of the representation (*La Partition*).

"When there takes place a general rehearsal with the choruses, and action, and full orchestra, without scenic ornamentations, without the costumes, and without the full light, the musical execution profits much, and always produces a great effect in the obscurity, and silence, and emptiness of the audience portion of the house. The other senses having no distraction we are all ears and lose nothing of the delicacies of the melodies, either on the stage or in the orchestra, but at the first performance the disappointment is great indeed. In the immense space in front, splendidly lighted, filled by a curious and uneasy crowd, all the elegances and rich details of the music are absorbed in the soft and rich dresses of the ladies, and in the crowded orchestra, pit, and boxes. Then only the grand ideas of the composition can be seized or can produce their effect. After the audience had applauded the first two acts of 'Robert,' they were not moved or surprised except by the chorus of demons in the third act. However, admiration, emotion, and enthusiasm were raised to the highest pitch in the fifth.

"One of the rehearsals endured till three o'clock in the morning, and all quitted the house dejected and dispirited. It was a general repetition with scenery, costumes, and the audience part brilliantly lighted up. This was empty, but the orchestral accompaniments, consisted only of four stringed instruments. The contrast of the glitter of the lights, the brilliancy of the costumes, and the beauty of the scenery, with the poverty of the instrumental music was insupportable."

Much trouble descended on the poor director from the unwillingness of the master poet and master musician to allow any morsel of their separate compositions to be removed, and the distribution of places to editors, ministers, noble dames, claqueurs, &c., exacted much reflection and much anxiety.

At last the bills were posted, and the director's first care in the morning was to inquire after the health, the hoarseness, and no hoarseness of the performers. Having received a favorable report he shut himself up to escape all applications for places, &c., from high quarters, and the dreaded and wished-for evening of the 22d November, 1881, saw the curtain rise on the opening scene of "Robert the Devil." If any of the hearts still beat which then so anxiously throbbed in uncertainty, how little the great event now appears to those hearts' possessors.

The mimic terrors of the piece were attended



by circumstances all but tragic in their results. As Mademoiselle Dorus was entering on the scene, a shelf supporting a dozen of lamps loosed from its support, and fell on the stage, breaking all the lamps and nearly tumbling on the lady's head. She exhibited great self-possession, merely stepped back a little, and went on composedly with her part. Dr. Veron shall relate the other accidents.

"After the beautiful scenes in the third act, and the chorus of the demons, a scene issued from the stage and ascended towards the roof by means of numerous iron wires. Many of these were badly fastened, and, when the scene was at a great height, it got loose and tumbled in the direction of the foot-lights. Mademoiselle Taglioni, extended on her tomb as a statue, not yet vivified, had merely time to come to life, and jump away to escape a severe wound or bruise.

"An accident still more fearful occurred in the fifth act, at the end of the admirable trio, which serves for the *dénouement*. Bertram should then fling himself into the *Trappe Anglaise*, to return to the abode of darkness. Nourrit (the actor personating Robert), converted by the voice of God, through Alice's prayers, should, on the contrary, remain on the earth to espouse the Princess Isabelle; but this romantic actor, carried out of himself by the situation, pitched into the trap after the god of hell. A general cry rose among the actors, 'Nourrit is killed!' Mademoiselle Dorus, who had not been affected by her own danger, burst out a crying, and rushed off the stage. . . . The surprised audience were under the impression that Robert had finally given himself up to the Devil, and followed him to his gloomy kingdom. On the stage there was nothing but fright and grief. However, at the moment of Nourrit's plunge, the bed and mattress on which M. Levasseur had descended, was still in its place.

"Nourrit came out of the business safe and sound, and, overtaking Levasseur, the latter much surprised, cried out, 'What the d— are you doing here? Have they made any alteration in the *dénouement*? Nourrit was in too great a hurry to put his friends above out of trouble to enter into conversation with Bertram. He soon appeared before the curtain drawing Mademoiselle Dorus along with him. She was now shedding tears of joy. The house rang with applause, the curtain fell, and the names of the author and composer were announced in the midst of the wildest enthusiasm."

This rash actor afterwards presented his director with the ballet of *La Sylphide*, in which doubles of the principal dancers performed graceful flights through the air. These flights were a source of great uneasiness to the manager, who daily inspected the wires and all the machinery with which they were connected, and the corsets by which they enabled the young *figurantes* to float through the air. Mlle. Taglioni dated her success from her performance in the *Sylph*.

The devil, and the devil's son, and their patron, were sailing on a sun-lighted sea, merely steered by the mildest and most aromatic of zephyrs, when, on the 7th of April, 1832, the reign of the cholera was proclaimed. The evening before, places to the value of 6,000 francs had been secured to witness "Robert le Diable"; now the box-office was crowded with eager and frightened applicants demanding their money. MM. Levasseur and Nourrit, Mme. Damoreau, and Mlle. Taglioni, got their *congé* at once and repaired to London, and till the pestilence

ceased, nothing was exhibited at the Opera but second or third rate musical spectacles.

The cholera having passed on its course, "Robert" was again set on the boards; places were once more in demand, and Veron had need of all his powers of management to keep the different pieces of his unwieldy machine well adjusted to each other, and the axle-tree well oiled. The following *contretemps* arose out of one of these inconveniences from which the mimic world is no more exempt than the world it mimics. "Robert," being announced for a certain Sunday evening, Madame Damoreau sent word in the morning that she was ill and could not appear. Mademoiselle Juwarek, being applied to, declared her inability to supply Madame's place, especially as she stood much in awe of a Sunday evening's pit audience. In this strait Madame Pouillet of the Odeon came to the rescue, and, attired as the Princesse Isabella, was awaiting the rising of the curtain with her veil down. She had been separated from her husband for some years, and, as the fates decreed, he had a rôle in "Robert," as the princess's chief attendant, and was ignorant of the change. Stepping up, according to custom, to pay his respects to his sovereign lady, and seeing that she did not remove her veil, he took the liberty of drawing it aside, and encountered the unfriendly glances of his once adored.

M. Veron found it no easy matter to satisfy his queens in the distribution of their rôles and keep them in good-humor with each other. Mademoiselles Dorus and Falcon represented, in turn, the angelic Alice in "Robert." Mlle. Dorus's turn occurred on a certain Sunday evening, but the director was informed in the morning that she was very hoarse, and could not satisfactorily fill the part. He knew well that she would not give place to the other lady, and feared the disapprobation of the *parterre*. He thought over the matter, and his thoughts took this shape: "Mlle. Falcon has more than once asked me for my own box for herself and her sister, on one of her off-nights. I shall at once invite her to take possession of it this evening. If Mlle. Dorus fails at the last moment she will be on the spot to replace her; but it is more probable that when she catches a sight of her *concurrent* in my box she will overcome all her bodily ills and outdo herself in the execution of her part. The wisdom of Dr. Veron's plan was manifested by its success.

Composers and directors, having the highest opinion of a piece before it is fairly presented to the public, sometimes overlook circumstances, which sadly interfere with success. In the representation of "Gustavus IV., or the Masked Ball," a scene in which only two or three personages were earnestly engaged, presented a wide expanse at the back, embracing mountain scenery, thus distracting the attention of the audience from the interest of the conference. To make matters worse, Auber found the subject too dramatic for his music. Then the principal personages wore powder. Actors and actresses so circumstanced, and in the costume of the Court of Louis XV., feel ill at ease and dislike to utter passionate sentiments. The elegances and coquetties of that age, which took nothing in earnest, were more consonant to the tone of comedy. Mademoiselle Mars, who had had experience of this, never would willingly represent a powdered personage subject to stage emotion. A gesture of the least violence, by raising a white cloud, would excite a roar of laughter. Artists so circumstanced are



obliged to keep still, and this throws a cold and listless air over the action.

Besides "Robert" and "Gustave," M. Veron brought out, during his four years of management, "Le Philtre," "Le Serment," and "La Juive." Dublin play-goers, whose memory embraces a score of years, can recall the superior style in which Mr. Calcraft placed the "Jewess" on the stage, with the men in real armor, and the other attractive accessories.

#### ECONOMY OF THE BALLET.

Among the petty rebellions against the director's authority the following deserves mention. The mother of a favorite dancer, Mlle. Duvernay, in requesting a stall for the next evening's performance, was nettled by some observation made by him, and remarked, with a majestic air, "My daughter's talents have no need of any one's protection." The cunning director made no answer, but passed the word to the chief of the claqueurs not to allow his men to afford the danseuse the slightest applause in the coming performance. Great was her confusion when, having executed her famous pirouette, and now courtesying gracefully, and decking her lips with the stereotyped smile for the ringing applause that always crowned that *pedœure*, her ears were shocked with a profound stillness.

The Doctor, however, did not aggravate the mortification of the ladies. "There go many repetitions to make a custom," said he, "but you see that even high talent is not the worse for being patronized."

"Pupil of the Imperial Academy of Music" has something respectable and imposing in the sound. Alas! the greater number of the pupils, whether singers or dancers, in M. Veron's time, before his time, and since his time, got and are getting a deplorable training in respect to Christian morality. They must not be classed with the creatures who make a profession of vice; but they have not the slightest scruple to live under the protection, as it is called, of banker, or Minister of State, or young gentleman of fortune, who, while the fancy lasts, affords them means to live in some comfort, — ostentation rather. The director, paying a visit to one of his young ladies of the ballet, whose good fortunes only dated from a day or two back, she began to entertain him with an account of her altered state, but interrupted her recital by ringing her bell twice. Two liveried servants immediately obeyed the call. "Pierre, Jean," said she, "are you not my domestics?" She had yet scarcely time to procure decent clothing. Seeing a young gentleman of the ballet rather deficient in feet and head attire, M. Veron advanced him some money. "Thank you very much," said he, "I can now procure a nice cane."

As a rule, there is more disinterested affection and constancy to be found among the singers than the dancers. These last seem possessed of better powers of calculation and less genuine sensibility.

Of course those possessed of good looks have better chance of being married or settled some way, but sometimes good luck attends even on the ill-favored figurantes. Dr. Veron relates a rather touching narrative concerning one of this class. Reviewing his *corps de ballet* from month to month, he took notice of one woman so much the reverse of beautiful that he more than once gave directions for her dismissal; still, he saw her poor face at every repetition.

The ballet-master could not assume courage enough to say the hard word. One evening she addressed the great man in person. "Do not discharge me," said she, "I implore of you. It would throw me into the deepest wretchedness. I am very exact, and know my business. I replace absentees in the mornings' rehearsals, and in the evenings' representations, and I always keep behind the others. Have pity on me!" The great man had a soft heart, and she was endured. One evening she came up to him smiling, and thanked him warmly. "Now," said she, "you may discharge me when you will." She was furnished with rings in her ears and on her fingers, a gold chain and a watch at the end of it, which she showed with much complacency to her patron. "Ah!" said she, "thanks to your kindness, I have not been plunged in misery. I have met with one who loves me, and will make me happy." The poor ugly dancer had really secured a good husband, and the director congratulated himself for his leniency.

The fatigues and privations endured by these girls are almost incredible. Besides the painful apprenticeship spent in acquiring the dancer's skill and ability, many have to come long distances to the morning's repetition and the evening's performance, and they return home after midnight often through sleet or snow.

The taste of the figurantes for the superfluous rather than the needful has been mentioned; it sometimes takes strange forms. An English lady in Paris, having parted with her woman of confidence, a rather austere sort of duenna, a certain goddess of the ballet took the whim of securing her to add to her respectability. One day there being a dinner given, to which the protector had invited some friends, the ballerina did not make her appearance. Strephon, being surprised, hastened to her boudoir and found her weeping, and in the utmost desolation. For a long time she would not speak her woe, but by dint of pressing, she revealed that her lady companion would not join the dinner-party, as he, her loved protector, was not her husband. Here was a dilemma. He, however, took the softer of the two horns, made her a promise of marriage before the prude, and performed it the day following the famous dinner. Never did a lady's companion feel more self-complacency than did the one in question. In vindicating her self-respect she had put a shaky household on a most respectable footing.

When a graceful dancer has danced herself into the good graces of a minister or other consequential personage, the rehearsals and representations suffer, and the director is sometimes embarrassed. Hear the "configuration" between M. Thiers and M. Veron arising out of such a circumstance.

"Being sure of impunity, a young dancer absented herself during many representations. I laid on her a fine of 500 francs. Her friend was a peer. M. Thiers made it an express condition for granting some ministerial concessions (acknowledged just even by himself), that I should remit this fine. Said I, 'If I do not punish those who neglect their duty, I must allow premiums to all who discharge theirs.' I resisted all M. Thiers's solicitations. Just and strictly enforced regulations are as indispensable in managing the operas as in leading an army."

ELIZABETH RACHEL.

If the Citizen King had intended to introduce sound principles of morality among his singing and



dancing girls, he could not have selected a more unfit man than Dr. Veron to be their guide, philosopher, and friend. Whether he set a bad example to them or they to him, the result was not the less to be deplored. Mlle. Taglioni, the Milles. Essler, and the lady about to be mentioned, were prime favorites.

Mademoiselle Rachel, who enjoyed such a degree of public favor, was in her youth so thin and sickly looking, that when she solicited some lessons from M. Provost, one of the company of the Théâtre Français, he advised her to go and sell flowers. On one of the evenings of her later triumphs, when she was enthusiastically called for, and bouquets in profusion flung to her, as soon as the curtain was down she collected a number of them in her Greek tunic, approached her master that should have been, and gracefully kneeling before him, and holding out her collection thus addressed him: "I have followed your advice, M. Provost, and am a flower-seller; will you buy?" The professor, of course, acknowledged his want of foresight, and paid her due compliments.

When Rachel entered the Théâtre Français in the year 1838, she was a well-exercised comedian, though young in years. Her first studies were directed to singing, under a certain M. Choron, whose school of religious music was subventioned by the Government of the Restoration. He requested her to take the name Eliza as more befitting a Christian school. She gave up the vocal study, and entered a class of declamation kept by M. St. Aulaire, and was very glad to get occasionally two francs per night for assisting in juvenile performances. She performed at the Théâtre Molière, under the pet name of La Petite Eliza, and then entered the Gymnase under M. Poirson. "Have you any other name besides Eliza?" said he. "Yes, my name is Elizabeth Rachel." "Then Rachel you shall be; Eliza is not a good name on a play-bill." Previous to this she had filled a variety of characters. In "La Vendéenne" she made her *début* at the Gymnase. Poirson, after some study of her abilities, counselled her to adopt the serious business of tragedy. She followed his advice, and put herself under the instruction of M. Samson, one of the company of the Théâtre Français. Being received at that theatre, she attracted little notice at first, but she won her way to public favor in a few months; by the possession of genuine talents and perseverance.

Sprung from people of low condition, spending her youth in a state of penury, and in a society far from edifying, she found herself suddenly admitted to the tables and the salons of the nobility, yet a stranger meeting her there would scarcely suspect that she had not been "to the manner born." Without education, she was always ready to be instructed by competent authorities in literary matters. As an artist, she was unrivalled in the expression of the stronger and fiercer passions and feelings, but she was deficient in exhibiting the tenderer emotions of our nature. She attempted comedy like other eminent tragedians, but failed of success.

Where she felt at ease in society, she gave way to her all lively, cheerful, and satirical impulses, and charmed her company. She could act the fine lady to the entire approbation of any *réunion* in high society in which she might happen to be, but like Tony Lumpkin, frequently preferred the company of the "Three Pigeons" to the people of the

"great house." Having read before Her Majesty at Windsor, and won royal approbation by her delivery as well as her easy, unaffected demeanor, she entered the family circle much fatigued, and throwing herself on a sofa, cried out in a tone of relief, "O, how I love to vulgarize myself (*M'encanailler*)."

That she was grasping as well as generous, fickle, eager to take back to-day what she liberally gave away yesterday, that she by no means appreciated a good woman's best gift cannot be denied. She was only thirty-eight years old at her death in 1858.

Having come to the close of Dr. Veron's reign, and to the limits allowed for our article, we shall close with a few desultory remarks as applicable to the kingdom he ruled as to the thousands of similar institutions in Europe.

One good quality Parisian singers and dancers possess, in common with the theatrical folk of every country in Europe, — a deep sympathy with the misfortunes of their fellows. No mischance happens to any of their community but the purses of every man or woman that owns one is opened, and relief pours in. The first in beauty and respectability will go on a quest, and where they do not meet with truly charitable hearts, they bring cajolery and every winning engine to bear on the unfeeling subject, and by some means or other extract assistance. Many things conspire to make members of the theatrical profession very sensitive to the sufferings of their companions. An intense desire of attracting sympathy and respect enters much into the motives which induce individuals to select the stage for profession. Very seldom is it that a thoroughly selfish or evil-disposed person takes to theatrical life, and their living so much in society with each other, and the continual repetition of noble charitable sentiment must have a considerable humanizing influence on their dispositions.

A misguided sprig of nobility, captivated by the agility, and figure, and face of a ballerina, and living *en famille* with her for a while, is soon dismayed by the lowness of her tastes, and the vast amount of ignorance of which she is mistress. He is sometimes little the better even if his choice falls on a speaking character.

A delightful specimen of intelligence, in respect to history and theology, was afforded by the beautiful Mme. Belmont in 1821, when, on the occasion of a piece called "Le Baptême de Henri IV.," being submitted for representation at the *Opéra Comique*, she, as shareholder of the theatre, issued the following bulletin to justify her refusal: —

"I reject the piece, as Henri Quatre, having been born a Protestant, was never baptized!" Yet Madame Belmont affected the character of a blue-stock- ings.

The institution next mentioned can be inspected in perfection in the City of Napoleon III. alone.

The *claque* is a great engine in the hands of a director who has associated to himself a man of judgment, and knows how to train his subordinates. Then everything is done with judgment, moderate applause is given in the first act, the chief of the *claqueurs* is well apprised of the telling points of the piece, and his ardor, and that of his little army, increase as the piece proceeds towards the termination, till the house is filled with applause at the *dénouement*. The chief receives a hundred pit tickets at first representations, and generally the number is proportioned to the greater or less danger in



which the piece stands. Artists making first appearances, artists whose engagements draw to a close, and who wish to have them renewed, and every one who can afford it, hands a douceur to the chief of the claque, and he repays them in his own coin.

The distribution of the corps at telling points of the pit, and the perfect knowledge of the passages worthy of applause, are essential to the success of the claqueur's mission. The chief is well aware that indiscriminate applause would tend to the destruction of his calling, so he husbands it, and administers it upon passages of more or less merit. Any one who has seen the boisterous applause of the galleries, following on mere clap-traps uttered in a loud, ranting tone, will be disposed to look with favor on the judicious applause given by the paid corps in the pit, who really reserve it for the meritorious, if not very brilliant passages of the performance.

What lover of the drama does not recall his early aspirations to be personally acquainted with its heroes and heroines, and to be allowed to explore the paradise behind the green curtain! Alas! how disagreeable are the results that attend his explorations when there is neither rehearsal nor representation. He has scarcely anything to see except a collection of scenes drawn to each side, on which he can find not a trace of a fine prospect. All is faint, dead surface, or if anything has been recently painted, he will see nothing but broad dabs of raw color, without the slightest pretension to beauty. At each side is a rough, bare wall; overhead a bewildering collection of strips of faded curtain, ropes, spars, and pulleys. If he is so misguided as to venture behind during a representation, let him beware of bruises or knocks from accessories, properties, machines, ends of rope, &c.; avoid jets of gas, and look to his footsteps, — perhaps a trap may have been incautiously left open. Let him avoid the passage of the artists rushing on the stage; also give a wide berth to the supernumeraries and the scene-shifters. If he looks at the business of the scene from the wings, his interest is *nil*. He sees the performers only laboring to rehearse a lesson correctly by the assistance of the prompter. He cannot enjoy intellectual conversation with actors or actresses in their intervals of rest. They are considering their parts while waiting for their entrance on the scene, and are existing for the moment in a most dry and unsentimental atmosphere. The apparently lofty-minded and noble-looking *Theodores* and *Mirandas*, when in presence of the audience, are as unsentimental, and commonplace, and care-occupied individuals as could be found in any business establishment in your city. To make matters worse, they are occasionally found in unfriendly rivalry among themselves. O you who enjoy the happy privilege of fancying a real action to be passing before your eyes when thrown in pit or box, be satisfied, and never intrude on the region behind the footlights!

#### TRICKS OF SPEECH AND MANNER.

THE vagaries of habit are a never-ending source of perplexed inquiry. How comes it that people fall into the queer habits, the tricks of speech and action, that distinguish them, often so disadvantageously, and divert our attention at critical or wrong times from what they say and do to the manner of their saying and doing it? There are people

who, deliberately and through affectation, never let themselves alone; but we speak of those illustrators of the rapidity of the mind's action adduced by Locke, who by custom have acquired some eccentric action or got the use of a by-word, and in almost every sentence pronounce words which, though taken notice of by others, they themselves neither hear nor observe. The most opposite temperaments and degrees of intelligence fall into these habits, — the impatient and the apathetic, the stupid and the intellectual, the great and the insignificant. Is there any common link to account for these awkwardnesses when we see them? for awkward they always are. We are not now concerned with legitimate traits of manner or character, but with abnormal excrescences and developments.

Without pretending to discover the reason for this exceptional deportment, some general distinctions are, we think, observable; as, for instance, that, where thought is rapid, it is the body which is set in uncongenial motion, — where slow, the tongue is the offender. The abstract thinker has not tricks of speech, but of action; some independent and inappropriate movement betrays the theorist; as though the body, indignant at being forgotten, were for setting up business on its own account. While the mind pursues its speculations, the body paces uneasily to and fro, fitfully and without purpose, guided by some unrecurrent of volition entirely outside consciousness or control. A man of this stamp will walk miles in an argument, or unfolding an idea, and at the end be unaware that he has ever left his chair. In the apathetic and sluggish temperament thought is accompanied by sedentary performances, twirling of thumbs, — the conventional sign of Quaker stagnation, — jerks, spasmodic quiverings or monotonous involuntary motions of knee and instep. Tricks of speech are surely *not* characteristic of vigorous thought in any form. The by-word is adopted as a stop-gap while reflection and memory drag. Facility and rapidity of utterance are very apt to slip into tricks. The mind cannot keep up with the tongue, which will not willingly, and indeed cannot, arrest its flow till the lingering idea come up.

Though, of course, all tricks may be pronounced ill-bred, though the fine gentleman and lady are incapable of them, and it is part of a polite education to subdue the demeanor into graceful sympathy with every occasion, yet high rank offers some of the most marked and curious illustrations of the bad habits we speak of. Kings, especially sticklers for prerogative, are notable examples of this. Walter Scott has given us the portrait of James I., grotesque in his involuntary awkwardness, toddling, hitching his chair, and fumbling his points and ribbons; and Peter Findar made capital out of George III.'s well-known trick of senseless iteration. As in the scene at Whitbread's, where the King, upon being informed that the dray horses eat grains as well as hay and corn, exclaims, —

"Grains, grains," said Majesty, "to fill their crops?  
Grains, grains? — that comes from hops, —  
Yes; hops, hops, hops!"

And further, being reverently set right by the loyal brewer, —

"True," said the cautious monarch, with a smile;  
"From malt, malt, malt, — I meant malt all the while."  
"Yes," with the sweetest smile, rejoined the brewer,  
"An't please Your Majesty, you did. I'm sure!"  
"Yes," answered Majesty, with quick reply,  
"I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I, I, I —"

These are privileged eccentricities. Courts and



courtiers only know them in royal and imperial personages. The exigencies of society are too pressing for lesser mortals. Tricks are ungraceful tokens of freedom, whether from the trammels of careful rigid training or from the demands of the hour. An original mind, — a genius, — will scarcely be without some singular or inelegant badge of emancipation from custom; nor will the dreaming wool-gatherer. In both there is sure to be an absence of exact accord between body and spirit. We do not observe tricks where these are in perfect understanding; where the outer frame is the attentive handmaid of a clear, but not too imperious or exacting intelligence; where each may be said to be conscious of the other. Where the mind is present to the scene around it, is not tempted to reverie, does not occupy itself on ideas which outstep the capacity of tongue, eyes, and limbs to express after their fashion, there is propriety and often grace. The thinker and philosopher on the one hand, and the absent, the slow, the dull on the other, are the natural victims of unreasonable movements, antics, set smiles, vacant, irrelevant laughter, incoherent formulæ of words and unmeaning repetitions. In either case the body left to itself fills up gaps and vacuities by a pantomime of its own.

Not that all tricks are ungraceful; they may be simply perplexing. Hazlitt, taking a walk with Coleridge on their first acquaintance, observed that he continually crossed him on the way, shifting from one side of the footpath to the other. This at first struck him simply as an odd movement; afterwards he connected it with instability of purpose and involuntary change of principle. And in this way many tricks may be regarded as expressive. They are unmeaning for any present use, but a restless change of place or shifting from one leg to another, though betokening nothing to the purpose of the current topic, may indicate habitual vacillation or suspense of judgment; while the frowning scowl we sometimes see on good people, or the glittering grin which some faces show, while neither merry nor savage, from mere play of the muscles in the mind's abstraction, may betray an undreamt-of cynicism. Certain it is, whenever the face has an accidental ill trick of this sort, something sooner or later happens to account for it; that is, to any one on the watch for a reason.

The worst of tricks is that they exaggerate themselves in excitement when emotion or tragedy demands grandeur of action. Then the grinner grins with an added fierceness of impropriety, the biter of his nails gnaws the quick with a more terrible avidity, the thrummer and hummer, if the disease take a musical turn, thrums and hums with most distracting pertinacity. And whenever it is important that a man shall seem his best, there they betray him into more notable exhibitions. The curl or the mustache is tugged at more unrelentingly than ever, the legs writhed into more curious contortions, or turned and scrutinized with a more absorbed attention. We have heard of a preacher, accustomed in his cooler moments to fumble with his wristbands, who, in the pulpit, as he warned to his subject and his ardor deepened, had a way of gradually baring his arms as far as linen and broadcloth would let him, till the climax found them naked to the elbow, prepared, as it were, to fight his congregation for the cause his eloquence had advocated.

Tricks of speech or action often characterize people who have risen into position or prominence by

genius or good-fortune. This probably arises from a consciousness, more or less dim and unacknowledged, of unfitness for a new sphere. These words or actions began as the shelter and resource of shyness, which must be doing something immaterial while thought hesitates. This is a state in which habit will spread deep roots; the familiar phrase sinks into the man's very nature, and once firmly adopted is all but ineradicable. Wilkie had a trick of speech of this sort, which it is very improbable would have haunted him if he had remained in Scotland, and followed some humble calling. "Do you know," said Calcott to him, "that every one complains of your continued re-a-l-y?" Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, "Do they re-a-l-y?" "You must leave it off." "I will re-a-l-y." "For Heaven's sake don't go on repeating it," said Calcott; "for it annoys me." Wilkie looked and smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, "Re-a-l-y!" In Wilkie's case, whose tongue was not his instrument, this peculiarity, as showing a simple nature, is not unpleasant. We think of him more as a painter since his genius, thought, and recollection all went into his art. But people who are not geniuses sometimes become intolerable to susceptible nerves from some unmeaning expletive having grown to their tongue's end as it were. And there is no phrase too futile to serve for every conversational purpose, when a weak head and a shy, embarrassed manner have to make their way as they can amongst new people and scenes.

Even a harmless trick is to be avoided and guarded against; for, like snuff, it soon comes to be indispensable not only to comfort, but to efficiency. The modern Greek, we are told, is not — or was not — himself, without his string of beads to pass between his fingers, and Madame de Staël used to be provided by her friends with a sprig of myrtle to assist her eloquence. We now and then see the most curious performances carried on by the fingers, while the thoughts are intently engaged in an interesting topic. We have known a stick of sealing-wax gradually reduced to a thread in the course of a discussion by a man who could not talk without some vent for his activities, and the contents of a lady's work-box cut into fragments in the course of converting her to his views. Whittling, the trick of the backwoodsman, so gigantic in its prevalence and its destructiveness, is a national characteristic suggestive of unbounded hyperbole to the local wit and humorist. Scott, in his autobiography, tells a story against himself illustrating his early perception of personal peculiarities. One boy was always above him in his class, and do what he would, he could not pass him, till, observing him always fumbling at a lower button of his waistcoat as he answered a question, it occurred to him to cut it off on the sly. He watched with some anxiety for the result. The *ruse* answered only too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought for the button; missing it, in his distress he looked down for it in vain. "He stood confounded," says the penitent aggressor. "I took his place, nor did he ever recover it, or suspect the author of his wrong." This story, however, tells two ways. Doubtless some bodily habits establish associations favorable to the memory, and quieting to irritability; the mischief is that the mind becomes dependent, and is stranded when cut off from the old moorings.

The twitchings which disturb some pleasant coun-



tenances with involuntary action may or may not be tricks, and therefore can only be hinted at. But the laugh which some persons indulge in must have been at some time under control, and is nothing else than a trick in its continuance beyond the occasion and singularity of intonation. Yet often such eccentricities are only outlets of an irrepressible originality, and perhaps there is not one of the friends or acquaintances we most value but has some distinction of the sort, not good or graceful in itself, but which becomes him, or at least is pleasant as lending a color and characteristic to what we admire and value. It is a token of unconsciousness, and, it may be, of simplicity. So long as people have strong points to our mind, we like them to have an assailable side,—one open to amused comment and good-natured derision. It is probable that we, as a nation, are subject to these little disorders. Free gesticulation is an outlet for superfluous activities, and a ready utterance and facile verbiage are a similar preservative from tricks of the tongue. Healthful bodily exercise, a life of sober, steady labor, generally exempts from them among ourselves. People who are busy with their limbs all the day can rest them in quiet. They will be awkward when called to unaccustomed exertion, but will not be habitually eccentric in movement. It requires an amount of leisure and voluntary action to develop these singularities. The vacant open mouth, as much a trick as any other, belongs to no handicraft. It is seen in the girl who chooses to be idle mentally and bodily. The tricks of impatience and impetuosity are observed where labor is not compulsory, however congenial; in fact, tricks generally are an expressive, however ill and awkward, assertion of liberty of action, and began in some exercise of independence, in however unconscious defiance of convention.

## TOMBS AND CATACOMBS.

POTSDAM AND VIENNA.

[Translated for EVERY SATURDAY from the *Revue Moderne*.]

FREDERICK the Second, whose grand historic figure Kaulbach has so well understood and rendered in one of his last cartoons, rests at Potsdam, quite near his beloved château of San-Souci and the legendary windmill of which, as children, we already knew the history. The drawing of the great Bavarian painter makes us know, in almost a palpable form, the genius of the celebrated King of Prussia, to whom posterity has decreed the name of Great, after Alexander and Louis XIV., and before Napoleon I. He is seated in a large arm-chair with monumental lines, something like the stone seat of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle. His head is turned in profile, his piercing and proud eye looks in the distance, his right hand clasped on the guard of his sword indicates that it is in the sword of battles that he has placed all his strength. In the entire pose of the body, one feels that he is ready to rise and strike any one who would oppose his power. The ermine mantle, embroidered with laurel branches, spread under him, declares his double quality of king and great captain. Here, nothing of the philosopher, nothing of the man, such as he wished to appear, but the man such as he really was.

We have not to relate his life, we wish to speak here only of his tomb.

The sonorous peal of the Church de la Garnison of Potsdam begins to play the melodious waltz

which announces noon to all the bells of the old Germanic towns. The military commands resound under the vaults of the *corps de garde* which is next the church; the posts are relieved to the songs of the metallic melody. After a moment of attention given to these soldiers, whose movements are of so perfect a regularity that one would take them for automaton, I enter the church, and direct my course towards a grating of wrought iron which closes the royal tomb.

The funeral crypt has been constructed by Frederick William I., for himself and his wife. One penetrates into the tomb placed on a level with the ground by a door which opens in the grating itself. The narrow space is scarcely illuminated by the dim light coming from the nave of the church, and I can at first distinguish nothing in the midst of the half obscurity, but my eyes at length become accustomed to the darkness.

At two or three steps from the grating are two tombs. On the left, under a splendid sarcophagus of black marble, which fills almost the entire length of the crypt, reposes Frederick William I. He is buried in one of these historic coffins, of which, in prevision of his approaching death, he had ordered two to be made. He was interred in it six years after he had had them prepared. The lid is entirely plain, and without any carving. On the right sleeps, under the zinc sheaths of the most modest of coffins, Frederick II. Death has reunited in this place those whom life had divided: the father, with his hard and imperious character, the son at first driven from the paternal hearth. Under this dark and bare vault, thought flies to the past. One sees again the two reigns, so different from each other, of him who has been rightly named the first king-corporal, and of him whom the fields of battle have glorified.

A sharp and piercing cold seized me under this damp, airless and sunless crypt, and I hastened to breathe once more the open air.

Frederick the Great had expressed the wish to be buried on the upper terrace of the castle of San-Souci. He had said in his will, of the 8th of January, 1769:—

"I have lived as a philosopher, I wish to be buried as a philosopher, without preparation and pomp; I wish neither to be opened nor embalmed. Let me be buried at San-Souci, on the upper terrace, in the tomb which I have had prepared for myself. It is thus that Prince Maurice of Nassau has been buried in a forest near Clèves. If I die in the country, or travelling, my body is to be deposited in the nearest place, then to be transported, during winter, to San-Souci, and to be buried in the place I have just indicated."

Some think that the king had pointed out for the place of his sepulture the point of the terrace where his battle-horse and favorite dogs are buried; but others pretend that, during the last years of his life, Frederick had designated another point of the terrace for his tomb.

When, on a fine summer's evening, one leans on the balcony of the upper terrace, and allows his glance to wander over the town of Potsdam and the magnificent country which surrounds it, lighted by the warm vapor of the setting sun, one understands that the old king, recalled by the repose of nature to the idea of death, which is also "the evening of a fine day," may have expressed the wish to sleep his last sleep in this place where, far from the tumult of the world and the struggles of



existence, thinking of the great works of his reign, he had more than once, doubtless, felt that he had not done enough for the happiness of his people, since he had sacrificed everything to the struggles of the battle-field, and had doubtless also repeated more than once the historic saying, "I am weary of reigning over slaves."

Frederick died on the 17th of August, 1786. The next evening his funeral took place with a royal pomp and magnificence. Frederick William II., his nephew and his heir, did not pay any attention to the testamentary dispositions of his predecessor. "I cannot do less," he said on this subject, "than my uncle did for Frederick William I.; there remains for me then only to do more." He chose the church of La Garnison as the most worthy, according to him, to give the hospitality of the tomb to the Great Captain's remains.

Among the innumerable visits which Frederick II. has received, under the arches of the funeral crypt, I will mention two of a historic importance.

In the night of the 4th and 5th of November, 1805, at one o'clock, Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, Frederick William III., King of Prussia, and the Queen Louise, visited the church, and the tomb, illuminated on this occasion. Alexander, carried away by the emotion with which the place inspired him, kissed piously Frederick's coffin, then stretched out his left hand to the Queen, in token of inviolable friendship, while he energetically elapsed that of the king in sign of faithful alliance.

Napoleon I. is reported to have said, as he stood by the coffin of Frederick II., in this crypt, on the 24th of October, 1806: "If this king still lived, we should not be here." Napoleon was accompanied by Prince Jerome, Marshals Murat, Duroc, and Berthier, as well as by General René, the French *commandant de place* of Potsdam. Two *gendarmes d'élite* preceded the Emperor; they stopped under arms on each side of the grating. Napoleon entered alone with Prince Jerome. He could then be seen through the open door, standing immovable, his look as if lost in a mysterious contemplation, which lasted nearly ten minutes. Then he withdrew, saying only these words: "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

Out of regard for the royal remains, he ordered the church of La Garnison to be respected, declaring that he placed it under his immediate protection.

Fifty-two years have passed since this day when two veterans of the French army mounted for a moment this guard of honor at the door of the great Prussian captain's tomb; but by a sort of bitter railleury of destiny, we have seen floating on the angles of the grating the torn remnants of two of these standards, surmounted by the Napoleonic eagle, which have made the tour of the world. Might one not say that the great shadow of Napoleon was still watching at the tomb of Frederick?

The tomb of the emperors is placed under the guard of the capuchins; it is dug under the flags of the chapel of the capuchins. For more than two centuries the Hapsburgs and the Lorraines sleep here in peace. Civil tempests have in vain agitated the town of Vienna; while in France the popular fury has dispersed the bones confided to the protection of Saint Denis, the respect of all has preserved the remains of the Emperors of Germany and their descendants.

The monastery is situated at the angle of the *Neuenmarkt*, a square near the *Hofburg*, or residen-

tial château, at the centre of the city. I penetrated it on a warm spring day. On descending under the funeral arches, an icy cold seized on me. I could not have remained there long, had it not been for the obligingness of the *père gardien*, — an old Hungarian officer, — who threw over my shoulders his warm monk's mantle, with a kindness quite military. A lamp suspended from the vault, mixing its pale light with the light coming from the narrow ventilators, increased still more the religious impression which one feels in these pious sanctuaries of death. On the right and in a special tomb, the Hapsburgs are laid side by side in their leaden coffins. These crypts do not contain the greatest number of the emperors of Germany. Aix-la-Chapelle, Worms, Spire, and other imperial cities (Kaiserstädte), have given the hospitality of the tomb to some of the most celebrated among them.

Matthias (1557–1619) is the first who has descended into this tomb; by his side is the sarcophagus of Anne of Tyrol, his wife, who died in 1618. The device of this emperor, which is seen engraved on the escutcheon, deserves reflection; it imposes itself on the mind: *Concordia humine major*. It was in 1622 that was begun, thanks to a considerable legacy from Matthias, the construction of the monastery of the capuchins. The church was finished in 1632 and in 1633 the nephew of Charles-Quint was buried under the vaults of the imperial tomb. Here, in a few lines, is the traditionary ceremony of the translation of the dead of the illustrious house into the subterranean necropolis.

The first officer of the crown, addressing himself to the superior: "Do you recognize," he says to him, "in the corpse which one presents to you here the mortal remains of the very illustrious . . . and can you declare under oath that such are indeed his illustrious remains?" The superior answers: "We recognize them." The grand master of the ceremonies then turns towards the *père gardien*: "Take, then, this body and lower it into the family tomb. . . . It is confided, according to traditions, to your care until the glorious day of the resurrection." The monks do not quit watching the body until the moment fixed for the last ceremony. the sarcophagus is then sealed and fastened besides with a lock with two keys, one of which is deposited in the treasury of the crown charts, and the other remains in the hands of the *père gardien*. Then, at the hour appointed, with the pomp reserved for the imperial funerals, the deceased goes to take rank by the side of his ancestors.

The tomb of the Hapsburgs is formed by a long vault, under which, with the exception of the Emperor of Germany, Ferdinand II., are deposited the sovereigns of this race. Ferdinand III. (1608–1657) has recalled to me the horrors of the Thirty Years War. *Pietate et Justitia*, such is his device. One of his sons, the Archduke Leopold William, has been Bishop of Strasburg, then Grand Master of the Teutonic Order (Deutschmeister). This latter dignity belongs to-day to the Archduke William, cousin of the Emperor and Grand Master of Artillery. Further on are the ashes of Margaret Theresa, first wife of Leopold I. The inscription on the sarcophagus informs me that she was burned to death as, nearly two centuries later, was the unfortunate daughter of the Archduke Albrecht, the conqueror of Custozza.

The Emperor Leopold I. reposes under a larger crypt, which his pious widow has had made to re-



ceive his remains. He lived from 1640 to 1705. It was under his reign that the great Ottoman invasions took place, and that the Duke of Lorraine, Charles V. at the head of the imperial army, and John Sobieski, at the head of the Polish legions, gained on the 12th September, 1688, over the Turks, the decisive victory which put an end to the siege of Vienna and saved the empire. It was also under the same reign that Eugene of Savoy struck, near Zenta (1697), the last blow against the Ottomans, and freed Hungary from their yoke. The tomb of his second wife bears this touching inscription: *Eleonore Madeleine Thérèse, pauvre pécheresse. The device: Constantia et fortitudine* of the Emperor Charles VI. is that of a race which ends. With him was extinguished the direct dynasty of the Hapsburgs in 1740.

Under a more elevated crypt and of a more monumental character is the mausoleum of the great Maria Theresa; further on the sarcophagus of Francis I. first Emperor of Austria; further still the coffin of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, around which are grouped the sons of the race of Lorraine Hapsburg. I saw again for a moment, by the power of memory, the Chapelle Ronde of Nancy, where sleep the Dukes of Lorraine; I remembered Maximilian, piously kneeling, six years ago, on the flags which cover his paternal ancestors, praying before the tomb of René, chief of the dynasty of Vaudemont-Lorraine; I remembered Francis Joseph prostrate a year ago, at the same place, and a world of sad thoughts rose in my mind.

Joseph II. is at the feet of his mother, under a simple copper coffin, without any ornament or sculpture. This sarcophagus gives us an exact idea of Joseph II.; nothing so moving as this coffin with a great cross engraved on the lid and bearing as its only lapidary inscription these words: *Joseph II. (1741-1790) Virtute et exemplo*. The life of this sovereign has become legendary; his name lives in the memory of the people. This memory is the most glorious consecration of his life; his tomb had no need of pompous epitaphs.

To the right of Francis I. Emperor of Austria, Marie Louise and Napoleon Joseph Francis Charles, Duke of Reichstadt, died at Schoenbrunn the 22d July, 1832, at the age of twenty-one.

Quite near, I find a great captain, the Archduke Charles, the skilful adversary of Napoleon I.

I stop before the sarcophagus of Maximilian, and I try to penetrate with my eye this coffin of the scarcely cold victim of Queretaro. But the coffin remains dumb on the horrible Mexican tragedy. Leaning with profound emotion against the wall by which the sarcophagus is supported, I contemplate these flowers and these crowns which conceal the lapidary inscription. There is found in the midst of pious homages, banderoles and images of saints, the crown of camellias which the unfortunate Charlotte has made with her own hands at the Château of Laeken. Rest in peace, Maximilian, your courageous death has redeemed the blind impulse with which you threw yourself into the hazards of this insensate enterprise which you were driven to undertake. Fatality had marked you on the brow. Your dream has ended in your blood. It is noble to know how to give up life thus for one's honor, when death could be avoided by deserting one's cause.

Let us leave these painful memories and let us return to the tomb of Maria Theresa. I shall not even try to sketch the reign of this celebrated wo-

man; I would have the air of having sought the antithesis between Frederick and Maria Theresa, between the Prussia and Austria of the eighteenth century.

She reigned from 1741 to 1780; within, she had rendered her government strong; without, she restored power to the empire in spite of disastrous defeats. She was, it may be said, one of those providential personages who are given to empires to save them in the midst of these struggles and catastrophes which return some way in regular intervals, in the annals of peoples. Her name sums up the history of her epoch. *Justice and Clemency*, such was the device of Maria Theresa. When she died, in 1780, she was interred in the middle of the new tomb she had had constructed. It is said that some days before her death, she visited the funeral crypt. The descent was made at the time by the help of a windlass. When the Queen wished to ascend, the windlass would not work, in consequence of some disarrangement of the machine. She then turned to the *père gardien* and said to him: "It is over with me; you see the tomb will not let me go."

Her son confided to the most eminent artists the care of raising a monument to the memory of this great queen. It is the admirable tomb of bronze (copper and silver) which contains the remains of Francis I. and of Maria Theresa, placed side by side. The bas-reliefs reproduce the most remarkable events of their reign; on the bed of the sarcophagus, Francis and Maria Theresa, whose bronze statues are of a striking resemblance, rest side by side and turned towards each other. At the pillow of the bed, an angel standing holds above their heads a crown of laurels. The idea of this mausoleum is beautiful; its execution is perfect. The coffin of Joseph II. increases also by its simplicity the effect produced. It is one of the most magnificent monuments which art has created.

One coffin is wanting among these coffins; there is also one wanting at Saint Denis. The remains of Marie Antoinette have been thrown into the *fosse commune*. When this necropolis of the capuchins has been seen, one must go to the Cordeliers, to Nancy, then make a pious pilgrimage to the Conciergerie. It is thus only that can be learned the often painful history of the Lorraine Hapsburgs. Death is the teaching of the future; these tombs have spoken to us.

Supplied with a permit from the Cardinal Rauscher, Prince Archbishop of Lower Austria, I have been able to sound the secrets of the subterranean necropolis which stretches under the flags of the cathedral of St. Stephen. The reader will require courage to descend with me into these catacombs.

The entrance is not in the church, but outside the walls. A guide and three torch-bearers accompanied us, two friends and myself. A staircase with tottering and disjointed steps led us under the first vault, where I saw only a nameless heap of broken coffins, rotten boards, rags without form and color. This vault was, as it were, the sinister vestibule of these chambers of the dead. The guide opened with great difficulty an iron door which cried lugubriously on its rusty hinges. Then the subterranean passages opened wide, and a superstitious terror seized on us all; the trembling light of the torches threw reflections on bones, coffins, and again bones and coffins. After a second's hesitation, — very excusable, — we told the guide to advance, but in a low voice, as if we trembled at



the thought of disturbing the secular repose of the guests of this sinister asylum.

Were these catacombs dug, like those of Rome and Paris, to extract from them the materials necessary for the construction of the Viennese city? No one has been able to tell me. What is certain is, that high personages have been interred in them; sarcophagi with fine sculptures are there to attest it. On the other side, the extent of the subterranean passages is immense; they reach under the buildings of the Hotel des Postes and under the Wollzeile. It has been ascertained that the subterranean passages consist of three superposed stories. But the lowest story has not yet been visited and no one can describe its mysteries. The skeletons and detached bones which are heaped up in these catacombs, and which we trample under foot with a religious respect, rise in some places to the top of the vaults, particularly in the lowest halls of the necropolis. Astonishing as it may seem the air is not impregnated with any miasma. Here, there is an arrangement of corpses laid symmetrically; there, an indescribable chaos of bones, broken coffins, dried mummies. The light of the torches gives the strangest aspect to this frightful heap. The complete desiccation of the flesh makes one think of a grand catastrophe which has filled these subterranean places, and has compelled the dead to be precipitated into them pell-mell with heaps of quicklime, in order to consume them more rapidly. The best-preserved coffins bear the date of 1775.

We gave a leap of terror—so much the worse for our self-love, the confession is made—on penetrating a new vault more spacious than the rest.

Below a bas-relief, representing the crucifixion sculptured on the wall, rose before us a giant, leaning on the wall, the trunk half inclined, as if stooping. He wore a pourpoint of dark velvet, in rags. Of his hanging hands, one was gloved, the other bony; his legs were bare. One of his feet was covered with a shoe with a large silver buckle. His head, entirely denuded of flesh, was covered with a Louis XIV. wig. Opposite, the mummy of a woman, her body half rising from an overturned and open coffin, seemed to call the sleeper to her.

What a funereal duo! Ah! it is only child's play to penetrate the tombs of kings and to sound the mysteries of well-closed sarcophagi by the light of imagination. There remains long in your heart a painful impression at the memory of a spectacle like the latter. On turning towards the guide, I saw the torches tremble in the hands of the bearers; scarcely had these men strength enough to stand upright. I looked at the giant again: the movement of the light seemed then to animate him. If he had come towards me, I would not, perhaps, have experienced a livelier emotion.

Beneath us is the tomb of those who died of the plague; above, in the vault, was shown us the place where there was a large opening communicating with the ground. It was through this the dead were precipitated into the catacombs, without time being allowed to envelop them in a shroud.

But we ascended as quickly as possible to the open air: we seemed to hear lamentations and cries come to us from the bottom of the gulf. How many poor unfortunates have been thrown into it before death had touched them! Is not catalepsy the deceitful image of the last sleep? In these days was it not usual to get rid in all haste of those

whom the plague had struck, and whom a science as yet imperfect condemned before their hour?

What a torture it would be for the bravest man to pass alone one day in this subterranean necropolis! He would not leave the vault sane.

## CHOPS.

A WELL-KNOWN writer on the art of cooking begins a treatise on broiling with a somewhat apposite parable. He supposes Antonio to have met his friend Bassanio on the Rialto, or somewhere else in the city, and in the fulness of his heart to have asked him home to dine, at Belmont villa. Just, however, as the cab drives up to the door, it suddenly strikes him that Portia, having dined with the youngsters in the nursery, at two o'clock, it is just possible that the gastronomical resources of the establishment are at a low ebb, and that a cold mutton bone is hardly the thing to put before a guest, who behaved as handsomely as Bassanio did when Antonio got into the unhappy scrape with the Jews. The first greetings over, a secret council, composed of Antonio, Portia, and Nerissa, is held in the passage to consider what they can scramble together for dinner. Poor Portia is ready to cry with vexation, Nerissa calls forth her most acid expression of countenance, and at last the unhappy Antonio is petrified by hearing that it is absolutely impossible to give their guest anything for dinner but—chops. There is nothing for it, therefore, but to return to poor Bassanio, who is fidgeting hungrily on the drawing-room sofa, and murmur something in his ear to the effect that Portia is unhappily in delicate health,—indeed, she never quite recovered from the fright that horrid Jew gave her, that Nerissa's temper is none of the sweetest, and that the neighborhood is singularly ill-supplied with good butchers. So Bassanio is taken up to the best bedroom to wash his hands, the largest-wheeled hansom on the rank is brought to the door, and in twenty minutes more the two friends are comfortably seated in the cosiest box in the coffee-room of the Cock, in Fleet Street. Antonio has entirely regained his equanimity, and answers the queries of the head waiter, to whom they were both well known in their bachelor days, by ordering—chops, the bare mention of which during the proceedings of the domestic conclave had frozen the very marrow in Antonio's bones, and curdled every drop of blood in his veins.

To a foreigner, Antonio's behavior would have appeared in the highest degree absurdly inconsistent; but to ourselves it presents nothing either absurd or anomalous. The chop, as we all know, is the alpha and the omega, the first and the last, the best and the worst of British dishes.

Who that has ever been a bachelor, or a sojourner at the sea-side, does not know the lodging-house chop,—the drab, thin, leathery, tasteless, greasy morsel of flesh, fried in its own fat in a dirty frying-pan, and reminding one by its odor of the old days at school, when the last in bed blew out the candle, to say nothing of the sprinkling of ashes it has received while it was being kept warm in front of the fire.

The domestic chop is almost as bad. If there is a good butcher in the neighborhood, it is possibly a little thicker, and if the ruler of the kitchen insists upon the gridiron replacing the usual frying-pan, it is somewhat less greasy, but it is, notwithstanding, just as dry and insipid as its congener; it is gener-



ally nearly black in color, except, indeed, where the bars of the gridiron have left light lines on its horny surface, and it is fringed with an edging of blackened fat that suggests dreadful thoughts of chimneys on fire and parish engines.

But, to pass at once from insipidity and blackness into sweetness and light; let us try and describe—or rather recall to our remembrances, for description is impossible—the numberless excellences of a properly cut and well-cooked chop, such as you get at the Cock in Fleet Street, at Thomas's in George Yard, or at any other first-class City tavern. It is a singular thing, and the American author of English Photographs has arrived at the same conclusion, that it is only within the realms of the Lord Mayor that the foremost dish in the whole range of British cookery is to be had in full perfection. Possibly a fairly cooked chop may now and then be found at a West End or first-class provincial hotel, but so rarely does this happen that the exceptions in this respect prove the rule but too completely.

But to return to our perfect chop, which now lies hissing before us on its willow-patterned altar, a plump, tender, triangular mass of bright brown meat, defended on two sides by an impregnable rampart of bone, and on the other by a breastwork of crisp fat. At the bone end there is a soft white cylinder of delicious marrow, and behind an osseous outwork there is a titbit of juicy meat of a different flavor to the rest. Cut boldly into the middle of the victim, and watch the ruddy gravy flow out all over the plate under the gash made by the sacrificial blade. Forkful after forkful of the juicy tender meat, tempered by morsels of crisp fat and a dash of true mushroom ketchup, are consumed by the happy epicure, with interludes of white stale bread and floury potato soaked in the delicious gravy, until nothing is left but the bare bone. Now is the time for a draught of stout, while a fresh victim is being brought for immolation, and the true delights of the chop are once more tasted. Some chop-eaters load their plates with cauliflower or other vegetables, pepper, mustard, sauce, and half a dozen other incongruities; but the true votary knows that nothing should be eaten with a chop but stale bread, salt, mushroom ketchup, and potatoes.

But let us see if we can discover the reasons for the enormous difference between the true chop and its vile counterfeit, for which purpose we must step across the boundaries of chemical science just for one moment.

Chemists tell us, that raw meat consists principally of fibrin and certain juices holding albumen and various salts in solution.

This fibrin, or solid portion of the flesh, constitutes only about one quarter of the weight of the meat, the rest being made of a watery fluid containing the albumen and salts. The liquid portion is held by the fibrin much in the same way that water is held in a sponge; but as soon as the fibrin is submitted to the action of heat, either in roasting or boiling, it contracts and squeezes out these juices, which contain not only the greater portion of the nourishment, but also the flavor of the meat. The fibrin from which the juices have been separated contains scarcely any nourishment, and is almost tasteless, as any one who has ever eaten French bouilli can readily testify. On the other hand, the cooked juices are sapid and full of flavor and nourishment.

We may now come back to the kitchen with the

knowledge that in cooking a chop, the first condition of success is not to let a drop more of these doubly valuable juices escape us than is absolutely unavoidable. For this purpose our chop must be put down over a bright, clear, and somewhat fierce fire. The first thing that happens is the coagulation of a portion of the albumen on the under side of the chop, and a contraction of the fibrin which draws the juices into the centre. If we leave our chop untouched, the meat will gradually harden all the way through, driving the juices before it, and causing them to overflow into the fire from the upper side. To counteract this we must consequently turn our chop over the instant the under side begins to harden. As soon as what was at first the upper side is sufficiently hard, which generally happens with a good fire in a minute or so, it is turned once more, and so on until the operation is complete. In fact, a game of battledore and shuttlecock must be played with the chop; the moment the juices have been driven into the middle of the meat it must be turned, and the turning repeated continually, so that each side may be done alike. The length of time for cooking a chop properly must depend on the fierceness of the fire and the tastes of the individual. Ten minutes and at least ten turnings may be taken as a minimum when the fire is brisk, and when an underdone chop is preferred; but there is no royal road to chop-cooking, and perfection in it can only be attained by great practice and a fair amount of intelligence.

The greatest element of success is, of course, the chop itself. It ought to be sawed, and not cut, and should be at least an inch or an inch and a quarter thick. If it is too thin it will not contain sufficient gravy to keep the interior in a soft and tender condition, and in spite of all the care possible, it will become hard and tasteless in cooking. The fat, of course, must be trimmed according to taste; it is a good plan where a number of chops are served up together to trim them differently, so that all tastes may be suited. If there is the slightest suspicion about their tenderness, they should be well beaten with a knife-handle or a silver spoon, taking care not to alter their natural shape, about an hour before cooking them.

The next point to attend to is the fire, which should be rather fierce, and composed of nothing but cinders; not the slightest particle of coal spoke should be seen anywhere, and coke should be absolutely tabooed. The cook who really desires to excel in chop-cooking should keep a special box for chop cinders, and should be always on the lookout for them. In the morning, for instance, before the fires are lighted, the grates should be cleared of their cinders, and all the nice, clean, round pieces, of the size of a large walnut and upwards, should be picked out and put away in the chop cinder-box. The fire should be made up with them at least three-quarters of an hour before cooking. If more than one batch of chops is required, the fire should be made pretty high in the first instance, and the top bar of the grate let down for the second batch. It is generally a dangerous thing to touch the fire during cooking; but if there is any necessity for it, the poker ought never to be used, but only a few well-burnt cinders should be popped on here and there. The gridiron, which should be of iron or silver, must be kept scrupulously clean, and never used for anything else. Some cooks use enamelled gridirons, with channelled bars, to keep the fat from running into the fire; but these refinements



are not at all necessary if the gridiron is placed well slanting forward, so that the fat may trickle along the bars and drop into the fire away from the chop. The chop should be turned either with two silver spoons, or else with a pair of tongs made for the purpose. The cook that would turn a chop by sticking a fork into it, and so letting out all its most delicious gravy, ought to be treated in a precisely similar manner, and then broiled over a slow fire.

Chops should be served on a dish kept hot with spirits of wine or hot water, and each guest should be provided with a hot-water plate. Comply with the proper conditions, and chop-cooking ought to be as successfully carried out at the Leather Breeches, by Tom O'Donnell, at Ballyshillelagh, in the County of Cork, as at the Cock in Fleet Street,—in your own kitchen at Notting Hill as at any tavern in the City of London.

The conditions are, a thick chop; a bright, clear, fierce fire; a clean, well-tilted gridiron; a quick hand for turning, and a sharp eye that can tell when a chop is done by the change of color on its surface,—comply with them, and success is certain.

One word at parting. Having achieved success, do not profane the altar on which the victim is sacrificed by incongruous adjuncts. A well-cooked chop is best honored by a snowy table-cloth, bright plate and glass, sharp cutlery, willow-patterned crockery, white stale bread, floury potatoes, true mushroom ketchup, and the best stout to be procured for love or money. Eyes that beat the glass in brightness, and wits that distance the knives in keenness, are not wholly to be despised by the worshippers at the shrine of chop.

### A SAVAGE BEAUTY.

It was on one of the great Eastern rivers that I made the experience you are about to hear. There are reasons, which I must not disregard, for preserving this vagueness as to the locality. But I would assure the reader, with all seriousness, that my story is true, and its moral sound. As a rule, one expects anonymous adventures—without date or address—to be alike amusing, scandalous, and false,—but the two latter qualities my tale decidedly has not. Strictness of fact is its justification, for the moral contained therein can necessarily be useful only to a few.

Picture to yourself a solitary canoe lying moored in the mid-waters of a great tropic river. There are now houses and towns on the banks which, at the time I knew them, were but verdant swamps, broken here or there by a tiny patch of rice-ground, a cluster of little huts, or the tall dwelling of a chief. On the evening of which I speak, ten years ago, not an European could have been found within a hundred miles of my canoe. The night fell suddenly down, dark and windy; the tide was at its highest, and only the extreme tips of the "nipas"—that ugly sister in the graceful family of palms—rose above the flood. My canoe was anchored above their fern-like crowns, and over it and under the stiff, awkward branches thrust themselves. The breeze moaned and whistled among them, rattling their harsh leaves together. There were as yet neither stars nor moon; the clouds seemed to hang almost on the dark surface of the water, which stretched, rippling and sighing, on either side, till its eddies were lost in an abyss of vapor. Far off, above the invisible bank, a red light glowed through the mist, and the boatmen declared that it burned

in the house of a great war-chief a mile away. There was nothing to see through the dull evening vapors, except that distant fire; nor to hear, except the rustling of the wind, the bending of the "nipa" boughs, and the eager but monotonous sucking of the tide.

My boatmen lighted their fire forward. Soon it began to blaze, under the fostering of a dozen hands already numbed with cold. The red sparks leapt from swirl to swirl of the river timidly, brightened, took courage, flamed up, and irradiated a wide expanse of troubled water. My native boatmen clustered round their stone hearth as closely as the narrow sides of my canoe would suffer them. A brave and honest set they were as ever traveller loved, but most exceedingly ugly. As they crouched before the fire forward, their picturesque costumes and misshapen features outlined against the blaze and ruddy smoke, I pleased myself, lying on my mattress, with recalling the old German stories of gnomes and goblins, to which strange creatures my poor boatmen were most curiously like. But I don't know that in all my wanderings I ever felt so utterly alone, so small a speck on the great breast of nature, as that night. I watched the wreathing swathes of mist stalking over the water to my very side. I listened to the gurgling of the tide, and its steady "lap" against the gunwale, and I thought of times and faces in pleasant Europe with a sort of despair.

Suddenly, my meditation was broken by a pealing "Ho—o!" from the mid-darkness. My boatswain answered the unseen challenger, and held a short conversation with him in the dialect of the interior; then, addressing me, thus announced visitors: "The brave chief from the next reach, my lord, desires to present his slavish worship." "Tell the brave chief of the next reach," I answered, "that his slave, and all his slave's ancestors in their coffins, rejoice at this happy meeting. And pass a candle aft, if there's one left in the locker!" There was one left in the locker, which I stuck into a bottle and fixed to the gunwale. In another moment the sharp nose of a canoe shot out of the misty curtain into our red half-circle. I was used to these visits from savage chiefs, and felt little interest in the strangers. Their courtesies entailed a certain diminution of my precious stores, specially of spirits and tobacco, and an uncertain sacrifice of other valuables. Not that these naked friends of mine stole! But they had a horribly frank habit of asking point-blank for aught that took their fancy, and it was not an easy, nor perhaps quite a safe thing, to disappoint them. Therefore, though prepared to give current value for the presents which this worthy chief was sure, under any circumstances, to send next day, I could easily have dispensed with his courteous visit over night.

There were three persons, I saw, in the approaching canoe. Two paddled, and the third sat aft. I did not look particularly. My boatmen had hastily raised over me the thatch, called "Kajong," which protects a traveller from the sun; this ceremony was no doubt proper under the circumstances, but it had the effect of limiting my view. The canoe grated alongside my larger craft, but the deep shadow cast by the "kajongs," hid from me the appearance of its occupants. I raised myself in the cross-legged position which the Eastern voyager so soon acquires, and prepared a neat oration. In another moment a tall, muscular old man emerged from the darkness, rested his hand lightly on the gunwale of my boat, and stepped in, with no more



commotion than is caused by walking aboard a three-decker. "The brave chief of the next reach," observed my boatswain ceremoniously, and I greeted the worthy old man with a smile and a shake of the hand. He sat down at the farther side of the boat, silently, but in great and visible contentment. I prepared to assail him with certain statistical questions, such as, I assure you, these savages are neither perplexed to hear, nor unable to answer. "How many fighting men follow you?" I was about to ask, when another hand was placed upon the gunwale, another figure came up suddenly from the dark river, and stepped with ease upon my rickety craft. "The wife of the brave chief who lives on the next reach," announced the boatswain, who sat crouched beneath the kajongs. I smiled and shook hands. The wife took a place beside her husband with a familiar confidence pleasant to see. "How many fighting—" I was interrupted again! My left hand rested on the gunwale, instinctively placed there when the "brave chief's wife" boarded me, to counteract any ugly lurch which her unskillfulness might cause. On this hand was suddenly placed another, belonging evidently to a person outside my boat. So small and slender were those fingers that thus clasped mine, so soft and dainty and delicate, — all the blood in my body tingled; for I thought, surely 't is the hand of a mermaid! — a Lorely! But no! A third visitor rose from the darkness, — rose, resting its hand still on mine, — rose and stood upright before me, framed in the velvety blackness of the night. It was the figure of a young girl, sixteen years of age at most, which thus stood up suddenly before me, sparkling, shining, in the candle-light. She was simply clad in a short petticoat of woollen stuff, which did not quite reach the knee. Her arms and wrists were encircled with many bracelets of gold and shell, and ornaments of brass; it was a crime so to overload them, for their shape was worthy of Hebe. Round and round her slender waist a chain of small gold rattles was twisted, which tinkled faintly with each motion. Her graceful head had no covering, except such coils of fine black hair as three English women might with joy have shared among themselves. The hair was not parted, but drawn back from the forehead, and tied in a smooth knot, with a quantity of strongly-scented flowers; the ends fell in a shower behind, almost to her waist. This fashion, which civilized ladies are just adopting, is the common coiffure of the land I speak of. The girl's features were perfect, from low, round forehead to dimpled chin! And wholly European in character, save that no eyes of our zone could laugh with such velvet softness, nor plead with humility so irresistible. For this young savage's face shone down upon me with dewy lips parted in a timid smile, and innocent, saucy eyes, that said, plainly as words, "Am I not pretty? You are a great lord, and almost more than man, but you cannot refuse me a place in your canoe!" And all the while she kept her little soft hand in mine, while I stared dimly upwards, marvelling at her loveliness. "The daughter of the brave chief who lives on the next reach!" gravely announced my boatswain from under the kajongs.

"The daughter of the brave chief who lives on the next reach is welcome to her slave's resting-place!" I said, with an affectation of mighty indifference. But the attempt failed, I suspect, for my boatmen forward, who had, like all their race, a true Italian interest in the minutest *affaire de cœur*,

laughed gently as they sat beside their fire, and stole a glance aft. But the little beauty was too profoundly conscious of her own value, personal and political, to care one straw for the impertinence of mere boatmen. She murmured a few words, in a voice sweet as the lips from which it issued, and received a merry answer from her father. Then she looked down at me with a joyous smile, and, putting her foot on the gunwale — Ah! but I cannot leave that foot undescribed. Would I were a poet, gifted with Theophile Gautier's skill to celebrate the divinity of form! His fervor I feel in recalling the vision of that fairy foot, but not a tone of that wondrous voice have I. What was it that enraptured me? — a foot! — a member common to all animals, and sufficiently despised.

I will give the measurement of it, as taken afterwards. The girl was of ordinary height, four feet ten or so; her foot lay easily in my hand, — that is, was something under seven inches long. When I closed my grasp on that daintiest of prizes, my second finger and thumb could meet within an inch round the instep, or, by an exercise of some little strength, could be made to touch. But what is measurement of lines and inches in a work of supremest art? Color and shape and exquisite life give the charm. The prettiest of English feet, white as milk, and veined with sapphire, is to the little dusky limb of an Eastern girl as an elaborate marble of Canova's to the small bronze gem I hold within my hand. That child's foot revealed to the acute beholder great facts in ethics, on which big books have been written, and big arguments expended. He saw there expressed the suppleness of her race, the grace and delicacy that shuns exertion, the activity which, with hare-like speed, distances our tortoise-pace; and he saw, besides, the hurried, nervous circulation, and the fragility of structure. But, indeed, that little foot, resting still on my gunwale, was a bronze of the best period roused to life. The skin was smooth and polished as metal, and the tone, save where its natural color was subdued by a tinge of henna or turmeric, matched that of Corinthian brass. The ankle was worthy of the foot. Such graceful lines, "attaches" so prettily rounded, I never hope to see again in living flesh: instep arched as an Arab's, lean and smooth like his; toes, not crushed together, nor curled up, nor pressed out of all roundness by the habit of boots; neither spread abroad like a negro's, but each standing slightly apart, lithe, tremulous, dimpled as an infant's at each joint. The nails were carefully polished, and regular as those of a hand; a stain of henna gave to them the very tones of agate. Ah, such an exquisite foot!

She stepped on board, laughing merrily, and sat behind her father. The old folks talked of their barbarous politics, — how the neighboring tribes were threatening to renounce their allegiance to a chief now aged. Insidious propositions were made me to abide awhile, for no visible object, at their village; but not even the charms of that lovely girl who sat, all silent and submissive, by the gunwale, could tempt me to permit my name and color to be used as a political influence among these astute, yet simple savages. Whether the daughter had been brought aboard with hopes of swaying me, I do not know, but I am inclined to think not. She was the only child at home, and the pet of this venerable chief. Besides, I doubt much whether even her parents knew or guessed what a treasure of beauty they possessed in her. That loveliness was not



quite of the style most admired by these good folks. The points I have described to you are common to many, to almost all, of their women, except the features. Doubtless, had I asked the critical opinion of any dusky Don Juan round about touching the merits of this girl, he would have answered, with that superb air we see daily at the "cercle," — "Not bad. Her mouth is too small, and never stained red with betel. Her teeth are white, which is a terrible blot, and reflects the gravest discredit on her parents. Her hair is long, and her feet are small, but Tragi's daughter has longer tresses and tinier hands, while her teeth are black as burnt cocoa-nut can make them, and no man ever yet saw her without a crimson stain like blood upon her chin; mais pour ce qui s'appelle une dot, mon cher!"

She did not speak ten words all night, but sat under the shadows of the kajongs, and shyly watched me, smiling from time to time with such girlish grace as made my very heart stir. Now and then she laughed at some unintelligible witticism of her brave old father; a sweet, happy laugh that did one's ears good to hear. In fact, I fell in love that night, and I know that if we had not met again, I should have returned to civilized life a victim henceforth to Byronic melancholy; feeling a desperate conviction that the only being I could ever love dwelt some fifteen thousand miles off as the crow flies, in a palm-thatched house beside an unknown river.

But I met her again. My business on this river of her father's took me almost to its head waters, and in a month's time I began to drop down stream again. Will you bear with me, reader, while I vent my soul in telling the delights of a canoe-voyage through the watery highways of a tropic forest? Heaven grant that before many months I may again be floating on their deep bosom! Ah, why can I not paint these scenes as vividly as they press upon my memory? I cannot, for often have I tried, and never with success. I would tell of the start at early dawn, while yet the night-mists are curling on the water, — while yet the monkeys call musically to each other in the forest-trees. I would describe the eager bustle of my boatmen getting ready for the day's labor. I would tell how, with a wild cheer, they dip their paddles in the chilly stream, and make the tiny craft to fly from its halting-place of over-night.

Ay, I would have my companion sit by me in fancy, underneath the matted awning which obstructs the glare of early day, rifle on his knees, and glass ready to his hand. For they have keen eyes these boatmen of mine, and long ere your dull sight discovers the creature they point out with such mute eagerness, it will have flitted through the trees and disappeared, leaving nought but a doubtful trail. Game is thick in these woods to him who has quick eyes and steady hand, but not one hoof or paw will he see who takes to the brilliant East the listless motions of Pall Mall. Hist! What does he whisper with such still excitement, that brown "serang" squatted on the bows? Steady behind! The eager paddlers cease their clanking stroke, hush the broad jest and extemporized song. They dip their paddles with such skill, that velvet sinking into oil would make a splash as loud. Without a sound we glided above the water, steadily, as with a wish, onwards. The "serang's" outstretched hand guides our eyes to a black-shadowed reach, where the water sleeps and rots, overgrown with fleshy leaves and pallid, unwholesome flowers,

taking no color from the sun. What is there? Too well we know our trusty boatswain to fear false alarms from him. We strain our eyes; and at length, beneath the deepest shade, just where that dark-leaved shrub drops its pendulous boughs into the stream beside the fallen trunk, all clothed in ferns and orchids and many-colored fungi, that lies rotting in the eddy, — we think to trace a shadowy outline as of some monster crouched along the ground. Gently, silently, we drop down. The quick-sighted monkeys have fled this spot, and far in the distance we can hear their clashing progress through the tree-tops. The very birds are still. Gradually, gradually, a fulvous coat defines itself against the oily green leaves. There is on all nature a hush that may be felt. Round and eager eyes, widely-distended now, half in fear and half in threat, gleam iridescent in the dusky nook. We can see the flash of white teeth between lips drawn back, — we can almost hear the "spitting" like an angry cat's, which welcomes us to this solitude. Now is the moment! Up rifle, both together! With a savage snarl he turns and shows all his spotted side. Now, — now! And the panther, — "trots airily away with his tail upraised, and considerable contempt depicted on his features!"

This is your exclamation, doubtless, but the cruel facts of memory should not be allowed to mingle with the bright picture of imagination. I have missed many easy shots in stern reality, but in my simplest dream I'd scorn to introduce a rifle not warranted to carry twenty miles, and true as death. But if you will have it so, we'll leave the panther in his wood and pursue our voyage.

The day grows on to noontide! Ashore every living thing has sought the shade and rests therein; but we, gliding ever downwards with the stream, hug the reedy banks where great trees overhang and shelter us, and so press on. Flowers are over us, and under, and around; unnamed weeds, but the more beautiful in our sight for the world's ignorance of them. Lilies, blue and red and white, of every shape and every size, sleep on the surface of "back-waters" and warm, stagnant pools beside the river: of such calm spots now and then we catch a glimpse through some arch of tufted reeds, or under the green-fringed bridge of a fallen tree. No man "hath come since the making of the world" to see the beauty here. For beauty there is, in these little solitary ponds, more exquisite than human skill can imitate. Ah! but there are other denizens than the sweet flowers and the pretty "Hylæ" and the honest, loud-throated bull-frogs. Great snakes dwell here and twine themselves among the lily-roots. Colorless monsters they are with scales mouldy, as from long solitude; but now and again appears among these hideous dwellers a brilliant jewelled golden creature, from the swift stream near by. He dashes round the pond in high impatience and disdain, raising his shiny head and seeking the outlet with wicked eyes that gleam like fire. Sometimes the horrid creatures of the pool, the sickly looking snakes and enormous worms, — yet more ghastly than the others in their foul softness, — grow jealous of the gemmed intruder, and set on him with hooked teeth and whip-like tails and deadly poison. Then to one who stands by, a terrible sight is given. Now on the surface, now in the still depths below, the merciless fight goes on. The hunted reptile darts hither and thither, plunges headforemost down among the lily-roots, springs into the air, twists through his foes with exquisite ac-



tivity. They, the foul crowd, in chase! They swim against one another, they bite and strike in their vexation or in payment of outstanding feuds. Though each enemy be three times his size, yet is this brilliant stranger, armed with a subtler venom, more than a match for any two of them; but numbers prevail, and unless he find in time the grass-grown entrance to the pool, he commonly falls a victim to the outraged ugliness of the indwellers. Yet in general one might stay long beside these still and flower-grown waters without discovering a trace of the monsters they contain. Pretty sights are those most common on their banks. In the dawn and at eventide a hundred curious, graceful creatures come here to slake their thirst. Chattering monkeys slide down a creeper, and thus suspended in mid-air, drink from their small hollow hands,—glancing ever round, above, below, with eyes of quick suspicion, pausing each instant, chattering uninterruptedly to reassure themselves. Birds of every size and hue flutter to the shallows, and drink gratefully. Big herons and huge white cranes stalk about and chase the little bull-frogs in their muddy nests. Squirrels—from the small beauty not bigger than a mouse to that vast fellow with the crimson stripe along his sides—hop about the banks, sucking the buds and roots of water-plants. Deer, too, sometimes visit this spot, when hunters or wild beasts have scared them from their favorite stream. Butterflies hover over it; orchids trail their blossoms down almost to its surface. There is more beauty than horror here. I was wrong to put those snakes first in the description.

And then afternoon comes on, and evening. The alligators slide down in their oily manner from the sand-banks, as the declining sun begins to leave the river. And then, then, what wondrous effects of golden light succeed! How keen the blue shadows! How mysteriously dim each long vista of the trees! The sunshine seems almost to drip in liquid gold from twig to twig and leaf to leaf, as it breaks through some tiny gap in the overarching foliage. Redder that light grows, and redder; darker the shadows; the air more full of life. A scream breaks the forest stillness,—of what tortured animal none can guess. Roused by that signal, birds of prey that fly by night wheel suddenly out from their retreats, and swing across the river. Night-hawks shoot into the air, turn over, and sweep down along the watery surface, noiselessly as the moths they seek; save now and again a faint twitter shows their thanksgiving for a prey. Then, a little later, when the topmost boughs are blazing in red flames, and all below is dim and misty, the mosquitoes sally forth, the bull-frogs wake and sound the key-note of their night-long chorus. Fire-flies, by one and two, flit across the grass, vanishing and reappearing. Presently, as it grows darker, they come forth in swarms, and hover round some tree that has attractions for their kind. It is beautiful to watch the sudden flash of light from the thousands of these little insects, illumining the darkness for an instant,—going out and throbbing forth again. O, I could dilate by the hour on the glory of the tropics! There only does one see the pride of life, and the true lust of the eyes. But my readers grow impatient!

It was perhaps a month after the visit to my canoe. I was descending the stream, and had reached a point some fifty miles above the dwelling of my savage beauty. The day was at its hottest, but for ten minutes we had been conscious of

an unnatural noise which swelled through the forest like the noise of men cheering, laughing, singing,—in fact, like the roar of a multitude. We were prepared for any event, when the canoe, suddenly shooting round a point, came in view of a very large native house, evidently crammed with people, all evidently drunk. "This is a great feast, my lord," exclaimed my servant. It may have been. Most certainly it was the noisiest gathering I ever assisted at. "Keep to the other side the river, and slip past, if possible," I ordered. But to escape was hopeless. The men of the festive party were, indeed, far too drunk to feel sure of their vision at the distance, but a troop of girls stood by the river-side, laughing, comparing notes, overlooking their coiffure, and criticising their friends' costume, just as do civilized belles in like case; save that these simple children of the forest had no mirror but the limpid stream, nor any dress to speak of except flowers and beads. No hope of eluding those bright eyes! But unless some well-known warrior were summoned to their aid from the house, I had little fear the girls would dare to address a white man. "Spin along!" I cried, and we flew past.

But the attempt proved vain! A slender, silvery voice called aloud across the water by the name these savages had given me. Discovered, I had to submit, and unwillingly gave the word to pull ashore. The girls scattered as we drew in, some running away in real or affected panic, some laughing hysterically at a distance. But the greater number rushed together, and stood in a compact body, holding each other tight. "Who called me?" I asked, gayly, approaching the phalanx. Direful confusion and dismay resulted. After somewhat of a struggle in the mid recesses of the crowd, a slender girl was silently thrust out, while the others looked at me with speechless anguish. The victim thus abandoned, held her hands before her face, and all her graceful frame, scarcely concealed by clothing, trembled, so that I could hear the rattling of her innumerable golden ornaments; but whether her emotion was of fear or mirth I could not tell. In either case the situation might well embarrass a shy man like me. Not knowing what to do with this slender child, and profoundly discomforted by a score of dilated eyes fixed on me from the one side, while on the other I could hear my boatmen laughing to themselves, I boldly seized her in my arms, and pulled apart her hands. It was the heroine of my fancy! She looked up at me with eyes brimful of terror,—whether genuine, or assumed as a likely weapon by the little flirt, I have no idea. Do not think that the white race has a monopoly of arts; there are few tricks in social optics which Hindoos, Malays, and Negroes are not thoroughly alive to.

While considering what I should say or do, the damsel broke from me, and ran at topmost speed towards the house, screaming with laughter. At this example, all the young girls dismissed their terrified expression, and loudly joined the outburst. I stood—it is not to be denied—in some confusion, feeling, indeed, cut to the heart, as much by the indelicacy of this action as by the proof it gave that no favorable impression had been made on my adored one's fancy. This perturbation of mind was not relieved by the frankness of my serang, who observed with the calmness befitting an undeniable statement of facts, "The girls make a fool of your lordship!" I turned to regain my canoe, and hurry from this scene, but a dozen potent chiefs, with their



gold-fringed head-handkerchiefs, all awry, their necklaces wrong side before, and their dress in an indescribable confusion, came to entreat my presence at the feast. To refuse was impossible. I followed them into the house.

All intelligent creatures drink, and most of them get drunk from time to time. High reason, true morality, the best medical opinions, and the experience of every man, in vain combine to discourage the practice. Daily are we told that the custom is extinct, never to come to life again in civilized communities. Daily we read such assertions, and no man dreams of contradicting them, because every one knows the truth too well. People drank in all ages, to excess from time to time, and they will continue so to do till the millennium.

But if any sight on this round earth could cause the British Parliament to pass Sir Wilfred Lawson's Bill, and could persuade the English people to accept it, — that sight was before me when I entered the house. Of this we will say no more, in charity to my savage but generous hosts.

You will have observed the young lady's shocking rudeness to me at the water-side. Nothing creates in my mind a more abrupt revulsion than hoydenish conduct. If the Venus de Medici in flesh laughed loud, or maliciously, or in the wrong place, I should flee from her. I cite the Medicean Venus, because, looking critically at that young person, I could believe her to be not too well-bred. Fancy Milo's goddess mistaking her "monde"! It cost me a severe mental struggle to admit excuses for this very doubtful conduct of my Hebe. To laugh loud; to laugh loud and run away; to laugh loud and run away from me, — showed excessively bad taste. But I was overcome in meeting her at the threshold. Such soft penitence was expressed in her swimming eyes, such graceful mutinerie about her mouth! as though to say, "Please forgive me; if you won't, I know how to avenge myself!" I longed to clasp her in my arms again, and vowed that she should not escape so easily next time. I walked up the long veranda of the house, escorted by her father, and numerous chiefs, as distinguished, I was told, as I saw they were drunk. They set me in the place of honor, where the reek was strongest, and the sun most fearful. Half a dozen of the leading men held me upright with touching care, and I, so far as my limited supply of members went, reciprocated the service. There were two brawny fellows who supported me under the arms. Both of them I held up by hand. There was another valorous warrior who insisted that a prop was needed for my back, and nearly pushed me down, face foremost, in his endeavor to sustain himself. Putting my legs apart, and leaning forward, I supported him also. "How long is this to last?" I asked the serang, who was treated in much similar manner by warriors of less note. "They're going to perform some tonfoolery," replied the Mussulman sullenly, for their idolatrous rites entailed upon his orthodox conscience an infinite amount of supererogatory prayer. Meanwhile, my tawny belle had taken a place opposite to mine, and there stood, watching me with great eyes.

I won't tell what the ceremony was. Drinking was its commencement, singing its mid course, and getting drunk its logical conclusion. Among other absurdities, etiquette required that a large bowl of liquor should be placed on my head. I insisted that the vessel should be empty. The dispute grew respectfully hot; but it was at length termi-

nated by the utter overthrow of bowl, liquid, and bearer, by a drunken chief in a red petticoat. The young lady had been much interested in this discussion, and did not hesitate to pronounce in strong language her opinion of those engaged. "What does she say?" I asked of my serang. He gave a slang translation of her words. The language, though not actionable, was by no means what one likes to hear from a "young person." Nevertheless, when I found time to look at her, and marked the perfect and artistic repose in which she leaned against a pillar, — her moulded arms raised above her head, and one exquisitely-shaped ankle crossed upon the other, — I felt that almost any crime must be pardoned to such a creature. I stepped across, and, looking on her smooth and rounded shoulders, could not resist temptation, — I put my arm round her neck, — *en tout honneur, s'il vous plait!* — Picture, if you can, my horrified surprise to find the pretty yellow color of her skin "come off" on my white sleeve! "What the devil's this?" I asked of my serang. "Turmeric, my lord!" he answered, promptly. That was a great blow!

I overcame the emotion by an effort. With the tenderest expression I looked down into her eyes, which smiled shyly back to mine. I started. Those beautiful lids, so thickly fringed with silk, were unmistakably stained. "What the devil's this?" I asked of my serang. "Burnt cocoa-nut, my lord," he calmly answered. Again I felt a shock!

It needed a certain moral courage longer to contend. Yet I kept my place. Suddenly the young girl broke from my arm, and pursued a stalwart slave, reeling down the house with a bundle of tobacco, and a basket of maize leaves. Him she overhauled, and from his load snatched a handful of either substance, wrapped the tobacco in the dry leaf with a swift motion, thrust one end of the cigarette thus made into a blazing hearth, and returned to me leisurely puffing at her prize. This was the third blow!

Still I held fast to my illusion, and entered into conversation with the houri. She muttered a few frightened words in answer to my remarks, and stood with downcast eyes, the very image of innocence and propriety. On a sudden, a rush of warriors took place behind us, and one burly fellow, most notably excited with strong drink, clasped my companion round the waist, and dashed down the long veranda with her. "Is that her brother, or her lover?" I asked of my serang. "Probably neither, my lord!" he answered. I looked on this profanation with eyes indignant, and disgust expressed in my features. She laughed, the houri! At the extreme end of the house, another partner, drunk as the first, seized hold of her, passed his braceleted arm round her delicate waist, and "rushed" her up the veranda once more. She paused beside me, breathless, her eyes dancing with glee! There was not the slightest trace of shame on her countenance! And yet these ruffians who had taken such a freedom on themselves, were nearly as drunk as a man can be to stand upright. I was utterly overwhelmed. I hastened from the house, leaped aboard my canoe, and vanished down stream. I did not expect to see my dusky Hebe any more, nor, at the moment, did I greatly wish to do so.

But a month after, I found myself once more in her neighborhood, having ascended the river again, aboard a native gunboat. We had with us a fine,



tall warrior, who gave himself out as son to the "brave chief" of whom I have spoken. On making inquiries, I found this fellow was half-brother to my dusky Hebe. Arrived at the nearest point to his father's house, I put myself in a canoe with him, and paddled up the stream, not wholly unconscious of a certain thrill at heart. We reached the spot, and landed. The old chief sallied out, with all his household, warriors and slaves. It was somewhat touching to see that recognition of the long-lost heir, for the youth in our charge had been captured by pirates long since, and reduced to slavery. But I looked still for the fairy form, which, in spite of all, haunted my fancy. She came at length, bounding from the jungle; her long hair loosed, and streaming to the ground, her eyes afire with eagerness and excitement. She threw herself into her brother's stalwart arms, nestled to his bosom, and cried with girlish vehemence. And when at length the first emotion had subsided, she drew back a little, still encircled by a loving clasp, to view the stately fellow we had restored to her, and then threw herself again upon his breast, and — and —

"Kissed him, of course!" you exclaim, my hearer.

Not at all! Deliberately and thoughtfully she smelt him all over! It was too much. Thus was I disenchanted with "lovely savages."

It will not be necessary to point out the more obvious moral; but there is one which was lately explained to me, — myself, the hero of the story. I had told it to a lady, much as I have told it you, reader. When I had concluded, she remarked, with some emphasis, "Let me give you a piece of advice, Mr. Peregrin. In telling this tale again give dates and localities frankly, for fear of misconception. And, further, I would recommend you not to cling overmuch to this life below, since, savage or civilized, the feminine nature shocks your taste. Perhaps among the real angels you may find a non-masculine creature, who powders not, nor brightens her eyes, nor talks slang, nor smokes, nor loves either waltzing or scent. With mere earthly women of this day your search would be hopeless!"

This was the moral a lady gave me.

#### ON THE ADVANTAGES OF AN ILL-TEMPER.

THAT a sulky temper is a misfortune, is referred by Charles Lamb to the category of popular fallacies. He consigns it, in an essay, to the limbo of vulgar errors. And as he committed that essay to writing, surely, besides the ink from his practised pen, there oozed out truth from his finger-ends at every pore.

A misfortune he does indeed grant a sulky temper to be, and a very serious one, to a man's friends, and to all that have to do with him. What Elia demurs to is, that the condition of the man himself is so much to be deplored. What he enforces as true doctrine is, the pleasures of sulkiness.

True, he professes no more of what he calls this grand secret than what himself experimented on one rainy afternoon, sulking in his study, a week before the essay in question was written. Was the cure of that fit of the sullen a blessing? On the contrary, he found the humor far too self-pleasing while it lasted to abandon it all at once with the grounds of it. "It is mortifying to fall at once from the pinnacle of neglect; to forego the idea of hav-

ing been ill-used and contumaciously treated by an old friend. The first sting of a suspicion is grievous; but wait, — out of that wound, which to flesh and blood seemed so difficult, there is balm and honey to be extracted."

It is a remark of Hartley Coleridge's, that men who are inly conscious of being despicable take it for granted that all their fellow-creatures despise them, and hate the whole human race by anticipation; such men immersing their souls in wilful gloom, and thinking that all joy insults their sullenness. Of these, Don John, in "Much Ado about Nothing," is the type. But they can scarcely be said to know the real pleasures of sulkiness, — acquaintance with which demands a more impulsive, more elastic temperament, with its vicissitudes of tone and reactions of feeling; something differing not only in degree but in kind from the cynical rascality of chronic and irredeemable spite.

It is to Elia's representative man, not to Don Pedro's brother — akin (by bend sinister) but less than kind — that Wordsworth's picture will apply, of one

"Steeped in a self-indulging spleen, that wants not  
Its own voluptuousness."

The other species of the gloomy genus might be better indicated in the same poet's stanza, —

"Far different we, — a froward race,  
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace  
With cherished sullenness of pace  
Their way pursue,  
Ingrates who wear a smileless face  
The whole year through."

Admirably well says La Bruyère, of the supremacy exercised over the home circle by that member of it who, with the strongest will, has the worst temper, that "Dans la société c'est la raison qui plie la première. Les plus sages sont souvent menés par le plus fou et le plus bizarre: l'on étudie son foible, son humeur, ses caprices; l'on s'y accommode, l'on évite de le heurter, tout le monde lui cède; la moindre sérénité qui paroît sur son visage lui attire des éloges: on lui tient compte de n'être par toujours insupportable. Il est craint, ménagé, obéi, quelquefois aimé."

A lively essayist takes note of the fact that in the tales read by us in boyhood, and still read whenever an opportunity offers itself, not one of the fairy godmothers seems to have ever thought of bestowing upon the prince or princes, whom she protects, the invaluable gift of a bad temper. And yet, he supposes, few persons upon reflection would deny that, for the purpose of securing to its fortunate owner something more than his fair share of social advantages, it is one of the most useful instruments that exist. The accredited phrase by which a man is said to "lose his temper" always has struck this essayist as a singularly unhappy one; for, on the contrary, in nine cases out of ten, the man exchanges it for whatever he may happen to want. "Our experience of life leads us to think that ordinary moralists have not considered temper from this point of view with sufficient attention. They are in the habit of speaking of it as an infirmity; and so, with regard to the man himself, it may be; but with regard to all others, it is not an infirmity, but a power." And of the different forms of bad temper, it is demonstrated that peevishness and sulkiness are ten times more valuable than evanescent passion, as engines of victory in all private contests; so that a sulky or peevish person might contend, with some degree of plausibility, that if any form of bad temper is a legitimate source of



pride, his form, which secures in the fullest degree the admitted ends of all bad temper, ought to be the one acknowledged as such. This sulkiness, however, we are advised, must, to attain to its complete perfection, have a dash, and a considerable dash, of caprice. A mere leaden sulkiness, like a sky which frowns on us from hour to hour without any shifts or changes in the gray monotony of its unbroken gloom, draws to itself no sympathizing vigilance, awakens no speculation, excites no interest.

"But he who rushes suddenly out of dark reserve into cheerfulness and good-humor; who is taciturn and unsocial at breakfast, lively and affectionate at luncheon, masked again at dinner-time by impenetrable clouds, only to resume his gayety and brilliance at supper,—there being all the time no reason why these clouds should gather, or why, having gathered, they should depart,—that man, if he manages well, becomes the absolute lord and master of the society to which he belongs. What he wishes is the subject of the morning investigation,—whether anything or anybody has given him offence, the subject of the evening debate. His lowering brow scatters depression all over the house. His smile lights it up into nervous exhilaration. . . . It is true that, after a time, the friends and relations of such a person as we have been imagining, who belongs to what may perhaps be called, under the circumstances, the unfair sex, incline themselves seriously to elude the austere attractions of his society by giving him what is popularly called a wide berth; but this 'strategic movement' only causes his influence to press with accumulated weight on the gentler subdivision of the family."

Surely a fine furious temper, argues Mr. Thackeray, if accompanied with a certain magnanimity and bravery which often go together with it, is one of the most precious and fortunate gifts with which a gentleman or lady can be endowed. The remark is made apropos of the old Countess of Kew, on occasion of her ladyship giving loose to that energetic temper which nature had given her; a temper which she tied up sometimes and kept from barking and biting; but which when unmoored was an animal of whom all the family had a just apprehension. "Not one of them but in his or her time had been wounded, lacerated, tumbled over, otherwise frightened or injured by this unruly brute. The cowards brought it sops and patted it; the prudent gave it a clear berth, and walked round so as not to meet it; but woe be to those of the family who had to bring the meal, and prepare the litter, and (to speak respectfully) share the kennel with Lady Kew's 'Black Dog'!"

And then in vindication of his argument, our master satirist goes on to show that a person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration in his or her family circle; that the lazy grow tired of contending with him; the timid coax and flatter him; and as almost every one is timid or lazy, a bad-tempered man is sure to have his own way. "It is he who commands, and all the others obey. If he is a gourmand, he has what he likes for dinner; and the tastes of all the rest are subservient to him. She (we playfully transfer the gender, as a bad temper is of both sexes) has the place which she likes best in the drawing-room; nor do her parents, nor her brothers and sisters, venture to take her favorite chair." So again we are reminded, too truthfully, that if she wants to go to a party, mamma will dress herself in spite of her

headache; and papa, who hates those dreadful soirées, will go up stairs after dinner and put on his poor old white neckcloth, though he has been toiling at chambers all day, and must be there early in the morning,—he will go out with her, we are assured, and stay for the cotillon. If the family are taking their tour in the summer, it is she who ordains whither they shall go, and where they shall stop.

If he—to resume the aforesaid interchange of gender—"if he comes home late, the dinner is kept for him, and not one dares to say a word, though ever so hungry. If he is in a good-humor, how every one frisks about and is happy! How the servants jump up at his bell and run to wait upon him! How they sit up patiently, and how eagerly they run out to fetch cabs in the rain! Whereas for you and me, who have the tempers of angels, and never were known to be angry or to complain, nobody cares whether we are pleased or not." Instances follow in proof. Ex. gr., our wives go to the milliners and send us the bill, and we pay it; our John finishes reading the newspaper before he answers our bell, and brings it to us; our sons loll in the arm-chair which we should like; our tailors fit us badly; our butchers give us the youngest mutton; our tradesmen dun us much more quickly than other people's, because they know we are good-natured; and our servants go out whenever they like, and openly have their friends to supper in the kitchen. And so, to return to the old Countess: "When Lady Kew said *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, I promise you few persons of her ladyship's belongings stopped, before they did her biddings, to ask her reasons."

In that short-lived periodical of the Year of Revolutions, Politics for the People, to which Professors Maurice and Kingsley, and Messrs. J. M. Ludlow and E. V. Neale were notable contributors, there used to appear from week to week a series of Aphorisms, which we have been in the habit of attributing to Mr. Arthur Helps. The advantages of an ill-temper are more than once indicated in these fragmentary reflections. Ill-temper and discontent, the moralist remarks in one place, generally get more than their fair share of the good things of life, and would be very serviceable if they did not bite at both ends, tearing their employers as well as other people. "An easy-natured man who could simulate these evil tempers would thrive upon them in this world."

Does not that read like the author of "Friends in Council"? Especially when in "Friends in Council" itself we light on such an *obiter dictum* as this: "An ill-tempered man often has everything his own way, and seems very triumphant; but the demon he cherishes tears him as well as awes other people." In another part of the same book Ellesmere asks, "Is there not a force in ill-humor and unreason to which you constantly see the wisest bend?" A subsequent entry among the Aphorisms already quoted runs to this effect: that as one grows older one learns to estimate good-temper properly: one is seldom taught in early life to see its full merits,—it not being inscribed among the heroic virtues. "Besides, ill-temper in a young person is not that evil to his elders that it is to his fellows: and those who are secure from its effects are often amused at the exhibition of it." Children, it is therefore suggested, ought to be shown that ill-temper is feeble and contemptible; whereas, on the contrary, they often grow up in the de-



lusion that it is rather a fine thing. "You certainly meet with many persons who are decidedly vain of their ill-temper, and of seeing how it keeps the people about them in order,—a pride which they might share with any wild animal at large."

Contemplate, for example, that delectable specimen of cross-grained humanity, Mr. Thackeray's General Sir George Gorgon,—who was as dull, stingy, pompous, insolent, *ill*-tempered a little creature as ever was known. "With such qualities you may fancy that he was generally admired in society and by his country. So he was: and I never knew a man so endowed whose way through life was not safe,—who had fewer pangs of conscience,—more positive enjoyments,—more respect shown to him,—more favors granted to him, than such a one as my friend the general." On like grounds Mr. Herman Melville contrasts the diverse experiences in life of two opposite tempers among the ship's company of the *Julia*. Baltimore, the black cook's, tribulations were sore and steadfast; for him there was no peace by day or night. The poor fellow was altogether too good-natured.

"Say what they will about easy-tempered people, it is far better, on some accounts, to have the temper of a wolf. Who ever thought of taking liberties with gruff Black Dan?" Sterne even intimates, as usual on old-world authority, that "snapping" is physically good for the health, and makes Tristram Shandy uneasy at a subsidence of that habit on his father's part, as menacing bodily derangement: "He forbore to snap,—and as the hasty sparks of temper, which occasion snapping, so much assist perspiration and digestion, as Hippocrates tells us,—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health rescued by a fresh train of disquietudes left him," with a legacy of a thousand pounds, by his sister Dinah.

There is certainly, Mr. Disraeli asserts, a dark delight in being miserable,—a sort of strange satisfaction in being savage, which is uncommonly fascinating. He reckons it to be one of the greatest pests of philosophy, that one can no longer be sullen, and most sincerely, *ipse dixit*, does he regret it. To brood over misery,—to flatter yourself that there is not a single being who cares for your existence, and not a single circumstance to make that existence desirable; there is wild witchery in it, which he doubts whether opium can reach, and is sure that wine cannot.

All which is but a paraphrase of Elia's argument, that the first thing to aggrandise a man in his own conceit, is to conceive of himself as neglected; to undeceive him being to deprive him of the most tickling morsel within the range of self-complacency. "No flattery can come near it. Happy is he who suspects his friend of an injustice; but supremely blest, who thinks all his friends in a conspiracy to depress and undervalue him. There is a pleasure (we sing not to the profane) far beyond the reach of all that the world counts joy,—a deep, enduring satisfaction in the depths, where the superficial seek it not, of discontent. . . . Reflect with what strange injustice you have been treated in quarters where (setting gratitude and the expectation of friendly returns aside as chimeras) you pretended no claim beyond justice, the naked due of all men. Think the very idea of right and fit fled from the earth, and your breast the solitary receptacle of it, till you have swelled yourself into at least one hemisphere; the other being the vast Arabia Stony

of your friends and the world aforesaid." And thus to grow bigger every moment in your own conceit, and the world to lessen; to deify yourself at the expense of your species; to judge the world—this, Elia declares to be the acme and supreme point of your mystery,—these what he writes in capital letters, the true PLEASURES OF SULKINESS.

### MISS DUNDAS.

It was in the general sitting-room of Bento's hotel at Cintra that I first met Miss Dundas. We were about to return to England, after a lengthened residence in the sunny South, and had adjourned to Cintra to take a last farewell of scenes endeared to us by many pleasant associations, as well as by their own intrinsic beauty. Miss Dundas was on her way from Madeira, where she had been with an invalid brother. They had delayed their homeward journey for a week, in order to visit the "glorious Eden," that has not, I verily believe, its counterpart in the world; thus it happened that we met.

Miss Dundas was neither young nor pretty,—she could never have been pretty, even in the first flush and glow of youth. At the time to which I am referring, she might have been five-and-thirty. I do not think much of five-and-thirty now, but then it appeared to me quite old. She had a small slight figure,—very slight; with a scarcely perceptible elevation of one shoulder; a pale, thin face, with a large forehead and pointed chin. Her eyes were dark and soft,—sweet eyes that redeemed the face from being positively plain.

Miss Dundas made no attempt to appear younger than she was in reality, dressing soberly in quiet colors, and wearing a tasteful little head-dress,—not quite a cap,—over her thin, dark hair. Very lady-like and refined-looking I thought her when we entered the sitting-room, and saw her leaning back in the deep embrasure of the window, her small white hands folded in her lap.

Her brother was totally unlike her, excepting that he, too, was small and slight. I do not mean to say that Mr. Dundas was not a gentleman, but a more selfish, cross-grained, ill-conditioned morsel of humanity it has never been my lot to encounter. Miss Dundas told me afterwards in the course of conversation that "Christopher" had always been so delicate, that their mother had often said she scarcely expected he would have lived to be a man; I could not help thinking that if Christopher never had lived to be a man, society might have recovered the loss. We were thrown a good deal together; Mr. Dundas was unable to take much exercise, and Miss Dundas was glad to join us in our excursions about the neighborhood.

On the Friday evening, the gentlemen of our party joined us, amongst them one who,—well, never mind; it is not my story I am going to tell. With the others came Dominic Moore, the younger son of Mr. Moore, the head of the old-established house of Moore & Staunton, merchants at Lisbon. We were always glad to see Dominic Moore. We knew no harm of him, if but little good, and he was easy-tempered and amusing. He was a long-legged, active, vivacious, rattle-pated individual, of about six or seven-and-twenty years of age, good-looking enough, with merry, twinkling eyes, and an abundant crop of ruddy hair.

On the Saturday morning he roused us up early



with the information that there were eight donkeys waiting for us; our destination was the Cork Convent; thence to Colares, and home by the Varja. Miss Dundas rode on quietly with one of the elder ladies; Dominic Moore, his long legs almost touching the ground, dressed in a white linen jacket with red sash and Panama hat, brandishing a long pole in his hand, made himself conspicuous as usual. Sometimes galloping on as fast as his little quadraped could be made to go; then wheeling suddenly round, calling upon us for God's sake not to break our necks, or if we did, not to let him see us; jumping off his donkey to give a kiss to a little peasant girl trudging to Cintra in the hope of finding a market for her fine knitting or pita embroidery; or standing up in his stirrups to reach an overhanging pomegranate or tempting branch of nuts; it was a mercy that unfortunate animal he bestrode ever reached home alive.

I am not going to trouble the reader with a description of the cave of St. Honorius, or the Cork Convent, or even of the magnificent scenery between that very uncomfortable place and Colares, as my business at present is not with the monks of old, nor with the beauties of nature, but with Miss Dundas.

In the afternoon, after our return, we dispersed about the shady rooms and garden as inclination prompted. How well I remember that day; sitting on a rustic bench with my companion, every detail seemed photographed on my mind. The sky of intense blue; the castle and convent-crowned mountain peaks, in the blaze of the sunshine seen above the thick-foliaged lemon-trees and the luxuriant overarching vines; the glow and glitter and gorgeousness of coloring; the scent of the heliotrope; the sound of Joachim's voice on the other side of the wall, droning an interminable modinha about Marilha and her shepherd; the screech of the parrot on its perch at the foot of the garden steps; the heavy thud of the over-ripe lemons as now and then one fell from the trees; how vivid it all is to me even now! *Ay de me!* In one of the side alleys I noticed Miss Dundas walking up and down, and smiled as I saw that Dominic Moore was her companion; they seemed so incongruous. She, however, was evidently listening with interest and amusement, while he was talking eagerly as usual. That evening he left for Lisbon, and the following week we sailed. My heart was aching with recent parting, and the gentle companionship of Miss Dundas suited me better than gayer society would have done; we were less ill than most of the passengers, and were on deck every day. By the time we reached England, we found we liked each other so well as to promise an interchange of visits; but it was not till some months after, when a heavy sorrow fell upon me, that our acquaintanceship ripened into familiar friendship. It was then I discovered how much sterling goodness lay beneath the quiet exterior of Miss Dundas.

She had a considerable fortune, — something over twenty thousand pounds. The pretty house at Hampstead, with its well-stocked garden, and the neat brougham, were kept up chiefly by herself. Mr. Dundas, in his stupid, blundering way, had speculated with his money till he had left himself but a small residue. Fortunately, his sister's had not been touched; and five thousand pounds, left her by an uncle, had been securely settled upon her, to prevent Christopher from making ducks and drakes of it, as he said.

One day Miss Dundas was spending an hour with me. The remembrance of that afternoon at Cintra had been recalled by the scent of a spray of heliotrope amongst some flowers she had brought me; we were speaking of that bright little episode in our lives, when the drawing-room door opened, and who should be announced but Dominic Moore!

Whether it was the sight of my black dress and pale, worn face, — so different from what it used to be, — I do not know, but he was much subdued in manner, and made himself remarkably pleasant; Miss Dundas seemed to think so, as she willingly accepted his escort home. From that time we saw him constantly. He had come to settle in England, he told us, as the agent of his father's house; he appeared to be well to do, and to have plenty of time on his hands, much of which he bestowed on us, and still more on Miss Dundas.

Some months passed on, and winter was approaching, when Miss Dundas came to me one morning in a state of nervous excitement most unusual with her. After considerable hesitation, she begged me to tell her frankly if I had any attachment to Mr. Moore, — if I had any reason to think his attentions to me had meant more than friendship.

I smiled at her needless question. She knew as well as I did that there was a grave in the Protestant cemetery over the sea, that would have come between me and Dominic Moore had his fascinations been as great as Miss Dundas seemed to imagine they might be.

She read the expression of my face, and rising from her seat came up to me and kissed me, begging my pardon with tears in her eyes.

Then it all came out. Dominic Moore had asked her to marry him, and her only hesitation arose from an idea she had taken up that he was attached to me.

I must confess I received the news with no small degree of consternation. Was it possible that reckless, giddy-headed Dominic had really fallen in love with this quiet little woman, nearly ten years his senior? And yet she was so good; I loved her so much myself, that I could only trust that Mr. Moore had more solid sense and judgment than I had given him credit for. On the other hand, I had no right to think that Dominic Moore, flighty as he was, would not make a good husband; he belonged to a well-known and much respected family, and of himself I knew no harm; and yet, setting aside the difference of age, I did not like it, and felt that my congratulations were constrained.

"I am afraid you think I am acting foolishly," Miss Dundas said; "but I have thought over it very seriously, and if he loves me as he says he does, I believe I can make him happy. He knows the worst of me," she continued, with a smile and a blush that made her almost pretty; "my marriage will not interfere with Christopher's comfort; we shall all be together in the house where we are now living; Christopher has always had his own sitting-room, you know, so he will not be disturbed, — and — I have been so lonely."

I was hard-hearted enough not in the least to care whether Christopher was disturbed or not; but I did care about Miss Dundas. However, I could see she had made up her mind, so what could I do but put my arms round her and kiss her, and hope, in spite of misgivings, that she might add to her happiness by the step she was about to take? I have no doubt she did feel lonely; and as little doubt that Dominic's imperturbable good-humor and



constant flow of spirits had been the great attraction, from force of contrast to her brother.

I tried to talk seriously to Dominic Moore about his engagement, but he either slipped through my fingers like running water, or saucily told me it was my fault for not taking him myself. What his real thoughts and feelings on the subject were I could not make out.

The wedding-day was fixed for the first Wednesday in December. It was to be a quiet affair; Mr. and Miss Dundas stood very much alone in the world, and had no near relations; I was to be the only bridesmaid. The newly-married couple were to spend a fortnight at Brighton, and be home by Christmas. Miss Dundas hinted that it would be a kindness if I would stay and keep house for Christopher while she was away, but I begged to decline the honor.

The wedding-day was clear, bright, and frosty. I arrived at Hampstead early, and found Miss Dundas pale and nervous; when the carriage drew up to take us to church, I noticed that her hands trembled so much she could scarcely draw on her gloves. Dominic's manner was not reassuring; when he met us at the church-door, he appeared troubled, embarrassed, gloomy; so unlike his usual self, that it struck a chill to my heart, and I could not divest myself of the idea that he was repenting, and would have been glad to get out of it if he had known how.

Miss Dundas had her veil down, and I believe was too much agitated to notice her bridegroom's manner, or I think even at that last moment she would have drawn back. It was an uncomfortable wedding, or else my own fancies and forebodings made it appear so to me. However, the irrevocable words were spoken; the book was signed, and Miss Dundas was Mrs. Dominic Moore.

I observed a peculiar expression pass over Mr. Moore's countenance as he examined the copy of the marriage certificate, that he had asked for—somewhat strangely, I thought. It was like a gleam of exultation, and yet the next moment the former moodiness of demeanor returned.

There were a few friends to breakfast,—only a few. At one o'clock Mrs. Moore retired to her room to change her light gray silk for one darker and warmer, and more suitable for travelling. Dominic Moore had rattled away during breakfast with more than his usual volubility, but evidently with an effort, and he had taken more wine than was good for him; I noticed the anxious glances his wife cast upon him every now and then, but she made no remark, even when we were alone.

The brougham had been ordered to be in readiness at two o'clock to convey Mr. and Mrs. Moore to the railway station. I heard it draw up to the door as two o'clock struck, but no summons came for Mrs. Moore. Another half-hour passed, and they were likely to be too late for the train. Leaving Mrs. Moore sitting by the bedroom fire, I went down to ascertain the cause of the delay, and, to my surprise, found that Mr. Moore had gone out as soon as the company had left the breakfast-table, saying that he had to return to his lodgings for his portmanteau. I was annoyed; he could so easily either have brought it with him, or have called for it on the way to the station. But Dominic was queer, and I wondered how that methodical little woman up stairs would put up with his haram-searum ways.

Three o'clock came, and there was now no

chance of catching the train they had intended to start by. Four o'clock, and still Dominic Moore did not return. Mrs. Moore became uneasy, and I was frightened at I knew not what; but not that any accident had happened to Mr. Moore, as my poor friend seemed to imagine.

I had been up and down stairs, too restless to remain still. Mrs. Moore went down to take leave of her guests, who took the hint and departed. She then returned to her own room, laying aside her bonnet and mantle. She had become seriously alarmed, and even Mr. Dundas saw that something must be amiss. He was snapping and snarling and abusing the servants, abusing Dominic Moore,—that I could bear,—and abusing his sister,—that I could not bear. I despatched the man-servant to Mr. Moore's lodgings to make inquiries, and then sat down on the stairs, and had a good cry.

We had been sitting by the firelight, but when I heard the servant return, I lighted the lamp, with some idea, I believe, that I could read in his face if he had brought news of any disaster. He came to the room door with as stolid a countenance as if he had been sent on the commonest message. Mr. Moore had returned home about half-past one, had discharged his bill at his lodgings, saying that he was going abroad, and had, immediately after, left in a cab, taking his luggage with him. The landlady thought she heard him tell the driver to take him to the London Bridge Terminus, but was not sure.

I shut the door upon the man, and returned to the fireside, feeling like a guilty creature from the thought that was at my heart. Mrs. Moore was very white and still, her lips were compressed, and the clasp of her hands was so tight it must have given her pain. The same conviction had forced itself upon her. He had left her, forsaken her, on this their wedding-day! Though, even then, we neither of us knew the full extent of his villany.

I sat down by the fire again, shivering, not so much with the cold of that winter evening as with the sickening chill at my heart. I did not dare to speak to Mrs. Moore. I saw she was fighting hard with her grief and humiliation, for she had loved and trusted this man—this wretch! And most of life's fiercest battles must be struggled through alone, single-handed.

By and by the housemaid came up stairs, bringing tea. She drew down the blind to shut out the frosty night, and turned up the lamp, then urged her mistress to take some refreshment. Mrs. Moore only shook her head, but tears began dropping heavily and slowly upon her clasped hands; and then I drew near, and ventured to speak, laying my hand on hers.

"I ought to have known at my age that he could not have been sincere in his protestations," she said, at last. "I was weak and that tempted him to do wrong."

"But why did he go through the ceremony of marriage?" she exclaimed, after awhile. "Could he not have been sure that I would have set him free at any moment?"

Alas! the answer to that "why" was yet to come.

Mrs. Moore was ill for some weeks, and I remained with her, thankful to be able to give comfort.

When the new year came in, she was still too unwell to leave the house. I am convinced that the mortification of the position in which she was placed



was telling upon her, as well as the regret she felt. Miss Dundas, gentle and little given to self-assertion as she was, had a large share of sensitive pride; the blow she had received struck home.

She had in due course received the interest of the five thousand pounds invested for her benefit by her trustees, but the remainder of her property was in the funds. Giving me the necessary authority, she asked me to go to the Bank of England for her, to receive the dividend. I was then to pay it into her account at her private banker's.

I had never before been on such an errand, and was at first rather confused. When I ascertained where I was to make my application, I presented my authority, and was met by the astounding intelligence that there was no dividend to receive; the stock was sold. At first I thought I must suddenly have lost my senses, and had not comprehended the answer.

"When? How?" I managed to gasp out.

The clerk again referred to his books. I almost hated him for his cool, deliberate manner.

"The stock was sold by the lady's husband, Dominic Moore," he replied, reading the name from the entry, and mentioning the day of the month, — the wedding-day.

I stood for a moment petrified, while the clerk turned to attend to another applicant. How I reached Hampstead, how I told Mrs. Moore; I scarcely know, nor can I describe her suffering, caused far more by the baseness of the man to whom she had given a right over her and hers, than by the loss of her property.

Mr. Dundas nearly went into a fit with rage. If he had exerted himself to see that his sister's fortune was properly settled upon her, the real intentions of the man would have been brought to light, and this calamity averted. He knew the unjust law as regards women's property, and was almost as much to blame as Mr. Moore. So I told him to his face. We were not very warm friends, Mr. Dundas and I.

The pretty house at Hampstead, the man-servant and brougham, all had to be given up. Mrs. Moore took a cottage farther away from London. She had been fond of society in a quiet way, but now she shrank from company, and only visited with a few intimate friends. The first note I received from her after I had seen her settled in her new abode was signed "E. Dundas Moore." After a while we fell into the habit of calling her "Mrs. Dundas," dropping the "Moore," and I think she preferred it.

Two years passed away, and not a word had been heard of Dominic Moore. During this time Mr. Dundas died. His sister mourned his loss; I did not. She said that "Christopher had a good heart." I could have answered that it was a pity he did not sometimes show it; but the man was dead, and could trouble those about him no more; so I wisely held my peace.

Two years had made little change in Mrs. Dundas; there were a few streaks of silver amongst the dark hair, and her manner was perhaps even quieter than formerly; but she was sweet and gentle and lovable as ever. I don't think she was unhappy; she worked and read, and tended her flowers, and visited her poor neighbors, and was willing to open her heart to all pleasant and good influences; and to the faithful and the meek in spirit God's beautiful world is full of consolation.

It was in the month of May that I received a

note from Mrs. Dundas, asking me to go to her, and to bring a sufficient supply from my wardrobe for a stay of some weeks. I had nothing to detain me at home, and obeyed her summons at once.

When I arrived I found her much agitated. The first words she spoke were to ask me to accompany her to Paris. I suppose I opened my eyes very wide, for in explanation she placed a letter in my hand, and bade me read it.

It was from Dominic Moore, begging for forgiveness, stating that he had been struck with paralysis, and had lost the use of his lower limbs, and that he was in great poverty in a lodging in Paris.

My cheeks burned crimson with shame as I read the letter, though Dominic Moore was neither kith nor kin of mine. No punishment could have reached him; he had only taken what the law allowed him to take, that was quite true; but his own conscience must have told him he had acted like a villain, and I thought decency should have kept him silent, unless he had been in a position to make reparation.

"You surely will not go!" I exclaimed as I returned the precious epistle to Mrs. Dundas.

"Certainly I shall go," she answered; "I sent for you to ask you to go with me."

I could feel nothing but bitter contempt for the man. "After treating you as he has done, after deserting you, robbing you, he might, at any rate, have kept silence about his poverty. I question if he had not been ill and in want, whether you would ever have heard," I said, hotly.

"Probably not," she replied, gently. "But he is ill and in want. Whatever he may have done, I am his wife, and it is my place to be at his side."

Against this I could urge nothing; I could only assure my dear friend that I would go with her, and stay with her as long as she required me.

We found Dominic Moore a complete wreck. He was in a miserable little lodging in that poor district called Villetta, bare of every comfort. He was wretchedly worn and emaciated, and looked as if he had not even enough to eat. He had the grace to show some emotion, both of remorse and gratitude, on seeing his wife. She — dear little woman — for all reproach sat down by his pallet bed, and wept as I had never seen her weep before.

By easy stages we brought Dominic home; and there Mrs. Dundas, burying the past in oblivion, nursed him tenderly and unweariedly, depriving herself of many little luxuries that her slender income might suffice for the requirements of an invalid.

"I have been an unmitigated scamp," he said to me one day.

I quite agreed with him.

"And she is all goodness," he added, speaking of his wife.

In this I also agreed; so there was no danger of our opinions clashing.

He told me that he had got into difficulties in England; and that, fancying he perceived that Miss Dundas liked him, the temptation had been too strong for him.

"The money did me no good," he said. "I knew all the time what a vile trick it was that I had played, and could never settle to anything. I got on gambling, and then it all went like snow. I had been going the pace when this confounded attack struck me down; so I thought it better to sing peccavi, and promise to be a good boy for the future," he continued, with something of his old levity.



Mrs. Dundas believed him repentant; but I could not help calling to mind a well-known distich about the behavior of a certain person that shall be nameless when he was sick. One thing I do believe, however, that he learned to love his devoted nurse thoroughly; not perhaps exactly as a man loves his wife, but reverentially thinking of her as one nearly akin to the angels.

Dominic Moore lingered nearly five years, and then a second stroke took him off suddenly. Mrs. Dundas felt more lonely than ever after his death; he had been her sole occupation for so long. It happened that my home was broken up about that time, and she urged me to unite my mite with hers, so that we might keep together. With the little money her brother left her, she purchased the cottage where we live; she says it is to be mine after it ceases to be ours. But of this time I do not like to hear her speak: "Good people are scarce in this world," I tell her, and she cannot be spared.

She answers with her sweet, placid smile: "It is as God wills, and I am quite content."

### INSCRUTABLE PEOPLE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

CERTAIN people have been puzzles to me all my life, and I feel must continue so to the end. I have, however, the satisfaction—a meagre one, I own—to know that the shrewdest men of my acquaintance have not had any more success than myself in piercing the mysteries of these beings, and frankly admit that they have no solution to the riddle they present.

The commonest form of these inscrutables is the fellow who lives handsomely, going everywhere, doing everything, apparently denying himself nothing, and possessing absolutely that same nothing for his whole legitimate income. I know several of these. Some of them I can vouch for are not players of any game, nor followers of any rich man, consequently not deriving support from these two, the most probable, sources of needy men; and yet I have met these men about in the world, freely mixing in a society which one would say is likely to ask some guarantees for the right of entrance; and without having any intimacies anywhere, apparently acquainted with every one, and generally regarded as necessary adjuncts of all large gatherings. How they do it, even for a season, I cannot imagine; but the fact is, they can continue this for a lifelong.

I can recall one; he has come to my mind at the moment I am writing,—a clever fellow certainly, but probably I ought not to include him among the inscrutables; for he had indeed a quality which, well moulded and manipulated with the skill certain men know to employ, is of itself a guarantee of worldly success. This man was a nobody; he had no belongings; he had even the faintest right to the name,—a very good one,—that he bore. Whatever means he started with must have been of the slightest, and were soon expended, for he made his running from the post, and began by contesting a borough against a well-known man of station and large fortune. He failed of course,—failure was inevitable; but his defeat was better than many men's victories; he was so good-tempered under it, so generous, so hearty, so gentlemanlike, so devoid of all the petty spite and malice of a beaten man, and so ready to admit he had been beaten fairly, and that he had not a word to say against his oppo-

nent. Through all this the quality I have referred to as his specialty carried him splendidly. The fellow's impudence was boundless; he had probably run himself to the last ten pounds of his exchequer by the contest, and yet he treated the opposite candidate as though he was exactly his equal; feelingly alluded to the heavy cost each had inflicted on the other, and talked as though drawing checks on Drummond was a pastime which he liked, and could afford himself. The unfailing good-humor, the geniality that never was soured by any contrariety, the temper that no outrages ruffled, won so completely on the victorious candidate that he actually made a friend of him, and they became inseparable. "I knew how it would turn out," said Y—, the adventurer in question. "I saw something of this very early in life. The Duke of Leckington gave me a black eye when I was at Rugby, and I made him my friend for life by the way I took it. All men can do the grand condescension dodge: the real test of a clever fellow is to take his kicking gracefully."

So far as I am aware, Y— had not many more reverses to try him. I remember him in the House; he sat for a considerable town. I saw his name amongst Sir Robert Peel's guests at Drayton. He had made two or three effective speeches, and was not unlikely to have office offered him. Where I saw him last was at an embassy abroad, where he dined with his newly married wife, an immensely rich widow, and where the entertainment was given specially in their honor. His manner then was grandiose, and almost haughty. He had evidently scored the game he played for, and had taken leave of the subjunctive tense forever. I repeat, then, this man has no right to come into my category of inscrutables; that grand stock of impudence he possessed was a California in itself.

The men who really interest me are the fellows so utterly helpless as to seem objects of a national charity; and yet who eat venison and drink '48 claret every day, with apparently a more strongly vested right in these condiments than an Irish bishop has now in his See acres. It is not alone that they do nothing, but they are directly incapable of doing anything. They aid no one, instruct no one, amuse no one, interest no one. They do not even point the moral of the nothingness of existence, and show us that life is weariness and *ennui*,—for the fellows look as if they liked it, and on the whole appear jolly.

I never knew one of these men refuse a subscription to anything, be it a hunt-fund, a picnic, a regatta, or a local charity. I do not know if they aid missionary labor, but I am certain they would if they were asked. I once inquired, from the secretary of a well-known institution, and learned that these people always pay, and that they are the only ones who need never be dunned. Who can explain this mystery? Who can say out of what secret-service fund these men draw their extraordinaries?

As to "tips" to gamekeepers, beaters, whips, and flunkies, generally, they are far and away the most splendidly generous; while in the higher class of black-mail, which consists in birthday reminiscences, bon-bons, and bouquets, there is a blended taste and elegance in their presents which make them perfectly distinctive.

Why will no Government—seeing to what straits financial difficulties drive Governments—send out a commission to see how this is done? Why will no Chancellor of the Exchequer inquire



how liabilities are met with no means, and extravagances indulged in without assets? Surely this is a more interesting object of discovery than a North-west Passage, or the source of an African river.

Nor is it alone that these men dine better and dress better than you or me, but they move habitually in circles where we only arrive after some successes. As a class, they are not given to marriage, otherwise, I am confident, they would pick up all the heiresses of the kingdom, and leave nothing but untochered lasses for the earls and viscounts.

That very vulgar name for a vulgar quality, "Cheek," explains a great deal, but is no real exponent of this puzzle. Cheek scores, small, isolated dropping successes,—passes a man into a ball-room uninvited, admits him to a flower-show without a ticket, blends him with a group he has no pretension to be amongst, and occasionally gets him the recognition that is given by habit. Cheek will do these, but no more. It will no more serve to carry a man on through the conflict of life than will a life-belt float you across the Atlantic.

Cheek, besides, is the quality of the very humblest order of impudent men. The great professors of the art,—the grand capitalists,—the Rothschilds of impertinence, are the reverse of "cheeky." They are studiously quiet, reserved, a little arrogant perhaps, but it is the arrogance of men who do not permit vulgar intrusion, who like to dwell apart from chance acquaintanceships, who risk no intimacies,—they affect much simplicity of manner, and have a sort of prudery of their own, not at all unlike what, in the other sex, is occasionally assumed by those whose lives are not distinguished by self-denial. I suspect that for the very highest walk of the profession Englishmen and Russians are the best adapted. Frenchmen have too much levity of manner, Germans are too stolid and impassive. As for Americans, they are wholly deficient in dignity, their only idea of which is intense prosiness. The Russian, however, is better than the Briton; for while he has all the weight and gravity, he blends with the *aplomb* a plasticity, a courteous suavity, which the other never attains to,—he is a courtier in plain clothes.

Whether it be that the world takes a sort of malicious pleasure in watching its impudent people, or whether, as I rather incline to believe, the impudent people are deemed better than the drearier bores who invest society, whichever the cause, they are certainly neither discouraged nor disowned in the world at large. Every city of Europe has its supply. London is rich in them: Paris offers a fine field for exploitation. In Vienna they are rarely found. It is the one capital of the Continent where there is no social privateering; and no amount of mere impudence of the most gifted ornament of the craft would have the slightest chance of gaining admission within the precincts of a Lichtenstein or an Erdödi house.

Impudence is to social success what credit is to commercial. The man who can draw on the imaginary with the assurance that, on the faith of it, he will maintain his ground and make sure his position, is pretty much like the trader who, if only time be given him, will realize enough to meet his engagements. Wilkes only asked ten minutes in advance of the handsomest man in England, and I am certain he was right; but Wilkes was at the top of the profession,—Brummel was a long way his inferior. Montrou, who flourished in Paris some fifty years ago, was a very remarkable specimen. Since

that time we have fallen upon a very inferior class. The walk has been vulgarized. The claim of the pushing man to a front place is, however, intelligible enough. You may not exactly recognize his right, but you must confess to his zeal, and yield credence to his energy; but what is really difficult to understand is the social success of men who bring nothing, not even impudence, to the common stock of amusement, who are found in every city of Europe. These men are neither rich, great, nor gifted. They live obscurely, dispense no civilities, do nothing, to all appearance, for any one, but they are everywhere, know every one, and have access to the very highest in the land. "Don't bother yourself with Rouher," said a friend of mine the other day. "'X.' will speak of it to the Emperor. X. told Bismarck that remark you made. X. was dining on Saturday with Antonelli, and heard that story about Lady G——." Now why should X. have the *entrée* at the Tuileries, or sit at meal with the Cardinal? Can you tell me this, or do you know any one who can?

I know it is an affectation with some really distinguished men to surround themselves with very inferior companions, not from any desire to be kings of their company, for some of them are men who would command the first places anywhere; but out of some strange caprice, partly humoristic and partly indolent, they like to have about them those who are easy recipients of their own humors, and who demand no exertion to entertain them; and as they would despise toadyism, they select men even incapable of that servile homage; these dreary inscrutables have therefore their use here.

Who ever saw a knot of men travelling without one of these? Who ever saw a yacht party without one? Are these fellows, after all, the great philosophers of the age, who know everything, see everything, and do nothing,—for whom and for whose benefit you and I, and hundreds like us, write books and newspapers, make reforms in Parliament, pull down churches, and send out expeditions to Africa?

Is it possible that these, whom we profanely have believed to be the dull dogs of the world, are its prime movers and masters? Have they a mason-hood amongst them, and secret signs to signify how they are playing us off, how enjoying themselves at our expense? What a dreadful thought, to think these stolid existences were shrewd observers and profound thinkers, the real spectators of that comedy that you and I are playing for their amusement!

Some one once imagined the horror and dismay that would be spread through life if the furniture of our houses could be endowed with speech and be called into the witness-box against us; but these men would be far more terrible if we could believe them to be endowed with intelligence.

If the inscrutables throw off their mask, what satires we should have on our vanity and our pretension, our wit and our wisdom,—on the conversational brilliancy we assumed to be impromptu, and the claret we pretended to have kept so long! what bankruptcy would fall upon all our affectations!

The question I would then propound is, Are our dreary people, whom we cultivate, ask to dinner, and foster generally, are they the dull nonentities we love to believe them; or are we nurturing a whole colony of serpents in the midst of us, whose torpor is but for a season, and who will awake one day and devour us?



I own to a strong personal interest in the solution of this problem, for I have been handling these snakes fearlessly for years, and it is only by a sudden thought I have come to imagine they might be poisonous.

### FOREIGN NOTES.

THE best portraits in this year's exhibition of the French Academy are said to be the work of women.

AN English version of M. Sardou's comedy "Séraphine" has been produced at the Queen's Theatre, London.

THE editor of the Pall Mall Gazette has been thrown into a very unhealthy state of mind by Mr. Sumner's speech on the "Alabama Claims."

THE Marquis of Bute, in token of gratitude for his conversion, and as a thank-offering, is about founding and endowing a magnificent hospital for lepers in Jerusalem.

THE story of Faust and Gretchen has been turned into a burlesque opera by MM. Crémieux and Adolphe Jaime, and has been produced at the Folies-Dramatiques with music by M. Hervé, as "Le petit Faust."

THE House of Commons was recently favored by Mr. Synan with genuine and consequently delicious Irish bull. Defending one Colonel French from some remarks which had been directed against him, Mr. S. said, "His right Hon. friend had retained his seat between thirty and forty years, and was likely, if he lived as long, to retain it for the period of his natural life!"

M. EMILE OLLIVIER has sent the following unique challenge to M. Bancel, an ultra red Republicanist, and contributor to the new Radical paper the *Rappel*,—"Will you send me two of your friends? I shall put them in communication with two of mine. They will select a vast *salle*, a president and a staff of stenographers, and fix the day and hour of meeting." As M. Bancel is said to be very fond of displaying his gifts as an orator, it is probable that the gentleman will pick up the gauntlet.

"THE Girl of the Period Miscellany," an illustrated monthly magazine for *les femmes*, has a department called "The Grumbler," at the head of which stands the following enticing editorial notice:—

Any lady, married or single, who has, or fancies she has (which is the same thing), just or unjust cause of complaint against husband, snitor, or other obnoxious male, is invited to make known her grievances through the medium of The Grumbler; and as no replies or justifications will, on any pretence, be inserted, the afflicted one will enjoy the proud satisfaction of knowing that her accusations are unanswerable.

The names and addresses of the injured ladies are politely requested, not necessarily for publication, but as a safeguard against any mean attempt on the part of the accused to publish justifications of their unpardonable behavior.

WHILE velocipedomania is moderating with us, it is increasing abroad. A party of Prince Napoleon's aides-de-camp lately made a trip from Nice to Villafranca on water velocipedes. These machines consist of two miniature parallel canoes, which support a sort of chair; the paddle-wheel, placed between the canoes, is propelled by the feet

only, and is covered like the paddle-wheel of a steamer to protect the driver from the water it throws up. Their speed is said to be very great. It now remains for the Aeronautical Society to adapt the velocipede to travelling through the air.

"Good poetry on religious subjects is so scarce," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "that we should honor all well-meant efforts. It is, however, difficult to say much of the following stanzas. They are published in Chancery Lane, and a 'considerable allowance' is made 'to those who purchase to give away.' The poem is entitled 'The Heavenly Bank,' and we quote the most remarkable verses:—

"I have a never-failing bank,  
A more than golden store;  
No earthly bank is half so rich,  
How can I then be poor?"

"Sometimes my Banker smiling says,  
"Why don't you oftener come?"  
"And when you draw a little note,  
Why not a larger sum."

"I know my bank will never break;  
No, it can never fail;  
The firm, three persons in one God,  
Jehovah, Lord of all.

"Should all the banks of Britain break,  
The Bank of England smash,  
Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank,—  
You 'll surely have your cash."

Even those who are the firmest believers in the efficacy of revival songs may doubt the good taste of this; but the concluding stanzas are still worse:—

"The leper had a little note,—  
"Lord, if thou wilt, thou can";  
The Banker cashed his little note,  
And healed the sickly man.

"But see the wretched dying thief  
Hang by the Banker's side;  
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me!"  
He got his cash and died."

Surely such atrocious doggerel on sacred subjects is merely blasphemous."

EXPERIMENTS have recently been made by the Birmingham (England) Chamber of Commerce as to the non-liability of percussion-caps to explode *en masse*. The fact is, as has been over and over again established, that percussion-caps will not explode in bulk. One cap may explode,—two, three, or more, fifty or a hundred; but each explosion is, so to speak, independent of the other. It is not communicated from one cap to another, and the explosion of so many caps at once is merely the fortuitous concurrence of a number of explosions of single caps which have been subjected at one and the same time to similar or separate influences. An explosion of this character is not of a formidable character. In the course of the trial which took place a few years ago with reference to the destruction by nitro-glycerine of the steamship European at Colon, an attempt was made to fix the blame on a small cargo of percussion-caps, but it was effectually defeated by the evidence which was forthcoming on the side of the caps, and with which the conclusions to be drawn from the late experiments are in perfect accord. In these experiments boxes containing caps were placed in the fire, and there allowed to remain until one by one the caps burnt out; a half-hundredweight of caps were placed in a red-hot chamber, without giving rise to any explosion; fifty thousand caps were placed in an ordinary packing-case inside a furnace, but no explosion occurred; heavy masses of iron were allowed to fall on parcels containing each five thousand caps, without producing an explosion; a bag



containing twenty thousand was laid on the rails of the London and Northwestern Railway, and an engine passed over it without causing an explosion; and even one hundred thousand caps in two wooden packing-cases placed on the buffers (not spring) of an engine, and struck by a train of several trucks, moving at twelve miles an hour, gave no explosion. It is difficult to see how the English railway companies can resist this conclusive evidence as to the safety of percussion caps, or why they should continue to impose prohibitory charges on their conveyance by rail.

ARTHUR HELPS, in one of his Short Essays now appearing in Good Words, says:—

“Regarding one day, in company with a humorous friend, a noble vessel of a somewhat novel construction, sailing slowly out of port, he observed, ‘What a quantity of cold water somebody must have had down his back!’ In my innocence I supposed that he alluded to the wet work of the artisans who had been building her; but when I came to know him better, I found that this was the form of comment he always indulged in, when contemplating any new and great work, and that his somebody was the designer of the vessel. My friend had carefully studied the art of discouragement, and there was a class of men whom he designated simply as ‘cold-water pourers.’ It was most amusing to hear him describe the lengthened sufferings of the man who first designed a wheel; of him who first built a boat; and of the adventurous personage who first proposed the daring enterprise of using buttons, instead of fishes’ bones, to fasten the scanty raiment of some savage tribe. Warming with his theme, he would become quite eloquent in describing the long career of discouragement which these rash men had brought upon themselves, and which he said, to his knowledge, must have shortened all their lives. He invented imaginary dialogues between the unfortunate inventor, say of the wheel, and his particular friend, some eminent cold-water pourer. For, as he said, every man has some such friend, who fascinates him by fear, and to whom he confides his enterprises in order to hear the worst that can be said of them.

“The sayings of the chilling friend probably, as he observed, ran thus:—

“‘We seem to have gone on very well for thousands of years without this rolling thing. Your father carried burdens on his back. The king is content to be borne on men’s shoulders. The high-priest is not too proud to do the same. Indeed, I question whether it is not irreligious to attempt to shift from men’s shoulders their natural burdens.

“‘Then, as to its succeeding,—for my part, I see no chance of that. How can it go up hill? How is one to stop it, going down? How often you have failed before in other fanciful things of the same nature! Besides, you are losing your time; and the yams about your hut are only half planted. You will be a beggar; and it is my duty, as a friend, to tell you so plainly. There was Nang-chung: what became of him? We had found fire for ages, in a proper way, taking a proper time about it, by rubbing two sticks together. He must needs strike out fire at once, with iron and flint; and did he die in his bed? Our sacred lords saw the impiety of that proceeding, and very justly impaled the man who imitated heavenly powers. And, even if you could succeed with this new and absurd rolling thing, the State would be ruined. What

would become of those who now carry burdens on their backs? Put aside the vain fancies of a childish mind, and finish the planting of your yams.’

“No one who had not heard my ingenious friend throw himself into the part of the first objector, can well imagine how much there is to be said against the invention of forks. The proposed invention was impious, troublesome, unclean, unnecessary, and ludicrous. Besides, it was impossible, by reason of its difficulty; and, if it were possible, it would be most dangerous. It was putting a ready weapon into every angry man’s hands, when the juice of the grape should mount into men’s heads; and it would mount into the heads even of the wisest. Who would answer for the deaths that would ensue from these dangerous weapons being always close at hand? There could be no blessing on a meal that was to be eaten with forks. They had had a famine last year, when two million Celestials died in anguish. What would happen the year after forks should come into use? Not that they could be used; for it would take a lifetime to learn how to use them. Then, what was to become of the four great Tang-rang ceremonials, which all depended upon the meat being taken bit by bit, in due succession, between the thumb and each of the several fingers?

“How was the Celestial monarch to show his world-astounding favor to a wisely-controlling minister, when that royal personage could not take between his thumb and his little finger a boiled bird’s-nest, and forever irradiate with joy the statesman, by throwing it into his mouth, held open reverently? The thing could not be; and he who should endeavor to invent such a machine as a fork was an idiot, a hater of men, a parricide, cousin of a dead dog, and a despiser of all ceremonials. Finally, what would his aunt, widow of the great Ling-Pe, say? a wise lady, who had known all the sacred usages of old, and who had seven rice-fields and three-and-twenty slaves to bequeath. Thus the invention of forks was stopped in China.

“My humorous friend was wont to say, that thus, too, several fork inventors in various countries had been quelled, until the wicked idea entered into a man who had no aunt, and then forks were invented; but he, the inventor, was justly burnt alive.

“It is really very curious to observe how, even in modern times, the arts of discouragement prevail. There are men, whose sole pretence to wisdom consists in administering discouragement. They are never at a loss. They are equally ready to prophesy, with wonderful ingenuity, all possible varieties of misfortune to any enterprise that is proposed; and, when the thing is produced, and has met with some success, to find a flaw in it. We once saw a work of art produced in the presence of an eminent cold-water pourer. He did not deny that it was beautiful; but he instantly fastened upon a small crack in it, that nobody had observed; and upon that crack he would dilate, whenever the work was discussed in his presence. Indeed, he did not see the work, but only the crack in it. That flaw, that little flaw, was all in all to him.

“The cold-water pourers are not all of one form of mind. Some are led to indulge in this recreation from genuine timidity. They really do fear that all new attempts will fail. Others are simply envious and ill-natured. Then, again, there is a sense of power and wisdom in prophesying evil. Moreover, it is the safest thing to prophesy, for hardly any-



thing at first succeeds exactly in the way that it was intended to succeed.

"Again, there is the lack of imagination which gives rise to the utterance of so much discouragement. For an ordinary man, it must have been a great mental strain to grasp the ideas of the first projectors of steam and gas, electric-telegraphs, and pain-deadening chloroform. The inventor is always, in the eyes of his fellow-men, somewhat of a madman; and often they do their best to make him so.

"Again, there is the want of sympathy; and that is, perhaps, the ruling cause in most men's minds who have given themselves up to discourage. They are not tender enough, or sympathetic enough, to appreciate all the pain they are giving, when, in a dull, plodding way, they lay out argument after argument to show that the project which the poor inventor has set his heart upon, and upon which, perhaps, he has staked his fortune, will not succeed.

"But what inventors suffer is but a small part of what mankind in general endure from thoughtless and unkind discouragement. These high-souled men belong to the suffering class, and must suffer; but it is in daily life that the wear and tear of discouragement tells so much. Propose not a great invention, but a small party of pleasure to an apt discourager (and there is generally one in most households), and see what he will make of it. It soon becomes sickled over with doubt and despondency; and, at last, the only hope of the proposer is that his proposal, when realized, will not be an ignominious failure. All hope of pleasure at least for him, the proposer, has long been out of the question."

#### THE LEITH PILOT'S SONG.

##### I.

O, where is the ship that sailed over the sea  
 Last Michaelmas-tide was a year?  
 At Michaelmas-tide, and she promised to be  
 By Midsummer back again here.  
 Stout and strong was her build, stout and strong was  
 her oak,  
 Stout and strong were her mariners bold;  
 Loud and long were our cheers, as the good ship  
 broke  
 Through the Bar, where the big breakers rolled.  
 "God speed thee, my son," prayed the gray Grandame,  
 As she wiped the last tear from her eye.  
 "He must go," sighed the Bride, yet she smiled all  
 the same,  
 As near to a smile as a sigh!  
 Now a heave, yo ho! heave the lead, yo ho!  
 And a heave, yo ho! for the lead.

##### II.

O, where is the ship that sailed over the sea  
 Last Michaelmas-tide was a year?  
 At Michaelmas-tide, and she promised to be  
 By Midsummer back again here.  
 "God save thee, my son," moans the gray Grandame,  
 With ever a tear in her eye;  
 "He must come," cries the Bride, yet she weeps all  
 the same,  
 As the weariful days go by.  
 Alas, for the ship that lies deep in the sea!  
 Alas, for the mariners' hearts that are cold!  
 Alas, for two hearts breaking silently,  
 Bonny Bride and gray Grandame old!  
 Now a heave, yo ho! heave the lead, yo ho!  
 And a heave, yo ho! for the lead.

#### PATTY.

(FOR AN ALBUM.)

WHAT can I write within a book  
 Which is to face a face so pretty —  
 Upon a page to meet the look  
 Of one so young, and dear, and witty?  
 O sweetest thoughts come to my call,  
 Thoughts sweet as she is, if there be such;  
 Fancies more fair than come at all —  
 Fairer than fairest! — she should see such.  
 O that in flowers my utterance were!  
 That, from the page, might bloom my fancies  
 In sweetness fit to pleasure her,  
 In lilies, jessamines, and pansies!  
 "Sweets to the sweet"; — 't were only right,  
 Rhyming to her, to write in roses  
 Such dreams as Summer to her sight,  
 In odorous violets, disencloses.  
 Ah, should I seek all nature through,  
 The bloom that sweetest to the bee is,  
 How poorly would it, page, on you  
 Show to the reader half what she is!  
 She moves, like June, through sultry hours  
 Warmed with such sighs as should be uttered,  
 Not in weak words, but passion-flowers,  
 That lovers' twilight vows have fluttered.  
 Silence must praise her; language fails:  
 Ah! he who would with utterance woo her,  
 Must breathe such songs as nightingales  
 Or music's self would murmur to her!

She came to show to our blest sight  
 What heaven to earth could lend of beauty,  
 Therefore our blessings are her right,  
 And to adore her is a duty.

Well, at her feet all hearts may fall!  
 O sweetest shape of heaven made human,  
 She sums in her dear self, the all  
 Of loveliness that's lent to woman.

To prove God's goodness to our eyes,  
 Spring and the sight to her were given.  
 She shows us Eve in Paradise,  
 And what the angels are in heaven.

Ah, how I wish! alas, in vain!  
 (To write "in vain," ah, how I suffer!)  
 That I were twenty-four again,  
 And not a married, gray old buffer!

Then how about her I would sigh!  
 With gloves as spotless, — boots as natty,  
 As some one's she knows; Lord! how I  
 Would love a girl whose name is Patty!

Well, Heaven be with her all her way  
 To heaven itself through death's dark portals;  
 While here our angel makes her stay,  
 May she know but the joys of mortals!

Wherever with the hours she roam  
 Her path through flowers and sunshine still be —  
 Be hers such love as lights my home  
 When she is forty — as she will be!

W. C. BENNETT.



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1869.

[No. 180.]

## NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### VI. — A FLY-LEAF IN A LIFE.

ONCE upon a time (no matter when), I was engaged in a pursuit (no matter what), which could be transacted by myself alone; in which I could have no help; which imposed a constant strain on the attention, memory, observation, and physical powers; and which involved an almost fabulous amount of change of place and rapid railway travelling. I had followed this pursuit through an exceptionally trying winter in an always trying climate, and had resumed it in England after but a brief repose. Thus it came to be prolonged until, at length — and, as it seemed, all of a sudden — it so wore me out that I could not rely, with my usual cheerful confidence, upon myself to achieve the constantly recurring task, and began to feel (for the first time in my life) giddy, jarred, shaken, faint, uncertain of voice and sight and tread and touch, and dull of spirit. The medical advice I sought within a few hours, was given in two words: "Instant rest." Being accustomed to observe myself as curiously as if I were another man, and knowing the advice to meet my only need, I instantly halted in the pursuit of which I speak, and rested.

My intention was, to interpose, as it were, a fly-leaf in the book of my life, in which nothing should be written from without for a brief season of a few weeks. But some very singular experiences recorded themselves on this same fly-leaf, and I am going to relate them literally. I repeat the word: literally.

My first odd experience was of the remarkable coincidence between my case, in the general mind, and one Mr. MERDLE's as I find it recorded in a work of fiction called *LITTLE DORRIT*. To be sure, Mr. Merdle was a swindler, forger, and thief, and my calling had been of a less harmful (and less remunerative) nature; but it was all one for that.

Here is Mr. Merdle's case: —

"At first, he was dead of all the diseases that ever were known, and of several brand-new maladies invented with the speed of Light to meet the demand of the occasion. He had concealed a dropsy from infancy, he had inherited a large estate of water on the chest from his grandfather, he had had an operation performed upon him every morning of his life for eighteen years, he had been subject to the explosion of important veins in his body after the manner of fireworks, he had had something

the matter with his lungs, he had had something the matter with his heart, he had had something the matter with his brain. Five hundred people who sat down to breakfast entirely uninformed on the whole subject, believed before they had done breakfast, that they privately and personally knew Physician to have said to Mr. Merdle, 'You must expect to go out, some day, like the snuff of a candle'; and that they knew Mr. Merdle to have said to Physician, 'A man can die but once.' By about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, something the matter with the brain, became the favorite theory against the field; and by twelve the something had been distinctly ascertained to be 'Pressure.'

"Pressure was so entirely satisfactory to the public mind, and seemed to make every one so comfortable, that it might have lasted all day but for Bar's having taken the real state of the case into Court at half-past nine. Pressure, however, so far from being overthrown by the discovery, became a greater favorite than ever. There was a general moralizing upon Pressure, in every street. All the people who had tried to make money and had not been able to do so, said, There you were! You no sooner began to devote yourself to the pursuit of wealth, than you got Pressure. The idle people improved the occasion in a similar manner. 'See, said they, what you brought yourself to by work, work, work! You persisted in working, you overdid it, Pressure came on, and you were done for! This consideration was very potent in many quarters, but nowhere more so than among the young clerks and partners who had never been in the slightest danger of overdoing it. These, one and all declared, quite piously, that they hoped they would never forget the warning as long as they lived, and that their conduct might be so regulated as to keep off Pressure, and preserve them, a comfort to their friends, for many years.'

Just my case, — if I had only known it, — when I was quietly basking in the sunshine in my Kentish meadow!

But while I so rested, thankfully recovering every hour, I had experiences more odd than this. I had experiences of spiritual conceit, for which, as giving me a new warning against that curse of mankind, I shall always feel grateful to the supposition that I was too far gone to protest against playing sick lion to any stray donkey with an itching hoof. All sorts of people seemed to become vicariously religious at my expense. I received the most uncompromising warning that I was a Heathen; on the conclusive authority of a field preacher, who, like the most of his ignorant and vain and daring class,



could not construct a tolerable sentence in his native tongue or pen a fair letter. This inspired individual called me to order roundly, and knew in the freest and easiest way where I was going to, and what would become of me if I failed to fashion myself on his bright example, and was on terms of blasphemous confidence with the Heavenly Host. He was in the secrets of my heart, and in the lowest soundings of my soul—he!—and could read the depths of my nature better than his A B C, and could turn me inside out, like his own clammy glove. But what is far more extraordinary than this,—for such dirty water as this could alone be drawn from such a shallow and muddy source,—I found from the information of a beneficed clergyman, of whom I never heard and whom I never saw, that I had not, as I rather supposed I had, lived a life of some reading, contemplation, and inquiry; that I had not studied, as I rather supposed I had, to inculcate some Christian lessons in books; that I had never tried, as I rather supposed I had, to turn a child or two tenderly towards the knowledge and love of our Saviour; that I had never had, as I rather supposed I had had, departed friends, or stood beside open graves; but that I had lived a life of “uninterrupted prosperity,” and that I needed this “check, overmuch,” and that the way to turn it to account was to read these sermons and these poems, enclosed, and written and issued by my correspondent! I beg it may be understood that I relate facts of my own uncommercial experience, and no vain imaginings. The documents in proof lie near my hand.

Another odd entry on the fly-leaf, of a more entertaining character, was the wonderful persistency with which kind sympathizers assumed that I had injuriously coupled with the so suddenly relinquished pursuit those personal habits of mine most obviously incompatible with it, and most plainly impossible of being maintained, along with it. As, all that exercise, all that cold bathing, all that wind and weather, all that uphill training,—all that everything else, say, which is usually carried about by express trains in a portmanteau and hat-box, and partaken of under a flaming row of gas-lights in the company of two thousand people. This assuming of a whole case against all fact and likelihood struck me as particularly droll, and was an oddity of which I certainly had had no adequate experience in life until I turned that curious fly-leaf.

My old acquaintances the begging-letter writers came out on the fly-leaf, very piously indeed. They were glad, at such a serious crisis, to afford me another opportunity of sending that post-office order. I need n't make it a pound, as previously insisted on; ten shillings might ease my mind. And Heaven forbid that they should refuse, at such an insignificant figure, to take a weight off the memory of an erring fellow-creature! One gentleman, of an artistic turn (and copiously illustrating the books of the Mendicity Society), thought it might soothe my conscience in the tender respect of gifts misused, if I would immediately cash up in aid of his lowly talent for original design,—as a specimen of which he enclosed me a work of art which I recognized as a tracing from a woodcut originally published in the late Mrs. Trollope's book on America, forty or fifty years ago. The number of people who were prepared to live long years after me, untiring benefactors to their species, for fifty pounds apiece down, was astonishing. Also, of those who wanted

bank-notes for stiff penitential amounts, to give away,—not to keep, on any account.

Divers wonderful medicines and machines insinuated recommendations of themselves into the fly-leaf that was to have been so blank. It was specially observable that every prescriber, whether in a moral or physical direction, knew me thoroughly—knew me from head to heel, in and out, through and through, upside down. I was a glass piece of general property, and everybody was on the most surprisingly intimate terms with me. A few public institutions had complimentary perceptions of corners in my mind, of which, after considerable self-examination, I have not discovered any indication. Neat little printed forms were addressed to those corners, beginning with the words: “I give and bequeath.”

Will it seem exaggerative to state my belief that the most honest, the most modest, and the least vain-glorious of all the records upon this strange fly-leaf, was a letter from the self-deceived discoverer of the recondite secret “how to live four or five hundred years”? Doubtless it will seem so, yet the statement is not exaggerative by any means, but is made in my serious and sincere conviction. With this, and with a laugh at the rest that shall not be cynical, I turn the fly-leaf, and go on again.

### MY VERY ODD UNCLE.

I HAD once an uncle who was allowed to be the greatest oddity in Shropshire, which is saying a good deal. As far as I heard from the elders of my family, he got on like other people in his early days (the most accurate said up to the beginning of his twenty-sixth year), when, after having been duly articulated to the most eminent solicitor in our county town,—getting through his seven years without mischance, passing his examination respectably and obtaining his certificate,—he entered into partnership with Messrs. Gammon and Gosling, the heirs and successors of his master in the law, and thought by all Shrewsbury to be a most promising firm. I believe they did business together for about six months; the great will-case of Sharp *versus* Smoothy was the storm that shipwrecked them, and then my uncle's oddity was somehow developed. It proved to be of an uncommon kind; there was nothing peculiar in his dress, manners, or conversation; he had always been of a quiet, sensible turn, and so he continued to be; but his heart and mind, and money, too, went, from that time, after old and dilapidated houses.

Wherever there was a decayed cottage, a half-ruined barn, a tumbled-down tenement that nobody could be got to take or buy (and there's no scarcity of the like in the county Salop), it was sure to be heard of, hunted up, and leased, rented, or purchased by Richard Ramshorn, Esquire,—such being the style and title of my estimable relative. For that branch of business, he gave up the management of people's legal affairs, his time being entirely occupied with his takings and purchases. He spent day after day in solitary surveys of these ruined dwellings, locking or bolting himself in, as if any human being was likely to intrude upon him. He half repaired some of them; he half furnished others; he advertised them far and wide, with the usual flourish about convenient and desirable premises, and had sundry fierce quarrels with high-tempered ladies and gentlemen, whom, they said, advertisements had brought miles out of their way for noth-



ing. When no tenant could be got at any rent, and none of the old women in the neighborhood could be induced to "mind" them, my uncle consoled himself by paying rounds of visits to his far-scattered possessions. He was to be seen in all weathers sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, but always carrying a leathern bag, which he had provided for the purpose of holding the rusty keys, which he guarded with a care as jealous as though they were the title-deeds of a manor.

As his peculiar taste became known to auctioneers, house-agents, and all who had unsalable and unlettable buildings on their hands, his transactions increased and his finances diminished. Of course, they were all great bargains, — monstrous cheap, and sure to enrich him some day; but his means were dribbled away on those unprofitable estates without the smallest return; for, if he succeeded in getting some misguided man, or more frequently a widow or maiden lady, in a moment of weakness, to become his tenant, the lawsuit which invariably arose at the end of the first quarter of occupation more than swallowed up his gains, and he had generally a bonus to pay to the retiring enemy.

My uncle did not fall in love, or take to betting, or go to the bad like other young men; the old houses were sweetheart, entertainment, and sensation for him. It was commonly believed that the more out-of-the-way and out-of-the-world they were, the better he liked them; and the standing grief of his days was that he could not raise money enough to bid for an almost ruined mansion, which nobody had inhabited for more than fifty years, because it stood in a marshy hollow at the foot of a rocky hill, and had a bad repute on account of midnight visitors. He had borrowed from all his friends by this time, till none of them would lend him any more; he was at the end of his means, and his relations were at their wits' end to know what to do with him. We, the Ramshorns, had been always a genteel but not an independent family, — that is to say, every one of us had to do something for his living; and when my uncle Richard contrived to get out of business and out of pocket in his affection for ancient walls, his relations had to take him in hand, as prodigals are commonly dealt with. At first they thought his brain was affected; paid him particular attentions at the full of the moon, and brought two physicians in the guise of house-agents to examine him surreptitiously; but the lunar orb had no influence on his old house-hunting, and the medicine-men could detect no crack in his upper story. Then they wanted him to emigrate; but my uncle Richard had too considerable a stake in England, and refused to leave his property. He consented, however, to give up buying and leasing, and returned to business.

With the help of his friends and relatives, he got into another legal partnership, and went on steadily for sometime, doing junior partner's work and realizing accordingly; but as soon as a little money got into his fingers, another great bargain was heard of, and within less than two years he was in hot pursuit of the old houses again. Of course, they led him to the same goal, and he was brought back from the husks once more; but what need to tell of his relapses and restorations; they were numerous as those brought about by the glass or the gaming-table. He was fished out of low lodging-houses; he was redeemed from the debtors' prison: his requisites were taken out of pawn; his I O U's were paid, according to the custom of families en-

dowed with such straying sheep; he had intervals of respectability, longer or shorter, as good fortune attended him or funds held out; but neither the example nor the preaching of his kith and kin could wean Uncle Richard's heart from the old houses.

A serious acquaintance of ours called him the dark dispensation of the Ramshorns; a troublesome dispensation he undoubtedly was, and served for a use of terror to our rising generation, all of whom grew up remarkably prudent through the dread of his example, inspired by the lectures of judicious friends. Myself being his eldest nephew, took early to saving, and had done wonders at it before I was nineteen, and got my first clerkship with Cheek & Co. Uncle Richard was reckoned an old bachelor by that time, and the only confirmed specimen of the single profession within our borders, except Cousin Grace.

In what degree of cousinship she stood to all or any of us, I never clearly understood; but Miss Grace, as we juniors had to call her, styled herself our cousin-in-general, and insisted on all the rights, privileges, and immunities belonging to that title. She never told her age, and nobody else ever dared tell it, so I am silent on the subject; but Cousin Grace was not very young, and never could have been supposed handsome by any stretch of the imagination. Fortune had been quite as niggardly as nature in her case; her father had left a considerable legacy of debts as well as his only daughter to the care of his kindred; and Cousin Grace said she would live and occupy herself among them for the rest of her days, since a maiden lady of sense and energy was an invaluable addition to any family. Accordingly, she minded their houses and their affairs generally, she governessed their children, she lectured their young people, she gave the old ones her advice whether they wanted it or not, and she made them all understand that Cousin Grace was to be well paid as well as highly esteemed for her services.

There was a fine contrast between the maiden and the bachelor of our family: while Uncle Richard was perpetually spending and losing on his favorite species of real estates, Cousin Grace had powers of saving and getting which were perfectly marvellous, considering her opportunities. As far as we knew, nobody had ever proposed for her heart and hand, and Cousin Grace had a high disdain of all mankind in consequence; yet, strange to say, some of us thought she had a lurking partiality for Uncle Richard. We could all sympathize with her in that; notwithstanding that he was the blot on our escutcheon, the oddity of the family was generally liked, and welcomed wherever he went. Uncle Richard had such an easy, friendly way of meeting his difficulties, that the genera lopinion was, a capable woman might do worse than marry and settle him. But Uncle Richard had no heart to give away from the old walls; and Cousin Grace inferred, with some justice, that the workhouse was the only jointure his spouse could expect; so the little scheme for making a Benedict and Beatrix of our own appeared to be adjourned *sine die*.

We all thought it a pity, for our uncle had been living in the odor of respectability for some time, as senior clerk to his early partners, Gammon and Gosling, who had hung out their legal banner once more, being men of large connections in Shrewsbury; but signs of an approaching change were beginning to be visible. He had been met late in the evening coming from a roofless cottage, and seen to



linger about a ruined barn for the greater part of an afternoon. That was ominous, but worse threatened our peace. The old house in the marshy hollow at the foot of the rocky hill, now become too ruinous to shelter even ghosts, was advertised to be sold for one hundred pounds to any one who might be induced to buy it for the materials. "There is a bargain!" said Uncle Richard to me, as we sat alone in my father's back-parlor, every soul of the family but myself having gone to the Bounceleys' grand party, to which neither my uncle nor Cousin Grace, who happened to be with us at the time, was magnificent enough to be invited; I had stayed at home to keep them company, knowing that my fair enslaver, Lucy Sutton, was not to be there — "a bargain not to be got hold of every day, George. If I had that one hundred pounds to lay down, I should make my fortune, ay, and the fortune of my friends too. The property is worth two thousand to any man of judgment. I could drain the ground, and build three houses out of the materials, any one of which would pay my expenses three times over; and I am ready to give anybody twenty per cent for the loan of the money; to be paid quarterly in advance: that is better interest than you get in the Salop bank, my boy."

The old fox knew that I had just the sum he wanted, saved from cigars, theatres, and other causes of young men's outlaying, by way of commencing a fund for housekeeping expenses, in case Lucy and Lucy's parents should smile upon my suit. I had been vain enough to exhibit the bank receipt, and Uncle Richard had fixed upon it as his prey to sink in the old house in the marshy hollow; but he did not know that his nephew had affections as strong as his own, though they went in a different direction, and, moreover, had been made wide awake to the results of his old house-hunting from early childhood. Steel and stone he found me to his promises of twenty per cent and eternal gratitude, to all the castles he built in the air out of the ill-reputed ruin, and to his final lamentations that his own brother's son would not help him to make the fortune of the whole family; when we were both startled by the voice of Cousin Grace behind us saying, "Richard, I will lend you the money."

I could scarcely believe my ears, and eyes; but there she stood, in her long worn and much mended black dress and crape collar, which she wore to save washing, her face bound up with another piece of black, — for she was troubled with the toothache, — and her gray hair hidden by a red flannel hood, to ward off the rheumatism.

"You are an angel!" cried Uncle Richard, running towards her with extended arms.

"Recollect propriety, sir," said Cousin Grace, taking him by the shoulder and setting him down on a chair. "George," she continued, "the Bounceleys have sent over for you: they can never get young men enough at their parties; but it is not right to offend them: you know they are related to Mr. Cheek's brother-in-law: go up to your own room and dress this minute."

I saw the necessity of going, under the circumstances; and what passed in the back-parlor that evening, I never could make out; but Cousin Grace kept her resolution to lend Uncle Richard the hundred pounds, which we all believed to be her entire savings. No persuasion, no pointing out of probable consequences, could move her from it. Uncle Richard had promised to pay her; he would not break his word to an unprotected female; and she

thought it her duty as a cousin to give him a chance of retrieving the misfortunes of his life with the money, which she would probably never want, for it was her belief she was not long for this world. Cousin Grace was a lady not easily turned from anything she had set her mind on. When the entire clan of Ramshorn had exhausted their arguments and adjurations, — when she had fought wordy battles with each of their wives, and general engagements with the whole family, — when she had shaken the dust of most of their houses off her feet and got it on again, the money was lent to Uncle Richard, and with it he bought the old house in the marshy hollow.

The joy or the folly of his life appeared to be crowned by the possession of that coveted tenement. Morning, noon, and night, he was desecrated moving about its ruined walls, scrambling out of some of its sashless windows, or seated on a rock hard by, contemplating his desirable property. The reputation of the place prevented his being intruded upon by curious neighbors; none of the Ramshorns, except Cousin Grace, would come within a mile of it or him; their indignation, including my own, knew no bounds at this last and most desperate relapse. At the end of the first fortnight of his ownership, Messrs. Gammon and Gosling summarily dismissed him for neglect of business, and Cousin Grace announced her intention of marrying him without delay. Of course she was reminded of what sort of jointure was to be expected; but Grace said one could not pass over one's lot; and Uncle Richard being agreeable, the marriage came off accordingly. The Ramshorns one and all protested, in the first instance, that they would have nothing to do with the pair, and finally went in a body to their wedding. Grace almost sent the ladies of the family into fits by appearing in a silk dress on the occasion, bought out of the remains of her savings, no doubt, and therefore showing a clearer prospect of the workhouse.

But Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ramshorn did not betake themselves to that dignified retirement; on the contrary, they first took quiet chambers in Shrewsbury, where Richard advertised himself, and commenced business as a solicitor; while Grace supervised both him and his clients; then they leased a piece of ground in the neighborhood, and began to build a house of very decent dimensions out of the materials in the marshy hollow. By and by, it was evident to us all that Uncle Richard was an altered man; and that the change was much for the better. The most unmanageable of his domains in the roofless-cottage and ruined-barn line were pulled down, to help the building of his new home, or disposed of for like purposes; the best of them were by degrees repaired, and let to honest tenants: his own house was finished; he and his lady took possession, and furnished it wonderfully well, though with great complaints of the dear times. Uncle Richard's legal business increased, or at least his prosperity did; first, Mrs. Richard had one servant, then she had two; a black silk dress replaced the well-mended stuff one; and the rheumatism was kept out of her head by a velvet hood, instead of the red flannel.

Time works wonders in all parts of the world, and so it did in ours, for the disgrace of the Ramshorns became their glory. Within ten years after my refusal to help Uncle Richard in making the fortune of the whole family with that hundred pounds I had in the Salop bank, I found myself



quoting his sayings of wisdom, and setting forth his greatness on every opportunity. All the rest of his kindred were doing likewise, except Mrs. Richard, née Cousin Grace: she had admonished him before marriage, and, excellent woman, she continued to admonish him after it; but their conjugal life was, on the whole, an easy one. They had no family, and they appeared to be getting rich, and we, every one, paid them court accordingly. Uncle Richard's days of oddity were over, but he had the gout sometimes; I suppose people must have something; and on those occasions of being laid up, he was partial to sending for my good father and mother, who had been most considerate to him in the old times of relapse and restoration. When he could not sleep, they used to sit with him till far into the night; and at one of these sittings, as they told me, he made them an unexpected revelation.

"Robert," said he, addressing my father, "don't you remember what a nuisance I used to be to you and Emily, with my buying of old houses?"

"No; not exactly a nuisance," said my prudent father.

"O, but I was. Many a time you wished me at Jericho; and you had good reason. I want to tell you something that will explain that matter; and I know you will keep the secret for all our sakes," said Uncle Richard. "When I was partner with Gammon and Gosling in the *Sharp and Smooth* case,—it must be thirty years ago now,—there were two pedigrees to be made out, and bundles of papers and letters to be looked over for that purpose. The looking-over business fell to me; and among the letters, I found one addressed to Henry Sharp, Esq., dated St. Germain, the 30th September, 1720, and evidently written by a partisan of the exiled Stuarts, who still lingered there, and deplored, in the old-fashioned spelling of his time, besides the absence of the rightful king, that thirty thousand pounds' worth of plate, jewels, and coin, which somebody, whom he called the most loyal K., had hidden in an old house in the county Salop, how it could not be discovered, nor any information about it obtained, since K. was lost at sea, and the secret went with him. On the blank side of the letter there was written in a different hand, which I found to be that of the late gentleman whose will was disputed: 'The thirty thousand pounds' worth has not been discovered yet, but I have reason to believe that the old house was in the neighborhood of Shrewsbury.' MESSRS. GAMMON and GOSLING never heard tell of that letter; but I read and thought over it night and day: it sent me after old houses, it made me what you know I was; and it and Grace helped me to find at last what the loyal K. had hidden in the cellar of that old house in the marshy hollow. Maybe I paid for it, through so many years; so did you, for that matter, Robert; but you and yours will be the better of it when Grace and I are gone."

Lucy's children and mine were grown up when my father and mother told me that tale. They believed it firmly, and so do I; for, though Richard and Grace are gone this many a year, I, as well as the rest of the Ramshorns, have excellent reason to remember my very odd uncle.

#### BETEL-NUT CHEWING.

It may not be generally known to the readers of this journal that there is a vegetable substance used for masticatory purposes by more than 150,000,000 of intelligent people. We do not refer to

tobacco, but to the areca, or betel-nut, a plant that has become almost one of the necessities of life to many persons.

The plant from which betel is procured belongs (I find from botanical books) to the natural family *Piperaceæ*, of which the pepper-trees are the best known genera. The *Chavica Betel* grows naturally in India and in the Moluccas, but is cultivated all over these countries, and also in the West Indies. Another species, *Chavica siriboa*, is used in Amboyna, under the name of siri. The Malays call it pinang.

The betel-tree is from thirty to forty feet in height, each tree bearing from four hundred to six hundred nuts about the size of a small egg and the color of an orange. When used, a slice of the nut is wrapped up in an ivy-shaped leaf of the betel pepper or *piper* vine, upon which has been spread some chunam, or lime made of burnt shells. The whole combination of nut, chunam, and pepper-leaf is called betel.

Sometimes the substance called catechu, known as a drug in *materia medica*, is added to the preparation of betel, but is not generally used except amongst the Malays. Catechu is an astringent that can be produced from two plants. It is made by boiling the heart of a wood until it becomes something like tar. It is then made into little balls or squares, dried in the sun, and is ready for market. Unlike the chunam, which is used to counteract any evil effects of the pepper vine, the catechu is not necessary in the preparation of betel, but is used or not, according to taste or fancy.

The greatest quantities of betel-nut are produced in Malabar, Ceylon, and Sumatra, and exported from those places to China and all parts of India. It is said that two thousand five hundred tons are imported into Calcutta annually, and that a larger amount is sent to Canton, although the article is produced both in India and China in large quantities.

In Java, Sumatra, the Philippine Islands, and many other places of the East, betel is used by both sexes, rich and poor, old and young. It is not so generally used in British India,—many of the natives there being too much afflicted with poverty to indulge even in so cheap a luxury. Millions of British subjects in the East may be thankful if they can get a daily meal of rice, and even a pinch of salt is to them a costly luxury.

The taste of betel is hot and acrid, and the habit of using it has to be acquired like the use of ardent spirits or tobacco. Chewing the betel gives the mouth and lips a bright red color much admired in the East, and imparts to the breath an agreeable perfume. In time it makes the teeth quite black, but this is regarded as one of its advantages, as it prevents a man having "white teeth like a dog."

The chunam, or lime, must be used with the nut and betel leaf, or the desired result of betel chewing is not produced. Those who have acquired the habit of using the compound say that betel chewing excites the appetite, strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves when excited; that it fastens the teeth, cleanses the gums, cools the mouth, and checks perspiration; and that it also possesses nutritious and enlivening qualities. Those who use betel lose their teeth at an early age, but are said never to be afflicted with toothache. The physiological action of chewing betel is powerfully to stimulate the salivary organs and the whole intestinal canal. On its first use it has the effect of an



intoxicating stimulus, and the nerves of the palate are almost deprived of the ordinary sensation of taste. For similar purposes, many of the islanders in the Pacific use what is called *ava*, or *ava pepper*, the root of the *macropiper methysticum*. *Ava* is also elsewhere called *kava*, and in the Caroline Islands, *shiaka*. The root is either chewed or used in decoction. The taste is at first sweet like liquorice, but is also stimulating, and produces a sort of intoxication or mental excitement.

Betel is also much used in ceremonies, and some of the wealthy pass a great part of their lives in doing nothing but chewing it. In Sumatra, and generally amongst the Malays, those engaged during the day in the most humble occupations will also be found masticating betel.

At one period, while passing a few weeks with those who were habitual chewers of betel, I also used it, until a liking for the habit or substance was gradually growing upon me, and then I left it off. I learnt that it was a vice, a foolish habit, easily learnt by a sailor (since a beginner in the vice is somewhat intoxicated by its use), but difficult to be relinquished.

Having devoted some attention to the unfortunate people who have heedlessly acquired the habit of masticating tobacco, betel, preparations from opium, and other substances, I do not believe that with the vast majority the intoxicating effect is the motive for using them. A man may form a habit quite as strong for chewing many kinds of gum, leather, or anything else, if he is foolish enough to use them in that manner.

I have known people continually chewing rice, which they kept in their pockets for the purpose. The habit became pleasant even with so tasteless a substance. The occupation of chewing cocoa, betel, tobacco, manbee, sugar-cane, siri, and other substances, is only followed by people with indolent minds, and not having constant and pressing employment. This occupation prevents profound reflection or active thought, which is painful to a lazy intellect. The toil of the brain is relieved by that of mastication, and this I believe to be a simple and true explanation of the almost universal habit of chewing something.

Much as we may condemn the natives of the East for the use of betel, there is not one of them but what would be disgusted at the idea of chewing tobacco in the manner it is used by English and American sailors. Although the habit of chewing betel is a useless, and consequently a silly one, there is nothing so disgusting in it as many refined Europeans may imagine. It has none of the extreme horrors of gin-drinking or opium-eating. The natives of the East have rules of etiquette and notions of refinement of their own, and many betel chewers are people of refinement after their fashion, and would certainly not wear a dead person's hair, or consent to be made "beautiful forever."

## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

A LETTER TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, ESQ.

MY DEAR NORTON, —

I am about to write to you upon a subject which very much concerns the authors of our two nations: it is the subject of International Copyright.

The reason why I address you is that I know of no man who takes a greater interest in the litera-

ture both of Great Britain and America than you do. Moreover, you have added to that literature. Your father, as a distinguished theologian, also did the same thing; and you are allied by birth and by good fellowship to most of the eminent men of letters in your country. Besides, we have you here; and it is a great advantage to be able to talk to a man, as well as to write to him, when one wishes to impress upon him one's own particular views upon an important subject.

I am for placing this matter upon a basis which it has not occupied since the days of Queen Anne. I am for making copyright in literary, scientific, or artistic work, as much a species of inalienable and indefeasible possession as land, houses, or chattels of any description.

You may, or you may not, agree with me in this desire of mine, and I admit that there are some strong, but not, I think, convincing arguments to be adduced against it. What, however, I have to say to you, as an American, rests upon a different basis, and does not depend upon the peculiar rights and privileges granted by our respective nations to the writers of original literary, artistic, or scientific works. I am only going to try and argue out the question of international copyright.

Now, I begin by saying, that as regards this matter we are substantially one nation. For my own part, I never feel that there is any distinction worthy of much notice between an American and a Britisher. We must not look upon ourselves as foreigners to one another. The essence of the characteristics of both nations is identical. We love liberty, you love liberty; we abide by law, you abide by law. We are essentially alike, and we differ from many other races, in this most important respect. We are at variance, we will say, in our respective nations about some great political matter. There is great difference of opinion. Every known force, except that of arms, is brought to bear upon this opinion. We come at last to a vote upon it. After that, in both of our nations, there is peace for a time. We understand what it is to beat, or to be beaten, in civil contest. We have learnt the great art, the result of much statesmanship in our ancestors, of acquiescing in the decision of a majority. We hate conspiracies, and so do you; and we have learned to abide by decisions openly taken by the people at large.

Your great Civil War, it may be contended, was an exception to this rule; but, nevertheless, the rule, as a rule, holds good.

Well, now I think I have said enough to show that the two nations of America and Great Britain are sufficiently alike to allow of their acting in concert in such a matter as international copyright.

I proceed to show the mischief that is inherent in the present state of things. I begin by saying that it is desirable that authors should be able to live. Men of the world might reply that they do not see the necessity; but you, at any rate, will not agree with them. I admit that lighter literature supports itself and its authors; but history, scientific research, and theology (unless it be controversial) do not. It would be a very great advantage for literary and scientific men if they derived some measure of support from all those countries where the language is spoken in which their historical or scientific books are written. There are now no patrons for literature or science but the public; and authors would be able to afford more outlay of time and money than they can do now, if they had



a larger public to appeal to. Books written in the English language ought, at the present moment, to be able to repay a greater expenditure of time and labor and money on the part of their authors than similar books written in any other language. Whereas, I believe that, owing to the want of international copyright between America and Great Britain, the books written in English are at a great disadvantage in comparison with those written in French.

I spoke just now of expenditure of money. The world probably thinks that very little money is expended, especially by the author, in the production even of great works.

But this is a signal error. Take, for instance, the production of maps to illustrate some ancient or modern history. None but those who have had this kind of work to encounter know how costly it is. Days are spent by the author, or by some one whom he employs, in determining the relative distances of cities, some of which perhaps are not now in existence. Voluminous correspondence has to be undertaken in order to verify doubtful points. Designers and engravers have to be employed. The map is made, and inserted in a work published in London or New York, and is copied at once in a reprint of that work published in New York, or London, at about a thirtieth part of its original expense.

What I have said above relates chiefly to the interests of authors, and only indirectly to the interests of literature and science. But what I am going to say now touches closely those latter and greater interests. The books themselves in these reprinted (I suppose I must not say pirated) editions, which are published in countries in which the author has no power, are often very inferior. I will give an instance of this, which must, I should think, often occur.

A work is published in England, bit by bit, in some magazine. As it approaches to its termination in the serial form, the author gives a final correction to it, and probably a most valuable correction. What happens in America with this book? It is, we will say, the work of a popular and well-known author. The American publisher, fearing lest the English edition should enter at all into the American market, has the bulk of the work got up in type within a month of the time when the last section of it will be printed in the magazine; and then, a few days after a copy of the magazine, containing the last number of the serial work in question, is received in New York, the whole work, with all its imperfections on its head, is published and circulated amongst the American public. This, independently of the injustice to the author, is a real injury to literature, — by giving circulation to an imperfect work.

I have ever had a horror of legalized infamies, and of the infamies which law cannot, or can scarcely, touch. They are the worst of all. You can tolerate, and even have some sympathy with, a good honest thief. You know where you are with him. He is at open war with you and with the rest of society. He means to break into your house if he can, and you mean to prevent him if you can, or to shoot at him if you find him there in the small hours of the night. But the piratical fellow, who keeping on the safe side of the law, yet violates every principle of justice and humanity, is my aversion. These are the men who safely dust the pepper, sand the sugar, simulate coffee-beans in clay, cocculus-indicise the beer, adul-

terate drugs, and stuff safety-belts with unseaworthy material.

Do not think me over-harsh, but I cannot view a publisher who publishes a work, either on our side or on your side of the water, for which he has paid nothing to the author, as differing essentially from the above-named gentry.

I know perfectly well what may be said in such a man's defence. He is acting completely within the compass of the law of his own country. He has no feeling for science, literature, or art. He is perhaps a man of unctuous respectability. If he is on your side of the water, he has, I dare say, a most comfortable house in the suburb that corresponds to our Clapham or Peckham. He pays his rent; he pays his rates; he is kind to the young vultures in his nest, whom he feeds from the proceeds of the labor of others. But I do not think it would be well to have good fortune upon such terms, and I think he must have an occasional twinge of what with him stands for conscience, when, amidst all his wealth and comfort, he reflects (if he ever does reflect), that some of that wealth has been attained by defrauding, quite legally, — yes, quite legally, — certain poor men who speak his own language, but who happen to be divided from him by some thousands of miles of water.

No state was ever ruined by what I call its downright honest thieves, however numerous they might be; but perhaps no state was ever ruined unless it nourished in its bosom a large number of those people whom I have ventured to class with piratical publishers. There has seldom been a heavier blow aimed at civilization than when some man, of a character equally mimic and rapacious, first laid down the maxim, "Whatever I can imitate is mine, — at least, is mine to imitate."

If any other class were as ill-treated as British authors are, they would worry the lives out of men in power with remonstrances and deputations. Let farmers, or graziers, or butchers, have any grievance which they think that men in power might remedy, — see how readily they combine to enforce their views on the Government. And what a deputation we could make! There would be Tennyson and Browning, and other poets, great and small, who would express our grievances with all the force and flow of poetical language. Then there are the historians, — Carlyle, Grote, Froude, Merivale, and others. Accustomed as they are to make long speeches for their historical characters, they would be ugly customers for a minister to receive in a deputation. Besides, we should have Lord Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli to assist at this deputation, not in their usual character of the receivers of deputations, but as the received.

Then, in other branches and in other ways, how powerful we should be. Think of the great novelists, Dickens, Lord Lytton, and Trollope; of the ladies who would assist us, such as "George Eliot" and Miss Mulock; not to speak of those who write what are called sensational novels, which the world devours largely, — I know I do; don't you, notwithstanding these writings have the ill name of "sensational"? What a subject for sensation, too, they might choose, — a poor author, ruined in fame, defrauded in pocket, and driven into madness by an incorrect and slovenly reprint of his principal work, the last chapter in which will be made to end exactly in an opposite way to that which he intended. Then there are the essayists who would be on our side, a host in themselves. Then the



dramatists, both Henry Taylor and Tom Taylor, to shape our grievance into tragic or into comic form, whichever might have most influence on the public. The author of "Realmah," instead of pressing upon our unwilling minds, with his accustomed obstinacy, his views about Gibraltar, might give us a pre-Adamite tale to show how the earliest authors were ill-treated by their countrymen, and by those states which had swarmed off from their country. Mr. Tupper, with his usual kind-heartedness, would not be found wanting when he could aid his poorer brethren. I foresee some threatening Proverbial Philosophy, which would run thus:—

"You fear the lion,  
When you behold the footprints of his tawny self  
Deep-marked upon the desert: fear far more  
The footprints on the yellow sands of time,  
More deeply marked, of meditative authors.  
To give, or to withhold, the meed of praise,  
Which Kings, and Presidents, and Statesmen crave,  
And look for in the daily papers, theirs  
It is—the meditative authors—wherefore  
Be wise, and thwart them not."

I am afraid this is not the right metre, but the idea will suffice.

Now, if authors would only combine in this way, the world would do anything to get rid of them and their grievance. Indeed, I believe the world, rather than be plagued by our remonstrances, would pay us our back dues, which, for living authors alone, would probably amount to £170,000.

I write jestingly,—it is my way,—but I am very serious. I could not, however, advocate the claim of British authors in this matter, if I were not convinced that the interests of literature are seriously involved in it.

I suppose you will not dispute that British authors at present derive no benefit, or next to no benefit, from the reprints of their works in America. I overheard some time ago a conversation upon this subject between two well-known men of letters in this country, authors very popular in America, and one of them remembered; to use his own quaint phraseology, that he had once received "an exiguous ten-pound note" from a publisher in America. This great author was a fortunate man, and must have been born under one of your own stars. It is well, indeed, if an author receives a copy of his pirated work from the pirate; and better still, if he is not served, as I have been, by having a book compounded out of some work or works of mine, and published in America under a title that was not in any way invented by me.

That the laws, or want of laws, of any country should enable a man to commit so great a wrong against his fellow-man as often is committed by this unauthorized reprinting, is astonishing. It is a wrong which is most peculiar in its nature. Mr. Bass would complain, and justly, at that red triangle of his being put upon a bottle of pale ale, not of his brewing; but what would he say if his mark were put upon a bottle of ale, which he could not declare was not brewed by him, but which was not first-rate, which required correction, and which, if not absolutely stolen, was taken from him before it was ready for issue? He would feel that his fame, as well as his pocket, would suffer. Now this instance has its parallel in what I have described above as the fate of a work, published in a British serial, and reprinted without correction in America.

Now this matter apparently touches us at present more than it does you. We are the older nation. We have, for a long time, had more leisure; and, not having so much land to spread ourselves over,

we have given more time to writing books than you have. But your time is coming, and coming rapidly. You must become great writers of books; and you are subject to the same system of legal nefariousness that we have long labored under. In another generation or two, the balance of writing power will perhaps be in your favor. There will be many Hawthornes, Emersons, Motleys, and Longfellowes, and, let us hope, many an Agassiz. Motives of self-interest will therefore soon compel you to consider this question; but, from what I know of your nation, I believe that you will previously be inclined to take it up and settle it upon much higher grounds.

I cannot help, however, insisting upon certain lower grounds of motive, for I believe they are unknown to most persons, even of those who have taken much interest in the general question of copyright. No man can doubt that the British author suffers severely from the want of international copyright between Great Britain and America. His is a most patent wrong; but wrongfulness is seldom or never isolated; and the indirect consequences of injustice are often more fatal than the direct. It is so in the present case. If British authors are injured, American authors are repressed,—indeed, I might almost say suppressed,—by the present state of things, the tendency of which is to prevent all American authors but those of the highest eminence from getting a hearing. The reason is obvious. If an American publisher can publish a work, without giving its author any money for the copyright, why should he publish a work of a similar nature, unless it be of very superior merit, for the copyright of which he has to pay money? He must pay an American author something, he need not pay a British author anything. Of course he finds a peculiar merit in British authors. This principle of action will not apply to the greatest and most original works, but it will apply to all those which are of the second order. This must prove "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to men of letters in America.

It is thus that they are prevented from adopting the higher walks of literature, and must, in many instances, content themselves with writing for ephemeral productions which do not suffer from competition with unpaid-for British writing.

I began this letter, thinking that British authors had the largest grievance to complain of; in working out the subject, however, in my own mind, and availing myself of the knowledge and experience of men possessing special knowledge and experience in these matters, I have come most decisively to the conclusion, that the American author, or rather the man who would be, and who could be, an American author, has the greater grievance to complain of. I have gone round to his side, and feel that I am an advocate for his interests far more than for those of my friends and brethren, the British authors, when I ask for International Copyright.

Now let us look at the interests of the American public. Lord Russell once said, "I hear a great deal about this interest and that interest, but I do not so often hear about the interest of the great body of the public at large."

His Lordship, if he were to read this letter, might say to me, "You have spoken much about the interests of authors, British and American; you have spoken of the interests of literature; but I have not heard much about the interests of the British and American public." I cannot reply to him in the



words of a great wit, who was also a very High Churchman, and who said, "I really cannot see what the laity were made for." I feel very much for our laity, and if their interest were really adverse to ours, the priesthood's, I should say, Let the priesthood give way. But I contend that both the American and the British public would gain enormously by a good system of international copyright. If both the American and the British authors possessed the advantage to be gained from entering upon an equal footing into both markets, British and American, the works published in both countries by these authors would be more numerous, could be produced at a lower price, and yet would admit of more labor, skill, and money being expended upon them. The present system of legalized robbery on both sides tends to stint and dwarf the literatures of both countries, and to make the public in both countries, comparatively speaking, ill-served in literature. Of course, what I have said of literary works applies equally to scientific and artistic works.

Numerous illustrations might be drawn from other branches of human labor to fortify the position taken above. The interests of the public generally go hand in hand with those of the promoters of any material undertaking, such as the making of canals and railways, or the establishment of international communication. The interests of all people throughout the world are in these days so closely combined, that a mistake made by, or a wrong committed upon any class of producers inevitably reacts upon the consumers.

Now, how should these injuries and scandals be prevented? Diplomatsists will not be able to do much for us, although several of them, yours as well as ours, are men who love literature, and have distinguished themselves in literature. Still, we must not look for any signal help from them, unless they are stimulated by the demand of the public on both sides of the water that divides us. It is to that public that I would appeal through you; and I believe that if the American authors, and the American public, would bestir themselves in this matter, they would find that the British authors and the British public would be anxious and ready to co-operate with them, and would force upon governments and diplomatsists a due consideration of this important matter.

Why do I say that it is important? For four reasons.

1. Because the present system, or rather want of system, is injurious to authors, both American and British; especially to the American, for, as I have shown, it tends to suppress him.
2. Because it is very damaging to literature.
3. Because it prevents both the American and the British public from profiting by the united and the best efforts in literature, of authors having the advantage of writing in that great language which is common to both countries.
4. Because it hinders the amity of two nations which, for their own interests and the interests of the world, should be the closest friends.

Authors are, after all, the people who give the tone to the mind and thought of each generation. They have, at least, much to do with creating future peace or war, far more perhaps than diplomatsists or statesmen. It is of great importance that the *genus irritabile* of authors should have a friendly feeling to the inhabitants of other countries if there is to be peace between those countries and their own.

I do not mind confessing to you, for you are a kind-hearted man, and will readily give me absolution if you can, that I have sometimes felt a shade of bitterness come over me against all Americans, when I have seen how my works have been dealt with in America; but I have got rid of it, at once, when I have seen any of you, and have found out what good-natured fellows you are, and how tolerant you are of our bad grammar, and of our shortcomings in political development. — I am, as always,

Your sincere Friend,

A BRITISH AUTHOR.

CHAS. ELIOT NORTON, ESQ.

P. S. — I have shown to an eminent publisher this letter to you. He says that I have understated my case, and gives this notable instance of the injury done to young American authors by the present system. He has, before now, taken note of some work of much merit, or much promise, written by a young American author. He has felt that it would only interest a comparatively small circle of readers; but that it deserved to be made known. He has, accordingly, communicated with the American author, and has published an edition of the book, got up in the way in which this publisher's books are always presented to the public. Then some other person, thinking that if this well-known publisher has thought it worth while to publish the book in question, something may be made of it for him too, has forthwith published an inferior edition of it. The public, ever charmed by cheapness, buys the inferior edition; and the eminent publisher resolves for the future not to publish any more American books of this kind.

The said publisher also made me acquainted with another remarkable fact. There is an excellent work, well known, I have no doubt, to you, called Hallam's "History of Literature in Europe." Mr. Hallam was a most painstaking, honest, accurate, observant writer. In the course of his life he very much improved this "History of Literature in Europe." But the copyright of the first edition published in 1826 has, according to our present law, expired, and this edition, without the author's later corrections, is now reprinted by an English publisher, who bears the same name as the eminent publisher of Hallam's works. The author's memory is thus injured, and the public is apt to be misled.

## HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

HETTY AT LAST.

So Rebecca hung on, doing the work which God in his kindness had given her. Waiting by the tide, month after month, for a message from the sea.

When the wind was very wild, and the rain beat upon the glass, she would get up, and do as she had now so often seen the sailors' wives do, walk up and down the room with her arms tightly folded, thinking of the man she loved at sea.

It was a very wild, fierce night six months after she came there, and was very late. She had not long come in, after making one of some eighty women who had been out in the rain and the wild weather to see an accident. Captain Moriarty had driven from his moorings in the gale, and caused an alarm as great as if the Houses of Parliament were afire. Rebecca had ended with a hearty laugh



when all things were put straight, and had come home to her solitary supper of bread and cheese; and the wind was very wild, and her heart was very heavy, and she ate her supper walking up and down, and, I am very much afraid, crying.

The door was opened, and a voice coming from a figure which she could not see, said, "If you please, miss, old Job Partridge, of the Mary Ann, is much worse, and wants to see you immediate."

"I will be with you directly," said Rebecca. "How far is it?"

"About a mile straight in the teeth of the wind, and it is raining cats, dogs, marlin-spikes, and copper sheathing," said the voice.

"I will be with you in two minutes," said Rebecca. "I have been out and got my hair wet, and have been drying it. Mr. Moriarty has lost his moorings, but he has been brought up by a hawser from the Elizabeth now. I will not detain you an instant."

The voice said, in the most emphatic manner, "You will do," and out of the darkness came a young woman shorter than herself, who put her two hands on Rebecca's shoulders, and looked up, and Rebecca knew in an instant that she was looking on a beauty more splendid than her own.

She was perfectly amazed, and stammered out, "Is it, is it —"

"Of course it is, my dear soul."

"Is it Hetty?" said Rebecca.

"Of course it is, my dear. Who else did you think it was? Now have a good look at me. Look at me," said Hetty; and Rebecca did so, with fixed eyes and open mouth, for this mysterious, long-concealed Hetty was the strangest creature she had ever seen in her life.

She was dressed in close-fitting sailor's blue, and had just taken a sailor's tarpaulin hat off her head, and shaken out her hair; it was a crown of dark chestnut. In features, more particularly in the quaint, beautiful mouth, turned habitually up at the corners, she resembled very closely Sir Joshua's Mispicula; as she shaded her great hazel eyes with her hand, to get a good look at Rebecca, Rebecca saw that she was like her father, but also like some one she had never seen.

Rebecca was dazed and stunned at the apparition. She had loved beauty deeply, and been told that Hetty was beautiful; but she was not prepared for *this*. And where did the girl get that wondrous, tender, pathetic expression from, almost as strange as her beauty? Rebecca soon knew whence came that look.

"Rebecca, dear," said Hetty, "God is sending Jack and I a little one. Will you nurse me until it is born, and I am fit to go afloat again?"

That was all she said, and Rebecca said exactly nothing at all; but she laughed such a happy laugh that Hetty laughed again; and kissing her, and shaking the raindrops from her hair, sat down upon the easy-chair, and demanded tea.

The seed-time of Rebecca's life had been hard and bitter, but the harvest was beginning now. Beginning in doubt, trouble, anxiety, and in deep, glorious happiness. She was getting a share in the great life which was moving about her. The arrival of this strange, beautiful storm-bird from the wild sea was now, to her, a deeper, more intense pleasure than all the castles, broughams, opera-boxes, and diamonds that any lady ever had in this world.

"I think we shall be very fond of one another," said Hetty.

"That is quite my opinion," said Rebecca.

"Where have you been, Hetty?"

"Slopping round," said Hetty. "I am perfectly sick and tired of these clipper ships; and I declare most positively, that when what is going to happen has happened, I will never put my kit on board of another. Jack, thank Heaven, has got one of the old sort."

"Has he got a ship?" said Rebecca, eagerly.

"Certainly he has," said Hetty.

"And where is Jack gone?" asked Rebecca.

"Callao, for orders," said Hetty; "that, he says, expresses, in sailors' language, Greek Kalends. Ships cleared for Callao never know where they are going; it may be Melbourne, and it may be Hong Kong, — one as likely as the other. I shall not see him for a year."

"Are you not impatient?" asked Rebecca.

"My good soul, if sailors' wives were to get impatient, they would go mad. I have laid my heart and soul at the feet of one sailor, and you have laid yours at the feet of another. Sailors' wives must know how to wait and suffer. And if you have a common religion, if you believe that there is no cloud at death between you and your husband, you can get through anything. That is the case between Jack and myself."

"Yes," said Rebecca. And there was a great deal in her Yes.

"Now," said Hetty, "I am going to tell you a thing which will make you very angry and make you hate me. Jack has openly joined the Church of England, and I have gone with him."

"Why not, Hetty?" said Rebecca, turning her face to Hetty.

"Why not?" said Hetty. "Why, of all the indiscretions I ever committed, this is the worst. I hope you will not be so foolish as I have been."

"Why not?" said Rebecca.

"Because you would cut the last ground from under my father's feet. Rebecca, you have a noble soul committed to your care, for which you will have to answer at the Day of Judgment. Follow him, — do not lead him. A led man is an ill thing. I have been to sea, and I know."

Here there was an interruption: Mrs. Tryon stood at the door.

"Now then, Miss Turner; you are talking her to death. Het, old girl, how are you? You did right to come home to Miss Turner and I, though Miss Turner is a fool."

"I have known that for a long time," said Rebecca, quietly; for Mrs. Tryon had called her a fool in a way which did not give offence. There are different ways of calling people fools.

"Where is your man gone?" said Mrs. Tryon to Hetty.

"To Callao for orders," said Hetty.

"He is a fool, and you were a fool for letting him go," said Tryon.

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear soul," said Hetty. "You may think it fine, but we do not."

"Is he going through the Straits or round the Horn?" asked Tryon.

"Round the Horn," said Hetty. "His ship would never beat through the Straits, she is bad to get about. I did not like his crew myself. Too many Malays. I don't like it altogether, and the ship is, I doubt, wet; and in my opinion, Mrs. Tryon, she is extremely overspurred. Why, Jack told me himself that she had broke her main-yard lift by sheer rolling, and dropped it on to the slings."



"Those iron lifts are all rubbish," said Mrs. Tryon.

"I know that," said Hetty; "but that does not make amends for Jack's carrying on round the Horn with iron lifts. And his ship's bows are too far aft, so that she don't seem as though she would lift well with a reefed foresail, when she is going before it. As for laying her to, in a gale of wind, my dear, if I was on board of her when Jack proposed to do it, I should get out and walk."

"Look at her," said Tryon, quietly.

It was Rebecca to whom she called attention. She had gone to sleep on the floor with her head on a hassock. "Pretty sweet," said Tryon. "Have you heard anything of Morley, dear?"

"Speak very low," said Hetty. "Pa has gone on to Patagonia in the Eliza. And the Sydney Herald says that they are all dead."

"You don't believe it, dear?" said Mrs. Tryon.

"Of course I don't," said Hetty. "Jack says that he don't believe a *thingammy* of it."

That is the way religious sailors' wives talk confidentially, ladies and gentlemen. Of course they ought not to do so, but they do it.

"I don't believe a solitary word of it," said Tryon. "But that Patagonian coast is a awful bad 'un. Look how sweet she sleeps, pretty love, pretty dear."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

There came a long time now, while Rebecca and Hetty abode together like Ruth and Naomi. But all danger to Rebecca was over, in the presence of a necessity greater than her own. Her own self was dead and ended, and she had three others, Morley, Hetty, and Hartop; not to mention three dozen others in the swarming, seafaring population all around her.

To lose sight of self utterly for one moment is to have lived for one moment.

Rebecca lived much now, for she never had time to think of herself at all. And the very person who took her away from herself most was that bonny, shrewd, beautiful Hetty.

Mrs. Tryon had a fight with Hetty about her treatment of Rebecca; but after a long engagement of an hour Tryon retired, with all her masts shot away (but with her colors flying), leaving Hetty the victory: as I cannot, from want of space, give an account of the whole of this great battle, I will give the last part of it; so that, *ex pede Herculem*, the reader may judge what the beginning of the fight was like.

"You worry the girl so," said Tryon.

"I want to," said Hetty. "I want to take her out of herself, and make her think of *me*, not of my father."

"Why?"

"Because I am beginning to believe that my father is in heaven," said Hetty. "The Society are getting very anxious."

"But sending her these errands, in such weather," said Mrs. Tryon; "you will kill her."

"She is not made of sugar," said Hetty.

Rebecca came in at this moment, and as an illustration of how much Hetty meant to attend to Mrs. Tryon, she said to Rebecca, coolly, —

"I want sardines for my supper. I am to have everything I fancy, and I fancy them. And the sardines at the corner shop are nothing but pil-

chards, and taste of hair-oil. Go up the street, and get a box of the small ones at Elmses."

And Rebecca went out into the rain again, without one word.

"I call it shameful usage," said Mrs. Tryon.

"It is the system I mean to pursue with her," said Hetty coolly.

When Rebecca came back with the sardines, Hetty called her to her.

"Rebecca, Mrs. Tryon has been saying that if I try you as I do, you will lose your love for me. Is that so?"

"She must be perfectly foolish," said Rebecca, sharply. "I wish you would try me more. You don't think it, Hetty?"

"Not I. I will tell you the whole truth. If sailors' wives brood and think of nothing but themselves and their husbands, they will go mad. Unless you are busy, you will never be happy. I have no letter from Jack, from Valparaiso."

"And I have none from Alfred."

"Self again. You should think of me, not of my father. I told you that pa was gone to Patagonia, and you don't suppose that there are letter-boxes there. You should think about *me*."

But Rebecca cried very much indeed, and Hetty let her alone for a little.

"Becky, dear," she said at last, "get me to bed, and send for Doctor Warnford. I am going to be ill." And Rebecca got her to bed and sent for the doctor.

Meanwhile Hetty had leant her face to the wall, weeping silently. "Father and Jack both together. O God, in thine infinite mercy, judge me not too heavily."

On the morrow, Hetty, lying in the same bed where Mr. Turner had died, and watching the ships pass up and down the river, lay with a brave boy on her bosom, and was quite quiet and well, saying very little indeed.

Presently came Mrs. Tryon with a piece of news which she imparted to Rebecca. "Jack Hartop has lost his ship."

Rebecca was so puzzled by the news that she found herself wondering whether Jack Hartop had dropped his ship down an area railings, or lost it at cards, or left it accidentally in a railway carriage, or gone on shore forgetfully and let it sail away by itself into unknown seas; when Mrs. Tryon said, sharply, —

"You are wool-gathering. Don't do it. He has lost his ship on Cape Northumberland, and his certificate with it."

"It will kill her," said Rebecca.

"Yes, if she is told. But she must not be. Now you understand."

"Yes, I understand," said Rebecca, and Mrs. Tryon walked out.

It was a long time before Hetty was well enough to be told anything about Hartop's mishap. It was a much longer time before Rebecca said one word to her about it.

She did not know what to do. God solved the problem for her ultimately in this way: —

Hetty had got about, on the wharf and by the river, with her baby, impressing on the newly-formed retina of that young gentleman the images of ships. Otherwise the life went on among the sailors' wives left waiting for some who came back hearty and well; for some who came back broken, though as dear as ever; and for some who never come back at all. It had come on to rain one even-



ing, and Rebecca caught Hetty on the wharf, and pulled her into the house.

"I have news," said Rebecca.

"You need not trouble to say that, Becky," said Hetty. "Is it pa, or Jack?"

"Jack," said Rebecca. "He has lost his ship, and been court-martialed."

"Then he is not dead?" said Hetty.

"Not he," said Rebecca.

"Has Jack lost his certificate?" asked Hetty.

"No, Hetty. Hetty, be quiet and I will tell you everything. Hetty, listen, and be quiet."

"I am quite quiet," said Hetty. "If Jack is alive and well, what care I? You say that he has not lost his certificate. If they had dared to take it away, I would have tweaked Dr. Deane's nose till they renewed it."

"But I have to read you something," said Rebecca.

"You had better read it then," said Hetty.

Rebecca read in a very fluttering voice from a newspaper, *The Melbourne Argus*.

"The Board which sat on Captain Hartop, of the ship *Flying Cloud*, have reported.

"It appears that Captain Hartop was keeping his due course, when, being warned by the sudden fall of the mercury, he made for sea, but in consequence of the calm which preceded the hurricane which has devastated our southern shores, he was unable to get way on his ship. After the cyclone struck her, of course there was no possibility of saving her. Up to this point the Board consider that Captain Hartop's conduct was most seaman-like—"

"Thank you for nothing, quoth the gallipot," said Hetty, quietly. "If Jack could not fiddle his ship out of anything in reason, I should like to see the man who could."

"After the ship struck on the reef under Cape Northumberland, the conduct of Captain Hartop was beyond all praise for which they can find words. His personal prestige among his sailors seems to have been so great that on this terrible night they passed quietly into the boats, in the calmer water, in the lee of the reef, without noticing that he himself had remained with his first mate, Green,—"

"I shall *not* discharge that young man," said Hetty, with a slight flutter in her voice; "go on, Rebecca. Jack, Jack, you are a sailor."

"In order to see whether there was any chance of saving anything for the underwriters in case of the gale moderating, taking his chance of swimming on shore. The Board wish it to be distinctly understood that their opinion is that during this unhappy wreck, and in the long march between the place of the wreck and the nearest settlement, Captain Hartop conducted himself from first to last like a splendid British sailor."

"Of course Jack did," said Hetty, quietly. "Do not I know him? Jack is a man of pluck and energy. Jack is a sailor, every inch of him. I suppose his owners will give him another ship at once, after that report. If they don't, I will spend a little time at their office not very pleasantly for them."

And she looked Rebecca straight in the face as cool as a cucumber. And Rebecca was deeply puzzled.

"Well, and so that is the whole of it, is it?" said Hetty. "I am glad that beast of a ship is at

the bottom of the sea without drowning Jack or any of the men. Is there anything more to tell?"

Rebecca was getting more and more puzzled. "Has she a heart at all?" she said to herself.

"Yes, Hetty," she said; "but I do not know how to tell it. The Panama route—"

There was no need to say more, or to question whether or no Hetty had a heart. The doorway opened quickly, and in the open doorway stood Jack Hartop.

Hetty stood up and spread out her ten fingers towards him. In less than a second her pretty arms were round his neck, and he was hugging her like a bear. She said, "Love, love, love," and he said, "Darling, darling, darling," which is folly the most incurable. But if you will bring me any gentleman who will affirm on his oath that he has never made a fool of himself to the same extent, I will politely decline that gentleman's acquaintance.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

The life thus enriched by two whom she loved went smoothly on for Rebecca. Not cheerfully, for there came no word of Mr. Morley at all. Hetty and Hartop spoke continually about him, always pleasantly. When it was hot, Hetty would say, "I doubt he is cold, poor dear, there where he is"; and Hartop would say, "Ay, it is winter there now." At dinner, Hetty might say, "I doubt he has no lamb and green peas to-day, poor man"; and Hartop would say, "No, he will be having mainly fish and seal beef for his dinner. It is not bad, but not so good as this."

So they would talk to her, keeping his image perpetually before her mind, they both having given up all hope.

They kept from her the news that the missionary ship had been lost, but that a few of the missionaries were heard to be alive three months after. They kept from her their knowledge of the bitter, hopeless coast of Patagonia, and Hetty had so persistently forced on her the maxim that sailors' wives must not fret, that she believed her, and abode in quiet, busy, and not unhappy, ignorant of the chances of the sea.

But day by day it became evident to her that Jack Hartop was growing to be a person of great consequence amongst a certain great and powerful society. Her father had belonged to this society, and she had been to a May meeting of it, presided over by a certain great earl; and one day in these times she found this same earl, whom she knew by sight, talking eagerly and familiarly with Jack Hartop.

She heard him say, "It is certainly a splendid offer,—a splendid offer. And as a sailor, Mr. Hartop, you think that the yacht is big enough."

"Bless you, my Lord, I would sail her anywhere! Two hundred and eighty tons!—why, she is a frigate."

"It is somewhat singular that Lord Ducetoy, who is not even a subscriber, and a—"

At this moment Rebecca passed with a slight bow and went on.

"Who is that young lady?" said Lord S—.

"Miss Turner."

"Oh, I was saying that it seems singular that a mere sportsman like Lord Ducetoy should interest himself so deeply in a cause like this, as to lend her



his yacht and stores, and offer to pay a picked crew out of his own pocket, on condition of your commanding the expedition."

"My lord," said Hartop, "it is easily accounted for. Lord Ducetoy is cousin to Miss Turner, who has just passed, and Lord Ducetoy was under the deepest obligations to her father for saving his property from the Philpott smash."

"But what has Miss Turner to do with it?"

"She is engaged to be married to Morley, and she does not know what you and I do."

"God help her in her grief!" said Lord S——, raising his hat solemnly.

"Amen," said Jack Hartop.

"When can you sail?"

"Well, in consequence of this offer of Lord Ducetoy's, I can get to sea in a week. If they are alive, they owe their lives to Lord Ducetoy."

"Under God," said Lord S——.

"Under God, I mean," said Jack. "But he has saved us in one way or another two months of valuable time."

"It is really so."

"By the by, my Lord, Miss Turner is to know nothing of Lord Ducetoy's gift."

"Indeed! Was there ever any tenderness in that quarter?"

"O, never, I think. He lost his heart effectually in America, before he ever saw her. But he has a profound admiration for her."

"Is Mrs. Hartop going?" said Lord S——.

"O yes, my lord, *she* is going. You may be quite certain that she could not keep her hand out of a thing of this kind."

"God go with her!" said Lord S——, and so they parted.

"Rebecca," said Hetty to her, next morning, "Jack has got another ship."

"A good one?"

"A *splendid* one. A missionary ship. United Missionary Society. The U. M. S. have picked him out. And I am going too."

"I wish I was," said Rebecca; "but I am so glad for Jack. I cannot go, for Alfred might come while I was away, and would be very sorry to miss me."

Hetty went quietly out of the room, humming a tune, as if to fetch something, went up stairs, and threw herself on her bed in a fury and tempest of tears. She believed—as we all did—that she was bound on a quest for some relict or remnant of the dead, left carelessly by wolf or the hardly less cruel savage.

Jack, however, had given his orders that Hetty was to be ready in six days, and so there was fine stitching, and sewing, and shopping, with not much time to talk about matters. The yacht had come round from Cowes. It was to sail on Saturday, and on Friday, all day long, Rebecca was working in Hetty's cabin. She thought to herself, "What a beautiful place!" Indeed, it was, for it was the cabin which Lord Ducetoy had decorated for his young wife.

She heard Lord Ducetoy's voice in the main cabin, and a lady's voice who talked to him. She could not help hearing.

"My love," said the lady, "I quite agree with you; by giving up our cruise the Society gains two months. I do not regret."

"But I had her decorated for you, love,—only for Channel work: and she is going to the ocean."

"Well," said Lady Ducetoy. "I frankly and

freely give my decorations to the ocean. My husband has done a generous and a beautiful deed, for the sake of a noble woman; that is worth all decorations to me."

They did not know she was on board, and they did not see her; but she heard them and after a time understood what Lady Ducetoy meant. She hid from them, and it was only after the schooner had sailed that she knew that the noble woman, spoken of by Lady Ducetoy, was no other than her own self.

Hetty dismissed her very early on the Saturday morning. On the wharf was a crowd of the strangest people—a bishop, Lord S——, and Lord Ducetoy foremost—to see the schooner depart. The tug caught the schooner's hawser, and she went out through the mist into the Kent and Essex sunlight. And *that* was over.

Ducetoy and the bishop were with Rebecca as the vessel rounded the turn in the river. "Rebecca," said Lord Ducetoy, "could we have sent two better ones to seek him?"

"To seek whom?"

"Morley."

"Is he dead?"

"They are gone to see," said Lord Ducetoy; "it has been kept from you."

Rebecca stood amazed, but quite quiet.

"My dear lady," said the bishop, "this matter has been kept from you by a consultation of many men. We are very anxious about Morley, and some of us believe that there is no hope. I am not of those who think there is no hope. For I most entirely think that God has a great work in hand for Morley, and that Morley has not been taken to his rest yet. I may be wrong,—who can judge God's ways?—but, my dear young lady, I believe that you will live to see Morley by your side again, doing God's work with your assistance."

"Meanwhile?" said Rebecca, calmly.

"Meanwhile," said the bishop, calmly, "do as you are doing. If you are not to meet him again on earth, you are rendering yourself more fit to meet him in heaven."

For the next nine months the inhabitants of Limehouse got familiarized to a tall and splendidly beautiful young lady, always dressed in black, who walked perpetually about among the poor, followed by a little withered lady in gray, who carried her basket, and did what the tall young lady told her with never one murmur. These two were Rebecca and Miss Soper, for Rebecca had conquered and vanquished her Soper.

Said Soper to Rebecca once, in these times, "Becky, I tried to find out the secret of living to God; and I failed, until you showed it to me. Who showed it to you?"

"Morley," said Rebecca.

Nine months; and hope growing dead as time went on. Hope of Morley utterly gone now to her, but not to others.

She was sitting in her class of girls one day, when the bishop came in, and touched her on the shoulder. Rebecca, although a dissenter, had that love and reverence for this bishop which, I believe, is common to all sects in the Church of Christ. She rose from her seat, with her black lace shawl drooping from one shoulder, and bowed deeply. And the young dissenters stared open-eyed at the spectacle of a real bishop talking to Teacher.

"I have news from the sea," said the bishop; holding out his left hand.



"Good or bad, my Lord?" said Rebecca.

"That is what I cannot make out," said the bishop. "We have heard from Hartop. He has recovered two, but believes Morley to be alive ten miles to the northward. Until we get his letter we know nothing."

"And when shall we get his letter?" asked Rebecca.

"Well," said the bishop, "he only allows himself ten days for exploration; and so it comes to this that he will bring his own letter."

"Then the news about Mr. Morley will be brought by Hartop and Hetty?" she said.

"That is exactly the case," said the bishop.

One summer's night, — it was half-past eleven, — Rebecca was sitting up at some of her charity accounts, when she heard a step on the stair and sat rigid.

She knew it was Hetty's. Hetty came very quickly up the stair, threw open the door in all her full beauty, fresh from the sea, bareheaded, with the very salt on her hair. And Rebecca gave a loud, wild cry, inarticulate, yet meaning much, *for she saw that Hetty was not in mourning*. Not one solitary scrap of black about her. A great deal of pink ribbon, certainly; sailors love it, and so their wives wear it.

"Becky, my sweetheart," she said, "you must keep yourself cool."

"Is there news?" said Rebecca.

"I do not know what you mean by news, Becky," said Hetty. "But if you mean that we have found pa, and got pa, and brought pa home, and that pa is standing outside the door waiting to come in, why, I say you are right." And she sat down on a chair by the door, and beat her knees, and cried.

It was actually true. From the lonely cavern on the ocean shore, death, in whose jaws he had lived so long, had given him up to love. It seemed incredible, even to Hetty now, but there was her frizzled hair smothered in Rebecca's, and she laughed and believed.

The news of the safety of Morley had been known in London before Rebecca knew it. The Society had met, and it was unanimously agreed that Mr. Morley should be requested to accept the mission to Honawoorra as soon as his health would permit. The offer came to him the day after his arrival, and he answered that his health was in perfect order, and that the sooner he went the better. He wanted three weeks to be married in, and then he was ready.

One day, three weeks after this, Soper, Lord Ducetoy, Mr. Spicer, Lord S——, the little Popish doctor, Mrs. Russel, the two Tibbeya, Mr. Akin, Mr. Hagbut and Carry, and one hundred and fifty new friends, unnamed in this story, went to see the great missionary ship, Eirene, pass by out on her glorious expedition. As she passed they cheered, as surely no people ever cheered before, for on her quarter-deck stood Morley and Rebecca, Jack Hartop and Hetty.

They went away to the work which God had found them to do. Whether they lived long and died happy, whether they were rich or poor, or whether they had many children or few, is nothing to us. God fitted these four people for certain work in this world, and three of them had to wait till the fourth was fit to join them. I have tried to show how Rebecca was made ready for the others. Rebecca's difficulties have been so continually be-

fore one, that some might think I ought to call my story Rebecca. But I think, if you please, that in honor of the young lady, the reputation of whose deeds kept Rebecca firm, I will call my story after its real heroine, Hetty.

THE END.

### MR. LUFKIN AT A BULL-FIGHT.

No, it weren't in our home paddock, neither were it in the Four Acre, which the fences are not all I could desire, and cattle, if restless, and out of yummer with flies and what not, has been know'd to work through. Don't let none o' you be startled. Now, then, 'T were in Spain, actiually in Spain! If hanybody had ventered to tell me that I, James Lufkin, should one day travel to Sarah Gosser, I should have felt inclined for to punch his head, as chaffin' of me. Howsoever, the day come, I went, and this is how 't was.

Imagine the astonishment of me and Mrs. Hel, when, one morning, as we was at breakfast, up comes the postman to the winder, and delivers in a letter bearin' a forren stamp, — head of a young 'oman, hupside down, featur's good, but perky, hinscription, "Correyos Reales."

"Why, what d'ye make o' this?" I asks.

"Queen o' Spain's I fancy," says the postman, with the indifference of his specious. "You're 'senior' Lufkin, I suppose?" he adds, grinning.

"Well, there a'n't no junior *yet*," says I, with a wink at my missis, which colored, and poured out the tea.

Sure enough, the letter was addressed to "Señor Lufkin, Goodburn Close, Hogsmead, Lincoln, Hangletare." Hafter spekulatin' nigh half an hour who it could possibly be from, we opened it. Who should it be, but Tom, my missis's cousin (you remember Tom?) which took us to see the Mrs. Davingpodge, and which we'd never set heyes on, since that curious hinvestigation.

Now, Tom is that sort o' movable chap, that if you heerd of him yesterday at Broadstairs, you might reasonably expect a note from him to-morrow, from the himmediate vicinity of ancient Babylon. If he telegraphed from Chaney, that he was off to Japan, having took final leaf of England, my missis, without any hobervation, would get our spare bed ready for him to-morrow. We was n't surprised, therefore, to find that Tom had visited Sarah Gosser.

Nor it was n't so very strange, his writin' to me. Hever since that evening at the Mrs. Davingpodge's, we had been, though we never met, the best o' friends. He came home to supper that night with us, and after we'd spoke of the hevents of the hevening, and I'd gone so far as to allow that the sudden huntiny of a rope, under very peculiar and critical circumstances, might be a usefule haccomplishment to a certain class o' men, my wife went up to bed, and we had a d' friendly talk, Tom and me had, hover our pipes and toddy. We agreed that we had been very sad fellows, and sowed a mighty power o' wild oats, to be sure! (My wust enemies would n't accuse me of much in *that* line; but my hobject, you see, were to set poor Tom at his hease, and seem very penitent for what I had n't done.) But that we felt it were now high time to steady down, and putt our shoulders to the wheel.

Tom was franker than ever I know'd him. He told me all his adventures, the fortins he'd been on



the brink o' making; and the ill-luck that spiled so many of his hexlent designs, the theayter he'd built, with self-hacting scenery, lights, and box-keeping, which went to smash; the 'Hevery, 'Alf-hour Hexpress' which cum to grief; the gun which bust; and the Polish conspiracy, which was hanged in hinfancy.

He had now got in hand a wonderful Drayma, which, being took from the French, and put into Irish, with a railway smash, and a plunge down the Falls of Niagara, would make the fortins of half the managers in Europe, besides helevating the drama almost out o' sight.

In return, I told him the luck I had had at Hogsmead, 'specially with beasts, and of the good bit o' money I had already put by. This pleased Tom very much. We got more and more agreeable togeth'er. We shook hands a good many times, in the course o' the evening, and, I don't remember much else, 'cept that, next morning, I found that one o' my ten pun'-notes had turned into a I. O. U., bearin' the signature, shaky-but legible, "Thomas Ketcham Tirritup."

(I never mentioned that little hepisode to Mrs. Hel, and if ever this comes to be published, in the same singular manner as the former, I only begs that the printer 'll leave out the last parrowgraft.)

Now, we comes back to Tom's letter.

'T was wrote in the best o' sperrets, Tom statin' that he was already good 'alf-way up the 'ill o' fortune, which he'd been so long a-bungling at the foot of. Seeing how lucky I had been in the bullock line, he had gone in for a branch of the same, and was already half-proprietor of one o' the very finest establishments in Sarah Gosser. Such were the popularity of the stock, — 'specially small but hactive bulls, supplied from the grazing farms of Ramirez Vermijo and Tirritup, — that it was sometimes hard to make room for all that came to bid. They did a little in horses too, but were n't so lucky as in t'other. It seems bulls did n't agree with 'em. At all events, the mortality in the stable was very serious, and Tom hinted that a consignment of animals from England, — 'specially of cab-'osses as had served their four or five year, and had anything the matter, — exceptin' glanders, — would be very acceptable. Hoddly enough (added Tom) they was in a position to give five shillings more for a blind 'oss, than one as saw.

"Well, Jem, I never!" put in my wife. "That is a queer fancy."

"The work," Tom adds, "is 'hexceptional.'"

"What's that, Hel?"

"Mill work," says I (I always likes to make ready answer) — "grinding bones, or something o' that kind. It's depressing to a thinkin' 'oss to be walking round and round, and seeing what his own bones is gradually workin' to."

"Do 'osses think?" asks my wife.

"What d'ye suppose their brains is doing all day long, in the stable?" I asks. Then, before she'd time to ask me what I thought they was doing, I reads on.

"With *your* experience, an' a little capital, I could developo the business o' Ramirez Vermijo and Tirritup to a hextent hundreamed of in the wildest visions o' avarice. Hafter that, I'll sit down a contented man."

"Poor Tom!" says Mrs. Hel, wisely affected, "he's not a bad fellow, you see."

"You remember our conversation," I continued, reading, "'after the sworry, shay Davingpodge

Brothers, and how we agreed that, having now, both on us, had our swing and enjoy'd our little games —"

"Hey-day!" says Mrs. Hel, sharp; "read that again. What hever does he mean by that? — *your* little games — *your* litt —"

"'Spose he illudes to my hentering my old mare for the steeplechase," I answers, hastily. "But, you know, it did n't come off. So — so — Ha... 'Now,' Tom goes on, 'if you and cousin Matty 'll pop on your seven-league boots, and step across to Sarah Gosser, I can promise you a 'arty welcome, hexcellent wine, and universal ciwility, which, if it don't mean much, hexpresses a deal. And,' concluded Tom, 'as we partic'larly want your opinion of a black Handalusian bull, with short, sharp 'orns, we hope you 'll not dissappoint us, but 'll come next week. Your affectionate, Tom K. Tirritup. P. S. Ramirez Vermijo kisses my cousin's hand.' The deuce he does! He must have a pretty long neck," says I, as I folded up the letter, thoughtfully, and put it in my pocket, keeping out, however, a specious of map, meant to show us the way, with many ins and outs, and roads and names; but with Hogsmead and Sarah Gosser wrote very large, and so nigh together that it seemed quite sing'lar they'd hitherto know'd so little of each other.

There was a pause, after which, —

"If we'd wanted *very* much to go, Hel," says my wife, timidly, "'t would have been just the only time, — would n't it, now?"

"'T would have cost a pot o' money," says I, "all for to see a Handalusian bull. 'T would have been cheaper to send him to me."

"So it would, my dear. Just like Tom, but —"

"Fine open weather, ain't it, Mrs. Hel?" says I, to change the subject and divert her mind.

"Wery fine, — 'specially for them as happens to be travellin' by land or by water. They not only has the pleasure, but 'll be prayed for," says my wife, softly.

"They has *expenses*, Mrs. Hel," I thought it my duty to say.

"Wery true," she says, with a sigh. "By the by, Jem, what hever does Tom mean by saying that you and he had 'had your sw —'"

"And so you'd raily like to cross the salt seas, dear?" says I, pinching her ear.

"Yes, I would, no matter *how* salt they was," said my wife, stoutly. — "But, Jem, — 'little games'? If —"

"Then, I tell you what, — you shall," interrupted I. "So go and clap on your wust bonnet."

O' course I was only joking about the bonnet, for it took us several days to prepare. I, for my part, wanted to say nothing about it, it not being favorable for things in general, to be know'd that the master's going far away. But my wife was proud of this tremenjious journey, and it soon got wind. We was looked at with hinterest and astonishment. Compliments, likewise commissions, came pouring down upon us. Folks seemed to think that Spain produced everything that other countries did n't. But we shortened it by declinin' to bring back anything but liquorice, which, packing close, and being wery likely to dissolve on the way, we cheerfully undertook to any amount.

To be sure, going to Spain is not a hevery-day affair; still, there was no call for the club givin' me a farewell dinner at the Salutation. Have it, however, they *would*. All I stipulated for was, that



there was to be no speeches,—that it were not to be called a “dinner,” but a convivial repast, and that Stephen Dumbush, who had never been heard to utter anything beyond a grunt, in the memory of man, was to be in the chair. There were to be no formality, nor nothin’ stronger than rum-punch.

When the day come, though nothin’ was said about any dinner, the coincidences as happened was curious in the hextreme. Everybody seemed to have particular business at Hogsmead,—as might keep them out till bedtime. Neighbor Burdock, Stephen Dumbush, and old Bullwinkle, rode in together. Singlerly, everybody ’d hordered dinner at the same hour,—half-past four! There was a table at the Salutation, haccidentally laid for twenty-five, just the number as chanced to meet! The big chair, at the top, ’appened to be hoccupied by Mr. Dumbush. Into the chair on his right hand I permiscuously dropped, and we found ourselves dining sumptuously, and makin’ a din you might have heard at Lincoln!

Honly distant illusions was at first made to our journey. “Our neighbor’s brief absence,”—“Lufkin’s hinteresting project,”—“Jem’s little forrin start,” etc. Hafterwards as we warmed up, they was more plain.

George Burdock remarked that, o’ course, he was n’t going to make a speech, but he *did* see a gentleman present which to drink a cordial health to,—and his wife,—would n’t do no harm to anybody. The party he had in his heye was going to a distant land, of which very little was generally know’d, except that there was hinsurrections twice a week, and a downright rebellion hevery ’alf year. It was hard to get at, but he believed that, when a man giv’ his mind to it, and arrived, there was good cattle—’specially bulls—and he hoped that the wist of Mr. Lufkin would lead to such a cordial hinterchange of beasts, as would be creditable to both countries. With the consent of the chair (Mr. Dumbush nodded) he would give the health of Mr. and Mrs. Lufkin, of Goodburn Close.

Mr. Stonedyke, though mindful of the ginerall understanding that there was to be no speeches, could not deny himself the pleasure of seconding that proposal, hadding that, since their respected neighbor had already distinguished himself as a author,—in regard to sperrets,—the public would be nat’rally impatient for his views with respect to the crossin’ o’ red Herefords with the short-horned northern stock.

Mr. Bullwinkle would only say one word. Mention had been made of Spanish bulls. For John Bull to have to be taught by a Spaniard what a bull was almost amounted to an Irish one. He thought that the only advantage of Spanish stock over our’n, was an hincreased hinclination to fight, and tempers more heasily haggivated.

Young Tom Thicknesse (which a’n’t very bright) wished to ask one question. He believed as Spain led through France. He read, at school that the French kep’ their accounts in franks and sows. Now, for travellers, like Mr. Lufkin, to carry sows—

Tom was stopped by a sing’ler hincident. Stephen Dumbush, which had hitherto done his duty so admirably, in the chair, that you need n’t have know’d he was present, and had n’t uttered a voluntary word since he was married,—nigh twenty years ago,—suddenly gets up! A convulsion o’ nature would n’t have surprised us more. He lays down his pipe, as though he should n’t want it

again for half an hour—he looks slowly round—his eyes goggle—he opens his mouth. Then he shuts it again,—and sits down. Whether his courage failed him,—whether he thought he’d made a speech, and had n’t,—or whether he was only countin’ noses, with a view to the bill,—were never know’d, to this day!

After recovering a little from the disappointment Stephen had giv’ us, everybody drunk my health and Mrs. Hel’s, and I returned thanks, merely observing that I would follow the hexlent example set me, and hadd nothing, or less. True, I were about to wisit Sarah Gosser, and my friend Rummyres Frummaggio had already kissed my wife’s ’and,—by post, which was Spanish for “how d’ye do?” Very glad to see you.” If the presence of a blunt Englishman could go any ways to ’eal any little soreness that might still exist on the score of the Harmada, I should be very glad, and if I found their stock hinferior to ours, gladder still. Mr. Stonedyke need not hexpect hanything from my pen. Sheep, not hink, filled my pens! My letter concernin’ the sperrets was a privileged communication. It was addressed to a humble country-print, and, lo and be’old! it comes out in a very different paper, conducted by a gentleman which could have know’d nothing of me,—unless it might have been at the Tugmorden Hagricultural, as second-silver in boar-pigs, and ’igh commendation in turnips. My neighbor Bullwinkle might be heasy. Stiffikits of character should be required, with hevery bull I purchased. Sweetness and forbearin’ness of disposition, h indispensable. As regards the question of Mr. Thicknesse, I had ascertained that, although sows were freely used in small commercial transactions, it was not necessary to hexport your whole stock, there being a coin of similar name which might be used, instead. In conclusion, I thanked them all ’eartily, and moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Dumbush, for his hable silence in the chair.

Folks, going to France a’most hevery day, I need n’t say more than that we found heverybody very polite, and partial to franks,—and it were only when we got to a place, hoddly called “Buy on,” and hentered Spain, that our troubles began. We had just cut in for one of those half-yearly rebellions I have mentioned. This, however, was more seriouser than common. The queen had bolted for good and all, without ’aving ’ad time to put on her crown. That was why they’d turned her topsy-turvey on my letter. Great hexcitement was visible, ’specially when we stopped to dine and was only given three minutes and a half.

Heverybody was talkin’ of “freedom” and “liberty,”—and very free they was, and great liberties took with Mrs. Hel’s baggage,—searching heverything, even to shaking out her chemises. I see them busy over a bundle of her curlpapers (which was old farm-accounts of mine) and there was a power of talking and comparing, before they was hultimately put back. A gentleman as spoke English told me they was suspected of being “Carlist dockyments.”

Heverything, as we approached Sairey Gosser, seemed to get dearer and dearer, which, the same gent assured us, was another glorious sign o’ freedom.

At Sairey Gosser, Tom Tirritup met us at the station, stopped a ginerall fight for our luggage, and, elbowing right and left, got us safely away to a very fine hotel,—the “Horiental.” Our coach-



man, bein' free, wanted ten franks, to which request Tom merely replied, "Caramba!" and gave him *two*. We had a hexcellent supper, and Tom said he had selected that hotel for us, because the waiters, though Spanish, spoke Italian, which was a great convenience and satisfaction!

My wife, being tired, went to bed, when Tom perjuiced some wery choice tobacco, smuggled (through a hamicable arrangement with a gentleman at the Custom-house) by Ramirez Vermijo, and opened his budget. There was to be a wery great cattle-show on the morrow, patronized by the provisional government, in horder to amuse the people while they was making choice among the fifteen gentlemen who had kindly offered to be King. With regard to the black Handalusian bull I had chiefly come to see, Tom reported that he was in the best of health, and — not having been fed for two days — would be hactive and hiritable on the morrow, and so be seen to the greater advantage.

This sounded hodd; but, not to show ignorance, I honly nodded, and made a secret resolution not to go near that noble hanimal till he had dined.

Tom ended a long discourse on the hinteristing character of Spanish bulls, with the remark that, if he could honly command the sum of one thousand pounds, he distinctly saw his way to making it twenty. At this point of the conversation, however, I got wery sleepy, and we presently separated for the night.

Sairey Gosser is the bawlingest town I hever know'd. Shouting and singing went on till half-past three. Then there was quiet for half an hour, after which began a jingling of bells up and down the streets, stopping at different houses. This, they told us afterwards, meant hasses' milk, which, at four in the morning, must have been a wery pleasant and invigorating tipple.

Heverything was alive the next morning, for the cattle-show was to hopen at twelve o'clock, and all Sairey Gosser, women-folks and all, was going. Tom Tirritup came to breakfast, and brought a request from Ramirez Vermijo that I would place him (Ramirez V.) at the feet of Mrs. Hel; but, me hobjecting, Tom explained that it was honly another form o' compliment.

Rayther to my surprise, Tom did not wish Mrs. Hel to accompany us, stating that, owing to the huneven temper of bulls, and to hosses gittin' in the way, haccidents of a serious natur' were not unusual. My missis, however, p'inted out that she had not come all that way to be left alone; also that her nerves was good, and that, by taking with her some salts and sticking-plaster, she might be wery useful in case of need. So Tom called a coach, and hoff we went.

The streets leading to the show was one tremenjious jam. Such a lot of carriage company I never see! Such a floating o' wells and fluttering o' fans! Such a capering of hosses and whiffing of paper cigars! Such general hexcitement as must have been wery gratifying to the feelin's of the stock we was coming to examine, if they could honly have know'd it in time!

At last we entered the building, and was placed in what Tom said were hexlent seats, reserved for us by Ramirez Vermijo. But wheer was the pens? There was n't a livin' creature wisible, honly about ten thousand people, hoccupying seats or walking about in a sanded harea below. Tom, however, explained that the beasts was hexhibited one at a

time; and, on my remarking that, unless I was allowed to feel and closely hinspect the various animals, I could n't hoffer an opinion as was worth anything, Tom merely rejined, that both he and Ramirez Vermijo would take it as a favor that I should do so, as hoften as I saw fit.

Hall on a sudden, a gate was flung open below. The people as was walking about himmedietely got over the double rails that went round the place, and took their seats. Then a percession hentered the harea. Fust came four trumpeters, in beautiful hold-fashioned dresses, with flags 'anging to their hinstruments; then a gent in a wery tight rich dress, blue and gold, 'aving a sword in his right hand, and hower his left arm a large red silk 'ankerchief. ("The mattydoor," said Tom, in my ear. "Ho," says I, winking.) Hafter the mattydoor (which was applauded, and bowed back) come six men on horseback, — if 'osses they might be called, — for I would n't have given ten pound for the lot. The men was all padded down their right sides, as if they 'd broke their right ribs, including the thigh and leg, and was in splints, according, and carried pikes hornamented with ribbins. ("Pickadoors," whispered Tom. "O *doos* they," says I.) Next there come eight or ten men in smart jackets, sashes, and knee-breeches, with little spikes in their hands, likewise with ribbins; and lastly, a string o' ten mules, 'arnessed, but not drozing anything, and a'most covered with silver and ribbins. It was altogether a wery pretty sight, and Mrs. Hel applauded 'eartily.

When they had marched all round the circle, a gent in a bright uniform, wery well mounted, pranced into the ring, stopped in front of the largest box, made a speech in Spanish, and 'eld out his hat, into which a gentleman, which, Tom said, was the governor, threw a big key, hornamented with the heverlasting ribbins. This the mounted gent 'anded to an attendant on foot, who went and hopened another door, and popped be'ind it, while everybody else got out of the way as quickly as they could.

Pwish! — Wot a bound! — There was a cloud of sand and dust, which dispersed, and showed a bull, — hash-gray in color, with short but sharp horns, p'inting well forard, on each side of a head that seemed good half a yard across, and covered with short thick curling 'air. His eyes glowed like danger-signals on a railway-line, — he lashed himself with his tail, and tore deep trenches in the sile, as if he was diggin' a grave for the fust as should cross his way!

Mrs. Hel and me was still admiring that finely deweloped beast, when two of the men in splints, mounted on the valuabe hosses, rode right into the ring, hopposite the bull, and stood stock still, with their pikes pinting towards him. At fust, he did n't notice them, being hinterested in the ladies' fans, which fluttered like a thousand pigeons. I had just time to whisper, "Bless my soul, Tom, do they *want* to hagggravate him?" and Tom to answer, coolly, "Should n't vonder," when, — brooch! — the bull was upon the nearest! The man caught him in the shoulder with his pike, but the horse, seemingly groggy, reeled so that I thought both was over. There was a bust of applause, in the midst of which my wife huttered a little shriek, — and turned pale.

"The blood! The blood! The poor dumb creeter! why does they provoke him then?"

"Hush, hush, my dear cousin!" said Tom, 'as-



tily. "It don't go in fur. See how the hother ladies enjyes it?"

And, be ashamed to them, so they did!

By this time the bull had wriggled himself off the pike, and, mad with pain and hanger, made a furious dash at the second horseman, which received him in the same way.

"Tom, Tom, do you call this a cattle-show?" said my wife, faintly. "I call it a cruel, wicked, wanton —"

"Well, it brings out their best qualities, you see," says Tom, lighting a cigarette; "we judges o' the soundness o' the stock by the way they bears their selves under trying circumstances, — Ha! — Bravo, Toro!"

"Bravo, Toro!" shouted thousands o' voices.

The bull, shaking himself clear, had charged like lightning on the man's undefended side. There lay on the ground a shapeless heap, composed of man and horse, a mass of blood, and, more shocking still, the entrails of the fallen quadruped, smoking on the sand.

"Take me out, Hel," gasped my wife, "or I shall die!"

Tom and I removed her quickly into the air, and, the faintness passing, put her into a carriage. I was stepping in, too; but the good soul whispered me that it would 'ardly be the right thing to leave Tom alone. So, hafter seeing her comfortably hoff, back I went with Tom.

There was more hexcitement than hever. You'll 'ardly believe it, — but, in that short time, the bull had killed three more hosses, and injured a man, — and was raging about the enclosure shaking the blood in showers from his horns and head. Many of the ladies was half standing, waving their fans, and hurrying like the men. For myself, vexed as I was at the trick Tom had played us, I hown I was not free from the prewailing hexcitement, — so, speaking coldly, I says, —

"Wotever may be my priwate opinion of your cattle-show, Mr. Tirritup, I consider that, bein' here, it is my dooty to see it hout, — if honly in the hope that something may occur to halter my present impression."

"All right, old fellow," says Tom. "See!"

Just at that moment, a trumpet sounded, and several of the men with the ribbined spikes ran into the enclosure, and began dancing about the bull, teasing and hiritating him, leaving their spikes fixed in his neck; but halways saving their own skins in a wonderful way.

"They know, you see," says Tom, "by the prick of his ear, which side he's goin' to charge, and sticks him on the t' other."

At last, one man brought a chair, and sat himself down in it as coolly as if he was goin' to have a quiet chat with the bull. He had in each hand a spike, to which was fastened a sort of cracker. Down goes the bull's termenjious head, and he rushes at the sitting man. Hup goes the chair, twenty feet in the hair; but the man stands by, laughing, and on each side of the poor beast's head are stuck the spikes, spattering fire! There was more tricks and teasing, such as 'anging their 'ats on the bull's horns, hexcetera, but the hanimal got tired o' fighting nothing, and there was a pause, when the trumpet sounded again, heverybody bolted, and henter the mattydoor, glistening like a 'arlequin. There was a roar of applause.

"'Hel Tato' is deservedly pop'lar," remarked Tom, "aving polished off his four hundred bulls with only one mistake."

"Hel Tato" walks straight towards the bull, which glares at him a moment with his red eyes, then, using all his remaining strength, makes a furious, stumbling charge. There's the wish of a scarlet mantle, — the glitter of a sword, — a cloud of dust, and the beast is on his knees and broad forehead, at the feet of "Hel Tato," dead. 'Twas the only manly stroke he had received, and was rewarded with a 'urricane of applause, 'andfuls of money, and cigars enough to fill a barrow to the brim. Three mules then come dashing in at full gallop, was hitched to the bull, and whirled him off, as if he had been made o' pasteboard! Hafter that, the place was put to rights, the ladies ate oranges, and hother bulls was perjuiced. But I had had enough of Rammyres Vermijo, and Tom laughed, and said, so had he.

We walks away silent, when presently Tom, — whose cigarette did n't seem to draw kindly, — looks sideways at me, and says, —

"You're disappointed, Lufkin!"

"Disappointed!" I bust out. "Say, hindignant. Hadd, ashamed! I've given countenance to a hexhibition as hatrocious as it is cowardly. I've dishonored the name and character of the British farmer. 'Owever I shall 'old up my 'ead again, at the Salutation, I don't know. I shall blush to look my hown bulls in the face, — when I think of the hend o' this one! You bring him up, from his free pastures, the brave, hunsuspectin' beast, and the use you make of his might and strength — his noble lines, his splendid dewelopment of limb and muscle, his glorious crest, his more than manly courage — is to turn him into a railed prison, theer to be prodded with pikes, scorched with fireworks, bullied, baited, and bewildered, until, blind and weak with loss of blood, he can be safely cut down by that mixture o' the monkey and the murderer you call a 'mattydoor!' Ay, Tom, if the beast could speak, that would be his version o' the sport. Hout upon such sport! It has n't even the merit of being dangerous. Between your harmor, hosses, cloaks, squibs, noise, and numbers, its fifty to one agin the single hanimal, before hever he henters the ring."

"And if it's cruel to the bulls, it's worse for the hosses. They can't defend theirselves, and their riders, padded as they are, think honly of their own carcasses. \*

"And if it's cruel to the hosses — O, Tom, Tom, it's worst cruelty of all to the women! Yes, them that flutters and fidgets most, in that 'orrible joy, bears deadliest witness against man's misleading. Hour duty is, and ever was, to restrain that spirit, heager, curious, hexcitable, that seems the 'eritage of the weak but dear companion God has given us. Is it in this Christian age and land, that we are found doing our 'utmost to encourage it? No, Tom, my boy, instead of fostering in her the savage thirst of blood, show her those inevitable sufferings with which her gentle heart can sympathize, and which her tender hand can soothe. As for your hosses, instead of tearing out their hinsides, fill 'em with 'olesome food. And as for your beef, when it can't fulfil no nobler hend, why, cook it like a man, and hask me to dinner!"

\* Mr. Lufkin's comment, — correct in the main, — has found an honorable exception in the person of Calderon, at present the first picador in Spain. This man occasionally rides an old white horse, perfectly blind, which he has succeeded in bringing in safely, almost without a scratch, from thirty desperate encounters. By the laws of the bull-ring, a horse that escapes in safety, from three conflicts, becomes the property of the rider.



MOZART'S REQUIEM.

ONE day early in August, 1791, after his return to Vienna, Mozart, plunged in a gloomy revery, heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger, of dignified and impressive appearance and manner, was introduced.

"I have been commissioned sir," said he, "by a person of considerable importance, to call upon you."

"Who is he?" interrupted Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known."

"Well, what does he want?"

"He has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a Requiem."

Mozart, who had often wished to try his skill on a work of such an elevated and pathetic style, and who was, moreover, much struck by the grave and mysterious manner of the stranger, undertook to compose the required Requiem.

"Employ all your genius on this work," said the stranger; "it is destined for a connoisseur."

"So much the better," said Mozart.

"What time do you require?"

"A month."

"Very well, in a month's time I shall return. What price do you set upon your work?"

"One hundred ducats."

The stranger counted them out, and disappeared.

Mozart remained for some time deeply immersed in thought. Always subject to a profound and gloomy melancholy not altogether unmingled with superstition, the delicate state of his health, together with the natural reaction of the over-excitement of his life at Schikaneder's, rendered him, at this time, still more liable to such fits; and the peculiar manner of the unknown impressed him very forcibly as being almost supernatural. Suddenly, calling for pens, ink, and paper, he set to work, and continued writing for several days without intermission; but at last he fell senseless on the floor, and had to give up for a time.

It was, perhaps, a fortunate thing that at this time he received a commission to compose an opera, on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor at Prague. It took away his mind from the gloomy presages which occupied it while engaged at the Requiem; and, moreover, his whole attention would have to be given to the opera, as it was required at once; and accordingly he and his wife, together with his pupil, Siissmayer, set out for Prague about the 18th of August.

But just as they were starting an event occurred which brought back to Mozart's mind all the gloomy thoughts occasioned by the Requiem. As he was stepping into the carriage, the unknown suddenly appeared before him again, with the question, —

"What about the Requiem now?"

Mozart explained that it was impossible to keep his word.

"Give yourself no uneasiness," said the stranger.

"What further time do you require?"

"Another month; the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it beyond what I at first designed."

"In that case it is but just to increase the premium; here are fifty ducats more."

"Who, then, are you, sir?" exclaimed Mozart.

"That is nothing to the purpose: in a month's time I will return."

Mozart immediately called a servant and told him to follow the strange unknown; but, from want of ability or attention, the man failed, and Mozart was more than ever convinced that this was no ordinary being, but a messenger from the other world.

On his return from Prague to Vienna, in September, Mozart immediately put the finishing touches to "*Die Zauberflöte*," which was produced on the 30th of the month, with immense success. He then resumed the Requiem, at which he worked with enthusiasm, for he was determined that it should be the most durable monument of his genius. During the whole of this time he was plunged in a melancholy and dejection approaching monomania. He had an idea that he had been poisoned, and nothing seemed to cheer him. His friends called on him at intervals and tried to rouse him, but he answered in monosyllables, and continued at his score. His wife tried to talk him out of his fancies, but with tears in his eyes he would answer, —

"No, no; I am but too well convinced that I cannot last long. I have certainly been poisoned. I cannot rid myself of this idea."

At last, by direction of a physician, she took the score from him, which for a time had the desired effect; and he was so far recovered in November, that he attended a meeting of the Masonic body, of which he was an enthusiastic member. At this meeting was performed a little cantata which he had just composed for them, "*The Praise of Friendship*," and its success greatly revived him.

Owing to the decided improvement in his health, he was permitted to resume the Requiem once more; but with it his former illness returned. Towards the end of November his hands and feet began to swell, and lost almost all power of motion; and he was removed to his bed, from which he never rose again. His intellectual faculties were still unimpaired, and his sole desire now was to finish the Requiem as quickly as possible; Siissmayer being constantly with him, receiving instructions as to effects to be produced in its composition.

On the 5th of December, the day of his death, some friends (performers in Schikaneder's theatre) visited him, and the ruling passion was strongly exemplified. "He desired the score of the Requiem to be brought," says one of his biographers, "and it was sung by his visitors round his bed, himself taking the alto part. Schack sung the soprano, Hofer (his brother-in-law) the tenor, and Gohl the bass. They had proceeded as far as the first bars of the '*Lachrymosa*,' when Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping, and the score was put aside. It may appear incredible that Mozart should be in a condition to sing after an illness of a fortnight's duration, in which his weakness was such that he was obliged to be drawn forward whenever he required to sit up in his bed. But there is no reason to doubt the fact; for, besides the circumstantial testimony of Schack, to whom we owe this anecdote, it is well known that other musicians, whose death was caused by some one of the insidious forms of consumption, have sung a few hours before their departure."

Up to the last moment his thoughts were with the Requiem. His sister-in-law, who witnessed his death, which occurred about midnight on the 5th of December, 1791, has left an account of his last



hours, in which she says: "Süssmayer was standing by the bedside, and on the counterpane lay the Requiem, concerning which Mozart was still speaking, and giving directions; and as he looked over the pages of the Requiem for the last time, he said, with tears in his eyes, —

"Did not I tell you I was writing this for myself?"

The story which we have related was in its details sufficiently mysterious to affect as it did a mind so sensitive and superstitious as Mozart's. Time and investigation have, in a greater or lesser degree, removed from it the mystery which surrounded it; but neither time nor investigation has been able to assign any rational or satisfactory reason for the proceedings of the unknown, from whom Mozart received the commission to compose the work in question.

The "person of considerable importance," to whom the stranger alluded on his first visit to Mozart, has since been discovered to have been a Count Walsegg or Wolfegg, an Austrian nobleman, who, according to some, wishing to appear as a musical composer, thought it the easiest way to palm off one of Mozart's compositions as his own. This would certainly account for the manner in which his intendant, the unknown stranger, appeared before Mozart. But, on this supposition, how are we to account for the manner in which the work was treated for with Mozart? If the count really wished to pass the composition as his own, he would, of course, have stipulated that Mozart should resign all claim to its authorship, or at least have laid some restrictions upon him as to his keeping a score, or publishing a part, or the whole of the work; and he would, moreover, have obtained from Mozart a written agreement to such effect.

Furthermore, supposing that he had made no such stipulations, — or even supposing that he had, — it would have been necessary, as a first step, to destroy all traces of Mozart's handwriting, which would have been a dangerous proceeding, when we remember that Mozart made no secret of the circumstances. His family and friends all knew that he was composing the work, and also the circumstances under which he had been commissioned to do so.

Again, if Mozart had agreed to give up the authorship, he would not, as he most undoubtedly did, have regarded the work as the most durable monument of his genius. He would not, as he did, have made his friends, most of them public men, so familiar with its music that they could have refuted any claims that might be made to it. He would not, as he did, have talked and written about it to his friends. He would not, as he did, have got his pupil, Süssmayer, to assist him; and lastly, if he had made any such agreement with the count, would he have regarded the whole affair in the strangely superstitious manner that he most undoubtedly did?

But in the face of these undoubted facts, we have another undoubted fact, — namely, that the count really did dispute the Requiem's authorship, and instituted legal proceedings against Madame Mozart for having printed it, which he only stopped at the request of the Baron von Nisson, her second husband, and the Abbé Stadler. Look at it as we will, the whole affair appears very strange. "That a rich and tasteful nobleman," says Mr. Holmes, "who knew Mozart's power of writing in the most elevated style of sacred music, should wish to pos-

sess a Requiem by him was not wonderful; but that, in treating for it, he concealed his name, paid handsomely beforehand, and transacted the whole affair through the agency of one who seemed to watch Mozart, and to come upon him at unexpected times and places, was strange, and appeared to the composer almost supernatural." What motives he had in so acting we do not pretend to know; but can only (with the author just quoted) "express the obligations of the world to him, and wish that Mozart had earlier found so discerning a patron."

But the Austrian count was not the only one who claimed the merit of the Requiem's authorship. It seems strange, to say the least, that Madame Mozart, a good musician, who attended her husband all through his last illness, and was so perfectly in his confidence, should have been so utterly unable to decide the question at once and forever. But her statement is, that whatever scraps and sketches she found after Mozart's death were committed, without examination, to the keeping of Süssmayer, who was Mozart's pupil, and who had assisted him in filling up some of his later scores. Süssmayer afterwards gave Madame Mozart a copy of the work, of which portions were in Mozart's handwriting, and some in his own; and he also forwarded one to the count. The work was subsequently performed as "Mozart's last composition," at a concert given for the benefit of Madame Mozart; but neither the count nor Süssmayer at this time — which would have been the proper time — made any sign; and it was not until the work was printed that the count came forward.

In 1799 the right of publication was purchased by Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, who immediately printed the work; and it was not until 1801, some two years afterwards, that Süssmayer thought it worth while to write letters to the public press, in which he claimed the authorship of all those portions of the copy given to the widow which were in his handwriting; which assertion, although not taken much notice of at the time, served, in 1825, as the foundation of another equally startling assertion made by Gottfried Weber; namely, that Mozart's claim was an entirely spurious one, which assertion gave rise to a dispute engaging the attention of the principal critics of the day. But in January, 1839, Herr Hofrath von Mosel published a description of the copy forwarded to the count, which had, after his death, passed into the Imperial Library at Vienna. This copy has been declared by competent judges to be entirely in Mozart's handwriting; but it has been asserted, on the other side, that the handwriting of master and pupil was very similar, and that the copy in question was written by Süssmayer. This copy, however, is now generally considered to set at rest — let us hope forever — the question of the Requiem's authorship. The question has been very quaintly disposed of in one sentence by Dr. Bernhard Marx, of Berlin: "If," he says, "Mozart wrote it not, what matter? He who wrote it is Mozart."

It is not improbable, however, that another account, which states that Mozart died before the entire completion of the work, may be in part true. That Süssmayer enjoyed the perfect confidence of his master — however unworthy of it — is very evident; and nothing is more probable than that he, after Mozart's death, made up the uncompleted parts by means of the fragmentary sketches already alluded to, assisted by the minute instructions



given him by Mozart on his death-bed. Nothing would have been easier; and the internal evidence of the work itself is in favor of such a supposition; for we find that the two last movements—the “*Lux Æterna*” and the “*Cum Sanctis*”—are only repetitions of the two opening movements, the “*Te Decit Hymnus*” and the “*Kyrie Eleison*.” Now this of itself would not go for much; for Mozart has in more than one of his Masses repeated the opening movements at the close of the Mass. But, knowing as we do the light in which he regarded the Requiem, it is not probable that, had he been spared, he would have done so in this case; more particularly when the sentiment of the words is so different. Regarding the work as he did, “he would probably have spared no exertions to give every possible variety of expression, corresponding to the various character of the words, and consistent with the extraordinary diversity displayed throughout all the other movements of the Mass.” It is not, therefore, at all improbable that Mozart did not live to complete the work, and that the “*Agnus Dei*” was the last movement which he himself wrote. But, “if there be any truth in internal evidence, we may be well assured that the entire composition proceeded from the one only mind that could have conceived it, though some portions of the mechanical art of transcription may have been executed by another hand.”

### AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

“I TELL you what ’t is, Pen, you’ve just fallen in luck’s way—that’s where it is.”

I had spent the evening with him; we had supped. Pennel Crossley, my old schoolfellow, the dunder-headedest boy in the school, without a shilling’s-worth of brains, or sixpenceworth of expectations, had, somehow or other, managed to make a good match a year ago, on the strength of which he had just taken the Manor-house in our little village of Copsford, and settled down in dignified ease as a country “squire,” with a four-wheeler of his own; whilst I who used to write half his exercises for him, was still working hard for a living, and trudging it on foot. I did not grudge him his prosperity, but I wanted him at least to admit that it came through no effort of his own,—that it was, in fact, nothing but luck.

“Luck!” cried Crossley, a little contemptuously, I thought,—“luck! do you say? Look you here, my good fellow; my luck is just this: it is *all my eye*,—that’s what my luck is.”

“Nonsense,” I retorted. “Do you mean to tell me that you’ve worked for the money you spend in paying for this place? Do you mean to say that your gold is the fruit of your brains or your hands? That it is good money, warm from the sweat of your brow, or that—”

“Now, don’t,” he interrupted, “don’t I tell you it’s all my eye?”

“It’s not all my eye,” I continued, “if you—”

“Hush! I did n’t say ’t was all your eye; I said it was all *mine*. Look at me.”

I looked at him. I saw through the wreathing clouds of smoke with which he surrounded himself, a great, tall, handsome, hulking fellow, with close curly hair, like a Roman gladiator, and a pair of very handsome eyes, a little constrained perhaps in their expression, partly, as I judged from school antecedents, because he had n’t much to express, and partly from his being a little far-sighted. I knew

he could not see objects close to him without peculiar spectacles.

“You don’t see anything wrong about me, then?” he asked, when I had concluded my scrutiny.

No, I did n’t. He was toying with a lead-pencil which was in his hand when he asked the question. “Nor yet now?” and he deliberately took the lead-pencil, and tapped it against his left eye—right on the eyeball—and played a little tattoo upon it, “Nor yet now?” he said.

“Pen, what *do* you mean?” I cried, aghast.

“Just this: I tell you it’s all my eye: It’s only a glass one, but a capital bit of window-glass it is,—as good as most window-glass you’ll find in London,—too dark to see through, but it keeps the draught out.” And he turned away for a minute, whisked his eye out, and then, covering up his sightless cavity, brought the eye to me to examine. It was so thin one could blow it away with a breath, and it looked like a fragile shell of porcelain.

“This is my luck,” he said, when he had inserted his eye again. “It is my eye—all my eye—and nothing else. If you want to know how, just light up another Manila, and listen.”

“But which is the artificial eye?” I asked, for I declare I could not tell as I looked at him.

“Left,” said Pen, tapping it affectionately. “T is n’t bad, eh? There are only three people know it beside yourself,—namely, the optician, my father-in-law, and my wife, so I’ve kept my secret pretty well; and you need not go and tell everybody about Copsford that the new squire has a game eye! Twopenny-worth of gunpowder did it, at school, after you left, so it’s no wonder you did n’t know. I had loaded a small brass cannon which would n’t fire; and looking down the muzzle to see why it would n’t go off, the charge went in, and my eye went out. I left school—blown out of it, as it were; and having recovered from the accident, and had my eye replaced with this very artistic piece of china-ware, I went home to Step-minster, to study medicine with my father. My father, although called Dr. Crossley by courtesy, was not a properly qualified doctor of medicine; he was, strictly speaking, a ‘medical man’; but folks in our town were never very particular about what letters a professed surgeon wrote after his name, so long as he could write enough of them.

“Dr. Crossley was Medical Inspector to the Local Board of Health (unkind persons called him Inspector of Nuisances), and had little or no private practice. It was his idea that I should keep the loss of my eye a profound secret, because he wished gradually to work me into his own position, for which his failing health was rapidly incapacitating him. He had some notion the Board might fancy a man could not ‘inspect’ enough for the post with one eye. For my part I should have thought a nose the most needful organ for an inspector of nuisances; and I have found one eye quite enough to see through a Board and all their wooden ways. After a few years, I began to relieve my father of his duties, until, though he still nominally held the position of inspector, the whole of the work was done by me. As it was satisfactorily done, the Board made no difficulty about transferring the appointment to me on my father’s retirement, which only shortly preceded his death. One member of the Board in particular complimented me very highly on my assiduity in the discharge of the duties of the office. ‘He is only a young man, sir,’ he said, addressing the chairman; ‘but he has an eye like a hawk.’ He



was right. I had an eye. Such was the energy with which I worked to put down nuisances, that the mere mention of my eye was almost sufficient to get them removed. A person whose neighbor kept pigs in his backyard had simply to say to that neighbor: 'Look out; the inspector has his eye upon you,' and there was really no need for my interference. Such was the beautiful respect and awe in which the townsfolk held my eye. But not one of them knew the *singular* meaning which attached to being under my eye,—not a soul of them knew he was telling the truth by accident.

"Some time before I was appointed inspector, a wealthy old gentleman, by the name of Tredgold, a widower, had settled in Stepminster. Some said he was a retired Liverpool merchant, others that he was a retired London broker. People hardly knew what he was, or where he had come from, or what for. He was not very communicative on these points; but it was agreed that he was rich, and it was indisputable that he had a very pretty only daughter, Laura. He therefore became an object of interest to parents of marriageable young men in Stepminster; whilst Miss Tredgold became a ditto ditto to those young men themselves. The Tredgolds were invited out a good deal. They were not at all proud; they appeared fond of society; they accepted those invitations; and in turn their hosts became their guests. They were very much liked, I really believe for their own sakes, more than on account of Mr. Tredgold's wealth. Mr. Tredgold was excellent company; had seen a great deal of the world, could make himself at home in any society, and, what is more, could make every one else feel so too, if not a little too much so at times, for he was somewhat eccentric. As for Laura Tredgold, there could not be two opinions about her: she had the blackest eyes, the prettiest face, and the best fortune of any girl in Stepminster; more, she was known to be good-tempered, unassuming, and, in a word, nice.

"Now, although the Tredgolds had been settled for four years in our town, and notwithstanding one after another of the best and most well-to-do of our young gentlemen, young professional men, and young tradesmen had laid continual siege to her heart during that time, Miss Tredgold was still disengaged. She referred all suitors to her father, who professed to be flattered by their attentions, but told each of them, with never-failing affability, 'he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future.' This was his continual reply to all applications,—'he had other intentions respecting his daughter's future'; and he never varied a word, but delivered it with equal good-humor and courtesy in every case.

"Stepminster was puzzled as to what those intentions could be. It was demonstrable that Miss Tredgold was not engaged elsewhere. They never received visitors from a distance; and more than one disappointed suitor ascertained, through his servants, from the Tredgolds' servants that Miss Tredgold was actually free still.

"I became acquainted with the family through my connection with a private musical society for the practice of vocal and instrumental chamber music. The society had been founded very recently by Mr. Tredgold, himself no mean amateur on the double-bass. We met at members' houses alternately, and managed to spend some of the pleasantest evenings I can call to mind in this way. My own part in the performances was chiefly confined to

singing tenor. Laura Tredgold played the piano or organ with real nervous feeling, besides which she had a very respectable soprano voice. My great interest in the study and practice of music led Mr. Tredgold to invite me to his house rather frequently, to try over some of Mendelssohn's trios with Laura and himself, until I became a constant visitor, always welcome to their home and table.

"It went on like this for a good bit, and the trios frequently came down to duets between Miss Tredgold and me, whilst her father would add a double-bass *obligato* to her piano accompaniment. At last I grew very miserable. I began to feel that I loved Laura Tredgold, and that my position as a miserable one-eyed inspector of nuisances was an insuperable barrier to telling her so, and much less her affable old father, rasping away at his double-bass, in happy unconsciousness of my feelings. I tried to stifle these feelings, and to look upon our acquaintance simply in the light of a musical one. I am afraid the very effort I made to hide them must have in some way betrayed them to Laura, for I became impressed with a growing conviction that she knew what I felt, and that her own inclinations were at least not unfavorable towards me. I noticed, or thought I did, that when I entered the room a faint blush would overspread her cheek,—that she would look round and single out mine from among the other faces at the meetings of the musical society, and that, having found it, her eyes would stay restfully and satisfied on mine for a moment—her deep, lustrous, dark eyes—before turning with greater unconcern upon the rest. And when she parted from me on an evening, I remember how she would raise those eyes to mine with a gentle expression that made me dizzy to think about as I would run out of the house and reflect on my one-eyed-ness. Laura had speaking eyes, as folks say. They were not bashful eyes, but mild and gentle; and when I looked into their depths, they seemed to flash back already a favorable answer to what I longed to, yet dared not, ask. That the longer I reflected on the social inequality between my position and hers, the more resolved I became at least to try my fate, and hear at worst my rejection, will be readily understood by the lad who has read his first love-story. It was not so much this—it was my eye. I dared not tell her, lest, if she rejected me, it should get bruited about Stepminster that the Board had a one-eyed inspector. That would be ruin. It was clear to me I must keep this secret locked up in my own—eyelid. But suppose I should be married with my glass eye, and never tell my wife? I should be found out? There would be an end to all confidence, for I should be a wretched deceiver; and would it not be obtaining a wife and a fortune under false pretences?

"However, candidly, I only expected rejection of my suit, after the experience of so many more eligible young men than myself. And should I, for this, put my eye in any one's power, and lose my place as inspector? No. I would risk keeping the secret, and know my fate first. I could easily tell her afterwards. Excuse my not dwelling on the terms in which I laid bare the state of my feelings to Laura Tredgold. It is neither here nor there to the story.

"'I have loved you, Mr. Crossley,' she said with emotion, 'and only you. I have never loved another. Yet I fear I can never be yours. You do not know,—not know,' she continued, sobbing on my shoulder, 'what brought us to Stepminster.



No, you don't know. Yet, if you will ask my father, first, for his consent to your suit, and next to tell you what brought us to Stepminster, if his answer to the first is favorable to your desire, and if his answer to the second is satisfactory to your mind, I will be your wife.'

"This seemed queer to me. What did I care what brought them to Stepminster? Absolutely nothing.

"Whilst we had been talking, — Laura and I, — the old gentleman had been up stairs, to rummage out some new tricos for our next practice.

"Lovely things!" said Mr. Tredgold, patting them affectionately.

"Could I have a little conversation with you, Mr. Tredgold, in private?"

"O, nonsense! Not now. I know what you've got to say, — or I guess. That's all my eye, sir," he said, severely: "we are going to practice, now. O, they are lovely things!" and he took an enthusiastic rasp at his double-bass. "We will talk, if you like, after supper, when Laura goes to bed. Now, then, — one, two, three."

"And off we went into chamber music. It was a very constrained affair, after what I knew, and what Laura knew, and what we both judged, I feel sure, that he seemed to know was coming. For three blessed hours we kept this up; then supper came, which I thought never would end. At last, Laura kissed her father, and wishing me good-night, resting her full, dark eyes on mine with a new and happier meaning in them, retired.

"Well, Mr. Crossley, the old gentleman began, when he heard Laura's footstep die away up the stairs, — 'well, sir, I expect I know what you have to say. I may as well be candid, and tell you I am not taken by surprise. I have had a good many young men here, and I have observed their attentions to my daughter have naturally resulted in a little conversation with me.' I have also watched you, and had no doubt your attentions would result similarly in a few words in private with me. Now, let us have these few words short and to the purpose. You are come to tell me you love my daughter, Laura?"

"This was a most unpromising beginning, certainly. It is very annoying to get the ground cut from under your feet with this bewildering candor.

"I certainly was about to say, sir, that I love your daughter; that I love her truly and disinterestedly; and that in making this confession I have not an eye to —"

"You have *not* an eye to?" echoed Mr. Tredgold, emphasizing the 'not' in a very unpleasant manner.

"I mean, sir, I am not in the slightest degree influenced by pecuniary considerations, knowing, though I do, that Miss Tredgold's position is very far above mine from a pecuniary point of view. In fact, a reflection on this very inequality has for a long time prevented my declaring the state of my feelings to Miss Tredgold herself, notwithstanding I had reason to hope that it would be reciprocated on her part."

"Well, sir, I can only say I have other intentions respecting my daughter's future —"

"Mr. Tredgold coughed. The very words. It was all over, I thought.

"Than pecuniary ones," the old gentleman added, after a slight pause. "They are a very one-eyed sort of consideration, sir, after all."

"I acquiesced; but I wished he would not allude

to partial blindness even in that metaphorical manner.

"But," Mr. Tredgold continued, 'having seen a good deal of you for some time past, I am not disposed to think you a man influenced by considerations of that kind. Have you mentioned your sentiments to Miss Tredgold? Yes? And they are returned? Yes? In that case you may consider the matter settled so far as my consent is concerned. I am simply anxious for her happiness. No doubt you wonder at my ready assent in your case to a suit which I have refused a number of gentlemen in much better positions than your own. I have my own reasons. I do not want money for my daughter. I can give her as much as I think it good for any young pair to have."

"What a gem of a father-in-law!" I thought.

"The fact is I am a student, sir," he went on, — 'a humble one, it is true, of individual character as delineated in the human eye.'

"I began to feel very particularly uncomfortable.

"At one time I studied phrenology. What is moral character? says the phrenologist. Moral character, he replies, is bumps. I tried nosology. What is the index of intelligence? asks the nosologist. It is your nose. He knows nothing. They are all wrong together. Where do I look to read the moral and perceptive faculties of the human mind? — whither do I turn to seek for infallible indications that my confidence shall not be misplaced? To the eye, sir. The eye is the window of the soul. That is where a man's character is written. Depend upon it, it is all in your eye.'

"Really, this was very disagreeable. I was so perplexed I could not tell what to do. It flashed through my mind that I had better go down on my knees, and at once avow myself a wretched one-eyed impostor, regardless of all consequences to the inspectorship. But this is weakness, I thought. Should I give up the secret of so many years' standing, and lose Laura and the inspectorship at one fell swoop? No. With a powerful effort, I controlled my feelings.

"I have read your eyes," said Mr. Tredgold, 'and I must say they impress me with a favorable opinion of the candor and frankness of your disposition.'

"What a guilty being I felt!

"A very favorable opinion, sir. And I will say I have confidence in you. Plainly, I like you; and I would rather have you for a son-in-law than any other young gentleman I know; and I believe you will make Laura a good husband."

"For very shame, I could hardly find words suitable to express my acknowledgments of his good opinion; but I blurted out something, and the old gentleman shook me cordially by the hand, and wished me good-night.

"I don't know if you will think me unduly inquisitive," I said, 'but I should like to ask you one question before I go.'

"Not at all. You probably mean as to the amount of the settlement —"

"No, no," I interrupted, coloring. 'I assure you that was furthest from my thoughts. It is on a very different subject. Your daughter wished me to ask why you came to Stepminster.'

"Mr. Tredgold looked at me keenly for a moment, then he replied, with some abruptness, 'Change of air. — Good-night.'

"The manner in which he said 'good-night' did not admit of further conversation.



"Why had Laura insisted on my asking this question? Surely not to elicit such an unsatisfactory piece of information as this. I fancied I heard the old gentleman chuckle to himself as he shut the street-door on me.

"Could there be any reason worth keeping secret connected with Mr. Tredgold's coming to Stepminster? Had he done anything wrong? Did he want to avoid anything, or anybody? It did not look like it, for he had taken no pains to live a quiet, retiring life in the town. Again, *why* did Laura wish me to know the reason that had brought them here? It mattered nothing to me, that I could see. I loved Laura Tredgold; that was enough for me.

"Then I thought about my eye. Could I tell them, after deceiving them hitherto? The worst of the first step in deception is, it makes the others so easy. I did not see that I could. Besides, surely it was no crime to have a glass eye; it was my misfortune. Why should I go and tell people; 'Look here; this is a glass eye; when they liked it better for believing it to be real? It would be cruel,—heartless. Besides, Laura did not love me for my eye. No; I would not tell her yet, I determined,—I would rather she should find it out. Perhaps I would lead her on gently to the discovery, and so break the blow, and be able to say, 'La! bless me—what! did n't you know it?' That would be the preferable course.

"When I next saw Laura, she was very eager to know if her father had told me anything about the reason which brought them to settle in Stepminster. I mentioned his reply, and it caused her a good deal of apparent uneasiness.

"He ought to have told you that, Pen. I don't think I ought to be your wife till you know."

"I protested my utter indifference to the cause that brought them here, whatever it might be.

"But, Pen," she said, plucking at her dress—"O dear, you ought to know it. I wish I could tell you. I am sure you will regard me with an eye of scorn by and by when you find I have kept something from you." The tears were coming up in her beautiful eyes as she looked at me.

"No, I said; nothing would ever make me change my opinion of her, as the dearest darling—Well, we will leave the epithets. In fact, as I thought of my secret, which I had not disclosed, it was rather a relief to me that she should *not* tell me why they came to Stepminster. It encouraged and excused me, as it were, for my own reserve. But I would much have preferred, though, she should have said 'eyes of scorn,' instead of *an* eye. Everybody seemed to talk about *an* eye to me in a way which seemed quite personal.

"Are you sure, Pen, you will forgive me, whatever you learn about me in the future?"

"Certain," I said.

"Well, in course of time we were married. I still maintained my office as inspector. No one ever had such a wife as mine,—the best-tempered and most lovable creature, I really believe, in the world. Our congeniality of feeling was something wonderful. Even down to little matters of the most trivial character in likes and dislikes, there was perfect unanimity between us. It may seem a very absurd instance to give of this unanimity it is so trifling. But I have always had a great antipathy to flies. I very nearly exposed my secret on one occasion before the Board, owing to flies. It was autumn, and a fly had been buzzing about my face, stinging me for a long time

whilst reading a Report. Then I missed him; I thought he was gone. Meantime, that fly was intently engaged in my glass eye. It was a wonder the Board never noticed it; if they had, I should have been found out. At home, I have devoted a great deal of my leisure, in the fly-season, to devising traps and poisonous sweetmeats for them, and I have fly-cages in every room. I was almost afraid Laura would think this suspicious; but no, she never did. Her skin is particularly delicate and sensitive. Laura did not like flies; I was glad of that.

"There was one thing, I must say, caused me no little annoyance about Laura. It was only a little thing in itself and no doubt I ought to have been above feeling hurt at such a trifle. Still, ever so little a thing when it's in your eye, for instance, as a speck of dust, does cause a great deal of annoyance. With the congeniality of feeling between us, I certainly did feel hurt that Laura should keep her desk constantly and consistently locked from me. I wanted some ink one day. I knew she had some in her desk, and asked for the keys. The way she hustled about to open that desk herself, and the excuses she made to prevent my going to it, were a masterpiece of female diplomacy. It was not that I wanted to go to her desk so much as that I did n't like being locked away from it. It preyed on my mind when I considered the mutual confidence that should subsist between man and wife. To be sure, I had not told her about my glass eye,—that was the only secret I had from Laura—but then she did n't know that, and she at least believed I had withheld nothing whatsoever from her, so that there was no excuse for her withholding anything from me. Another thing to do with the desk was this: Laura had received at least two letters since our marriage, not in female handwriting, which she very artfully cajoled and persuaded me out of wanting to see. I knew they were in the desk. And there was a certain neat little parcel,—a present," she said, "from a friend." That went into the desk too. But why this mystery? A harmless deception on my part was excusable, but I could not bear deception in other people.

"By and by, from this very little seed, there grew up a sort of constraint between us, until Laura, observing it, at last threw me her keys, and calling me a 'bad Penny' (a playful title of reproach), bade me examine her desk myself, and not be suspicious about nothing. Then I felt ashamed of myself, and would n't do it. Then Laura insisted on turning it out before my eyes, and showing me its contents. I would not read the letters, but I saw a little box with a brooch in it, which I much doubted being the same she had received in the packet alluded to. It was all very well her calling me a 'horrid Bluebeard,' but I knew the handwriting on the paper enclosing it was not the same, for I distinctly remembered that writing.

"One day, coming home tired after a fagging morning's work at inspecting, I found my household in great confusion. One of my female domestics was crying, and on my entering the house, she began, 'O, if you please, sir, missus have fell.'

"Fell? fell?" I asked in amazement. 'What do you mean, girl?'

"Fell, sir; fell down stairs and hurt herself."

"Where is she?" I asked, pushing past her to seek my wife.

"I hope you'll bear up, sir,—but missus have gone. Gone, sir,—left the house," the servant added, seeing my look of incredulity. "I was up



stairs, cleanin' of myself for dinner,' the girl continued, 'when I heard somethin' fall on the stairs, and I heard missus scream. I went and helped her up, for she had fell and hurt her forehead.' She went to her room cryin' very much, and would n't let us do nothin' for her. She put on her things, sir, and went out almost directly afterwards, sayin' she had left a note for you, sir. She was sobbin' very much when she left.

"Seriously agitated about my wife, I ran up stairs, and found on Laura's dressing-table the following note:—

"DEAREST PEN,—Forgive my leaving you thus. I have suffered much from deceiving you so long, but never thought it would come to this. Do not follow me; my peace depends upon it. You will soon know all. My father will know of my going.

"LAURA."

"Cool, upon my word. Was this the woman whom I had loved, and cherished, and adored, and kept no secret from?—that is, nothing worth mentioning,—to go and own to a systematic course of deception? And her father a base accomplice too! he knew of her going. Claspin' my hands frantically to my forehead, 'O woman, woman! look upon the wreck you have made!' I exclaimed. The emotion was too powerful, for my glass eye fell out with the force of the blow, and shivered itself to fragments at my feet. On second thoughts, I was glad she could not look upon the wreck she had made.

"Yet, could I believe Laura false? Then the demon of jealousy whispered to me about the letters, and the 'present from a friend.' I hardly dared to think about the agitation she had invariably betrayed when I had referred to this subject. At least I would go to her father, Mr. Tredgold,—go and wring the truth from him, deceitful impostor that he was,—and know the worst.

"But stay. It was utterly impossible to go as I was,—without my eye. I had been accustomed to keep a spare eye against emergencies in my desk at the inspector's office. I had broken that a month ago, and though I had written for a new one to be addressed to the office, it had not yet arrived. Delay was agonizing; but I could certainly do nothing till I had been to London and got my vision repaired.

"Holding my handkerchief to my face, I set off immediately to the railway station, telling all the inquiring friends who stopped me, that something had blown in my eye (this was no fib, for gunpowder had, years before!). Arrived there, I eagerly inquired if my wife had been seen to leave. She had, the station-master told me; she had in fact left by the previous train, with a ticket for London—apparently much distressed in mind—dressed in travelling costume, with a thick black veil on. Evidently for the purpose of avoiding recognition as much as possible, I decided. I was therefore on the very road to overtake her, while, as my train was express, I should be in London within an hour of the time at which she could arrive.

"On reaching London, after a few unsuccessful inquiries at the Waterloo terminus respecting a lady answering the description I gave, I told a cabman to drive me to Mr. Bernotti's, the optician's, in Regent Street.

"Will you walk into a private room, and wait, sir, for a few minutes? Mr. Bernotti is engaged just now."

However, presently, Mr. Bernotti appeared. A

pleasant little man, with twinkling eyes, a buoyant disposition, and a cork-leg, which always seemed restive, and not properly broken in,—it never went well with the other leg; it was too fast for it; and it appeared to impress the natural leg with a hopeless conviction of inferiority.

"After profuse apologies for keeping me waiting, and several conciliatory flourishes which his cork-leg seemed to get up independently of him, and entirely on its own account, Mr. Bernotti said: 'This is your size, I see by my books,—No. 193 Hazel,'—taking one from a case of several hundreds,—'and a very neat eye it is. Shall I put you up an "off-eye" for spare use? Thank you, sir. Am I doing pretty well in eyes? Thank you, yes; nothing to complain of. You would hardly have thought it? No; probably not,—few persons would, in fact. You see that the triumph of art is so perfect, one does not really know who has glass eyes and who has not. Scores of people, in every town, wear them who are never suspected of such a thing, the illusion is so perfect. Yours, I am proud to own, is a very successful case. There are others no less so. Among the list of persons who have obtained respectable damages from various railway companies for the loss of an eye, and even pensions from government, I could point to at least a few instances in which the eye so damaged has been one of my make. No one has been the wiser. In fact, only the other day, I was deceived myself. A French gentleman was introduced to me by a friend as requiring an eye. This is his eye, sir,—No. 81 Gray. Well, sir, after carefully matching the artificial eye by the real one, I directed his attention to the extreme lightness of our manufacture, and begged him to hold it up to the light and observe its transparency. If you will believe me, sir, that gentleman's other eye, which I took for real, was glass. He was blind as a bat. I never knew it till he told me.'

"With renewed apologies, Mr. Bernotti followed his leg, which flourished off, down stairs. Having wished him good afternoon, I set out to prosecute my search after my wife.

"I need not detail the particular steps by which I sought to carry out this purpose; but I may state that I drove to every metropolitan railway station, and made most careful inquiries. Next day, after fruitless search, I determined to return to the Waterloo terminus, and endeavor to elicit something which might guide me in fresh investigations. I found waiting for me there a telegram: 'From Mr. Tredgold, Stepminster, to Penuel Crossley, Esq., London.—Come down. It is all right. Laura is here.'

"I was so thankful! But what could she have meant by 'having deceived me,' and 'for long'? I thought, referring to her note. And why should she have written me such a note at all, and aroused such cruel suspicions? There was a good deal to be explained, at any rate.

"I returned to Stepminster by next train, and hurried off to Mr. Tredgold's. Laura received me at the door in an ecstasy of delight; and I was about putting twenty different questions to her at a time, to know the reason of her singular conduct, when old Mr. Tredgold said, 'Wait a bit. None of that. Just cast your eye this way, Pen, my boy; here's a little bit of a round I want you and Laura to try over with me before I allow a word to be said about this little mystery.—No; I insist,' he said, seeing me about to remonstrate. 'Pleasure first, business afterwards.'



"The cloth was laid for supper, and we sat round the table, a plate in front of each of us, while Mr. Tredgold handed Laura and me the notes of the round, keeping a copy for himself.

"When I had glanced at my copy, I felt ready to sink through the floor with mortification. I could not believe my eyes, — eye, I mean.

"Now, then," cried Mr. Tredgold, smartly. 'Laura begins, — one, and two, and —'

"Laura began, blushing, and in a voice very unlike her natural one, to sing :

*Allegretto.*

O! do you know the Glass-eye Man? O!

do you know his name? Who keeps the shop in

Re - gent Street, And goes a lit - tle lame?

"This was terrible; but reflection was out of the question, for Mr. Tredgold, with his stentorian bass, immediately began singing, to the same air, by way of reply :—

"O yes, I know the Glass-eye Man;  
Bernotti is his name;  
He keeps the shop in Regent Street,  
And goes a little lame."

"But the worst was, the terrible proof Mr. Tredgold gave that he really *did* know the Glass-eye Man, for he had no sooner finished the verse than, with a burst of laughter, he took out his own eye — to my terrible surprise, a glass one — and placed it on the plate before him. I was almost stupefied. But in a moment, the old gentleman recovered himself from his chuckles sufficiently to call out: 'Chorus, if you please!' In which I very lugubriously joined.

Then there's one of us knows the Glass-eye Man, There's

one of us knows his name, Who keeps the shop in

Re - gent Street, And goes a lit - tle lame.

"Now," said my eccentric father-in-law, 'it's my turn.' And he addressed the inquiry to me to the same tune.

"I was forced, very reluctantly, to own, in reply, as he had done, that I certainly did know the individual referred to.

"Very well, then," he remarked, when I had finished, 'out with it, can't you?'

"Very furtively I obeyed, and placed my eye on the plate before me. My wife gave a scream of laughter, which much disconcerted me. There we were, two of us, — Mr. Tredgold and I, — holding our handkerchiefs up to our faces, and contemplating the upturned glance of our eyes from our plates. It was most ludicrously horrible.

"Chorus, if you please."

"Whereupon we stated harmoniously that there were 'two of us' knew the Glass-eye Man.

"I thought we had done.

"No, no," said Mr. Tredgold; 'pass the harmony round.'

"It therefore devolved upon me to put the question to my wife: 'Did she know,' &c.

"Before I had finished, the truth flashed across me, — sure enough she did.

"With a little terrified cry, she deposited her eye on the plate, and ran out of the room, leaving us to sing the chorus by ourselves, to wit :—

"Then there are three of us know the Glass-eye Man;  
Bernotti is his name;  
Who keeps the shop in Regent Street,  
And goes a little lame."

"In a few minutes, Laura returned with her 'off'-eye inserted in place of the one left in the room. 'You know now why I went to London, Pen. I fell down going up stairs with my spare eye in my hand, and the other one falling out, I broke both unfortunately at once. The two letters you were so suspicious about were from Bernotti, — so was the box. You might have known he would not have addressed letters to two persons in one house in the same handwriting, on such a private matter, you dear old goose you. But you need not be jealous again, for we will have our eyes down together in future, — won't we, dear?'

"Yes," said Mr. Tredgold; 'we'll all have our eyes down together, now the mischief is out, and perhaps they'll come cheaper, like that. — But now Mister Crossley, I'll have a word with you. I'll tell you why we came to Stepminster. Soon after Laura left school, she met with the accident that deprived her of the sight of one eye. When it was replaced with the best imitation we could procure, I began to see that there would be plenty of suitors yearning to accept her one eye as a drawback that might be balanced by her money, for everybody knew of her misfortune as well as her fortune. I did not care to have Laura wooed under circumstances so disadvantageous to her real merits, so I removed her, where at least there could be no knowledge of her infirmity to prejudice her future. I had no intention that Laura should marry without her husband's knowing the secret as soon as she was honestly loved for her own sake. If I withheld that secret from you, it was your own fault. I was disposed to you from the first, from discovering that you had a glass eye; and I gave you every opportunity to own it, even leading the conversation to the subject. You refused. I therefore considered myself justified in strictly forbidding Laura to tell you her secret till I gave her permission. Thought I, you will both find out the



truth by and by; but till you do, not a penny of my money shall you touch, Mister Pen, as a penalty for your deception. Now that you understand one another, there is no further reason for your not giving up the one-eyed inspectorship to some man who is better qualified for the office. The next thing is for you and Laura to take a couple of months' holiday, and travel about the country till you cast your *one eyes* upon some comfortable little property, where you can make up your minds to settle down in quiet, — and you can send me the bill, and then we'll see what else can be done for you."

"Need I say, we did so, — or that, in consequence, here we are.

"There," said Pen, when he had finished his story, "I hope I have convinced you that my luck is 'all my eye'!"

### ON THE ART OF DINNER-GIVING.

I AM going to give some advice upon a most important subject; and I believe the advice will be very valuable. One must sometimes speak up for one's self, or, at any rate, for one's subject. This, however, is not a subject which should be rushed into, in a headlong manner. It needs and deserves some preface.

I am not daunted by what Mr. Bright has recently told us, namely, that he and his department, the Board of Trade, are in the habit of offering the best advice to the other departments, and finding that it is uniformly neglected.

My subject is different. My audience is different. I find that when I write a paper upon Differential Duties, or on the Incidence of Taxation, or on the comparative merits of Direct and Indirect Taxation, I sometimes have only one true, faithful reader, who reads without skipping, and who is myself. With regard to my present subject, it is not only most interesting, but it is a perennial one. Long after the Irish Church question is settled, there will still be dull dinners given in London. And even when the soundest principles of economic reform have been introduced into all the departments of the State, there will still be an absence of gayety in some of, what are called, the best dinner-parties.

Then look at the magnitude of the subject. It is not too much to say, that 2,500 dinner-parties will be given in London to-day. I think what it would be to add only a little animation, only a little more real pleasure, to each of these 2,500 dinner-parties! Such is my great aim. That deep thinker, Emerson, has said somewhere, that one of the main objects of all the different modes of civilization is to bring a number of agreeable people together, to put their legs under the same mahogany or deal table at dinner.

My friends — but friends are so partial — are good enough to say that I am apt to treat of small matters which are unworthy — so they are pleased to remark — of the dignity of my pen. I am very much obliged to them for their anxiety to maintain this dignity. (By the way, do they all read any part of my treatises upon the Incidence of Taxation?) But, at any rate, they will say that, upon the present occasion, I have taken up a subject fully worthy of that dignified pen.

Now, without further preamble, we will go heartily into this great subject. In the first place, it is desirable to have a good host and hostess. I par-

ticularly say hostess, because, as far as my experience goes, what are called men-parties are mostly a failure. Men are never so agreeable as when they are with women, or women as when they are with men; and I hold that thorough festivity without the glad presence of women is impossible.

Now, when I say a good host and hostess, I do not mean that they must be wonderfully clever or brilliant people; but that they must be genial, kind, and encouraging. They must give you the notion that they are thoroughly pleased to see you.

Now about the guests. There, again, the same quality, geniality, is the first thing to be looked for; also, a happy audacity. Cultivate the man who has the splendid courage to talk to some one across the table. He is a real treasure at a dinner-party. Of course, the main object in inviting guests is to bring people together who will like one another. No minute rules can be given upon this part of the subject.

I venture to make only one or two suggestions on the foregoing head. Do not be too much afraid of asking people to meet at dinner, because you think they will not suit one another. I have no doubt the bold man who ventured to ask Dr. Johnson and Wilkes to the same dinner-party underwent some qualms of fear; but you see it answered thoroughly. The only people to be sedulously avoided are ill-natured and quarrelsome people. If the world would ask them to family dinners only, it might cure them of their ill-nature and quarrelsomeness. I shall never forget what a man of great humor (a publisher too), — alas! no more, — told me that he underwent from the presence of one of these habitually quarrelsome fellows at one of his, the publisher's, parties. "Why, sir, he raised up such a feud amongst us, that I left the table, went into my bedroom overhead, undressed, got into a cold bath, and remained there until I heard the storm down stairs abate."

A remark, perhaps worth noting, has been made by dinner-givers, as to the proportion of numbers of men and women to be invited; and they say that it should be, as nearly as may be, seven men to five women. This results from the fact, that women, though often accused of being great talkers, are, in reality small and timid talkers when compared to men. With regard to the total number of guests to be asked, that seems to many people a point of great importance, but is in reality of less importance than is supposed. Some persons imagine that if they ask eight people to dinner, all will go right; but that if they ask sixteen, all will go wrong. Whereas the sixteen will probably divide into two divisions of good talk, if the elements of force and vivacity in the party are not wholly confined to one part of the table.

I begin from the beginning; and, therefore, I begin with the question of invitations. These should not be issued long beforehand. When you receive an invitation to a dinner, which is to come off three weeks hence, you cannot help feeling that you do not know what will happen in the interval. You are almost afraid to accept, and you do perhaps at last accept with fear and trembling. I recall to my mind the practice of two distinguished Ministers of former days. It was "Consule Planeo," i.e. when Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister; for I am sorry to say that I can date my experience of dinners from so primeval a period. Well, one of these Ministers had a habit of bringing home with him to his family dinner four or five Members of Parlia-



ment, whom he had met with while attending the House on that day. The other Minister had a habit of inviting any eminent or agreeable people, who came to him in the course of the day. Sometimes, he would invite a whole deputation, if they were pleasant and rational, so that the matter in question might be discussed at dinner. The parties given by these Ministers were eminently agreeable; and, indeed, it may be laid down as a rule, that a party, which is got together in a hurry, is nearly sure to be agreeable.

There is a very difficult question connected with invitations to dinners. This is the question of punctuality. You receive an invitation for dinner, in which a certain hour is named. You really do not know whether you are to be punctual to that hour, or whether you are to come half an hour afterwards.

I propose a great and distinct reform in this respect, namely, that the exact time should be stated at which the dinner should be on table, and that it should be permitted to the guests to arrive at any moment within half an hour of that fixed time, the host and hostess being prepared to receive the guests at any time within that-half-hour. If the dinner were made the starting-point of punctuality, all people would know where they were and what they had to conform to. In a vast city like London there is no measuring, without great thought and without making large allowance for misadventures, what will be the requisite time for traversing any given distance. And we, the guests, should all feel comfortable, if we knew for certain, that the dinner would not wait for us, but would go on with the imperturbability and irrevocability of fate. I have always admired the account of that dinner in one of Hook's most clever novels, in which a certain unfortunate baronet, Sir Harry Winscot, comes in very late at a Marquis's dinner; and the Marquis, ignoring the vulgar appetites of lower men, desires that ice and wafers should be handed to Sir Harry Winscot. I think that if we are late, we should, without complaint, partake the fate of poor Sir Harry. The dinner should be independent of everybody, and should pursue its regulated march of perfect punctuality, regardless of the errors or misfortunes of the guests. The guests, too, would be much happier and would feel much more independent, if this system were rigidly observed.

Then, I maintain that the time of dinner should be early. The Romans, who knew a thing or two, inclined to early dinners for great parties and were wont

*"partem solido demere de die."*

This was very wise; for if you want to make a man cross at dinner, you have only to make the dinner-hour a little later than that which he is accustomed to; whereas, he bears with wonderful fortitude his food being supplied to him at an earlier hour. The Zoological Gardens afford a good lesson upon this point.

Now I come to one of the most important points of the whole subject. I sum it up in few words. Avoid unnecessary apparatus. Too much apparatus is the death of all pleasantness in all society. Recollect what Horace, not a bad judge in these matters, says:—

*"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;  
Dispicent nexæ phylææ coronæ  
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum  
Sera moretur."*

How I should venture, in a liberal manner, to construe the last two lines, is thus:—

"Do not seek for the early green pea, for the pre-

cocious strawberry, or for the pallid asparagus which has endured much unkindly forcing; but keep to what is in season, and to what is brought by natural means to perfection."

Then, I take another instance of unnecessary apparatus; and that is having unnecessary ornaments for the table. I must tell an anecdote to illustrate this position of mine. One of the foremost political men of our time gave a great dinner-party. I was honored by an invitation. I must say that the guests had been most skilfully chosen. There were not only great political personages, but people who were eminent in science, in literature, and in art. Nevertheless, the wheels of conversation drove heavily. The next day I met, in the street, one of the guests. I said to him, "It was not a lively dinner yesterday; and, with such a host, and such guests it ought to have been lively." "No," he replied, "it was not lively; but do you know the reason why? Our host is a man who has the keenest appreciation of works of art; and did you not observe that the table was cumbered with these works of art, and that we could not see one another? That explains everything."

I think it did explain everything, and I went away feeling I had gained, what is called a "wrinkle," in the art of dinner-giving. I am told that on the table of the greatest personage in the land there is a beautiful simplicity as regards all ornamentation, and that this is found to have a very good effect. I have, after profound reflection on this matter, come to the conclusion that a handsome tall ornament upon the table is equivalent to the presence of a disagreeable guest, and tends, about as much, to prevent good talk and geniality. If you must have much ornament, keep it low, so that it may not interrupt sight and sound.

I come now to another branch of the subject, which I believe is also of great importance. I would say, diminish waiters and waiting. And here I seem to hear a general shout of objection, especially from the ladies of any household; but I hold to my rule, notwithstanding. Multitudinous waiters only oppress shy people; and the very thing they do, is the very thing that ought not to be done. What is the object of bringing people together? It is to promote good talk and good-nature. Now, talk must begin upon trivial subjects; and it is an immense advantage for shy persons (and we are all more or less shy) to have something to do,—to have some service to render to our neighbors. Admirable waiting prevents this.

As a crucial instance of what I mean, I would say that never has there been a greater blunder perpetrated in shy England, than in committing the care of the wine to the waiters. How we ever could have been so foolish as to have suffered the wine to be taken off the table, and to have given up the habit of drinking wine with people, is to me astounding. In former days what difficulties I have known to be overcome by the practice of asking people to drink wine with you at table. Two men have most unwillingly got into some feud with one another; perhaps it was two Cabinet Ministers,—for though we outer people, we "externs," have no knowledge of what goes on in Cabinets, we may yet conjecture that there is sometimes a little disagreement of opinion, perhaps even harshly expressed, in those lofty regions of the blessed. Lord A. asked Lord B. to take a glass of wine, and it was meant to be, and felt to be, an overture of good-fellowship and reconciliation.



Or take it lower down, Mr. A. met Mr. B., the reviewer of his work. Now Mr. B. had said some nasty things about Mr. A., also some things which were tolerably palatable. Mr. A., warmed by good cheer and good fellowship, thought that he would forgive poor B., who, after all, was not so bad a fellow, and he asked him to take wine, and the literary feud was in a fair way of being made up. The man who shall revive this custom of drinking wine together at dinner will be a public benefactor. We will not set up a statue of him, for statues, especially in modern dress, are so often ludicrous: but we will write on his tomb (and that tomb ought to be in Westminster Abbey) that he was the man who revived the ancient and laudable practice of drinking wine together at dinner in England.

The two great causes of the failure of society to produce pleasure are fear and shyness. Care has, by Horace, been described as sitting behind a horseman, ride he never so swiftly.

"Post equitem sedet atra cura."

And certainly fear (in the shape, perhaps, of a nicely powdered footman) stands behind the chair of the guest at a great dinner-party. This poor guest fears that he shall not know what topic to begin upon with his next neighbor. He is too timid to adventure upon a discussion of a general subject with any opposite neighbor. He fears to be trivial: he fears to be didactic.

Now, here let me say a thing which is contrary to the opinion of many clever persons, but to which I hold strongly,—it is that any discussion is good. People fancy that discussion must be pedantic,—that it is likely to partake of the shop, and be shoppy; but, after all, there is nothing that interests a company more, if they are worth interesting, than good discussion upon any topic, whatever may be the topic. The older men of this generation say that talk at dinner-tables is not so good as it used to be. If this be so, I think it has arisen from the fact that earnest discussion has been thought to be unpolite and ill-bred. "Sir, we had good talk." Thus said Dr. Johnson, and I believe that he meant to say, "We had good talk upon one or two great subjects." A butterfly mode of talk, flying from one flower to another, and sipping the sweets of this or that, in a rapid manner, is not really good talk. I do not believe that most men are averse from the talk of the shop. They delight to hear politicians talk politics; they delight to hear lawyers talk law; they even delight to hear physicians talk physic. Only let the talk be earnest talk, and all men rejoice in it. As this is a period in the world's history, when all the greatest questions of the time are brought before us in the most succinct manner by the public press, there never can, on any given day, be wanting great subjects for discussion, and ample materials for discussing them. It is the business of the host, or of the "Master of the Revels,"—and there is always such a man in any company,—to determine what shall be the topics of conversation, and to keep the company to those topics. A skilful person will take care that there shall not be too much time and attention given to any one topic, and that it shall vary according as men or women are present.

Now, as to shyness, as I have said before, we are all shy, some in a greater, some in a lesser degree. The rules which I have advocated have all been laid down with a view to diminish shyness. The less of pomp and circumstance you have, the less

you will have of shyness; the less formality, the less shyness. And here I may remark, that the custom I have proposed to revert to, of drinking wine together, would be very valuable. The master of the house has thus an opportunity of bringing into notice any guest, and he has also the opportunity of making known the name of that guest, which, in these days when formal introductions are omitted, is very valuable in every society. But to revert to shyness. It cannot be doubted that most of the reforms I have advocated would tend to limit the operation of this noxious quality, which prevents so many able men and clever women from doing themselves justice in society. The simpler the banquet, the fewer the servants, the narrower the table, and the more that the more audacious amongst the company are able to manifest their audacity, the more comfort there is for the shy man or woman, youth or girl. And when you consider that shyness and sensitiveness are closely allied to deep feeling and even to genius, the more requisite it is to do everything which should encourage shy people to come out of their shell of shyness, and to discourage everything which should make them withdraw all their feelers and shut up, like the delicate sea-anemone, when touched by the rude hand of man or boy.

Now, about the viands for dinner. I think it must be admitted by everybody that the most agreeable people in society have passed the age of forty. At that age we are told that a man is either a fool or a physician, or,—as a cynical friend of mine observes,—probably both. By that time he has discovered that one or two plain dishes suit him best; and that he had better keep to one sort of wine. Of these plain dishes he can seldom get enough; while with kickshaws he is much tormented and tempted at great dinners. This all makes for simplicity of food. Not that I would cruelly discourage all great culinary attempts. Let those be for the people who like them, and who do not suffer from them; but I would greatly discourage their number.

I am now going to utter what will perhaps be called a great heresy. I believe that people would like to see the substance of their dinners upon the table. Some of my readers may say that a *menu* gives sufficient information. I doubt that. Between the *menu* and the presence on the table of the things enumerated, there is all the difference that there is in reading what is written about a thing and in seeing the thing itself. Besides, the presence on the table of the dishes to be offered to the guests is a move towards simplicity of living, and I think also towards good taste. Fruits and flowers, and ornaments of all kinds, are very well in their way; but, if needful, they may be partially dispensed with, or their presence may be postponed, while we are engaged in the solid business of eating.

Now, the other day, apropos of food, I dined with that most pleasant host, Mr. G., and his still more pleasant wife, Mrs. G. But it was a sad day for me. G. is a man who has been blessed, or the other thing, by great riches; and he has a French cook. Some of this great artist's inventions made me very ill. Now I would apostrophize my friend G. in this way: "Do not think, when I refuse your invitations to dinner, that it is from any distaste for your society and that of Mrs. G., but I dread your French cook. That pleasant, rotund, and accomplished foreigner,—comely, too, with his white



vestments and his white cap — presents to me the awful idea of Black Death. When that distinguished foreigner goes to revisit his dear Paris for three weeks (surely you, who are a kind-hearted man, allow him that holiday), I shall be delighted to dine with you and Mrs. G., and to banquet upon the inferior productions of some Betsy or Molly, who holds the undistinguished post of kitchen-maid in your superb kitchen."

Now, though I am somewhat puritanical about dinners, I am by no means puritanical about dress. It is all stuff and nonsense to talk about

"Beauty unadorned, adorned the most";

and I say, that I have never known a beautiful woman who cannot be improved by beauty in dress, provided it be the dress that suits her beauty. The same with men. I have ever observed that when men come to a party well-dressed, wearing, perhaps, their orders, or their official uniforms, they feel that there is to be an increase of festivity and are more polite and agreeable.

Even "—the polite" is still more courteous, and, if possible, a still more agreeable guest, when he indulges us with the Order of the Garter.

One great point in dinner-giving is, that the hostess should know when to move after dinner. Most clever women stay too long. They delight in good talk, and in the good talk of clever men: but they forget that festivity, to be successful, should be rapid. Everything in this life is too long; and dinners, as well as church services, require to be greatly abridged. A great wit, of a former generation, once said to me, after we had been detained an unconscionable time by a very brilliant hostess not being willing to leave the dinner-table, "There is no material difference, sir, amongst women but this,—that one woman has the sense to leave the dinner-table sooner than another. I trust, young man, that you will recollect this when you have to make the choice of a wife."

I have, hitherto, not spoken of those dinners of dinners, called public dinners. Indeed, they are painful subjects to speak about, or think upon, for those whose fate it has been to go through many of them. One would rather say with Dante,—*Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa*. But this would be cowardly, and though not anxious to recall past sufferings, one should not fear to look back upon them.

Has there ever been anything devised, in the way of social intercourse, resembling a British public dinner? And is there any people in the world, but the conservative British people, who would continue to endure such dinners? Not that they might not be made pleasant things enough; for the Englishman likes dining, and is never more genial than when he has dined.

But, a public dinner!—the length of it; the tediousness of it; the toasts; the speeches; the elaborate talk about nothing;—what social suffering can be compared with it?

To blame, without proposing a remedy, is a shallow mode of proceeding. I therefore venture to propose some remedies for the tediousness of public dinners. And, first, I boldly propose that the toasts should be limited to four or five; that there should be no music except at dinner-time; and that, in public dinners, far more even than in private dinners, there should not be a great variety of

dishes, causing much waiting, in every sense of the word. If the four or five hours devoted to public dinners could be diminished by half, great would be the delight of the diners, and charities would be proportionately enriched. The moment that fatigue and weariness enter into any so-called pleasure, at that moment failure begins.

Now, about the cutting down of the toasts. Why should all public dinners be regulated on the same basis of speechification? In some of these dinners it would surely be sufficient to have for toasts, a loyal one, "The Queen and the Rest of the Royal Family"; then "the toast of the evening," a business toast; then, some other toast which is appropriate to the occasion; and, finally, thanks to the Chairman.

I am even ungallant enough to wish sometimes that the toast of "The Ladies" should be omitted; but I am not rigid upon that or any other point. If there is an eminent person present, and His Eminence is gifted with the gift of after-dinner speaking, by all means let his health be proposed; for a good speech is a great delight, even after dinner.

There are occasions when it is desirable to allude to the Legislature; but, even then, why demand speeches from persons representing both branches of the Legislature? Again, when it is desirable to propose the health of our brave defenders, why divide those defenders into different classes, and so inflict upon ourselves and our victims separate speeches from representatives of Naval officers, Marine officers, Coast-guard officers, officers of the Line, Militia officers, Volunteer officers? I am sure no man admires the Volunteers more than I do, and more heartily wishes them thorough success and increasing reputation. They have immensely added to our weight in European politics. But sometimes, at a public dinner, a wicked thought has crossed my mind, whether we do not pay too dearly for these signal advantages, in having had another toast,—*"The Volunteers"*—added to our list of toasts at public dinners. In few words, consolidation is never more wanted in Acts of Parliament than it is in after-dinner speeches. Consolidate, consolidate, consolidate. I say this, imitating the late Sir Robert Peel in his "Register, register, register!" and I am sure, if that good man were now alive, that there is no one who would more heartily agree with what I have just said than he would, for such things as public dinners were a great suffering to him.

Then, as regards music. No man delights in music more than I do; indeed, the only time that it is ever unwelcome to me is when it causes a public dinner to drag on wearily.

In these days of railways, when trains will wait for no man, as the evening goes on, there is a gradual dropping-off of guests; and so a public dinner generally ends with an anti-climax of sparse attendance and feeble cheering. I throw in, as a final remark, the remark that the men whom you want to shine as guests at public dinners are generally very busy persons, who come there somewhat reluctantly, and much wearied with the business of the day. They will be sure to shine more brightly the less you tax their powers of endurance. And remember, too, that at public dinners there are no ladies present, at least, at the table, which is a great drawback to festivity, and causes it to be the more needful to insure the festiveness of the festivity by endowing it with the joy that always attends brevity.



FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. F. C. BURNAND has written a drama in four acts entitled "The Seasons," the plot of which is taken from Miss Edwards's popular novel, "The Morals of Mayfair."

THE French *diapason normal* has just been adopted in the military bands of Italy. This step, the critics think, must necessarily lead to its universal use in all the theatres of the Peninsula.

THE Teatro Pagliano of Florence has just been re-christened. For the future it is to be known as the Cherubini. The manager wished to name it after Signor Verdi, but the composer declined the compliment.

AMONG the dramatic novelties in London is a new play by Robert Buchanan to be brought out at the Holburn Theatre under the management of Barry Sullivan. Mr. Robert Buchanan is already known to playgoers by his tragedy of "The Witch-Finder," produced some years ago at Sadler's Wells.

SIR C. W. DILKE, BART., whose death was recently announced, was the only son of Mr. C. W. Dilke, sometime editor of the Athenæum. He was born in 1810. His intimacy with Prince Albert, through the Exhibition of 1862, procured for him from the Queen, on the death of her husband, the title of baronet.

ON the occasion of the visit of the Empress to the Théâtre Français to witness "Julie," she was so delighted with the performance of Mlle. Favart that she sent for her, and taking the bracelet off her arm, presented it to the fair *comédienne*. The Empress always seems to have superfluous bracelets and the Emperor scarf-pins to give away at a moment's notice.

THAT Tennyson is engaged on the longest poem ever written by man, that Dickens has a new novel nearly completed, and that Fechter is about to visit this country, are among the items which every well-regulated American newspaper keeps in type. But this time the last statement is correct. Fechter really is coming to the United States on a professional tour.

A LONDON journal says: "The public will learn with infinite satisfaction that Mr. Charles Dickens has already profited by cessation from work during the brief period which has elapsed since his arrival in town. It is easy to understand the causes which had led to his indisposition. He has now settled down to his usual country life and some of his literary pursuits, and will, no doubt, be rapidly restored to health; but we understand that Sir Thomas Watson and Mr. Beard have deemed it necessary that for some months to come he should cease from his heavier literary labors."

GOSSIP in Rome says that Healey, has just painted a picture of Longfellow and his second daughter, Edith. The poet is sitting in a chair, holding a book, listening to something the young girl is saying to him. She is about fifteen, has a wealth of golden hair floating on her shoulder, which shows to fine advantage over the green color of her gown and the green ribbon that binds back the hair from her girlish brow. Healey is painting another extremely interesting picture, to be called "Longfellow and some of the American Artists in Rome." Church is seated on a camp-stool under the Arch of Titus, sketching; Healey leans over his shoulder, and McEntee points out to Healey what Church is doing. Behind them, to the right of the specta-

tor, is Launt Thompson, walking forward as if of the party, but engaged in looking around the ruins. At the left side, in the distance, are Longfellow and Miss Longfellow, walking toward the sketching group. The bold ruins of the Coliseum will lie against the beautiful blue Roman sky of the background.

NAPOLEON worship is no longer the national religion of France; but that the Government are by no means prepared to admit the fact may be concluded from a curious scene witnessed in Paris one night last month. On the anniversary of the 5th of May the railings round the Colonne de la Place Vendôme are covered with wreaths of immortelles bearing the words "Regrets," "Souvenirs," &c., and supposed to have been suspended there by those faithful subjects who still cherish the memory of Napoleon the Great. On the night of the 4th, a heavy *fourgon*, escorted by half a dozen men, drove up to the Colonne, and, on being opened, disgorged from its recesses a whole cartload of these touching tributes to the memory of the great departed, which were carefully arranged by the attendants at the foot of the monument raised to commemorate his victories. This has been the practice for years, but on the present occasion the number of wreaths was doubled, as an apparent proof of the gratitude felt by the old soldiers of the Empire for the bounty recently extended to them at the Emperor's suggestion.

THE London edition of Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks" contains the following dedication:—

"Since the author of this work appeared before the English public, changes have occurred such as few are permitted to see in a lifetime.

"The whole of the mighty system of wrong and injustice, of which 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was an imperfect shadow, has passed away, like a dream of the night.

"America stands forth at this hour, in theory as well as in practice, devoted to Liberty. That system of human slavery which seemed so impregnable, supported by such a power of wealth and by such political strength, has suddenly and in an hour broken up and dissolved and passed away, and there is found no more place for it.

"In offering once more a book to English friends, the author is saddened by the remembrance, how many in whom it was her good fortune to find sympathetic readers in 1852, are gone from the hearths and homes of England to return no more.

"In every circle and rank of life, she can recall those whose sympathy and approval were dear to her, and are here no more.

"Last in the list, not least, is the name of that illustrious lady who stood forth for the cause of liberty and humanity in an hour when the fate of that cause looked dark and doubtful, and whose friendship was one of the dearest treasures which England had to give.

"Though her eye has forever closed to earth, and she will never read these lines, yet it is a melancholy pleasure to inscribe this book as an offering to the Beloved Memory of the Duchess of Sutherland."

DURING the life of Berryer his friends formed themselves into a society for the purchase of his valuable collection of papers, as a pretext for offering the old man a sum sufficient to relieve him from the pecuniary difficulties under which he was then laboring. The members of this society recently



met for the purpose of deliberating as to the ultimate destination of the documents in their care, which are of great historic value, consisting of all the documents relating to the trials of Chateaubriand, Lemennais, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Dupin, &c. M. Berryer had carefully preserved every letter addressed to him from the year 1816. These he had scrupulously put in order, according to their date, as well as the subject to which they referred. The collection is complete, and contained in eighty separate portfolios. The society have unanimously selected M. Charles de Lacombe, whose works have been crowned by the Academy, as editor of these interesting and important documents. He is likewise charged with the task of compiling the life of Berryer, for which purpose his family have intrusted him with all the private documents they possessed that could throw light on the subject. The most singular revelations as to the history of the past half-century will thus be made public.

### ONLY SEVEN YEARS OLD WHEN SHE DIED.

ONLY seven years old when she died!

Surely the angels must love her dearly!

Bright golden-haired and violet-eyed,

None could e'er look on her face severely!

There are children as many as the flowers,

But never was one more sweet than ours,

The latest bud on an aged tree

Where never blossom again may be.

Once I held up my head with the best,

Crowned with three flowers of promise bright;

Two — two of the fairest — Death tore from my breast,

Five years ago, in the self-same night.

She was the only one left to me,

And I prayed with groans of agony

That burst from my heart, a mingled prayer

Of hope and doubting and black despair,

That He who doth wisely whatever betide,

Would be willing to leave her aye by my side,

Still blessing her richly with increase of days.

It may be He heard me — but ah! His ways

Are not as ours, — from the heavenly place

Perhaps she lighteneth our life with grace.

Only seven years old when she died!

Yet the hopes of two lifetimes died with her!

We have not a wish in the world wide

Save that we had gone out on the tide with her!

The tide that has borne them all away,

Sybil and Avis, now little May;

The ebb that never knows turn or flow

However the full moons come or go!

But I would not murmur, — no complain t

Breaks from the lips, asleep or awake,

Of the mother who bore them, making a feint

Of being content for my love's sake.

But sometimes her hand clings to her heart,

And at certain hours she sits apart;

And the golden light of sunset skies

Brings a far-off look into her eyes;

And I fear me much that her treasure in heaven

Her heart from its earth-hold has almost riven,

And soon, hearing the voice of her children three,

She, too, will drift out to that unknown sea —

"The sea of glass" for her it should be —

God help me! what then will become of me?

Only seven years old when she died!

How our old hearts took young delight in her,  
Our only pleasure, our hope, our pride!

Well! He who made her had the most right in her!

We took her from him thanksgivingly;

We gave her back — no, not willingly,

But not with repining — God forbid!

Yet I think He pardons that we did

Falter a while and fail in our praise,

Missing the key to which it was set

For a sweet child-treble in happier days.

The old tune haunts our memory yet,

And we scarce can read, for tears, the page

Of blessings left to our altered age.

Our "lines," once "fallen in pleasant places,"

Blankly stare in our darkened faces,

And our harps on the willows of grief hang low;

But God, omniscient, has known what we know.

Once the harpings of Heaven ceased suddenly,

And His heart was thrilled by a bitter cry —

The cry of His Son's last agony:

He knows what we felt when we saw her die.

Only seven years old when she died!

Passed from the earth ere she learned its history!

Now she stands up with the glorified,

Fully as wise in the heavenly mystery

As they who through great tribulation

Fought their way up from every nation,

Leavened the world with their life-blood warm,

Carried the kingdom of God by storm.

Sometimes still they talk of their story —

How they suffered, and conquered, and died;

Cleft a path on through the cloud to the glory:

She stands listening, wondering-eyed.

Naught *she* knew of toil or endeavor —

Mother's arms were around her ever;

Little of sorrow, doubt, or despair.

Half she questions her right to be there —

She who has nothing either suffered or done;

Till, suddenly smiling, she looks to the Son,

And, folding her pretty hands reverently,

Lips out her child-creed most confidently —

The same she learned at her mother's knee —

"He said: 'Let the little ones come to me.'"

Only seven years old when she died!

Seventy long years, yea, and more years still,

We have clambered and clung to the side —

She stands even now at the top of the hill,

Bright in the beams of the morning light!

Ours, at the best, is a starry night.

We toil on through the dust and the heat;

She sitteth calm at the Master's feet

Reading the truth of His loveliest face;

Answering Him back glad smile for smile.

We tremblingly shriek out for grace — "Lord!  
more grace!"

Dreading to meet His look all the while,

So spotted our souls, and miled with sin.

She shows stainless without and within —

A snow-white soul in a robe like snow.

Weary, and, wayworn, and sad we go,

Sorely doubting if, after our course be run,

Our life-lasting journey well battled and done,  
When the Judge stands up the awards to di-  
vide,

We shall be worthy to stand by her side,

Whose sword was ne'er fleshed, whose strength  
was ne'er tried —

Who was only seven years old when she died!



# EVERY SATURDAY:

*A Journal of Choice Reading,*

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

[No. 181.]

## NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### VII. — A PLEA FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

ONE day this last Whitsuntide, at precisely eleven o'clock in the forenoon, there suddenly rode into the field of view commanded by the windows of my lodging, an equestrian phenomenon. It was a fellow-creature on horseback dressed in the absurdest manner. The fellow-creature wore high boots, some other (and much larger) fellow-creature's breeches, of a slack-baked doughy color and a baggy form, a blue shirt, whereof the skirt or tail was puffily tucked into the waistband of the said breeches, no coat, a red shoulder-belt, and a demi-semi-military scarlet hat with a feathered ornament in front, which to the uninstructed human vision had the appearance of a moulting shuttlecock. I laid down the newspaper with which I had been occupied, and surveyed the fellow-man in question, with astonishment. Whether he had been sitting to any painter as a frontispiece for a new edition of *Sartor Resartus*; whether "the husk or shell of him," as the esteemed Herr Teufelsdröckh might put it, were founded on a jockey, on a circus, on General Garibaldi, on cheap porcelain, on a toy-shop, on Guy Fawkes, on Wax-Work, on Gold Digging, on Bedlam, or on all, were doubts that greatly exercised my mind. Meanwhile my fellow-man stumbled and slid, excessively against his will, on the slippery stones of my Covent Garden street, and elicited shrieks from several sympathetic females, by convulsively restraining himself from pitching over his horse's head. In the very crisis of these evolutions, and indeed at the trying moment when his charger's tail was in a tobacconist's shop, and his head anywhere about town, this cavalier was joined by two similar portents, who, likewise stumbling and sliding, caused him to stumble and slide the more distressingly. At length this Gilpinian triumvirate effected a halt, and, looking northward, waved their three right hands as commanding unseen troops to Up, guards, and at 'em. Hereupon a brazen band burst forth, which caused them to be instantly bolted with to some remote spot of earth in the direction of the Surrey Hills.

Judging from these appearances that a procession was under way, I threw up my window, and, craning out, had the satisfaction of beholding it advancing along the street. It was a Teetotal procession, as I learnt from its banners, and was long enough to consume twenty minutes in passing. There were a great number of children in it, some of them so

very young in their mothers' arms as to be in the act of practically exemplifying their abstinence from fermented liquors, and attachment to an un-intoxicating drink, while the procession defiled. The display was, on the whole, pleasant to see, as any good-humored holiday assemblage of clean, cheerful, and well-conducted people should be. It was bright with ribbons, tinsel, and shoulder-belts, and abounded in flowers, as if those latter trophies had come up in profusion under much watering. The day being breezy, the insubordination of the large banners was very reprehensible. Each of these being borne aloft on two poles and stayed with some half-dozen lines was carried, as polite books in the last century used to be written, by "various hands," and the anxiety expressed in the upturned faces of those officers—something between the anxiety attendant on the balancing art, and that inseparable from the pastime of kite-flying, with a touch of the angler's quality in landing his scaly prey—much impressed me. Suddenly, too, a banner would shiver in the wind, and go about in the most inconvenient manner. This always happened oftenest with such gorgeous standards as those representing a gentleman in black, corpulent with tea and water, in the laudable act of summarily reforming a family feeble and pinched with beer. The gentleman in black distended by wind would then conduct himself with the most unbecoming levity, while the beery family, growing beerier, would frantically try to tear themselves away from his ministration. Some of the inscriptions accompanying the banners were of a highly determined character, as "We never, never will give up the temperance cause," with similar sound resolutions rather suggestive to the profane mind of Mrs. Micawber's "I never will desert Mr. Micawber," and of Mr. Micawber's retort, "Really, my dear, I am not aware that you were ever required by any human being to do anything of the sort."

At intervals a gloom would fall on the passing members of the procession, for which I was at first unable to account. But this I discovered, after a little observation, to be occasioned by the coming on of the Executioners,—the terrible official beings who were to make the speeches by and by,—who were distributed in open carriages at various points of the cavalcade. A dark cloud and a sensation of dampness, as from many wet blankets, invariably preceded the rolling on of the dreadful cars containing these Headsmen, and I noticed that the wretched people who closely followed them, and who were in a manner forced to contemplate their folded arms, complacent countenances, and threaten-



ing lips, were more overshadowed by the cloud and damp than those in front. Indeed, I perceived in some of these so moody an implacability towards the magnates of the scaffold, and so plain a desire to tear them limb from limb, that I would respectfully suggest to the managers the expediency of conveying the Executioners to the scene of their dismal labors by unfrequented ways and in closely tilted carts next Whitsuntide.

The procession was composed of a series of smaller processions, which had come together, each from its own metropolitan district. An infusion of Allegory became perceptible when patriotic Peckham advanced. So I judged, from the circumstance of Peckham's unfurling a silken banner that fanned heaven and earth with the words "The Peckham Life-Boat." No boat being in attendance, though life, in the likeness of "a gallant, gallant crew," in nautical uniform followed the flag, I was led to meditate on the fact that Peckham is described by geographers as an inland settlement with no larger or nearer shore line than the towing-path of the Surrey Canal, on which stormy station I had been given to understand no Life-Boat exists. Thus I deduced an allegorical meaning, and came to the conclusion that if patriotic Peckham picked a peck of pickled poetry, this was the peck of pickled poetry which patriotic Peckham picked.

I have observed that the aggregate procession was on the whole pleasant to see. I made use of that qualified expression with a direct meaning, which I will now explain. It involves the title of this paper, and a little fair trying of Teetotalism by its own tests.

There were many people on foot, and many people in vehicles of various kinds. The former were pleasant to see, and the latter were not pleasant to see: for the reason that I never, on any occasion or under any circumstances, have beheld heavier overloading of horses than in this public show. Unless the imposition of a great van laden with from ten to twenty people on a single horse be a moderate tasking of the poor creature then the Temperate use of horses was immoderate and cruel. From the smallest and lightest horse to the largest and heaviest, there were many instances in which the beast of burden was so shamefully overladen, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have frequently interposed in less gross cases.

Now, I have always held that there may be, and that there unquestionably is, such a thing as Use without Abuse, and that therefore the Total Abolitionists are irrational and wrong-headed. But the procession completely converted me. For so large a number of the people using draught-horses in it were clearly unable to use them without Abusing them, that I perceived Total Abstinence from Horseflesh to be the only remedy of which the case admitted. As it is all one to Teetotalers whether you take half a pint of beer or half a gallon, so it was all one here whether the beast of burden were a pony or a cart-horse. Indeed, my case had the special strength that the half-pint quadruped underwent as much suffering as the half-gallon quadruped. Moral: Total Abstinence from Horseflesh through the whole length and breadth of the scale. This Pledge will be in course of administration to all Teetotal processionists, not pedestrians, at the publishing office of ALL THE YEAR ROUND, on the first day of April, One Thousand Eight hundred and Seventy.

Observe a point for consideration. This proces-

sion comprised many persons, in their gigs, broughams, tax-carts, barouches, chaises, and what not, who were merciful to the dumb beasts that drew them, and did not overcharge their strength. What is to be done with those unoffending persons? I will not run amuck and vilify and defame them, as Teetotal tracts and platforms would most assuredly do, if the question were one of drinking instead of driving; I merely ask what is to be done with them? The reply admits of no dispute whatever. Manifestly, in strict accordance with Teetotal Doctrines, THEY must come in, too, and take the Total Abstinence from Horseflesh Pledge. It is not pretended that those members of the procession misused certain auxiliaries which in most countries and all ages have been bestowed upon man for his use, but it is undeniable that other members of the procession did. Teetotal mathematics demonstrate that the less includes the greater; that the guilty include the innocent, the blind the seeing, the deaf the hearing, the dumb the speaking, the drunken the sober. If any of the moderate users of draught-cattle in question should deem that there is any gentle violence done to their reason by these elements of logic, they are invited to come out of the procession next Whitsuntide, and look at it from my window.

## SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION.

NOTES OF AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

MR. THACKERAY, talking of after-dinner speeches, has lamented that "one never can recollect the fine things one thought of in the cab," in going to the place of entertainment. I am not aware that there are any "fine things" in the following pages, but such as there are stand to a speech which really did get itself spoken, at the hospitable table of the Liverpool Philomathic Society, more or less in the position of what "one thought of in the cab." T. H. H.

The introduction of scientific training into the general education of the country is a topic upon which I could not have spoken without some more or less apologetic introduction a few years ago. But upon this, as upon other matters, public opinion has of late undergone a rapid modification. Committees of both houses of the Legislature have agreed that something must be done in this direction, and have even thrown out timid and faltering suggestions as to what should be done; while at the opposite pole of society, committees of workmen have expressed their conviction that scientific training is the one thing needful for their advancement, whether as men, or as workmen. Only the other day, it was my duty to take part in the reception of a deputation of London working-men, who desired to learn from Sir Roderick Murchison, the director of the Royal School of Mines, whether the organization of the institution in Jernyn Street could be made available for the supply of that scientific instruction, the need of which could not have been apprehended or stated more clearly than it was by them.

The heads of colleges in our great universities (who have not the reputation of being the most mobile of persons) have, in several cases, thought it well that out of the great number of honors and rewards at their disposal, a few should hereafter be given to the cultivators of the physical sciences.



Nay, I hear that some colleges have even gone so far as to appoint one or, may be, two special tutors for the purpose of putting the facts and principles of physical science before the undergraduate mind. And I say it with gratitude and great respect for those eminent persons, that the head masters of our public schools—Eton, Harrow, Winchester—have addressed themselves to the problem of introducing instruction in physical science among the studies of those great educational bodies, with much honesty of purpose and enlightenment of understanding; and I live in hope that, before long, important changes in this direction will be carried into effect in those strongholds of ancient prescription. In fact, such changes have already been made, and physical science, even now, constitutes a recognized element of the school curriculum in Harrow and Rugby, whilst I understand that ample preparations for such studies are being made at Eton and elsewhere.

Looking at these facts, I might perhaps spare myself the trouble of giving any reasons for the introduction of physical science into elementary education; yet I cannot but think that it may be well if I place before you some considerations which, perhaps, have hardly received full attention.

At other times and in other places I have endeavored to state the higher and more abstract arguments by which the study of physical science may be shown to be indispensable to the complete training of the human mind; but I do not wish it to be supposed that, because I happen to be devoted to more or less abstract and "unpractical" pursuits, I am insensible to the weight which ought to be attached to that which has been said to be the English conception of Paradise, viz. "getting on." I look upon it that "getting on" is a very important matter indeed. I do not mean merely for the sake of the coarse and tangible results of success, but because humanity is so constituted that a vast number of us would never be impelled to those stretches of exertion which make us wiser and more capable men, if it were not for the absolute necessity of putting on our faculties all the strain they will bear, for the purpose of "getting on" in the most practical sense.

Now the value of a knowledge of physical science as a means of getting on is indubitable. There are hardly any of our trades, except the merely huckstering ones, in which some knowledge of science may not be directly profitable to the pursuer of that occupation. As industry attains higher stages of its development, as its processes become more complicated and refined, and competition more keen, the sciences are dragged in, one by one, to take their share in the fray; and he who can best avail himself of their help is the man who will come out uppermost in that struggle for existence, which goes on as fiercely beneath the smooth surface of modern society as among the wild inhabitants of the woods.

But, in addition to the bearing of science on ordinary practical life, let me direct your attention to its immense influence on several of the professions. I ask any one who has adopted the calling of an engineer, how much time he lost when he left school, because he had to devote himself to pursuits which were absolutely novel and strange, and of which he had not obtained the remotest conception from his instructors? He had to familiarize himself with ideas of the course and powers of Nature, to which his attention had never been directed dur-

ing his school-life, and to learn, for the first time, that a world of facts lies outside and beyond the world of words. I appeal to those who know what Engineering is, to say how far I am right in respect to that profession; but with regard to another, of no less importance, I shall venture to speak of my own knowledge.

There is no one of us who may not at any moment be thrown, bound hand and foot by physical incapacity, into the hands of a medical practitioner. The chances of life and death for all and each of us may at any moment depend on the skill with which that practitioner is able to make out what is wrong in our bodily frames, and on his ability to apply the proper remedy to the defect.

The necessities of modern life are such, and the class from which the medical profession is chiefly recruited is so situated, that few medical men can hope to spend more than three or four, or it may be five, years in the pursuit of those studies which are immediately germane to physic. How is that all too brief period spent at present? I speak as an old examiner, having served some eleven or twelve years in that capacity in the University of London, and therefore having a certain practical acquaintance with the subject; but I might fortify myself by the authority of the President of the College of Surgeons, Mr. Quain, whom I heard the other day in an admirable address (the Hunterian Oration) deal fully and wisely with this very topic.\*

A young man commencing the study of medicine is at once required to endeavor to make an acquaintance with a number of sciences, such as Physics, as Chemistry, as Botany, as Physiology, which are absolutely and entirely strange to him, however excellent his so-called education at school may have been. Not only is he devoid of all apprehension of scientific conceptions, not only does he fail to attach any meaning to the words "matter," "force," or "law," in their scientific senses, but, worse still, he has no notion of what it is to come into contact with nature, or to lay his mind alongside of a physical fact, and try to conquer it in the way our great naval hero told his captains to master their enemies. His whole mind has been given to books, and I am hardly exaggerating if I say that they are more real to him than nature. He imagines that all knowledge can be got out of books, and rests upon the authority of some master or other; nor does he entertain any misgiving that the method of learning which led to proficiency in the rules of grammar will suffice to lead him to a mastery of the laws of nature. The

\* Mr. Quain's words (Medical Times and Gazette, February 30) are: "A few words as to our special Medical course of instruction and the influence upon it of such changes in the elementary schools as I have mentioned. The student now enters at once upon several sciences,—physics, chemistry, anatomy, physiology, botany, pharmacy, therapeutics,—all these, the facts and the language and the laws of each, to be mastered in eighteen months. Up to the beginning of the Medical course many have learned little. We cannot claim anything better than the Examiner of the University of London and the Cambridge Lecturer have reported for their Universities. Supposing that at school young people had acquired some exact elementary knowledge in physics, chemistry, and a branch of natural history,—say botany,—with the physiology connected with it, they would then have gained necessary knowledge, with some practice in inductive reasoning. The whole studies are processes of observation and induction—the best discipline of the mind for the purposes of life—for our purposes not less than any. 'By such study,' says Dr. Whewell, 'of one or more departments of inductive science the mind may escape from the trithdon of mere words.' By that plan the burden of the early Medical course would be much lightened, and more time devoted to practical studies, including Sir Thomas Watson's 'final and supreme stage' of the knowledge of Medicine."



youngster, thus unprepared for serious study, is turned loose among his medical studies, with the result, in nine cases out of ten, that the first year of his curriculum is spent in learning how to learn. Indeed, he is lucky, if at the end of the first year, by the exertions of his teachers and his own industry, he has acquired even that art of arts. After which there remain not more than three, or perhaps four, years for the profitable study of such vast sciences as Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, and the like, upon his knowledge or ignorance of which it depends whether the practitioner shall diminish or increase the bills of mortality.

Now what is it but the preposterous condition of ordinary school education which prevents a young man of seventeen, destined for the practice of medicine, from being fully prepared for the study of nature, and from coming to the medical school equipped with that preliminary knowledge of the principles of Physics, of Chemistry, and of Biology, upon which he has now to waste one of the precious years, every moment of which ought to be given to those studies which bear directly upon the knowledge of his profession?

There is another profession, to the members of which, I think, a certain preliminary knowledge of physical science might be quite as valuable as to the medical man. The practitioner of medicine sets before himself the noble object of taking care of man's bodily welfare; but the members of this other profession undertake to "minister to minds diseased," and, so far as may be, to diminish sin and soften sorrow. Like the medical profession, the clerical, of which I now speak, rests its power to heal upon its knowledge of the order of the universe,—upon certain theories of man's relation to that which lies outside him. It is not my business to express any opinion about these theories. I merely wish to point out that, like all other theories, they are professedly based upon matter of fact. Thus the clerical profession has to deal with the facts of nature from a certain point of view; and hence it comes into contact with that of the man of science, who has to treat the same facts from another point of view. You know how often that contact is to be described as collision, or violent friction; and how great the heat, how little the light, which commonly results from it.

In the interests of fair play, to say nothing of those of mankind, I ask, Why do not the clergy as a body acquire, as a part of their preliminary education, some such tincture of physical science as will put them in a position to understand the difficulties in the way of accepting their theories, which are forced upon the mind of every thoughtful and intelligent man who has taken the trouble to instruct himself in the elements of natural knowledge?

Some time ago it was my fate to attend a large meeting of the clergy for the purpose of delivering an address which I had been invited to give. I spoke of some of the most elementary facts in physical science, and of the manner in which they directly contradict certain of the ordinary teachings of the clergy. The result was that, after I had finished, one section of the assembled ecclesiastics attacked me with all the intemperance of pious zeal, for stating facts and conclusions which no competent judge doubts; while, after the first speakers had subsided, amidst the cheers of the great majority of their colleagues, the more rational minority rose to tell me that I had taken wholly

superfluous pains, that they already knew all about what I had told them, and perfectly agreed with me. A hard-headed friend of mine, who was present, put the not unnatural question, "Then why don't you say so in your pulpits?" to which inquiry I heard no reply.

In fact, the clergy are at present divisible into three sections: an immense body who are ignorant and speak out; a small proportion who know and are silent; and a minute minority who know and speak according to their knowledge. By the clergy, I mean especially the Protestant clergy. Our great antagonist, — I speak as a man of science, — the Roman Catholic Church, the one great spiritual organization which is able to resist, and must, as a matter of life and death, resist the progress of science and modern civilization, manages her affairs much better.

It was my fortune some time ago to pay a visit to one of the most important of the institutions in which the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands are trained; and it seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of Dissent, was comparable to the difference between our gallant Volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard.

The Catholic priest is trained to know his business, and do it effectually. The professors of the college in question, learned, zealous, and determined men, permitted me to speak frankly with them. We talked like outposts of opposed armies during a truce, — as friendly enemies; and when I ventured to point out the difficulties their students would have to encounter from scientific thought, they replied, "Our Church has lasted many ages, and has passed safely through many storms. The present is but a new gust of the old tempest, and we do not turn out our young men less fitted to weather it than they have been, in former ages, to cope with the difficulties of those times. The heresies of the day are explained to them by their professors of philosophy and science, and they are taught how those heresies are to be met."

I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemy in this way; and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition. I think it would be better, not only for them but for us. The army of liberal thought is at present in very loose order; and many a spirited free-thinker makes use of his freedom mainly to vent nonsense. We should be the better for a vigorous and watchful enemy to hammer us into cohesion and discipline, and I, for one, lament that the bench of Bishops cannot show a man of the calibre of Butler of the "Analogy," who, if he were alive, would make short work of much of the current *a priori* "infidelity."

I hope you will consider that the arguments I have now stated, even if there were no better ones, constitute a sufficient apology for urging the introduction of science into schools. The next question to which I have to address myself is, What sciences ought to be thus taught? And this is one of the most important of questions, because my side (I am afraid I am a terribly candid friend) sometimes spoils its cause by going in for too much. There are other forms of culture besides physical science, and I should be profoundly sorry to see the fact forgotten, or even to observe a tendency to starve or cripple literary or æsthetic culture for the sake of science.



Such a narrow view of the nature of education has nothing to do with my firm conviction that a complete and thorough scientific culture ought to be introduced into all schools. By this, however, I do not mean that every school-boy should be taught everything in science. That would be a very absurd thing to conceive, and a very mischievous thing to attempt. What I mean is that no boy nor girl should leave school without possessing a grasp of the general character of science, and without having been disciplined, more or less, in the methods of all sciences; so that, when turned into the world to make their own way, they shall be prepared to face scientific discussions and scientific problems, not by knowing at once the conditions of every problem, or by being able at once to solve it; but by being familiar with the general current of scientific thought, and being able to apply the methods of science in the proper way, when they have acquainted themselves with the conditions of the special problem.

That is what I understand by scientific education. To furnish a boy with such an education, it is by no means necessary that he should devote his whole school existence to physical science; in fact, no one would lament so one-sided a proceeding more than I. Nay, more, it is not necessary for him to give up more than a moderate share of his time to such studies, if they be properly selected and arranged, and if he be trained in them in a fitting manner.

I conceive the proper course to be somewhat as follows. To begin with, let every child be instructed in those general views of the phenomena of nature for which we have no exact English name. The nearest approximation to a name for what I mean, which we possess, is "physical geography." The Germans have a better, "Erdkunde" ("earth knowledge" or "geology" in its etymological sense), that is to say, a general knowledge of the earth, and what is on it, in it, and about it.

If any one who has had experience of the ways of young children will call to mind their questions, he will find that so far as they can be put into any scientific category, they come under this head of "Erdkunde." The child asks, "What is the moon, and why does it shine?" "What is this water, and where does it run?" "What is the wind?" "What makes the waves in the sea?" "Where does this animal live, and what is the use of that plant?" And if not snubbed and stunted by being told not to ask foolish questions, there is no limit to the intellectual craving of a young child, nor any bound to the slow but solid accretion of knowledge and development of the thinking faculty in this way. To all such questions, answers which are necessarily incomplete, though true as far as they go, may be given by any teacher whose ideas represent real knowledge and not mere book learning; and a panoramic view of nature, accompanied by a strong infusion of the scientific habit of mind, may thus be placed within the reach of every child of nine or ten.

After this preliminary opening of the eyes to the great spectacle of the daily progress of nature, as the reasoning faculties of the child grow, and he becomes familiar with the use of the tools of knowledge, — reading, writing, and elementary mathematics, — he should pass on to what is, in the more strict sense, physical science. Now there are two kinds of physical science: the one regards form and the relation of forms to one another; the other

deals with causes and effects. In many of what we term our sciences, these two kinds are mixed up together; but systematic botany is a pure example of the former kind, and physics of the latter kind of science. Every educational advantage which training in physical science can give is obtainable from the proper study of these two; and I should be contented, for the present, if they, added to our "Erdkunde," furnished the whole of the scientific curriculum of schools. Indeed, I conceive it would be one of the greatest boons which could be conferred upon England, if henceforward every child in the country were instructed in the general knowledge of the things about it, — in the elements of physics, and of botany. But I should be still better pleased if there could be added somewhat of chemistry, and an elementary acquaintance with human physiology.

So far as school education is concerned, I want to go no further just now; and I believe that such instruction would make an excellent introduction to that preparatory scientific training which, as I have indicated, is so essential for the successful pursuit of our most important professions. But this modicum of instruction must be so given as to insure real knowledge and practical discipline. If scientific education is to be dealt with as mere bookwork, it will be better not to attempt it, but to stick to the Latin Grammar, which makes no pretence to be anything but bookwork.

If the great benefits of scientific training are sought, it is essential that such training should be real: that is to say, that the mind of the scholar should be brought into direct relation with fact, that he should not merely be told a thing, but made to see by the use of his own intellect and ability that the thing is so and no otherwise. The great peculiarity of scientific training, that in virtue of which it cannot be replaced by any other discipline whatsoever, is this bringing of the mind directly into contact with fact, and practising the intellect in the completest form of induction; that is to say, in drawing conclusions from particular facts made known by immediate observation of nature.

The other studies which enter into ordinary education do not discipline the mind in this way. Mathematical training is almost purely deductive. The mathematician starts with a few simple propositions, the proof of which is so obvious that they are called self-evident, and the rest of his work consists of subtle deductions from them. The teaching of languages, at any rate as ordinarily practised, is of the same general nature, — authority and tradition furnish the data, and the mental operations of the scholar are deductive.

Again: if history be the subject of study, the facts are still taken upon the evidence of tradition and authority. You cannot make a boy see the battle of Thermopylæ for himself, or know of his own knowledge that Cromwell once ruled England. There is no getting into direct contact with natural fact by this road; there is no dispensing with authority, but rather a resting upon it.

In all these respects, science differs from other educational discipline, and prepares the scholar for common life. What have we to do in everyday life? Most of the business which demands our attention is matter of fact, which needs, in the first place, to be accurately observed or apprehended; in the second, to be interpreted by inductive and deductive reasonings, which are altogether similar in their nature to those employed in science. In



the one case, as in the other, whatever is taken for granted is so taken at one's own peril; fact and reason are the ultimate arbiters, and patience and honesty are the great helpers out of difficulty.

But if scientific training is to yield its most eminent results, it must, I repeat, be made practical. That is to say, in explaining to a child the general phenomena of nature, you must, as far as possible, give reality to your teaching by object-lessons; in teaching him botany, he must handle the plants and dissect the flowers for himself; in teaching him physics and chemistry, you must not be solicitous to fill him with information, but you must be careful that what he learns he knows of his own knowledge. Don't be satisfied with telling him that a magnet attracts iron. Let him see that it does; let him feel the pull of the one upon the other for himself. And, especially, tell him that it is his duty to doubt until he is compelled, by the absolute authority of nature, to believe that which is written in books. Pursue this discipline carefully and conscientiously, and you may make sure that, however scanty may be the measure of information which you have poured into the boy's mind, you have created an intellectual habit of priceless value in practical life.

One is constantly asked, When should this scientific education be commenced? I should say with the dawn of intelligence. As I have already said, a child seeks for information about matters of physical science as soon as it begins to talk. The first teaching it wants is an object-lesson of one sort or another; and as soon as it is fit for systematic instruction of any kind, it is fit for a modicum of science.

People talk of the difficulty of teaching young children such matters, and in the same breath insist upon their learning their Catechism, which contains propositions far harder to comprehend than anything in the educational course I have proposed. Again, I am incessantly told that we who advocate the introduction of science into schools make no allowance for the stupidity of the average boy or girl; but, in my belief, that stupidity, in nine cases out of ten, "*fit, non nascitur*," and is developed by a long process of parental and pedagogic repression of the natural intellectual appetites, accompanied by a persistent attempt to create artificial ones for food which is not only tasteless, but essentially indigestible.

Those who urge the difficulty of instructing young people in science are apt to forget another very important condition of success,—important in all kinds of teaching, but most essential, I am disposed to think, when the scholars are very young. This condition is, that the teacher should himself really and practically know his subject. If he does, he will be able to speak of it in the easy language, and with the completeness of conviction, with which he talks of any ordinary every-day matter. If he does not, he will be afraid to wander beyond the limits of the technical phraseology which he has got up; and a dead dogmatism, which oppresses or raises opposition, will take the place of the lively confidence, born of personal conviction, which cheers and encourages the eminently sympathetic mind of childhood.

I have already hinted that such scientific training as we seek for may be given without making any extravagant claim upon the time now devoted to education. We ask only for "a most favored nation" clause in our treaty with the schoolmaster;

we demand no more than that science shall have as much time given to it as any other single subject,—say four hours a week in each class of an ordinary school.

For the present, I think men of science would be well content with such an arrangement as this; but speaking for myself, I do not pretend to believe that such an arrangement can be, or will be, permanent. In these times the educational tree seems to me to have its roots in the air, its leaves and flowers in the ground; and I confess I should very much like to turn it upside down, so that its roots might be solidly embedded among the facts of nature, and draw thence a sound nutriment for the foliage and fruit of literature and of art. No educational system can have a claim to permanence unless it recognizes the truth that education has two great ends to which everything else must be subordinated. The one of these is to increase knowledge; the other is to develop the love of right and the hatred of wrong.

With wisdom and uprightness a nation can make its way worthily, and beauty will follow in the footsteps of the two, even if she be not specially invited; while there is, perhaps, no sight in the whole world more saddening and revolting than is offered by men sunk in ignorance of everything but what other men have written; seemingly devoid of moral belief or guidance, but with the sense of beauty so keen, and the power of expression so cultivated, that their sensual caterwauling may be almost mistaken for the music of the spheres.

At present, education is almost entirely devoted to the cultivation of the power of expression and of the sense of literary beauty. The matter of having anything to say beyond a hash of other people's opinions, or of possessing any criterion of beauty, so that we may distinguish between the Godlike and the devilish, is left aside as of no moment. I think I do not err in saying that if science were made the foundation of education, instead of being, at most, stuck on as cornice to the edifice, this state of things could not exist.

In advocating the introduction of physical science as a leading element in education, I by no means refer only to the higher schools. On the contrary, I believe that such a change is even more imperatively called for in those primary schools in which the children of the poor are expected to turn to the best account the little time they can devote to the acquisition of knowledge. A great step in this direction has already been made by the establishment of science-classes under the Department of Science and Art,—a measure which came into existence unnoticed, but which will, I believe, turn out to be of more importance to the welfare of the people than many political changes, over which the noise of battle has rent the air.

Under the regulations to which I refer, a schoolmaster can set up a class in one or more branches of science; his pupils will be examined, and the State will pay him, at a certain rate, for all who succeed in passing. I have acted as an examiner under this system from the beginning of its establishment, and this year I expect to have not fewer than a couple of thousand sets of answers to questions in Physiology, mainly from young people of the artisan class, who have been taught in the schools which are now scattered all over Great Britain and Ireland. Some of my colleagues, who have to deal with subjects such as Geometry, for which the present teaching power is better organ-



ized, I understand are likely to have three or four times as many papers. So far as my own subjects are concerned, I can undertake to say that a great deal of the teaching, the results of which are before me in three examinations, is very sound and good, and I think it is in the power of the examiners, not only to keep up the present standard, but to cause an almost unlimited improvement.

Now what does this mean? It means that by holding out a very moderate inducement, the masters of primary schools in many parts of the country have been led to convert them into little foci of scientific instruction, and that they and their pupils have contrived to find or to make time enough to carry out this object with a very considerable degree of efficiency. That efficiency will, I doubt not, be very much increased as the system becomes known and perfected, even with the very limited leisure left to masters and teachers on week-days. And this leads me to ask, Why should scientific teaching be limited to week-days?

Ecclesiastically minded persons are in the habit of calling things they do not like by very hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I am about to make as blasphemous and worse. But, not minding this, I venture to ask, Would there really be anything wrong in using part of Sunday for the purpose of instructing those who have no other leisure in a knowledge of the phenomena of nature, and of man's relation to nature?

I should like to see a scientific Sunday school in every parish, not for the purpose of superseding any existing means of teaching the people the things that are for their good, but side by side with them. I cannot but think that there is room for all of us to work in helping to bridge over the great abyss of ignorance which lies at our feet.

And if any of the ecclesiastical persons to whom I have referred object that they find it derogatory to the honor of the God whom they worship to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim His, and to teach them those laws which must needs be His laws, and therefore of all things needful for man to know, I can only recommend them to be let blood and put on low diet. There must be something very wrong going on in the instrument of logic if it turns out such conclusions from such premises.

## JACK HAVILAND.

### I.

JACK HAVILAND was a fair specimen of public-school training. He had spent six years at Eton, and had been successively "plucked" in three examinations,—for the University, the Army, and the Civil Service of India. To the examiners of Oxford, he had declared that Moses was the son of Adam; to those of Chelsea, that Heligoland was an island in Africa; and to those at Burlington House, that the leader of the first crusade was William of Orange. These brilliant answers having failed to convince the authorities, he had made up his mind that the public services had entered into a league against him, which it was vain to resist.

This resolution was the easier to keep as Jack Haviland had no one to goad him to active exertion. His only living relative was a maiden aunt. But this lady having viewed with extreme disfavor the results of his scholastic trials, and Jack having heard from her own lips that the provision intended

to be set down for him in her will would probably amount to one shilling sterling, he had wisely reflected that the possession of an aunt of this kind was as good as having none at all; and he had made his arrangements in consequence.

Happily for him, he was not altogether destitute of means. He enjoyed two hundred pounds a year of his own and a cottage by the sea. But this was all he had in the world; and his prospects of ever obtaining more were excessively slender. However, he was of a gay, light-hearted temper; always ready to take the bright view of things; and looking upon life as a sort of game of football, in which it was absurd to mind a few kicks on the shins. Disappointments which would have hopelessly soured less happy minds than his, had left his soul as calm as a summer lake. He really did not know what it was to be put out; and the hardest epithet he ever applied to the numerous ills which checker life was, that this or that was "rather awkward," an ejaculation he used indiscriminately on the breaking of a meerschaum pipe, the being stumped out in a county match, or the losing of fifty pounds.

With such a disposition it was but natural that Jack should have many friends. He was a universal favorite with all who had ever known him; and in the snug seaport where his dwelling was there was no man so thoroughly popular. He was always doing a good turn for somebody. His mission on earth seemed to be to oblige people. If any service was to be rendered to man, woman, or child, any commission executed, any important errand run, he was the person to do it. He belonged to every soup and clothing club in the place. Beggars knew him by name, and touched their hats to him in the street. Stray dogs followed him home at nights with the certainty of being housed and fed. He was an out-and-out good fellow, that was the truth of it; and he had as pleasant and cheery a face as it was possible to meet with in any town of England from Land's End Point to Berwick-upon-Tweed. Of course he was young; and this fact, added to his vigor of limb and handsome features, made him the abject slave of womankind.

In the morning he was to be seen rushing, breathless and hot, along the Marine Parade with six or eight parcels under his arm: these were worsteds he had been sorting for Mrs. Curry-combe, the rector's wife. Two hours later, he might be detected on his way to Mrs. Maydew's villa with a heavy cargo of sensation novels in tow. In the afternoon, it was Miss Bohea who wanted to consult him about her parrot. In the evening, Mrs. Colonel Bowlemdown expected him to tea. Jack Haviland was anywhere and everywhere when wanted. All the ladies of the town had a joint-stock interest in him; and it was a sort of rivalry among them as to which should lay the most frequent taxes upon his ever cheerful remedies.

Under these circumstances, it was not without a certain emotion that the female population of Shingle-super-mare began to reflect, that for six weeks past and more Mr. Jack had been much less frequently seen than formerly. His appearances upon the parade had become unaccountably few and far between. Two projected picnics had been given up from his inability to attend at them; and three dinner-parties had actually taken place without his having been present amongst the guests. The ladies of Shingle began to murmur. This desertion was something quite novel and strange. It could not



be put up with at any price; and something must be done to find out the why and the wherefore of such highly censurable conduct. An ambassador—in the person of Thomas, Mrs. Maydew's "buttons"—was despatched to the shirker's abode, to inquire if any mishap had befallen him. But Thomas returned no wiser than he had gone. Mr. Haviland he reported was not at home. His housekeeper had stated, upon cross-examination, that of late he had taken to leaving the house at ten A. M. and not returning till night; but whence and from what cause such a vagabondizing humor, neither Mrs. Nuffin (the housekeeper) nor he (Thomas) could explain.

This news caused a mighty commotion when Mrs. Maydew gave it out at Mrs. M'Hotscone's tea-party. The whole party burst into exclamations. Mrs. M'Hotscone declared it "very strange now"; Mrs. Maydew pronounced it "incomprehensible"; Mrs. Curry-combe thought it "unkind"; Miss Bohea hoped "that nothing might come of it." And then all these ladies remained for a moment silent; for the same thought had traversed all their minds,—a horrid thought, which caused them of a sudden to bridle up together and, each in secret, to vow vengeance upon the culprit. If Mr. Jack Haviland was nowhere to be found, it must surely be that he had been enthralled. But none save woman could have done this deed; and so—logical but bitter conclusion!—Mr. Jack Haviland was no doubt in love!

## II.

Alas, poor Jack! Not even upon him had the elfin god had pity. Right in the centre of his good stout heart had the barbed arrow struck; and it was of no use trying to pull it out. There it was, and there it must stay through sorrow and joy, through day and night, till gray old years and Father Time deemed well to close the wound.

He had fallen in love! Yes, one day on the beach, whilst picking up pebbles with the little M'Hotscones. The weather was cloudy, and the sea was running high. The wind, like an ill-bred urchin, was romping about over land and water, covering people with spray, and casting up seaweed in gigantic handfuls, to throw at the passers-by. The little M'Hotscones were merry and soused. Jack Haviland had seen his hat disappear in the gust, and sail in triumph up the British Channel.

Everything was going on well, when, of a sudden, br-r-r-oum! crash! and a monstrous wave, as big as a house, burst foaming, raging, and splashing on the beach. Away, with howls of terror, rushed the little M'Hotscones, abandoning a whole fortress of pebbles to the fury of the elements. Away also rushed a whole bevy of nursery-maids, children, and startled young ladies, like leaves in autumn before a southwest wind. Screams and laughter mingled with the noise, and br-r-r-oum! crash! down came a second wave. This time the last remaining stragglers took to flight, but not quite fast enough to prevent two pretty maidens, who had been wandering too near the shore, from being overtaken by the treacherous tide, and bathed up to their waists in water. In ten seconds, Jack, who had been on the lookout, was bearing them both up in his arms. There was a great deal of pretty crying, a great deal of alarm in the tearful blue eyes, a great deal of sudden paleness on the little pink cheeks; but, on the whole, there was more fright than hurt.

Before the third big wave had burst its bounds, both were standing high and dry, and not very much the worse for their wetting. As was natural, however, Jack protested strenuously against their going home in their wet clothes. His own cottage was a hundred yards off. They must come there and dry themselves, whilst he sent up to their house to get them other dresses. There was no refusing. A silver flask had already been produced from Jack's breast-pocket, and the contents soon brought a warm glow back to the pallid faces. The two young ladies began to stammer their thanks to their rescuer; next they began to laugh at their own wretched plight; and by the time the cottage was reached the accident had become a joke, and they were little geese to have ever felt so frightened at it.

This was the beginning of Jack's misfortune. The two young ladies were cousins, and both of about the same age,—eighteen. One was Miss Lucy Chatfield; the other, Miss Annie Heywood. It was Miss Lucy who spoke to Jack, and told him this. Her father, Mr. Chatfield, was a rich city merchant, who lived in London all the week, and only came down to Shingle from Saturday till Monday. Miss Lucy had no mother, and Annie Heywood was staying with her on a visit. Miss Lucy hoped that Mr. Haviland (whose card she put into her muff) would come and call on them; papa would be delighted to see him; and "Annie and I"—this was said with a blush—should be very glad to thank him again. The address was Beauchamp Villa, on the road to the cliff.

When Miss Lucy Chatfield and Miss Annie Heywood had come out of Jack's room, where they had put on the warm dresses brought down to them by their maid,—when they had shaken hands with him, and gone away smiling in the most prosaic of four-wheeled flies, our hero felt as though two rays of sunshine had left his dwelling. The cottage seemed dark, and Jack felt miserable. He picked up a tiny wet glove which he knew to be Miss Lucy's, and kissed it. After that he ran to the almanac to see what day it was, and almost swooned with joy to find it was Friday, and that consequently, as Mr. Chatfield would be at home on the morrow, he might call with perfect propriety at Beauchamp Villa. That evening he absented himself from a party where his presence was indispensable for the getting-up of charades, and wandered about on the beach till twelve o'clock, just near the spot where he had saved Miss Lucy. In a word, he behaved most irrationally, and took no breakfast next morning from sheer excitement of mind.

Mr. Chatfield received him very well, and invited him to dinner on Sunday. Jack feared he should go mad when he found himself seated at table next Miss Lucy, and helping her to wine. In the drawing-room, she presided at the urn, and he thought he had never tasted anything so delicious as the tea she had brewed with her own hands. He took three cups of it. Mr. Chatfield, finding him a pleasant guest, asked him to call again, which he promised to do with every intention of keeping his word. On his way home, he indulged in a delirious horn-pipe by the sad sea-waves, to the mute stupefaction of a local policeman.

Love never does things by halves with such gentlemen as Mr. Jack Haviland. By the end of a week, Jack found he could think and dream of nothing else but Lucy Chatfield. He was like a



man who has stared too hard at the sun, and sees a luminous spot continually dancing before his eyes. He passed his days in alternations of giddy bliss and pitiable wretchedness, according as his suit seemed to prosper or fail. He was "gone, gone all over," as he himself expressed it; and as flame, when it rages so hotly as this, is contagious, Miss Lucy herself began soon to wonder how it was that her heart fluttered so fast whenever she met Mr. Jack. At first, the meetings were confined to chance encounters on Parade, once or so every other day. Gradually the meetings grew more frequent and prolonged, until at last "chance became so complaisant," that the lovers met twice a day.

And then it was that the habit of long walks set in, — long walks on the cliff, in country roads, on the desert parts of the beach, — anywhere where they could be alone. Lucy, no longer timid, as at first, leaned innocently on Jack's strong arm, accepting the plea that it was prudent to do so, lest another big wave should come and sweep her down. Annie Heywood, who was the constant companion of these walks, had a true feminine tact for straying a few yards before or a few yards behind, that those adorable nothings, so sweet to exchange when there are only two to hear them, might not remain unspoken from the presence of a third. Jack was happy, and Lucy was happy too. No thought of to-morrow came to mar the *naïve* illusions of their dream; they lived only in the present, loving each other more and more every day. And once, when Jack had allowed his lips to whisper the first trembling confession of his heart, he drew his arm round Lucy's waist, and kissed her; and she, happy at what he had said, and not afraid to show her happiness, did as he bade her, and returned his kiss.

### III.

Two months had passed since the day when they had first met, and Jack Haviland's protracted absence from all the festivities of Shingle had begun to sow bitterness and wailing in the female camp.

The most terrible suppositions had already been set afloat by the joint ingenuity of Mrs. M'Hotscone and Miss Bohea. The local journal had solemnly announced the arrival at the Shingle of Mademoiselle Gredinette of the *corps de ballet* of the Paris Opera; and putting this fact together with the other fact of Jack's desertion, Miss Bohea inquired whether it were not possible to deduct therefrom a most scandalous conclusion. But it is fair to say that Miss Bohea remained alone of her opinion. The other ladies could not bring upon themselves to suspect Jack Haviland of so much blackness. Besides, Mademoiselle Gredinette had not remained in Shingle for more than two days, and she had been escorted both on arrival and departure by the Right Honorable the Earl of Wheezylung, a peer of the realm. Whilst queries and wonders, suggestions and exclamations, were still running riot, Mrs. Maydew appeared one Sunday morning at St. Marigold's Church, with a look of triumph on her countenance. During the whole time of service, she cast looks of intelligence at Mrs. M'Hotscone, Mrs. Curry-combe, and Miss Bohea; and as soon as the service was ended, she hastened out, so as to meet her friends, and tell them all about it.

"Oh! would you believe it, my dear Mrs. M'Hotscone, after all our kindness to him, to abandon us all for a girl like that?"

"Who can it be?" inquired Mrs. M'Hotscone.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Curry-combe.

"Who?" gasped Miss Bohea.

"Why, none other than that little Miss Chatfield, the child with auburn hair, who lives at Beauchamp Lodge, and has a father too proud to call upon any one."

"Mr. Chatfield, the banker?"

"No; he's a timber-merchant, or a drysalter, or something of the kind. He's immensely rich, and I can't make out how he can accept such a man as Jack Haviland for his son-in-law. Mr. Haviland has n't a single sixpence."

"Not a penny," muttered Miss Bohea.

"But is it all settled then?" asked Mrs. M'Hotscone.

"I don't know, I'm sure; but I suspect it must be. Mr. Haviland no longer comes to St. Marygold's on Sundays. He doesn't like to lose sight of his little waxy-flaxy miss for a single minute. I met him on Parade this morning, going with a smiling face to Mr. Jumper's tabernacle."

"A dissenting chapel!" exclaimed Mrs. Curry-combe in horror.

"That young man has no regard for his soul," cried Miss Bohea.

"I should n't have believed it of him," said Mrs. M'Hotscone; and the four ladies, mortally shocked at what they had heard, wended their way all chattering together.

"We must agree to cut him," began Miss Bohea, who, from being the tenderest of Jack's admirers, had become of late the bitterest of his foes. "We must scratch him off our visiting-lists." The word *scratch* was pronounced with singular vehemence; so much so, that the other three ladies gave a start, then looked at each other, and finally smiled.

"After all," said Mrs. M'Hotscone, who had a warm Scotch heart, "Jack's a gude laddie, and he could n't always remain a bachelor. He'll make a canny bridegroom, and we'd best think of wishing him a bonny wife and a fair armful of bairns."

Miss Bohea felt it binding upon her to blush.

"If he'd only not chosen a dissenter!" observed Mrs. Curry-combe, relenting.

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Maydew; "but we'll get him to convert his wife; you and Mr. Curry-combe will manage that, dear. What a delightful sermon that was the rector gave us this morning!"

Mrs. Curry-combe's brow cleared up entirely. "I'm glad you liked the sermon, dear; William and I worked at it together. But, dear me, here he is in person!" exclaimed the rector's wife, glancing down the street.

"Who? William?"

"No, no; Jack Haviland."

And so it was. Mr. Jack, making fearful gestures with his arms, and walking at a break-neck pace, was looming in the distance. He seemed to be unconscious of surrounding objects, and was frightfully pale.

"Why, what can have happened?" cried Mrs. Maydew; "he looked so happy this morning."

"He's not himself at all now," said Mrs. M'Hotscone, terrified.

"I think he's in a state of inebriation," observed Miss Bohea.

"Mr. Haviland! Mr. Haviland! Why, don't you intend to speak to us?" cried out Mrs. Curry-combe, as Jack, with his eyes cast down, seemed about to rush by without stopping.

Jack looked up startled, raised his hat mechani-



cally, and stared vacantly at the group. "Good morning, ladies," he stammered in an altered voice. "I beg your pardon; I had not seen you."

He spoke absently, scarcely knowing what he said. Mrs. M'Hotstone took pity on him. "The poor fellow's ailing," she whispered; and the ladies, with the exception of Miss Bohea, nodded kindly, to give Jack an excuse for going his way. He made a second bow, and continued his course without looking to right or left. Something was clearly the matter with him.

"I wonder what it can be?" exclaimed the four ladies together, and they parted with every variety of conjecture and surmise.

"It's not very difficult to guess," said Miss Bohea, with an intonation of triumph; "that little Miss Chatfield must have jilted him."

At all events, not of her own accord, poor girl; for if Miss Bohea's suspicion was right in the letter, it was quite incorrect in the spirit. Jack had not been jilted; he had only been told that his dream of happiness was at an end, — that was all; but was it not enough, and had he not reason to clasp his fists as he went, to vow that he was the most miserable being alive, and to plan throwing himself into the sea that very night as soon as ever the moon should have risen?

This is what had happened; Jack, that morning, had got up as usual without a cloud to dull his heart. He had breakfasted confidently off two poached eggs, and had set out for Mr. Jumper's place of worship, righteously purposed to attend to that reverend man's exhortations, and to make himself a cheerful soul by looking as frequently as he could during service at Miss Lucy Chatfield in the pew opposite him. He had arrayed himself in his best, had stuck a bright moss-rosebud within his button-hole, and had drawn on the choicest pair of dogskin gloves, quoted four shillings and sixpence in the market. His chin new reaped, his hair well brushed, and his whiskers trimly combed, had all created the most favorable impression upon the congregation at the tabernacle. Mr. Jumper, who had detected in him a proselyte, eyed him approvingly, on ascending the pulpit; and Mrs. Jumper, who had had him shown into her pew, presented him with her hymn-book. Albeit, as the service progressed, Jack's brow began to lower.

At a quarter past eleven, neither Lucy, nor Annie Heywood, nor Mr. Chatfield had yet appeared. Twenty minutes, twenty-five, half an hour elapsed, and yet no sign of the party. Jack's brow became overcast. The sermon commenced, and Mr. Jumper, with fervid eloquence, began prophesying unpleasantness to the "miserable sinners" around him. It became evident that Lucy would not appear that day. Jack felt himself oppressed with all the terrors that the human mind, when suffering from the pains of love, can forge. He felt himself stifling in the close-packed chapel. His fears grew apace, and, to the speechless scandal of the congregation, he rose in the very midst of the sermon, — at the pathetic point where Mr. Jumper, with a view to his special conversion, was describing the joy of the black sheep who has been washed, — and bolted out.

When once outside, however, he had a moment's hope. Susan, one of the housemaids at Beauchamp Villa, was standing on the chapel steps, and as soon as he appeared, drew a letter mysteriously from her pocket, handed it him, and without saying a word disappeared. It was not in Lucy's

handwriting this letter, and Jack heard his heart throb again with all its fears as he tore open the envelope. This is what he read: —

"MY DEAR MR. HAVILAND, — All has been discovered. Mr. Chatfield came home last night in dreadful anger, having been told by somebody, we do not know whom, that you were in the habit of going out walking with us every day. He scolded poor Lucy all the evening yesterday, and again this morning. He is the more furious as she has held out bravely that she loves you, and will marry no one but you. I believe Mr. Chatfield will call upon you to-day, but I am afraid he will be very harsh, for he speaks most bitterly, and talks of sending off Lucy to France, and putting her in a convent, if she will not promise never to speak to you again. We are both very unhappy. Lucy has cried all the morning. I send this by Susan, and am, my dear Mr. Haviland, very faithfully yours,  
"ANNIE HEYWOOD."

Jack grew cold as he finished this letter, and we know the state in which he ran home. Fortunately, it was Sunday, and the chemists' shops were closed, or else there is no telling to what lengths he might have run, had any one been found to sell him, upon his own recognizances, a dose of prussic acid. He ran so fast, and was so entirely absorbed in his own reflections, that he did not notice the frowning features of Mr. Chatfield, who was mounting guard outside his cottage, and who, as soon as he had rushed in with his head downcast, strode menacingly after him, and banged for ten good seconds at the door with a furious double-knock. Jack had not yet had time to take off his gloves. He opened his sitting-room door, and heard a vibrating voice inquire of his housekeeper if he were at home.

"He's just come in, sir," answered the terrified Mrs. Nuffin, who had never heard anything like that knock before.

Mr. Chatfield, without waiting to be announced, walked straight into the room where Jack Haviland was, and, confronting him with an angry stare, began abruptly: "Do you consider yourself a gentleman, Mr. Haviland?"

"I hope so," stammered poor Jack, growing very red, and feeling very guilty.

"Ah, you hope so. Well, I am glad there seems to be some doubt of the fact in your mind, for I should like to know, sir, whether you consider it becoming a gentleman to make love to a young girl during her father's absence, — to profit by the circumstance of my being in London six days of the week, to sing your maudlin love-songs in a mere child's ear, — and to encourage that child to open defiance and disobedience of me? I ask you, sir, do you consider that conduct becoming a gentleman?"

"I love Miss Chatfield," faltered Jack, not finding anything else to say.

"You love Miss Chatfield!" repeated the merchant, waxing more indignant as he continued to speak. "And may I ask, sir, who you are who pretend to love Miss Chatfield? What are your means of existence? How do you live? What are your claims to the hand of a young lady in my daughter's position? Are you a peer of England?"

Jack shook his head despondingly.

"A millionaire?"

Jack gave a sigh.



"A man of talent? A great author? A painter? A rising barrister?"

"I am nothing," murmured Jack.

"Are you even an honest man, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Chatfield, raising his voice till it shook the room, and crossing his arms contemptuously.

"Ah! there, yes," cried Jack Haviland, with a red-hot glow on his face; "I may have been thoughtless, Mr. Chatfield, but I am an honest man."

"That's very easily said, sir," rejoined the merchant, coldly. "How much have you a year?"

"I've only two hundred pounds and this cottage," answered Jack Haviland, humbly. "But you do not intend to judge of my honesty by the extent of my fortune, I hope?"

"But indeed I do, Mr. John Haviland," answered Mr. Chatfield, with a sneer, "for if you had been the honest man you pretend yourself, you would assuredly have known, sir, that a man lays himself open to very ugly suspicions, when, having but twelve shillings a day to live upon, he makes love to the daughter of a man who has a hundred thousand pounds at his bankers'."

"I swear I never thought of your fortune," cried Jack, impulsively. "Had you been poorer than I, it would have been just the same. You cannot think, Mr. Chatfield, that there was ever a single mercenary wish in my love for Miss Lucy?"

"Prove it," said the merchant, sternly.

"How?" faltered Jack, feeling his heart droop within him.

"That is a strange question, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Chatfield, pronouncing each of his words with terrible conciseness. "You tell me that you ignored the extent of my fortune. Well, I reveal it you now: my daughter will at my death have ten thousand pounds a year. If your views have been so disinterested as you now affirm, you cannot but be struck with the immense disproportion that exists between Miss Chatfield's position and yours. And if you wish me to hold you guiltless of any unworthy motives, of any fault, indeed, save that of thoughtlessness, you know very well how you must act."

Jack became deadly pale, and drew his hand across his brow. "Yes," he said in a broken voice, "you want me to promise that I will not speak again to Miss Chatfield."

"I wish you to swear upon your word of honor as a gentleman that you will break off all further connection of any sort with my daughter. Do you promise?"

Jack hesitated a moment, and cast an imploring look at the merchant, whose features remained impassible.

"Very well," he said, sadly; "I give you my word. But I think it will be better if I go away. I will leave England to-morrow, and not return until—until—yes, until Miss Chatfield be married."

The merchant nodded; but he looked more attentively at Jack after the latter had spoken these words. There was even something like a trace of emotion on his face, and it was in a much softer voice that he said, holding out his hand, "I accept your word, Mr. Haviland, and confess that my estimate of you was a wrong one. But you must not bear me a grudge for the way I am acting. If you were in my place, you would understand that I have the welfare and happiness of my child to look to, and that I am bound to follow the promptings of my reason and my judgment."

"If I were a father, I should no doubt act as you are doing," said Jack, mournfully. "I am sorry I did not think of this before; but I will go away to-morrow, and you must tell Miss—Lu—Miss Chatfield to forget me."

The merchant did not feel so satisfied with himself as he had done a moment or two before. He ought to have taken his leave, and yet he stayed.

"It will be a great inconvenience to you to go away so suddenly," he said with hesitation,—"you have probably many matters to settle; debts to pay, perhaps. Will you allow me to take these off your hands?"

"No," said Jack, quietly; "I have no debts whatever. I have nothing to settle either. I shall give this cottage to my housekeeper, who used to be my nurse; and I can start the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Are you in need of money?"

"No, thank you. I had laid by a little store for a rainy day; and the rainy day has come."

He opened his desk and showed the merchant a little heap of five-pound notes. Mr. Chatfield had become thoughtful. "You have no debts," he said, pensively, "and with two hundred pounds a year only you can manage to lay by. That speaks well for your training."

"I was very idle at school," said Jack, reddening, "and I know next to nothing; but whilst my father yet lived, that is, whilst I was still a child, he taught me two maxims, which he said contained the measure of all earthly wisdom: 'Don't tell lies; and don't get into debt.'"

"And you have observed these maxims?"

Jack's eyes beamed truthfully at the merchant. "Yes," he said, simply.

#### IV.

Mr. Chatfield left Jack's cottage with a host of new reflections in his mind. For the first time in his life he began to suspect that there was something on earth as honorable as birth, great wealth, or famous talent, and that was plain, unboasting honesty.

He had never been a hard man; on the contrary, he passed for generous and feeling; but in common with most men in this mercenary age, he shared the idea that human merit was always to be measured by the standard of gold, and that where gold was wanting to prop it, virtue could never be very strong or very steadfast. He had always felt a certain contempt for poor men, and he grounded this feeling on the incontrovertible fact, that those who are obliged to battle continually against want must become narrow-minded at last, from the perpetual struggle and contact with petty miseries. It had never yet occurred to him that wealth was only a relative condition, and that some men could be richer with hundreds than others with millions. But, above all, it had never yet struck his mind that a man who brings to his wedding contract a spotless name, a rigid inflexibility of principle, and a cheerful heart, happy with little, and free from greed, has more to offer than any wealth that can be expressed in figures.

After wandering about some time and nearing his house, he turned suddenly back, and went again towards the town. He knew several people amongst the leading families, and he called upon them all, one after another, to gather information about Jack Haviland. Everywhere he heard the



same thing. If ever Nature had made a good, honest, and amiable character, it was certainly Mr. Haviland's. No man was so ready to do good; no one was so kind and even-tempered; no one so thoroughly unselfish, and so completely indulgent for the failings, vices, or caprices of others. The world is not altogether so ungrateful as it is painted. People do not always delight to repay kindness and service by slander. The astonished merchant saw more than one eye glisten with genuine tears of emotion whilst Jack's honest virtues were being descanted on. It began to be remembered, that on no occasion had Jack ever been heard to say an unkind thing of any one; whilst, on the other hand, it was everywhere confirmed that he was invariably first to take the defence of those who were accused or maligned. Again, many acts of rare and touching delicacy were quoted of him; quarrels had been appeased by his means, reconciliations effected, and deeds of large and generous charity were attributed to him, the more surely as he had always denied them.

Mr. Chatfield returned home towards evening in a silent, thoughtful mood. He found Lucy with her eyes very red, and her pretty face quite sad from weeping. He kissed her and told her not to cry; but during dinner he scarcely said a word, and as soon as he rose from table he shut himself up in his study, and remained there walking up and down for nearly two hours. When he came out, his face bore an unusually serious though mild expression. He held a letter in his hand, and rang the drawing-room bell. "Take that to Mr. John Haviland, at the Cliff Cottage," he said; and when the servant had gone out, and when he had heard the house-door close on him, he heaved a sigh of relief, like a man who has done a good action, and has reason to be pleased with it.

"Come here, Lucy," he said, in a gentle voice; and when the poor child had begun to weep again at hearing him speak so kindly, his lips quivered, and it was almost in a whisper that he spoke his next words: "Do you think, my darling pet, that I would ever willingly cause you a moment's pain? Do you not know that you are my only treasure on earth, and that there can be no joy or pleasure for me in life unless you have your share of it? Do you think that anything could compensate me for shedding one of your precious tears? And do you not feel that for a single one of your smiles, I would do all that is humanly possible? Then trust to me, dear child, and never fear but that your happiness will be the sole guide to my actions, the only end to which I shall look."

Lucy went to bed a little comforted, but with her heart still very heavy. Mr. Chatfield waited till the footman had returned from the cottage, inquired if the note had been delivered safely, and then retired too. For the first time for many years, he retired to rest without reading the money articles in the weekly reviews, a task he always reserved for Sunday night. The fact was, his mind was very far from scrip and share that evening.

Jack was silently and sorrowfully packing up his boxes when Mrs. Nuffin, who had been apprised of his departure, and thrown into a state of trembling wonder by it, brought up the merchant's note. Jack broke the seal without much excitement. The letter contained only these words:—

"MY DEAR MR. HAVILAND, — I should be very glad if you could call at Beauchamp Villa to-mor-

row towards eleven, for I have something to say to you.

Yours sincerely,

"ROBERT CHATFIELD."

Jack put the letter in his pocket, and continued to pack. He did not go to bed at all that night, — sleep would have been impossible; so he passed his time in looking over all his domestic treasures, laying by a number of things which he intended to send as "keepsakes" to the numerous children by whom he was known and loved. He wrote also a few letters to different friends, ascribing his departure to a desire to travel, — which, indeed, was strictly true, for he could no longer have borne to remain at Shingle. When all this was done, he slipped out of the house towards midnight, and went down to the beach, to the most deserted part of it, where he had taken his last walk with Lucy. He remained there listening to the monotonous but soothing roll of the waves till daybreak; and no one who had met him, as he returned home peaceful and composed on the morrow, could have guessed how deep and real was the sorrow that lay under his placid features.

One of his most trying moments was the parting with Mrs. Nuffin, who was not at all to be comforted with the gift of Jack's cottage and furniture. The good woman invoked all the principles of common law and equity against the abandonment of an old nurse. It was contrary to the justice of the land, she affirmed; and as she was an old woman, and had but little more time to live, Jack might very well have waited until she died before beginning his ramblings abroad. Jack, who could not trust himself to remain calm a single moment where others were crying, was obliged to snatch himself away without listening. "Drive to Beauchamp Villa," he said to the driver on whose fly his boxes were piled; "and after that, you'll have to take me to the station."

On reaching the villa, Jack Haviland's heart began to beat so fast that he had scarcely strength to knock. He was shown into an empty parlor, but a minute after the footman returned, and requested him to walk up to the drawing-room. Jack followed, hanging his head despondingly, and wishing he had been spared the last trial of coming to that house, into which he never more would enter. The servant announced him in a formal tone, and withdrew. Jack raised his eyes doubtfully, and then turned ashy pale; he was in the presence not only of Mr. Chatfield, but of Lucy. His first impulse was to rush forward; but he remembered his promise, and remained motionless; only, he was obliged to lean against a chair for support, — he had not been prepared for this emotion.

Lucy looked at him wistfully, but at a gesture of her father's, she walked slowly towards him, and held out her hand: "Papa says I may shake hands with you, Mr. Haviland," she said, faltering.

He looked up at her, and a look of pain flitted across his face. "Good-by, — Miss Chatfield," he sobbed, with a desperate effort to control his voice.

Mr. Chatfield appeared moved. "Mr. Haviland," he said, quickly, "I have sent for you to propose that instead of leaving England, and so abandoning the chance of ever bettering your fortunes in this land, you should come with me to London and enter my office. We can find plenty for you to do there, and you could begin on a salary of three hundred pounds. By and by, there is no knowing, you might become my partner. I have



heard a great deal about your uprightness and steadiness of conduct, and you are just the sort of man I should be pleased and proud to work with. Do you accept?"

Jack looked inquiringly, first at the merchant, then at Luey, who seemed as much astonished as he.

"Ah! by the way, though, there's a condition I forgot to mention," added Mr. Chatfield; "but it's a condition about which I hope you'll make no difficulty."

"What is that, sir?" asked Jack, in amazement.

"That you agree to marry my daughter."

### FRENCH COURTS OF JUSTICE.

A MORE striking and suggestive contrast than that between the French and the English judicial tribunals, it would be difficult to find; or one more clearly marking the striking difference in temperament and mode of thought between the two races. The forms of French legal procedure aid in giving a romantic character to the scenes which pass in the Palais de Justice. The Procureur Impérial, combining in himself the powers of public prosecutor, grand jury, and adviser of the bench, is an official quite unknown to Anglo-Saxon countries; for his office implies a great deal more than those of our attorneys and solicitors-general. At the opening of criminal trials, the procureur proceeds to read a long and minute narrative of the previous life, habits, and character of the accused, which has been collected with great care. He relates the career of the prisoner with a dramatic force worthy of a novelist, and seems as anxious to construct an interesting story as to produce a practical impression on the minds of the jury. The theatrical character of the scene is kept up by the French custom of questioning the prisoner as well as the witnesses, hearing his statements, allowing him to interrogate the witnesses, or to explain away their evidence, and not very sternly checking him when he indulges in pathetic appeals, in untimely jokes, or energetic recriminations. The judge for his part makes remarks very freely, does not stick at a pun or a joke with the counsel, or even with the prisoner, and engages in altercations with both.

The French are so sensitive to anything droll; they are so quick to seize the ludicrous aspect of any matter and make the most of it, that no opportunity for amusement is allowed to pass, no matter how serious the trial or the circumstances. Some two years ago a trial took place at Melun, near Fontainebleau, which excited a keen interest throughout France. One Madame Frigard, a sprightly woman of forty, the mother of a family, was arraigned for the murder of a Madame Mertens. The two were very intimate friends. Mertens was young, pretty, of loose morals, and possessed of money; they went for a day's excursion into the forest of Fontainebleau. Frigard returned to Paris in the evening alone; for some time the friends of Mertens were puzzled to know what had become of her. In a week her body was found lying in the depths of the forest. Meanwhile Frigard was found in possession of some funds belonging to her friend. The greatest excitement prevailed during the trial of Frigard for her life. But the gravity which might be expected in a murder trial was wholly wanting; to read the reports in the newspapers, you would have thought that a comedy was being

enacted in the snug Melun Palais de Justice. The spectators were kept in continual high spirits by the witty sallies of the judge and the lawyers, and the bright *naïve* responses of the fair accused. Her repartees were greeted with roars of applause and laughter; and some of the dialogues which took place might have made Feuillet envious, and furnished Sardou with a stock of fresh piquancy and wit. The trial ended in the conviction of Frigard, and her condemnation to hard labor for life; yet on hearing the sentence she tossed her head, said something pertly humorous to the judge as she left the dock, and went smiling and flippant to her doom.

The smaller courts in the towns, where lighter every-day offences are tried, are usually the most interesting to the foreign visitor. These courts are usually situated either in the basement of the Palais de Justice, or in some obscure street. You are free to enter, and find yourself in a small, close, not sweet smelling room.

You take up your position, standing, behind some railings,—for spectators are seldom accorded the privilege of seats. At a square raised desk, over which appears the Imperial escutcheon, is seated the presiding judge. He wears a long puffy gown of silk, with a broad white cravat, while his head is adorned by a singular hat, large and square, broader at the top than at the bottom, and lined—as well as you can see—with some lace, not of the finest. On the judge's right is another smaller raised desk, at right angles with that of the judge; this is the place occupied by the procureur. Below the judge are the clerks, and in a semicircle in front of the clerks sit the *avocats*, *avoués*, and notaries,—the barristers and attorneys. The prisoner is placed on a chair in a small enclosed space, his counsel sitting by him; the jury is at the side, seated on long, narrow benches. There is a witness-stand near the judge, as in England.

The judge takes his seat, the court is formally opened, and the witnesses and prisoners are called in. The first prisoner put into the dock is a pretty, lively, flashily dressed, sancy-looking grisette. She takes her place with a little shrug of the shoulders and a grimace, and looks about coquettishly. The judge eyes her sharply for a moment, and then asks what she is charged with. "Mademoiselle, Monsieur le Juge, is charged with stealing a fifty-franc note from her most intimate and confidential friend." Information as to mademoiselle's antecedents and position is at once forthcoming. Mademoiselle's name is Adrienne Petitbouche; she trims bonnets for the great Madame Picot by day; she flirts with her mignon Jacques by twilight; she literally "shakes a foot," and a lithe little body, too, every night at the Bal de la Terpsichore Divine,—admission, one franc. On the whole, barring her daily task, she has a very careless, merry, wicked, delirious life of it. Her money melts like snow in a furnace; she often finds herself minus the cash for a new dancing-skirt, and, unhappily, Jacques is too poor to supply it. She, therefore, quietly slips into her darling Philomène's room, opposite to her own, and quietly abstracts the fifty-franc note which Philomène has just received as her monthly wages, and has stowed away in her trunk. Philomène catches her coming out of the door, misses her fifty francs, and has dear Adrienne brought up before the court.

Philomène is the first witness, and skips to the witness-box, brisk, prompt, and pert. Questioned indiscriminately by judge, jury, procureur, counsel,



and prisoner, she answers smartly, with tosses of the head. She says she saw Mademoiselle Adrienne coming out of the room; her trunk was open; on the floor near it was Mademoiselle Adrienne's new silver thimble. Here the prisoner breaks in:—

"Yes, the hussy borrowed it of me the day before yesterday."

"It's a lie! I did n't — you know I did n't!"

"Monsieur the Judge —"

"Now, hush, hush, hush!" (from the Judge.)

"Go on, witness."

"The concierge saw her going into my room just before."

"Aha, m'amie!" breaks in the judge; "what do you say to that?"

"I went in there," says the prisoner, shortly, "because I thought somebody was there. I heard a noise."

Judge: "Yes, a rustle of fifty-franc notes!" (Great laughter.)

A witness deposes that, next day, Mademoiselle Adrienne bought a handsome new bonnet.

"And where, m'amie," said the judge, "did you get all the money for that?"

"One has friends."

"Come, come, where did you get it?"

"Parbleu! it was Jacques."

"And who, pray, is Jacques?"

"My Jacques, — my friend, monsieur."

"O, your lover, n'est-ce pas?"

"Ah, well, yes, Monsieur the Judge!"

"And so Jacques is rich, is he?"

"No, but he gave it to me."

"Has his rich aunt just died?" (General amusement.)

For all her bright eyes and pretty little shrugs, poor Adrienne is clearly guilty. The judge, after stating the fact, proceeds to sentence her, somewhat after this manner:—

"Now, ma jolie petite fille, I must send you to lodgings where fine bonnets are wholly needless; you must go to the workhouse for a little month. You won't want any of Jacques's money for that. And I warn you not to mind whatever noises you may hear, or run after them; for you see what a position you are in from being too anxious about noises in your neighbor's room."

With this sally the trial ends, and the proceedings are concluded in the pleasantest of humors. Mademoiselle trips, with another shrug, out of the box; gives the disconsolate Jacques, who is by, a hearty kiss, bobs her head saucily at the judge, and surrenders herself gracefully to her fate.

But the scenes which take place in the French courts are as various as the traits and impulses of the French themselves, — only having this in common, that they are seldom without a dramatic tinge. Some months ago the following incident took place in one of the smaller Paris police-courts. A young man — one Mignoneau — was brought before the judge accused of having received some money from a veteran, by name Monsieur Leger, on false pretences. The trial began, and the injured gentleman was called upon to take the witness-stand. A robust, hale old man forthwith separated himself from the crowd of spectators, advanced promptly to the stand, made an exceedingly courtly bow to Monsieur the Judge, and awaited the interrogatory. His testimony, delivered in a clear voice and with great frankness, was worth noting.

"What is your age?" sharply demands the judge.

"Ninety-eight and a half years," replies the old man, slowly and emphatically.

"You express yourself so distinctly, you seem so healthy, your color is so fresh, your eyes are so bright, and your step is so firm, that I must have misunderstood you."

"No. What I say is accurate. Count and see. I was born in May, 1770; a year and a half, Monsieur le Judge, will complete my century."

"What is your occupation?"

"I was formerly valet to Monsieur Saint Prix, comedian to the king, at the Théâtre de la Nation."

"You were then very young. You must have served others since?"

Leger, drawing himself up proudly: "Never, monsieur. M. Saint Prix left me enough to live on. When a man has had such a master, he does not need a second."

"Now, as to this case. Do you recognize the young man in the dock?"

"I recollect him, yes. He did an act which was not at all delicate. He pretended he had come from my marble cutter, and claimed thirty francs for a railing round my wife's tomb."

"Your wife?"

"I had the misfortune to lose her, monsieur, a few months since."

"She was doubtless much younger than yourself?"

"Very little, Monsieur the Judge, — only fifteen months. I used to say to her, 'Wait a little for me, and we will go together.' But she wearied of the world before me."

"You paid this young man what he demanded?"

"Yes; but I did not bring him here. I hope you will not punish him too severely. Perhaps he will turn from his wicked ways and give me back my money. Such a thing has happened within my own knowledge. M. Saint Prix had a cook who stole from him; he pardoned her, and she became honest."

A genial correspondent has depicted a scene which occurred not long ago in one of the Paris courts, so thoroughly characteristic that it affords an irresistible opportunity for quotation. A young workman of jovial disposition got tipsy at a little buvette; while there, he picked up a fascinating stranger, whom he generously invited to partake of his humble couch for the night. The fascinating stranger accepted with rapture; next day the stranger is invited to appear at court, to answer a charge of having stolen certain moneys from his host's boots. The confiding young man was examined.

"I went to bed in my clothes."

"Ah, you were regularly drunk?"

"Truly, monsieur."

"So drunk that you could not undress?"

"Well, — yes; I have been drunker, however."

"Where did you leave your money?"

"In my left boot, with my handkerchief on it, and then put it on."

"And he robbed you while you were asleep?"

"Yes; he took all but half a franc."

"He took off your boot without your knowing it?"

"Yes, emptied it, and put it on me again."

The prisoner is examined; says he was restless, and could n't sleep.

"My francs kept you awake," says prosecutor, indignant.



"No! your fleas did," retorts the prisoner.

Then prisoner, grandiloquent in the midst of misfortune,—what Frenchman is not?—proceeds to address the gentlemen of the jury in his defence: "Gentlemen, you see me here; but if I had not come here till I deserved it, I should be walking the streets at this moment, breathing the free air of heaven. Monsieur, this false young man says I have stolen from him. Grand Dieu! Am I then a patent bootjack? I ask Monsieur the Judge; could I take off *your* boots, and put them on again, while you were asleep in bed?" (Sensation.)

"But, unhappy me, voyez-vous, I was drunk," responds prosecutor. "I slept so sound that I strained the ropes of my bed."

"Monsieur, you should blush to accuse me. Your money is the coinage of a wine-heated brain. Gentlemen, I have served in the National Guard Mobile; had I been capable of subtracting filthy francs from the boots of a fellow-creature, should I not have been drummed out?"

But prisoner is deemed guilty.

"Monsieur the Judge, a little word."

"Well."

"Do with me as you please; I am equal to either fortune."

Not the least interesting are the political trials; these are constantly occurring, owing to the invincible pugnacity of French journalists and the fondness which French editors have for martyrdom, though it be but on a small scale. St. Pélagie is never without guests who boast themselves "knights of the quill"; and although these persecuted gentlemen are usually "dynastic opposers," once in a while we find the too hot adherents of the empire—Granier de Cassagnac, for instance—incarcerated with the rest. It requires no very subtle insight into the Imperial Constitution to see that the courts are wholly under the political influence of Monsieur the Minister of the Interior, who, being irresponsible, nods or shakes his head after Monseigneur the Emperor. Although the trials for political offences seldom miscarry, and although—what fatally hurts your ordinary drama—their dénouement is clearly foreseen at the outset, the scenes in court are rendered piquant by the accused themselves, who, knowing there is no help for them, give full rein to their wit and satire, in spite of judge, minister, or majesty. Perhaps the trials for political offences which take place in the remote provinces, far from Paris, are the most interesting. Before the right of public meeting had been extended to its present state,—and even now it is so hedged about as to appear to the Anglo-Saxon looker-on a mere phantom right after all,—the political passions of the people, and the political propagandism of the Opposition chiefs, were wont to find an outlet by means of these very political trials. Jules Favre, and Thiers, and Berryer, could not, without infringing the law, address their adherents assembled in public squares or in popular halls, on the political issues of the day; so they simply did it in the face of the Imperial judges, and protected by the privileges which in France, as elsewhere, belong to the lawyer's robe.

This mode of propagating ideas hostile to the empire was, and still is, a formidable one. A provincial editor writes a slashing article, saying that "Solferino was won in spite of bad generalship" (allusive to the Emperor's part therein); or that "the republic was assassinated by the existing powers." He is forthwith indicted by the Procureur

Impérial for "exciting to hatred and contempt of the government," or "an assault upon the person of his Majesty." The editor expected this, and is rejoiced to receive the summons to appear in court. He forthwith sends to M. Jules Favre, the modern Mirabeau, engages him as counsel, and announces in his columns that the great democratic advocate is to defend him. When the day comes, great crowds of people surround the court-house, and there is no preventing them from pushing through the corridors, and filling the court-room to its utmost capacity. When the advocate arrives, and descends from his carriage, the outside crowd greet him with cries of "Vive Jules Favre!" "Vive la liberté!" "A bas la tyrannie!" to all of which the deputy blandly smiles, and bows this way and that. His progress to the court-room is a continued ovation.

The case comes on for trial; Monsieur the Procureur has unfolded it with dramatic force; the testimony is given on one side and the other; the counsel for the prosecution "orates and gyrates"; then it is the turn of M. Favre to develop his defence. The crowd hangs on his lips breathlessly; M. the Procureur, and even M. the Judge, are slightly nervous; the orator raises his voice. His speech is simply and purely a political harangue, a terrible arraignment of the empire, and a general indictment against its career. Neither he nor his client cares a rush how the case goes, nor what the damages are; they are already victorious, for they have won the right to be publicly heard, unrestricted. An audience, sympathetic and enthusiastic in the highest degree, listens; the mouths of judge and prosecutor are stopped; the orator, forgetful of his case, inculcates his favorite doctrines unrestrained. If the judge, finding the harangue a little too strong, interrupt, he is met by a scathing retort, which, if he be not a very uncommon magistrate indeed, effectually teaches him not to interfere again. The editor is convicted, pays a fine (which a zealous party subscription speedily makes up), or goes to prison for a month or two; where he has the double satisfaction of being a martyr, and of complacently reflecting, that he has done more for his cause than a hundred perfectly lawful leaders could have done. It is well known that Berryer, up to his death, used to, and that Favre still does, make a regular progress through provincial France, in the recess of the Legislative Body, engaged ostensibly to defend oppressed editors and patriots whose enthusiasm has overstepped the law, but really in a campaign of political opposition to the present régime. Emile Ollivier, less adroit than his colleagues, by this course provoked his dismissal from the bar. Thus the French, who love excitement, have plenty of it in the summer, during the assizes; thus, in spite of the repressive policy of the government, ideas hostile to it penetrate the mass under the protection of the very law itself.

#### PAPA ANDRÉ.

MANY years ago, it suddenly occurred to the authorities of the ancient college of Haverchester, that there were certain countries in Europe where Greek and Latin would be useless and unintelligible for asking the common necessities of life, and that it might possibly be of advantage to the gentle youth under their sagacious care, if it were instructed in, at least, the rudiments of French, German, and Italian. As at that time the Austrians



were undisputed masters of Northern Italy, the head master, who had just about as much idea of modern languages as enabled him to regard them with great contempt, engaged, on economical principles, an emerited subaltern in one of the Croatian regiments of that empire, who, according to his own account, was thoroughly acquainted with the two latter languages as well as our own. If any of his pupils are wandering about Europe at the present moment on the faith of his instruction, I am sorry for them. I attended his Italian class once, after which I retired gracefully from the unequal contest; it was impossible to understand a word he said in either of the languages he professed to teach, and as it was only on the whole holidays that instruction was given, and the attendance was purely voluntary, I decided to devote the hour I would otherwise have bestowed on the improvement of my mind to the sports of football or cricket, according to the period of the year. But it came to be noised about that the post of French master was more difficult of settlement, and as at that time barricades were the fashion abroad, and starved-out patriots were to be counted by hundreds in the purlieus of the Haymarket, it might have been supposed, judging from the short-cropped ruffians who congregated about the gates of the college, that some eminent revolutionist had designs on the peaceful old city of Harchester.

At last, however, it was announced that the post had fallen to the lot of M. André, though how the masters could have arrived at a decision as to his merits, I am at a loss to conceive, as I am sure they could not have accomplished half a dozen words of French between them, — indeed, they belonged to that select body of Britons who, even nowadays, imagine that the French are an inferior race, never wash, and live on frogs.

I dare say his appearance, high-bred manners, and easy volubility, won their hearts; or he may have been backed up by some influential personage; be that as it may, he was duly installed French master, and, since he was looked upon as a confounded nuisance by the boys, measures were immediately taken to give him such a reception as might induce him to reconsider the advantages of accepting the appointment.

I well remember the first time I ever saw him; it was a dull afternoon in November about five weeks before the Christmas holidays. It was the custom at the end of the half-year to have an enormous bonfire in one of the college courts, and as the ingredients in the way of hedge-stakes, tar-barrels, and other combustibles, could only be procured and introduced by stealth, for about six weeks beforehand, there was great excitement in collecting fuel with secrecy. That afternoon we had been particularly successful; some unfortunate farmer had just completed some neat fencing, the whole of which had been taken down in less than an hour, and stowed away in various secret spots. The boys, flushed and insolent with such a noble success, were ready for anything, and as badgering a foreigner, and that foreigner a Frenchman, had the charm of novelty about it, a large number announced their intention of attending the class.

Into the room, then, we rushed, laughing, hustling, and tumbling over each other, and this is what we saw. At the end of a square table, at the four corners of which were placed tallow candles (gas had not then reached these parts), was seated a mild-looking, gentlemanly man, of between fifty

and sixty years of age. The crown of his head was bald, but his gray hair was luxuriant at the sides, and fell over his shoulders in large curls. His forehead was high and wide, his eyes blue and small, but he wore handsome gold spectacles which made them appear larger than they really were. He was dressed in a blue frock-coat buttoned across his chest, above which appeared the collar of a black velvet waistcoat, a plum-colored satin stock in which glittered a small diamond pin, black trousers strapped over the neatest boots I ever saw in my life; his hands were white and well formed, and on the little finger of one was a massive gold ring, set in which was a brilliant of great size and beauty; on the table by his side were his well-brushed hat and a handsome cane.

When we were all in the room he, with a graceful wave of his hand, motioned us to be seated, and, rising from his chair, commenced the following address, which no doubt he had carefully prepared, in a very sweet voice, with, perhaps, just a touch of sadness in it, "Gentlemen, my pupils and pensioners of this distinguished college, I have the honor to announce to you that I have been selected from many aspirants to fill the chair of professor of the French language. I will do of my best to perform the arduous duties of that office with pleasure to myself and with profit to you. It shall be my endeavor to throw such light —" Here, on a preconcerted signal, Larkins from one side of the room, and Rowden from the other, with great precision shied a couple of books, boomerang fashion, at the candles, and swept all four off the table on to the floor, where they lay spluttering and fizzing, filling the room with their horrible odor, while, I am ashamed to say, we all set to a laughing. But we did not laugh very long. "Silence!" the master roared in French, and a terrible fire flashed from his little eyes through the gold spectacles. "*Il paraît que j'ai affaire à un tas de galopins! Qui est le lâche qui ose ainsi porter un insulte à un étranger. Est-ce possible que vous soyez les fils de ces gentilhommes de la vieille Angleterre renommés pour leur hospitalité et leurs bons cœurs! Je vous ramènerai bien à raison, je vous promets. Sortez, drôles, sur l'instant!*" He spoke the word *sortez* with a gesture worthy of Talma or Ligier, and, though they did not understand all he said (I did, as, for reasons unnecessary to state, I could at that time speak French nearly as well as English), they guessed a good deal and sneaked out as ashamed of themselves as boys could be.

I had lingered behind the others, and as I had my hand on the handle to close the door, I looked through the chink made by the half-opened door, and I saw the poor gentleman put his head between his hands, and heard him murmur to himself, "*C'est infâme, c'est infâme!*" as he rocked himself to and fro in his chair. There was something very touching as well as dignified in his grief, and returning, I went softly up to him and touched him on his arm; he started up and exclaimed angrily, "What make you here, you dare not to obey me?"

"*Monsieur,*" I said, in French, "pardon them; they are farcers, but they are not wicked; they love a joke, and play one when they have a chance: demand rather of M. the professor of mathematics."

This I said (by way of parenthesis), for the day before, when the present writer, who always abhorred mathematics because he never could bring his great mind to bear upon them, was attending the Euclid class of the excellent and amiable mas-



ter, John Bessborough Romboyd, Esq., M. A., J. B. R. was roaring out as usual at the top of his voice, "Now then, Duff, you stupid fellow, because A B is equal to A C, what then?"

"Therefore —" says Duff with great presence of mind.

"Tell him, Jones; now then, because A B is equal to A C?"

"Wherefore —" suggests Jones.

"Stupid boy! Now, Chaffers." (*Moi qui vous parle.*)

"Why, because, sir, —"

"Go and order your name, Chaffers, — order your name; it's like your usual impudence. Stupid asses! There's reasoning! Because A B is equal to A C, therefore, wherefore, why, because?" He could not help laughing, but I was uneasy sitting down for many days afterwards. Ordering your name meant that you were to give your name to the monitor of the day, who made out the lists of the boys who were to undergo the operation of flogging.

I ventured to tell M. André this little anecdote, which made him laugh too. "My child," he said, "you have a good heart; perhaps I am too sensible; but I have known misfortunes, and am not accustomed to the instruction of youth. You do not appear to want much from me; on the days of leave you shall come and make a feast with the little Toinette, my daughter, whose dear mother is now a saint in heaven, — but enough, tell your comrades I forgive them, and ask them to bear with me for the future."

I am glad to say that Larkins and Rowden, like good fellows, went immediately and apologized, assuring him that no disrespect was intended, but that the candles presented an opportunity for a display of skill they found it impossible to resist.

After this, the old gentleman led a comparatively easy life, and became a great favorite with all, even with those who did not avail themselves of the benefits to be derived from his instruction. Those benefits were, I fear, limited, on account of the small knowledge of the English language he possessed, — not but what he had the highest opinion of his proficiency in our tongue. For instance, one day we were reading from some *Recueils Choisis*, when a boy came across the word *narines*, which he very properly translated nostrils. We were much astonished at hearing him exclaim, "Ha! ha! my child, you spik the beastlies (this I found out afterwards was his translation of *bêtises*), you sink you spik Angleesh better than me; listen, it is not noztril, but noze-hole, — hole of your noze, see you?" and he inserted two of his fingers into that feature to illustrate his meaning.

It was the custom of the senior boys on the cold holiday afternoons to prepare at the great fire in the centre of the hall large jorums of egg-flip. This was manufactured in long, conical-shaped saucepans, and diffused a pleasant odor, at once appetizing and tantalizing to us juniors, who were not allowed to partake. One afternoon, M. André came in to warm himself while this preparation was going on; he always received a kindly welcome from the monitors.

"*Tiens!*" said he, "what is that curious drink? It has to me a false air of your *purée de pois*; yet the odor is more alluring. Have you the habitude to make your own soups? And yet they say the art of the kitchen is neglected in the old England."

"Wait a moment, *Mossieur Aundray*," said Swilburne, the senior monitor, "and you shall taste it."

"Ah, you are too good for me, gentlemen"; and his little eyes sparkled with gratitude and anticipated pleasure. When the drink was made, and a large tumbler handed to him, he held it up in the air, and with that sweet smile he possessed, which contrasted so with the habitual sadness of his face, said, —

"Messieurs, silence je vous prie. I have the permission of M. Sveelburne to offer you my sentiments after the manner of your country. My friends, I drink to the eltz of ze noble laadees your mozers, of whom you are the worthy sons! [*Cheers.*] I drink to the beautiful eyes of your charming sees-tares! [*Prolonged cheering.*] I drink to the prosperitee of the commensals of Archesterre; may they gain always at their parties of crickets and of football!" Immense cheering, during which he drank off his tumbler, and expressed his satisfaction pantomimically, by raising his eyes and kissing the tips of his fingers. Swilburne thereupon, who prided himself not so much on his French accent as upon his knowledge of the literature of the country, — he had informed M. André one day that he was very fond of the fables of Lafontaine, especially that one which began, —

"Le siggal ayant chantay too l'atay  
Tenait ong song bec ung fromage!" —

filled his own and M. André's tumbler again, and said, "*Mossieur Aundray*, nous sommes beang obli-jays à vous, nous sommes beang hooroo de vous avoir avec nous — nous aimons vous beaucoup, et vous êtes ung, ung — hang it all, what's the French for trump?"

"*Merci*, messieurs, your-drink is very fortifying, and I should think digestive; but it appears to me to mount a little to the head, so *bonjour*," and he raised his hat in a stately way to us all and departed.

According to his own account he had always been devoted to the sports of the field, so we introduced him to such as were available. At that time we kept a very fine pack of badger hounds, composed of an old bull-dog who had formerly seen better days, and seen them with two eyes, — now he had but one, and that one doubtful; one abandoned looking lurcher, who was evidently accustomed to pursuits in "another place"; a wiry little terrier, and a sort of nondescript, part foxhound, part mastiff, and part pointer, of whom Bill Spoggins spoke in a mysterious but respectful manner, — "He ain't as 'andsome as paint, but no one knows what that 'ere dawg can't do," — and indeed I don't think any one did but the magistrates of the county. Bill hunted the pack, and though his ostensible profession was that of bargee and dog-fancier, from the disparaging manner in which Squire Beecham's gamekeepers spoke of him, I am inclined to think he was not wholly unacquainted with the flavor of hares and pheasants. The meets took place on the neighboring downs, whither the badger was conveyed in a large sack, and the members of the hunt were all provided with a short wooden pitchfork, it being the height of badger-craft to pin the animal by his neck to the ground while running by his side. There was a certain amount of excitement about this, because, if you missed the badger, he did n't miss your leg, and he bit rather hard. On being invited to this pastime, M. André declined at first, on the ground that he had long since parted with



his *haras*, but that he had a horn of chase which was at the service of the brave chasers. But when informed that the game was pursued on foot, he became very keen indeed.

It was a sight to see him when he arrived at the meet in the costume he thought suitable to the occasion. A cloth cap with an enormous peak crowned his head. A tight-fitting green tunic and waistcoat, rather the worse for wear, were secured to his waist by a leathern band with a square steel buckle. A *carnassière* was slung across his loins (it was with the greatest difficulty we got him to dispense with his trumpet), and leathern gaiters came up above his knees. He wore his gold spectacles, and when he was presented with the wooden fork and explained its use, he brandished it with a chivalrous air, as if prepared to do or die.

As we could not tell him in his own language what a badger was, he was rather curious to see the animal. He had an idea, from what he could gather from our attempted description, that it was a sort of *sangler*, and begged that if killed he might be presented with its *hure*, which he informed us was one of the indigenous products of his country, and in high perfection at the New Year. His *bonne* was skilled in the preparation of this delicacy, he would have the pleasure of inviting some of his chers commensals to partake. However, when the badger was unsacked, he pronounced him a bad beast, a *sacré d'blaireau*, and declared him unworthy to live; he vowed he would assume him in less than no time; but the badger was allowed five minutes' law, and off he went, down hills, making for the water meadows. M. André went bravely, supporting himself down the steep by the aid of his fork, and waited on by Swilburne to give him a lead. It was a point of honor that, wherever the badger went, the boys went too, and as he invariably swam the river once or twice in the day, you were pretty sure of a wetting. That day he dodged us amongst the watercourses, which were easily surmounted, and to see dear old André seudding along in the most plucky way, was a sight for gods and men. At last Mr. badger took the river, and monsieur arrived at the brink quite blown, and, as he said, "all in swim," and if he had had but ten years younger, and no fear of a fluxion of chest, he would have made the traverse, I swear you. Swilburne said he would not allow him to think of it. What would dear little Toinette think, if the good Papa returned home with a bad cold, after passing an hour or two with so oragious a youth. "No, mousien, venez avoir ancor de flip oz ooffs."

Toinette had by this time become a great pet with all of us he-boys, coarse, vulgar, and cruel to each other as we were undoubtedly; but somehow the grand air of M. André had softened our manners, nor permitted us to be fierce; and if there was a cricket or football match, Toinette was always asked with Papa André, as he soon came to be called, and such luxuries as we could provide were always at the service of Papa and Toinette. Did not the present writer attempt to instruct her in the game of cricket, and receive her thanks for making it more unintelligible than it was before to her quick little mind? Cricket is like love, or debt, or whist, or hunger, or thirst, or other games of life; it must be undergone before it can be understood; it is impossible to describe it satisfactorily. Nevertheless, little Toinette loved to come into those pleasant playing fields on a hot summer's day, and sit under the shade of the hoary old elms,

ever so many years old, when a match was going on between the school eleven and the battalion of her Majesty's Guards, at that time quartered there.

As the good Papa, who used to make himself a fête on those days, walked about with Toinette, receiving a kind word from every one, the latter plied with cakes and ices from the neighboring shop of Mrs. Cross, he had the distinguished air which commended him to the favorable notice even of the college authorities. But when Swilburne, who was captain of the eleven, introduced Papa to Col. the Hon. J. De Leatherer, himself a Frenchman on his mother's side, it was a sight to us boys to see the cordial courtesy between these two high-bred gentlemen. After a few minutes' conversation, Papa André put his hand to the side of his mouth, and whispered something into the Colonel's ear, who thereupon took both the Papa's hands in his, shook them warmly, and said in French, "Mon cher vi—" "Sh—sh," said Papa, putting his forefinger to his nose, "à sept heures," and we knew that he was about to be entertained at that jolly and hospitable mess. I am sure Swilburne regrets to this day having bowled the kind Colonel second ball for a round O. We know what a great man Swilburne is now, and I love to think he may read these pages, every word of which he will know to be true. But not to excite the reader's curiosity, the mystery that surrounded Papa was never solved, and went with him to his grave. The Colonel no doubt knew (and I heard afterwards some one else did), but alas! the Crimea possesses his manly bones.

So it came to pass that, despite the mystery hanging about our friend, he shortly became exceedingly *bien vu* amongst all classes. When it was known that he had been invited to the Guards' mess by such a swell as Colonel De Leatherer, even the head-master condescended to call upon him. He had a little cottage, one of a row opposite the barracks, so that there was endless amusement for him and Toinette in watching the drills and parades, and listening to the bands. Babette, a fine Normandy *bonne*, with cheeks rosy as her native apples, and who declined to pass herself of the costume of her native country, made their simple household. Babette excited great admiration amongst the stalwart sergeant-majors, but she had given up *les amours*, she said, long ago. I think it was one of Babette's *fricandeaux* that first gave me the elegant taste I possess for the pleasures of the table. Certainly Papa's little dinners were admirable. He shortly astonished some of the oldest inhabitants by his skill at whist, and had he chosen to adopt that pastime as a profession, might have made a better income than he did by teaching. Soon he got a good county connection, and became the instructor of half the gilded youth of Berkshire.

"Ma foi!" he used to exclaim, "and this is the perfidious Albion with which we other insensates used to beat ourselves! Truly there is no other nation worthy of our prowess. So much generosity! so much chivalry! such gentlemen as Bayard might have envied!"

Indeed, he had reason to say so; everybody was fond of the old boy, and made the impenetrable sorrow he bore about him, whatever it was, lighter and easier to bear.

There was only one other occasion, after the unfortunate candle business mentioned above, where he had occasion to assert his dignity. The fact was, he had become so popular in the school, that more boys attended his classes than he could possi-



bly do justice to. It therefore became necessary to appoint another master, which was accordingly done. But M. de Blagueville was a very different person to M. André, and received no mercy at our hands. He was a vulgarian of the first order, and though treated with consideration and politeness by his colleague, was jealous of the influence the latter possessed over us. Some foolish boy repeated to Papa some disparaging observations made by M. de B. about him. "How!" he said, "did that pillar of eating-house advise himself to say that. We shall see. I fiche myself not badly of his *de* and his manners of barrack." I believe he consulted Swilburne as to the propriety of summoning him to the field of honor, and proposed sending the Warden as his witness with his cartel. He told us himself afterwards that he had met M. de B. in the streets the following Sunday and stopping him, shook his cane, and said, "Monsieur, to-day is Sunday. But to-morrow!" — It was, as he said, his *quos ego*, but I never heard any more about this quarrel.

So the years passed, and I increased in knowledge and in years. Papa, you may be sure, was not so young as he was, and his hair had become nearly white and his back was bent. He sometimes complained of great fatigue and lassitude, and found he must forego the pleasures of the *chasse au blaireau*. During the last summer half I spent at Harchester, my father, who had lately returned from a diplomatic appointment abroad, himself an old Harchesterian took a house near the town, and removed himself and family there to renew the impressions of his youth.

My father, being considered a credit to the college, and also a desirable ornament, with his orders and stars, at the state dinners, at that time given by the big-wigs of the cathedral and college, soon had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Papa, and the two speedily became very intimate. Papa and he seemed to know every distinguished person on the continent. Each had extraordinary stories about Talleyrand and Monrton. I used to enjoy my Sunday leave out and the conversation at dinner between these two. Little Toinette always came down to dessert with my small brothers and sisters, and the children were inseparable. My father used to wag his head protocolically, and declare that M. André had all the manners of the *vieille roche*. He chided me when I called him (André) Papa. It was lamentable to see the growing disrespect of young men for *ra*—, respectability and old age. When he was, &c., &c., &c.

At this time Papa took to the sport of minnow-fishing with the little ones. There was a stream that ran along a pretty walk called the Monk's Walk, where you might catch thousands of these edible little fish on a warm summer's day. He used to sit under a tree, with a book and cigar, every now and then watching his little charges to see that they did not fall in, and joining in their exclamations of delight when a larger fish than usual came to basket. I found him so employed one afternoon, when I was taking a meditative walk. I was writing at that time for the Gold Medal given for English verse.

"Eh, my poet, you have found us. Old age and childhood together. I think other poets, greater than you, my dear young man, but not of better heart, have treated of this theme. Well, well, it is better, when one touches to the end of one's days,

to have affair with these little ones, who all love me, than with the worldlings and egoists yonder. So you leave us at the end of the term? But you will return often, will you not, and see the old Papa before he sings *Domum* for the last time? He would like to see you start prosperously on that voyage of life in which so many of his own hopes have been wrecked. Never mind! I am at peace, my friend, — oh! I am at peace, for your good father has promised me that, when I am gone, my little Toinette shall have her Home (why have we not that beautiful word in our language?) with him. Come, my children, it is late, and tea awaits us."

The end of the half came, and I did not get the Gold Medal for English verse, subject, — Belshazzar's Feast, — though it contained that noble description of the elephants —

"The ponderous natives of the Torrid zone  
Gave up their tusks to form Belshazzar's throne."

Papa and I took leave in the most affectionate manner, and in the following October I went to Oxford. Here one summer I had him to stay, and showed him all the lions of that famous university. He dined at the high table of the sister college of Harchester, and revelled in the renowned port wine of the common room. He delighted in the boat-races, and said it was the most magnificent sight in the world. There is no youth like the English youth, he said. Let us hope they will never belie the opinion of so good a man. Two Christmas-tides he spent at my father's house in town with Toinette, and all sorts of games he showed the young ones, never appearing so happy as when making them so. But the second time he came we were shocked at seeing him so aged and infirm, and were obliged sadly to admit that the end could not be far off. The following Easter he was obliged to resign his appointment, and never left his house again, but on one occasion.

At Harchester we had a Latin song of Home. A legend ran that a boy, neglected and left behind, spent his holidays in composing this song, which he cut out on the turf of the neighboring downs. At the end of every summer half this song was sung by the boys and choristers of the chapel and cathedral, accompanied by the bands of the garrison, in different parts of the college, in the hall, the school-room, the playing-fields, and lastly, in the chapel quadrangle, in the presence of all the county people and such old schoolfellows and their families as chose to attend. The words and music are renowned all over the world, wherever two or three Harchesterians have been gathered together, and both are very plaintive and beautiful. Papa André had always loved this song, and used to join in the chorus with tears in his eyes, and a quivering voice, pronouncing the words *Domum, Domum, dulce Domum*, after the French manner. The time had arrived when he was to hear it for the last time, and on a beautiful July evening he was wheeled in a chair into the playing-fields accompanied by Toinette, now a pretty girl of seventeen or so. His face was pale and thin, but still wore its usual smile, not so sad indeed as usual, for he was conscious, no doubt, that *Domum* for him was not far distant. He was speedily surrounded by a sturdy young body-guard, who, hustling the attendant away, dragged him about the fields to the most advantageous points whence the music of the various bands could be heard. He was very anxious to learn the prospects of the school at the forthcoming matches at



Lord's cricket-ground, expressing his fear that he would not be well enough to attend, and hoped that Bathurst, the captain, would favor him with a few minutes' conversation. Everybody went to fetch Bathurst, who speedily arrived.

"Eh bien! M. le capitaine, the crickets march well, I hope?"

"Yes, I think so, Monsieur André, if Bailey and Loblington bowl; but there is no depending on Loblington, who wants to go abroad."

"Eh! what! desert his regiment the day of battle! Tell him, I pray you, that Papa André says that his honor is concerned: better worth to lose all than lose that."

Some friends came up at that moment, and the conversation is changed, which gives a young Oxford bachelor, by name Chaffers, an opportunity of having some talk with Miss Toinette.

But it is now nine o'clock, and we all move to the quadrangle. Masters, scholars, guests, have all had a kind word for Papa, and hope he will be quite well by the time the holidays are over. He shakes his head gently and says, "*Peut-être*." The bands are placed in the centre of the quad. The masters, scholars, and choristers stand round in a circle. M. André, in his chair, has the post of honor inside the circle, and the spectators fill the rest of the court. The united bands begin to play the symphony of the glorious old song, which it is impossible to hear without emotion. The fresh voices of the boys begin, —

"Concinamus, O sodales!  
Eja! quid silemus!  
Nobile canticum,  
Dulce melos, Domum,  
Dulce Domum resonemus."

At the chorus, *Domum, Domum, dulce Domum*, all, perhaps a thousand spectators, take up the melody with an effect I have only heard approached in the famous chorus of the Benediction of the Poniards in the Huguenots. All the time M. André sits motionless, with his hand in Toinette's, and his head on his breast. At last, in the verse where occur the words, —

"Phosphore! quid jubar  
Segnius emicans,  
Gaudia nostra moratur?"

he raised his hat from his head, and looking upwards, his lips moved, as we supposed, in prayer.

The song ended, the boys, as was their custom, began to give three cheers for their favorite masters, games, &c. At last a shrill voice in the crowd shouted, "Three cheers for Papa André!" which were given with such good-will, as made the old chapel tower vibrate again. "One cheer more! And another! Now then, all together! Hurra-a-a-a!" till they were exhausted. Papa André, pale and trembling, tried to rise from his chair, but fell back overcome by weakness and emotion. But the hospitable house of the Warden was at hand, and we took him there, where he was speedily recovered. The good Warden pressed him to remain there for the night, fearing that the excitement had been too much for him; but he insisted on going home, begging me to accompany him, and partake of a bowl of *ponch*, as I was to leave the next day. Poor Toinette had been much alarmed, but smiled through her tears at the kindness and affection displayed by the rough boys for her father. As we walked, Toinette on one side of the chair and I on the other, under the old archway, and emerged into the street, he turned himself round in his chair, kissed his hand to the old pile, and, as

his head was turned towards me, I heard him murmur to himself, Adieu!

As we were drinking our last glass of *ponch*, he lying on the sofa (Toinette had gone to bed), he said, "Charles, mon très cher enfant, if a certain thing happens in the years to come, which I love to believe is not impossible, remember there is not a soul in the world who can impugn the honor of — eh bien, of M. André. The beau Colonel and your revered father are the sole depositaries of my secret, such as it is. Toinette I have kept ignorant express. Why leave to her a legacy of sorrow? No! She will have a *dot* not insufficient, and I hope she will find a gallant man (here he pressed my hand) to make her happy. Eh! I have loved thee, since thou showedst so much delicacy and tact to the poor stranger. And now, if we may not meet again, adieu, may the good God bless thee and thine; and may I permit myself one little precept to thee, perhaps the last I shall ever give, — Through thy career never forget the device of the noble founder of the dear college *là-bas*, Mannères Makyth Mann." I kissed the dear old hand, summoned Babette, and never saw him more.

\* \* \* \* \*

And if one could not help smiling at the old gentleman's simplicity and kindness, somehow it was impossible to help sighing too. Toinette, as she leans over my shoulder while I pen these last lines, says, "It is true." And smiling herself, contributes something to this paper which Mr. Printer cannot put into type. Her eldest girl, my daughter, some six years old, comes into the room, and, as I look at her and my wife, I bless the day when I first took lessons from dear Papa André.

## THE ITALY OF TO-DAY.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

"ORA media di Roma," — the mean time of Rome. There is not much in the words; and yet reading them, as I read them the other day, they seemed to me to symbolize the change which the last ten years have wrought in Italy. In the low, gloomy shed which forms the station-house of Susa, there stands a tall clock, on whose white face those words are inscribed. And it thus happens, that they present the first sign of Italy which offers itself to the traveller journeying southwards across the Alps. In the old diligence days, you passed by a series of slow stages from France into Italy; but now, thanks to the Mont-Cenis railroad, the transition is effected suddenly. It is getting dark as you leave St. Michel, a village French in look and language; and you wake up from the troubled nightmare-sleep of your journey across the mountain, to find yourself in the very heart of Italy. If this self-same Susa station, with its dark corridors, its dirt-beladen *restorazione*, its swarms of idlers, beggars, and loafers, be a place not unfamiliar to you in bygone days, your first thought is one of satisfaction, that, after all, Italy is the same as in the old era; and yet your second thought, as your eyes are caught by the inscription, "*Ora media di Roma*," is that the Italy of to-day must be other than the one over which grand dukes and German generals ruled so long.

It was my fortune to have seen much of Italy and Italians during the years of her revolution, and those which immediately preceded its outbreak; but with the exception of a short visit to the Peninsula, at the time when everything was thrown out



of gear by the campaign of Custoza, I had seen nothing of Italy since the creation of the Italian kingdom. To me, therefore, there attached something of personal interest to the question, what of practical, tangible, material change, have freedom and independence brought to the nation whose resurrection it was my lot to witness? Of late, I, in common with most English newspaper readers, had seen constant assertions made by correspondents and leader-writers, that Italy had made no progress; that the people were worse off than they were of old; and that the regeneration of the Peninsula had ended in idle declamation. Knowing something myself of newspaper-writing, as well as newspaper-reading, I confess I was not much impressed with this reaction from the phil-Italian mania which raged in the English press some few years ago; but still, the comments made me curious to note the actual change and progress which liberty and self-government have brought to Italy. The result of what I observed on a recent visit to that country, and of such information as I have been able to acquire, let me now try and make known, briefly, to the readers of *Macmillan*.

In any estimate of the progress, or want of progress, that Italy has made within the last ten years, some allowance must fairly be granted for the terrible political difficulties with which the new-born kingdom has had to contend. How far those difficulties might have been obviated by a different policy than that which has been pursued is a question on which I need not enter. Under whatever dynasty, with whatever form of government, and beneath the guidance of whatever statesman, grave errors and faults must have been committed in the process of converting the old into the new; and I do not think myself that the mistakes of Italy during her years of learning have been greater than those of other countries during a like period.

It is perhaps unfortunate that from a variety of causes the only English public which takes any genuine interest in the affairs of the Peninsula derives its information and its opinions almost exclusively from adherents of the Garibaldian and Mazzinian party; and yet, judging by their words and actions, the leaders of this party know as little, whether for good or evil, of the Italy of to-day as the returned *émigrés* knew of the France of the Restoration. I remember, in 1860, Mazzini saying at Naples, in the presence of the writer, "In Italy, I can see nothing but graves"; and the saying, understood in a somewhat different sense from that in which the words were spoken, has always seemed to me to explain the whole failure of the Mazzinian party since Italy became a free country. Indeed, the course of events has confirmed a view I have held throughout, that the invasion of the Two Sicilies by Garibaldi, and their consequent annexation to the Italian kingdom, was a very doubtful benefit to the cause the General had so much at heart. Italy, according to the famous dictum of Machiavelli, is an artichoke, which must be eaten leaf by leaf, not swallowed in a mouthful; and if Cavour could have followed his own device, he would never have abandoned the so-called artichoke policy. The great founder of Italian unity intended to do south of the Alps what Count Bismarck is now doing for Germany north of the Alps. His purpose was to absorb State after State in the Sub-Alpine kingdom, or, in the phrase of the day, to Piedmontize Italy, just as Bismarck is Prussianizing Germany. The course of events, and the impatience

of the Garibaldians, rendered the prosecution of this scheme an impossibility; and the southern provinces, whose civilization, culture, and education were at least two centuries behind that of Northern Italy, were suddenly incorporated, without preliminary training of any kind, with the northern kingdom, in which the vigorous Piedmontese element was as yet barely able to hold its supremacy. If Italy had been governed by a despotic ruler, or by a military dictatorship, the evil of the annexations would have been comparatively trifling.

But under a national parliamentary government, the semi-civilized southern provinces were suddenly called upon to take an active part in the administration of the whole country. In these provinces, as late as the year 1861, ninety per cent of the inhabitants were unable to read or write. Throughout the dominions of the Neapolitan Bourbons there was no intellectual life or movement of any kind. What meagre knowledge there was was confined to the clergy; and the only men who possessed any smattering of intelligence were the *impiegati*, or officials of government, whose moral training had been of the most degrading order. Suddenly, towns in which there was neither shop, nor inn, nor newspaper, nor book-stall, — towns to which there were no public conveyances, and no roads accessible to anything but mules, were called upon to elect deputies, to take part in the administration of the State. In 1848, parliamentary institutions were established for a brief season at Naples. It was not difficult to find candidates for the Lower Chamber; there was a sufficient supply of lawyers, professional men, and professors, who could discharge the ordinary duties of a representative. But it was found almost impossible to constitute an Upper Chamber, owing to the utter lack of nobles or landed proprietors who had education enough to perform the routine work of legislation. The upper classes had learnt nothing during the later years of Bomba's rule; and even if the constituencies had possessed the electoral experience required, there were no candidates for them to choose. In fact, to any one who knows the condition of the southern provinces, the apathy and ignorance and demoralization of their population, and the ingrained corruption of the official class, to which education is practically confined, the only marvel is that the Italian Parliament, with its immense contingent of Neapolitan members, has worked as well as it has done.

Then, too, it is absurd to pronounce Italian unity a failure because it has not reformed the various social evils under which Italy labors. It must be remembered, that if we except Piedmont, and possibly Tuscany, the present generation of Italians has been born, reared, and bred under a most vicious system of government. After all, it is only boys of fourteen, at the outside, who can be said to have been trained under the influences of freedom. There would be no particular injury in despotism, and foreign domination, and priest-rule, if they left the virtues of a nation so little impaired that half a dozen years of respite sufficed to restore them to full action. Unfortunately this is not the case. Till the time, now not ten years ago, when Napoleon III. dealt a death-blow at Solferino to the supremacy of Austria in Italy, and to all the evils which that supremacy involved, there was neither freedom of speech, nor thought, nor writing, in the major part of the Peninsula; and amongst the Southern Italians there was little or nothing of that native energy of



intellect to be found at times amidst the most corrupt and ignorant of races. Private honor, public faith, and family virtue were alike unknown in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. The arts by which men rose into court favor were of a kind which destroyed all self-respect on the part of the successful competitor. Bribery was the recognized method by which justice was obtained; and the taking of bribes was the acknowledged recompense for the outlay and trouble required to obtain employment in the service of the State. In fact, it is not too much to say that the Neapolitan régime united the opposite old and almost incompatible disadvantages of an Oriental and a Western government. And yet, with all this, the practical administration of Southern Italy has remained perforce in the hands of officials corrupt to the core, indolent to the backbone, and attached, as far as they were capable of any positive preference, to the old order of things which existed before the Revolution. In a less degree this remark holds good of the whole of the Peninsula, and it is impossible to form any fair estimate of what constitutional governments and free institutions can do for Italy, till the working out of these agencies comes into the hands of a generation not degraded and demoralized by the most stupid and bigoted oppression.

This observation, I think, disposes of the allegation so commonly made against the Italians, that they have not evinced any high moral improvement since the epoch of their national regeneration. Whether they have done so or not is a question on which it is very easy to pronounce an opinion evolved out of one's own consciousness; very hard to speak authoritatively, if evidence is to be given for one's belief. But, even granting the truth of the imputation, I contend that sufficient time has not elapsed to expect the development of honesty, good faith, patriotism, and self-respect in a soil, wherein ten years ago these qualities were entirely wanting. Moral plants have no visible roots by the pulling up of which you can ascertain, no matter at what cost to the growth, whether the plant is growing. I hold, therefore, that those who would estimate what Italy has gained by independence, must look as yet to the material, not the moral results of free institutions. Railroads and manufactories, and imports and exports, are not the end and object of a nation's existence, but yet they are essential to any high and noble national life in these days of ours. Man is not to live by bread alone; but for all that, he would find it impossible to live without bread.

For this reason the words "Mean time of Rome," with which this paper is commenced, have, to my mind, an important lesson of their own. For the first occasion in the history of the country, there is now one uniform time throughout the whole of Italy. From Savona in the west to Mestre in the east, from Arona in the north to Bari in the south, the departure and arrival of all hours is regulated by the hour of Rome. Something of a political significance may attach to the choice of Rome, rather than Florence, as the place which is to give the time of day to Italy; but the selection of some uniform clock standard has become a practical necessity.

Up to 1859, the country was almost unprovided with railways, if you except Piedmont and Lombardy. There were a few local lines, of which those between Leghorn and Florence, Rome and Civita Vecchia, Naples and Castellamare, were the princi-

pal; but there was no kind of railway communication between Northern, Central, and Southern Italy. In 1860, I recollect, I had to travel from Turin to Naples with such speed as I could manage, going by public conveyances. The journey cost me some four days and a half of weary travelling, with continual changes, delays, and stoppages. That journey you can now take any day in twenty hours, without changing your carriage. No doubt, the increase in the rapidity of transit thus effected is not greater than that which the last quarter of a century has effected in the journeys between Paris and Lyons; or, for that matter, between London and Edinburgh. But in England and France, the change effected was one of degree rather than kind. Long before the railway whistle was ever heard in England, there was regular, constant, and convenient communication between all the chief towns of the country. But, in Italy, travelling was almost unknown, except on the great trunk roads; travelling for pleasure was entirely confined to foreign tourists, and travelling for business was a rare occurrence. In the northern and central provinces there was a good deal of local travelling from town to town; but, in the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples, there was no travelling, for the one single and satisfactory reason, that there were hardly any roads by which you could travel in carriages. Even between the different provinces of the South, communication by road was out of the question. Up to the overthrow of the Bourbon rule, there were only two *mallepostes* a week, holding four people inside and one out, by which you could travel from the capital of Naples either to the Adriatic coast or along the eastern shores of the kingdom.

If, by any chance, you wished to go to any town lying off the two high-roads to Brindisi and Reggio, you were obliged to undertake a difficult, costly, and perilous journey on mules. All this is now changed. Within ten years, the Peninsula has been covered by a complete network of railroads. In fact, though many of the trunk-lines in the South are still in process of construction, I should doubt whether there were now any two towns in the Peninsula, numbering 20,000 inhabitants or upwards, between which you could not travel by railroad, by a more or less circuitous route. No doubt, in the southern provinces, the country districts, as well as the railroads, suffered terribly from the absence of roads. It is much easier, practically, to get from Turin to Bari than from any station south of Ancona to a town twenty miles off the railroad. Roads, however, will come in time; and, even as it is, the mere presence of railroads has roused Calabria, and Apulia, and the Abruzzi from the dead stagnation in which they have been sunk for so many centuries. During the years when I travelled much about Italy, I cannot recall ever having met an Italian family, and scarcely any Italian tourist, visiting any part of the country in which they did not happen to reside. The other day I met numbers of wealthy Italians from the south visiting the northern cities as tourists, and, for the first time, at the *table-d'hôtes* of fashionable hotels in Italy, I found the dominant language was neither French nor English, but Italian.

While speaking of railroads, it is worth while to allude to a circumstance which is usually lost sight of in all discussions about Italian progress. No argument is needed to show that, on the whole, the introduction of railroads is an immense boon to the commercial and internal prosperity of any country.



On the other hand, our own experience is sufficient to prove that this general advantage is attended with considerable loss to individual towns and districts. This is especially the case in Italy. If you leave the plains of the north out of account, you may say that the whole population of the Peninsula lives in small towns perched on the summits of low hills or the slopes of lofty ones. Italy will never fulfil her destiny as a great agricultural country till the small town population is scattered over the country; and anything which tends to bring about this change is a substantial benefit to the community.

But, during the transition period, there must inevitably be a good deal of suffering and injury. The railroads which run along the valleys have left the hilltop towns stranded high and dry. The large cities, like Bologna or Ancona, which lie in central positions, have become the markets of their surrounding districts, to the detriment of the petty towns which used to be the commercial centres of some small area of their own; and the consequence is, that many of these little out-of-the-way cities have been going down in the world ever since railroads were introduced; and, as the introduction of railroads has happened to coincide with the overthrow of the old *régime*, local prejudice has attributed to the latter cause the evils due to the former. I believe that this is the explanation of the complaints which tourists often hear made in out-of-the-way parts of Italy about the new order of things, as it may also explain to some degree the extreme satisfaction with which this same state of things is viewed in the towns which have gained by railroads.

The moral obstacles which formerly stood in the way of any free intercourse between different parts of the Peninsula have been removed no less effectually than the material hindrances to which I have alluded. As late as 1859, if you travelled, say from Novara to Bologna, — a distance, as the crow flies, of one hundred and fifty miles, — you would have had to pass through five different States, with custom-houses, coinage, laws and governments of their own. Long before that period all Italian governments had learnt that English tourists were profitable, and not dangerous to the cause of order; and it had become an established rule to allow them many exemptions in all matters of police regulations not conceded to natives.

Yet every Englishman who has travelled in Northern Italy before the annexations can recall memories of constant inspections of luggage, of repeated supervision of passports, of summonses to appear at the Polizia, which were always avoided by the agency of a *valet de place*, of never-ending necessity of bribing somebody in authority. And to the natives these restrictions were not idle annoyances, but serious grievances. If you were an Italian travelling from one State to another, it was no joking matter to incur suspicion, whether with or without reason, or to excite the displeasure of any custom-house official or police agent. Now all this is changed; you can travel from one end of Italy to another, unless you are compelled to pass through the Papal States, without a passport, without being asked a question by anybody; you can stop where you like, and when you like, without having to declare your name, or having to give any explanation as to your business or occupation, unless it so pleases you to do. This change alone is an unspeakable boon to a nation like the Italians, in which the instinct

of individual independence is strongly developed, and which has neither taste nor talent for State interference in private matters. It is no doubt theoretically possible that even if the old divisions of the Peninsula had been maintained, a like result might have been obtained by a Customs league, similar to the Zollverein. But then such a league, if it had existed, must, in Italy as in Germany, have created political as well as commercial unity, so that the result would have been the same in the end.

Statistics are unsatisfactory evidence at the best, and in the case of Italy they are singularly unreliable. In many of the States there were no trustworthy trade-returns issued; and such returns as there were have not been collected in such a form as to facilitate any comparison between the commercial development of old and new Italy.

The last census was taken in 1861, and therefore it is impossible to say to what extent the population has increased since the unification of the country. It is, however, known that all the great towns have had a large influx of inhabitants. With respect to the exports and imports, there is no doubt about the increase having been very large, though how large, it is not easy to ascertain. In 1866, notwithstanding the injury that the war inflicted on all kinds of commerce, the imports of Italy amounted to thirty-one millions sterling in value, the exports to eighteen millions. Some idea of the character of the foreign trade of Italy may be given by the following account of the chief exports and imports for 1868, published in a recent number of the *Correspondence Italienne* :—

	EXPORTS.	IMPORTS.
	Francs.	Francs.
Bread Stuffs . . . . .	37,000,000	98,000,000
Wines and Oil . . . . .	126,000,000	37,000,000
Fruits . . . . .	58,000,000	3,000,000
Flax and Linen . . . . .	32,000,000	19,000,000
Silk . . . . .	177,000,000	130,000,000
Iron . . . . .	9,000,000	50,000,000
Glass . . . . .	1,000,000	8,000,000

These figures are insignificant, if we compare them with those of English or German, or French commerce; but they are important, if we consider the almost total stagnation of trade in Southern Italy previous to the Revolution. And for my own part I entertain much doubt whether Italy is likely to become a great centre of commerce for many years to come. It is the fashion to talk of the inexhaustible natural resources of the Peninsula, but I have never been able to see much proof of their existence. An immense proportion of the superficial area of the country consists of steep mountain-sides, on which there is next to no vegetation. With improved means of internal communication, and a better system of agriculture, Italy might produce much larger supplies of corn, and wine, and oil, and cattle, than she does at present; but then, with the increase of her production of these articles, her consumption is sure to increase also. And in the supply of the foreign market, I cannot but think that other nations are likely to compete with her on more than equal terms. I own, too, pending positive proof to the contrary, I feel sceptical as to Italy developing manufactures to any great extent. Not to dwell on the absence of coal and the lack of capital, I fancy the genius of the nation is not suited for factory life.

The instinctive artistic talent which makes any Italian mechanic something of an artist as well as



a workman, is hardly consistent with the mechanical labors of mills or looms. It would be unjust to call the Italian workman an indolent man, as after his own fashion he will work hard enough; but then, to do anything, he must work after his own fashion, and that fashion involves an amount of rest and holiday incompatible with the dull, never-ending round of our great factories. Moreover, all successful mechanical enterprise on a large scale involves a good deal of mutual confidence between workmen and masters, as well as between the workmen themselves. Now it is not the least of the many evil legacies which ill-government has bestowed on Italy, that this confidence does not exist. Suspicion is ingrained in the Italian nature, and extends from the highest to the lowest class. Hitherto all joint-stock enterprises have been mainly conducted in Italy with foreign capital, and by foreign speculators; and the same distrust which hinders Italian capitalists from co-operating with each other acts as a bar to the establishment of any important manufacturing industry. Many years must pass before an Italian believes that his associate, agent, or partner is not making a private purse for himself out of joint profits.

It does not, however, follow, even if I am right in my opinion, that Italy is not destined in the immediate future to become a great purveyor of agricultural produce or manufacturing industry, that therefore she is doomed to poverty. A nation may be prosperous and powerful which only provides the supply necessary for its own consumption; and large material wealth is by no means an essential requisite for national greatness. Italy, if I am not mistaken, will excel in quality rather than quantity. Amongst her people there is still found a sort of art instinct which qualifies them for creating the samples, if I may use the term, from which other nations will reproduce the bulk. If you wish to learn the special aptitude of Italian workmen, you cannot do better than go to the Salviati glass factory at Murano, by Venice. The Queen of the Adriatic possesses doubtless certain advantages of soil and position, which bestowed upon her in bygone times the monopoly of the glass cut trade; yet other places possess nowadays equal or greater advantages; and yet, in spite of centuries of neglect, Venice has maintained the traditions of her wondrous craft. Somehow or other, the artificers of Murano possess a cunning and skill in manipulating and coloring vitreous substances not to be found elsewhere. The story of the place is that certain recipes and secrets are handed down from father to son by the islanders of that strange seafaring glass-blowing lagoon city, and that peculiar forms and kinds of glass can only be wrought by the members of particular households. For my own part, I deem the secret of Murano glass-making still to be of a far simpler and less romantic kind. You have only to look at the workmen engaged in Salviati's factory to see that each one of them is exercising an individual talent, not copying a model with mechanical fidelity. Thus it has happened that while Murano has filled Europe with wonderful fabrics of glass of every shape and shade, the common household glass in use throughout Italy, and in Venice itself, is supplied from France and Germany.

Italy seems designed by her natural configuration, and by her historical traditions, to monopolize the carrying trade of the Mediterranean; and if she is ever to attain great commercial prosperity, it

must be by a revival of her old maritime supremacy in the Levant and the Adriatic.

Very vigorous efforts have been made to restore the splendid natural harbors of the Peninsula to their pristine importance. At Genoa, Venice, Ancona, Brindisi, Spézzia, and other towns on the sea-board, large sums of money have been spent in improving the sea-approaches of the ports. What is of more real promise for the future, numerous lines of unsubventioned steamers have been started from the different ports, and many of them from the length of time that they have been running, must be worked with success. In fact, I think you could find few more certain evidences of the progress which Italy has made under the present Government, than to take an Italian "Orario" of ten years ago, if such a work could be found, and compare the number of steamers advertised therein to sail from Italian ports with the lists supplied in the time-tables of the present day. Without having the figures before one, it is impossible to calculate the exact increase; but if my impression is not far wrong, I should say that for one steamer which plied regularly from an Italian harbor in 1859, there are ten in 1869. The mercantile marine of the Peninsula, according to the latest returns, consists of sixteen thousand vessels, averaging about fifty tons' burden.

Very great, and, as I fancy, exaggerated hopes are based by the Italians on the probable substitution of Brindisi for Marseilles as the port of departure and arrival for the Overland Mails. Whenever the Victor-Emmanuel Tunnel is completed through Mont-Cenis, — which it will be in three or four years, — and trains can run right through without a break from Paris, or Calais, to Brindisi, I cannot doubt that eastward bound travellers will go by this route; and the hotels and shop-keepers of Turin and Brindisi will derive much profit from their custom. Whether the country will derive any especial benefit from the mere transit of our Indian mails once a fortnight, is a point on which I do not feel equally certain.

In the same way I do not share the Italian estimate of the immense advantages they reckon on obtaining from the opening of the Suez Canal. That, however, is a question on which Italians as well as other Continental nations are convinced, that no Englishman can form an unprejudiced judgment. We seem to have been wrong in our national conviction that the canal through the Isthmus could never be made; we may be equally wrong in our conviction that it will never be used when made. Still, I would wish that the Italians relied more on the development of their own country and transit trade, less on the somewhat problematical gains to be obtained from the Overland Mail and the Suez Canal.

I recollect once making a voyage with a French sea-captain, who had been engaged for forty years in sailing between Marseilles and the Levant, who told me it was his solemn and deliberate conviction that every league you sailed east from Marseilles you found a corresponding decline in the physical, moral, and mental worth of the towns you touched at. Italy was worse than France, Greece worse than Italy, and Turkey even worse than Greece herself. Whatever truth there may be in the theory, I am convinced that travellers would take a far more favorable view of Italy if they habitually entered it from the east instead of the west, south in lieu of north. As it is, tourists



always come to it either from France, or Switzerland, or Germany, — countries in which material civilization has undoubtedly been carried to a far higher pitch; and the result is, that they notice the positive inferiority of the southern land, and overlook the signs of relative improvement to be seen by those who can use their eyes. It is all very well to sing about "the land of the cypress and myrtle," but, as a matter of fact, there is an untidiness, a shiftlessness, and a lack of vigorous energy about Italy and the Italians which seem at first sight, to northern eyes, incompatible with any high material development.

Many and valid excuses may be urged for the extent to which unthrift, and indolence, and immorality prevail throughout the Peninsula. Indeed, — given such government, and such political and social conditions as have existed in Italy for centuries, — I do not see how the result could have well been other than it has been. Still, I admit freely, that unless a free national life develops higher qualities than the nation, as a nation, as yet possesses, no very high degree of national culture or greatness can be looked for south of the Alps. All I contend is, that it is far too early to pronounce positively as to the effects of the political emancipation of the Peninsula, and that such symptoms as are forthcoming point to a favorable judgment. If you want to learn what Italian towns were ten years ago, you can learn easily enough by visiting one of the provincial cities which still enjoy the blessing of being subject to the rule of the Holy See. You will find there an utter apparent stagnation, a dead, dull monotony. No houses are being built; no papers are published; no shops are open, otherwise, with any pretension to be more than mere depôts of miscellaneous goods; no book-stalls are to be found; there is no movement in the streets, no indication of any active public life. But wherever the Sub-Alpine kingdom, as the Vatican still delights to call the *Regno d'Italia*, has pushed its railroads, there is life, and movement, and change. Take the city of Milan as an instance. It was a town always much frequented by tourists; it was the headquarters of the Austrian Government in Italy; it was governed, like all the Austrian possessions, by an administration which reflected most favorably with the administrations of all the purely Italian States; it was the centre then, as it is now, of the trade of Lombardy. Materially, it can hardly be said to have gained by its annexation to Italy. It lost its quasi-imperial character, it gained nothing beyond the freedom common to any one of its many commercial rivals. And yet, since the day that the Austrians quitted it ten years ago, it has become a changed city. New quarters have been erected, splendid public buildings have been added to the town, which now boasts, amongst other things, of one of the most magnificent railway termini upon the Continent, and of the finest arcade in the world. The shops which line the Corso rival those of Paris and Vienna in brilliancy; and, though the name of "Milan improvements" may possibly be distasteful to many English speculators, there can be no doubt of the fact that the improvements are remunerative to the city if not to the foreign shareholders. I know of no town in Italy, and few in Europe, where the hotels are so handsome or so good as in the Lombard capital; and two of the best of them — the Cavour and the Villa de Milano — lay themselves out for native, not for tourist, custom. I can remember the time, a very few years ago, when the only papers published in

Milan were the *Gazetta Ufficiale* and a few literary and dramatic broadsheets. At the present day Milan has as many daily papers as London, one of which, the *Perseveranza*, is entitled to rank in the first class of Continental journals. The sale of newspapers in the streets is very large; book-stalls are plentiful; and the only institution in Milan which seems to me to have suffered from the overthrow of the old régime is the *Opéra de La Scala*, which misses sadly the custom of the music-loving Austrian garrison.

Milan, no doubt, is an exceptional instance of Italian progress; but a similar change may be seen in any one of the principal Italian towns. Visit such dead-alive cities as Verona, or Modena, or Bologna, or Padua, and you will see in all of them the evidences of increased activity, of new speculation, of a larger and freer life. The streets are being improved and enlarged, the shops are brighter, the hotels and cafés better; there is more movement about the streets; there are new bookstores opened, and in every town of any size there is a daily local press.

If any town has suffered from recent changes, it is Turin; and yet the old capital of Piedmont is busier and more prosperous-looking than it was even in the days when for a time it was the capital of the kingdom. In fact, the only towns I visited in free Italy where there were no signs of the place being go-a-head were, characteristically enough, Ravenna and Loretto, — towns in which from accidental circumstances the clerical element still reigns supreme.

One of the most obvious changes in Italy — and to my view one of the most hopeful symptoms for the future of the country — is the extraordinary development of the Press throughout the whole of the country. It may be said that, intellectually, these Italian papers are of no great value. They are, it is true, constructed mainly after the French model, give but little news, are violent in their language, personal in their abuse of one another, and much addicted to declamation. The system of advertising is in its infancy in Italy; the people are naturally penurious about small expenses: papers have to be brought out at a very low price, and, in consequence, there are very few of them which are at all valuable commercial properties, or which can afford any outlay on reporters or contributors. The result of this state of things is that they are mostly written by professional men of no great standing, or graduates fresh from the schools, or minor government officials, who, in default of direct remuneration, try to make a more or less honest profit from their journalistic pursuits. Still by degrees journalism is becoming more of a profession in Italy than it has ever been before; and there are several influential papers, like the *Nazione* of Florence, which are really profitable concerns, and command such talent as is available. Moreover, I noted a decided change in the character of the Italian papers since the period when I was formerly in the habit of perusing them. They had become more local and less national, — more full of news, less liberal of general essays.

Even in the minor cities the press has letters about local grievances; enters into discussions on local politics; and reports local incidents to an extent unknown long after 1859, the date from which most modern Italian newspapers reckon their existence. In fact, there is growing up, if the press is a fair indication, an active local life throughout



the Peninsula; and it is no small gain if the Italians are getting to think more of their own household affairs, less of foreign politics and international questions.

Even, however, taking the periodical literature of Italy at the lowest estimate, no candid observer can overlook the evidences of the intellectual craving of which the mere existence of such an infinite number of local journals is abundant proof. According to M. Monnier's statement, in 1861, out of twenty-two millions who formed the then *Regno d'Italia*, seventeen could neither read nor write. Yet, in spite of the lack of the most elementary education amidst the masses, the demand for newspapers of some kind is more wide-spread throughout Italy than in any other country with which I am acquainted, except the United States of America. In the same way schools are springing up in every direction. I am told that the adult schools are largely attended. It is certain that you cannot go through any decent-sized Italian town without noticing newly painted placards over many a doorway, announcing that schools for boys or girls are held within. In other words, tuition has become a profitable trade, which it never was in the good old days of the grand-dukes and legates.

The very grumbling against the Government and the new *régime*, of which you read so much in the public prints of Italy, and hear so much in private conversation, appears to me a healthy symptom. On the Pincio steps at Rome, leading from the Piazza di Spagna, there used to be — and I dare say still is — an old beggar, who always droned out as you passed him, "*Cattivi tempi*," (the times are bad!) and then held out his hand for alms. The crouching mendicant droning over the hardness of the times always seemed to me a type of Italy before the Revolution. But the grumbling you hear nowadays has no kinship with that of the Roman beggar. That the times are hard and out of joint is the opinion of many free Italians, but they look to mend them by their own efforts, not by an appeal to the charity of foreigners. An Italian deputy, whose patriotism, according to the views of the Garibaldian school, would be deemed of no very advanced order, who holds that Italy can manage very well without Rome for the present, and who believes the red-shirted volunteers did very little towards the emancipation of their country, assured me the other day that whatever amount of irritation you might hear expressed at the alleged shortcomings of the Government, you would not find a single man, not directly connected with the Church or the deposed dynasties, who would not admit that anything was preferable to the re-establishment of the ancient *régime*. And this statement I believe to express fairly the popular sentiment of the Italy of to-day. The revolution which upset the Bourbons and expelled the Austrians, is not yet ended; but, short as its duration has been, it has already lasted long enough to teach the Italians that no price is too heavy to pay for unity.

#### PLAYING WITH LIGHTNING.

How many years it is since we first made the acquaintance of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, we should hardly care to say; how many years had passed without our having visited it until this present month of May, we almost forget. So many years that, as we made our way to it the other day, we had strong doubts whether our recollections of

it would turn out correct, or whether it had undergone the surprising change that seems to come over everything that one has not happened to see since boyhood.

We recollect always having had our doubts, in our extreme youth, about the Polytechnic. There was an indefinable feeling as if it were not a real, out-and-out, holiday place; as if our education were in some way going on whenever we were there. Instruction, we felt, lurked behind amusement, and it was impossible to forecast, from the programme of the entertainments, exactly at what point the baleful genius of mental improvement might be expected to claim its victim. There were diverting objects to look at, doubtless, but even machinery in motion — a charming object always to any boy of a well-regulated mind — can be turned to an evil educational account. A flavor of chemicals also pervaded the building, and suggested 'unpleasant instructive references to hydrogen, oxygen, and other gases, satisfactory enough when combined in experiments concluding pleasantly with a bang or a flash of fire, but evil to hear about in an hour's lecture.

There were suggestive whirring straps and wheels in the entrance-hall in those days, inspiring delusive hopes as to the quantity of moving machinery above. The first view of the hall itself was very pleasing. A large raised basin, or tank, filled the centre of the floor, and on its limpid waters floated absolutely maddening models of ships, steamers, life-boats, and other vessels which we felt we would have given worlds to possess. Lighthouses, piers, and docks rose at intervals around this delightful harbor, and two or three small cork sailors, illustrative of the superior merits of somebody's life-belts, floated, smiling and blue-jacketed, on its serene surface. A railway ran along the side of the tank, and its terminus at the far end was flanked by a deep green pool, into which the diving-bell, mysterious engine, was let down, full of adventurous spirits, who invariably returned to the upper air flushed and sheepish.

From this pool, too, would emerge the diver, clad in that tremendous costume, specially invented, as we then supposed, expressly for our discomfiture, and after mysteriously rapping his helmet with a couple of halfpence just fished up from the bottom, would sink back into the water, a goggle-eyed monster. Twice in our very early youth we recollect arousing the echoes of the neighborhood with our shrieks at this alarming spectacle; once it was even found necessary to bear us with ignominy into Regent Street. It was long before we could feel at all comfortable in that tremendous presence.

Much more to our taste was the glass-blowing stall, whereon were exhibited ships, long-tailed birds, and other desirable objects. At these art-treasures we were never tired of gazing. The glass cases around the walls, on the other hand, we usually thought it well to avoid, as containing not unfrequent educational pitfalls, too readily lending themselves to cross-questioning. The very lectures themselves, as we remembered them, were doubtful. The darkened room for dissolving views, magic lanterns, and similar entertainments, was undoubtedly pleasant, and favorable to secret scrimmages with our friends, by reason of the difficulty of ultimate detection; but even here useful knowledge was always lying in wait for us.

On the present occasion we are in search of useful knowledge, and have only time for a hasty



glance at the general contents of the building; but it presently strikes us very forcibly that if the boys of this day are at all like the boys of our day, they must find it just a little dull at the Polytechnic.

The long basin, we find, has disappeared, ships, lighthouses, sailors, and all, except at the diver's end, and there is still the cool, green pool. The diving-bell still hangs in its old place; a man leans against a pillar hard by, polishing the diver's helmet. Can he be the diver himself? He looks low-spirited, as a man might be expected to look who has much to do with such a costume. Our friend the glass-blower has moved from the gallery where he (or was it his grandfather?) used to turn out the birds with feathery tails, and has a front place on the floor. We liked him better where he was; it was a quieter place, a good place to retire to when it was considered advisable to avoid temporarily the observation of our elders. The wheel of life—it was called something else when we knew it first, years back, and before it was brought out as a great novelty a few months ago—still spins round in the gallery; there is a sample vase of wax fruit that seems like an old familiar friend. One side of the gallery is ornamented with sectional views of geological strata, surmounted in each case by an appropriate landscape. The boys have a bad time of it in this gallery; as we pass by, fragments of geological information, more or less (generally more) inaccurate, are borne upon the air; blue lias, London clay, and old red sandstone are on active service.

The glass cases along the other gallery are filled with the most heterogeneous mixture of goods. Why Miss Blank should have presented the Institution with her false teeth, not to say gums, it is difficult to make out; and although a wood bracket, "carved, by permission, by a footman in service during his leisure moments when the family are dining out" (he seems to have had no leisure moments but under these circumstances), is highly creditable to its author, it can scarcely be considered either remarkable or diverting. Turning from objects such as these, there is on view a collection of busts of a very appalling nature; one in a wig, presumably that of the late Lord Brougham, being, unspeakably tremendous; but candor compels the admission that outside the lecture-rooms, at all events, there is not much more amusement than in the old days, perhaps even not quite so much. The bazaar element is decidedly stronger than of yore, and it may be delicately hinted that the ladies who preside at the stalls are somewhat pertinacious in their efforts to do business. And it cannot with truth be said that the objects for sale possess any particular attraction, being, indeed, for the most part, of a rather uninteresting and unsatisfactory sort.

But our business is not with patent cement, or novel processes in photography, or feeble little "specimens." We have a more important matter on hand.

Our classical reminiscences have left us with the conviction that, when Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove, the scene must have been, as the graphic reporter has it, "one of terrific grandeur." We pictured to ourselves the lame god and his Cyclopean assistants, hammering and forging the celestial weapons in some flaming cavern of Etna or Vesuvius, amid an eternal din like that of a chain-cable factory crossed with a rolling-mill. Lurid smoke rolls heavily upward through the fiery air; the molten lava rushes forth on its work of destruc-

tion; while the lightnings, that now and again play round the top of the groaning mountain, proclaim to a trembling world the tremendous nature of the operations going on below.

Although we had inspected electrical machines, and had looked as scientific as possible at the sparks we had seen elicited from them, the grand and heroic idea of lightning-making had never left us. Consequently, when we were told that lightning was made and exhibited at certain stated hours, in the unromantic district of Regent Street, we received the statement with some incredulity; and it was to test its truth that, after many years, we came to revisit the Polytechnic. Let us endeavor to give some account of what we learn from the lucid and interesting lecture, which explained to us the extraordinary performances of the great Induction Coil.

It was discovered by Faraday, many years ago, that a coil of wire, wound loosely round a magnet, became actively electric at the moment when the magnet was either placed within its folds or withdrawn from them, and also that a galvanic current, in passing round a conducting circuit, produces an "induced" current in another conductor that surrounds the first. A galvanic current is usually generated by what is called a galvanic battery, consisting of two dissimilar metals or other substances, technically named elements, not touching each other, but immersed in some acid fluid. Chemical action is excited, and electricity, in the form known as galvanism, is set free. If the elements are connected together, outside the acid, by a piece of wire, or any other conductor, the electricity will proceed from one element, called the positive pole of the battery, and will pass along the wire to the other or negative pole, thus making what is called a circuit. If the wire be interrupted, the electricity, if present in sufficient quantity will leap across the gap in the form of a visible spark. If the gap be filled by any substance capable of being chemically decomposed by electricity, the decomposition will take place. In all this we have only the galvanic battery, and the primary current directly proceeding from it.

Now, Faraday's discovery was, that this galvanic or primary current, at the moment when it begins to flow, and again at the moment when it ceases to flow, produces a secondary or induced, and perfectly independent current, in another conductor wound around the first, but not in contact with it. At the moment when the primary current begins to flow, the induced current passes in the same direction with it; but at the moment when the primary current ceases to flow, the induced current passes in the opposite direction. Instead of being, as in the primary current, continuous, the induced current is only momentary; and, in order to produce it at pleasure, it is necessary to have some contrivance by which to cut off and to restore the primary current as often as may be desired. As often as it is cut off, the reverse induced current passes; as often as it is restored, the direct induced current passes. The instrument used for this purpose is called a break, or contact breaker. It is placed in a gap in the primary or galvanic circuit, communicating with one extremity of the gap, and capable of being made to touch the other extremity also. When it touches, it is said to "make" contact, and, when it ceases to touch, it "breaks" contact.

Not only does the magnet, like the primary current, induce electricity, but a piece of soft iron is rendered magnetic during the passage of a primary



current through a coil of wire surrounding it. If the iron be massive, it retains its magnetic quality for a few moments after the galvanic current ceases; but, if it be of small bulk, it gives up its magnetism immediately.

In the manufacture of a "coil" for the display of induced electricity, all the foregoing facts are taken into account. The centre, or core, of the coil is formed of a bundle of soft iron wire. Around this is wound the wire for the primary current, and around this again the wire for the secondary current. When the ends of the primary wire are connected with the two poles of a galvanic battery, the core of iron wires becomes a core of magnets, and hence assists the primary current in inducing electricity in the secondary wire. When the ends of the primary wire are disconnected from the battery, the core ceases to be magnetic, and the withdrawal of the magnet assists the cessation of the primary current in again inducing electricity in the secondary wire.

The largest induction coils hitherto made have been about a foot or fifteen inches in length, by about four inches in diameter. Seven miles has been about the extreme limit of length of the secondary wire; and nine inches the greatest length of spark that could be obtained. With these figures as standards of comparison, we approach the "monster coil" now under consideration.

In this, the central core of iron wires is composed of pieces each five feet long, and the thickness of knitting-needles, the whole core being five inches in diameter. The primary wire is of copper, thirty-seven hundred and seventy yards in length. The secondary wire is also of copper, and is one hundred and fifty miles in length. The rods of the core are separated from one another, or insulated, by being wound round with cotton, and the primary wire is covered in a similar manner. The secondary wire is covered with silk; and all these coverings are required in order to force the current to keep within each wire, or to pass along its length, instead of escaping from it laterally to contiguous turns of the spiral. The whole apparatus is enclosed within cylinders of vulcanite, and is mounted on strong supports, themselves similarly covered. The ends of the secondary wire issue one from each extremity of the coil, and are connected to "terminals," one of which is a point, and the other a polished disc of metal. They stand on movable columns in front of the coil; and the wires, when necessary, can be detached from the terminals, and attached to any other apparatus that may be required. When the primary wire is connected with a powerful galvanic battery, and contact is made, the core becomes a bundle of magnets, and this bundle combines with the primary wire to induce an electric current in the secondary wire. When contact is broken, the primary current ceases to flow, the core loses its magnetism, and an electric current is again induced in the secondary wire. If the terminals be not too far apart, this induced current leaps across the space between them in the form of a visible spark or flash.

There is yet another piece of subsidiary apparatus, called the condenser. This consists of a number of small sheets of insulated tinfoil, connected together, and with the primary wire, to which they form a sort of loop circuit. The condenser is supposed to afford a safety-valve, or reservoir of space for the primary current, and a security against any injury being done to the primary wire by the sudden rushing into it of a stream of electricity.

The first endeavors to work the new coil were

frustrated by its own powers of destruction. It melted the platinum, and burnt up the brass of the original contact breaker. When used with a small amount of condenser surface, it burst the primary wire into fragments, and escaped from it laterally. When these difficulties were overcome, and the whole apparatus was in order, it afforded a spark, or rather a flash of lightning, twenty-nine inches in length, and apparently about a third of an inch in width. The length was measured, of course, by the distance between the terminals, and when this exceeded twenty-nine inches, no distinct flash was given. For a distance within its power to cross, it would almost seem that the electricity, like a strong leaper, makes an effort proportionate to the resistance to be overcome. When the terminals are distant, but still within the twenty-nine inch limit, the flash strikes upon the disc with a heavy shock and a loud report. When they are near together, or within two or three inches, the flash gushes forth without noise, and lazily, like a spurt of molten metal, or of dense flame; and from this "flaming spark," as it is called, the flaming portion can be blown aside by bellows, leaving the actual course of the electricity distinctly visible. Either the flaming spark or the longer one will perforate considerable thicknesses of glass, and five inches of solid plate glass have already been pierced by it. At one visit we chanced to see a remarkable illustration of the way in which metallic surfaces may serve to attract lightning. The outer covering of the coil displays the name and address of Mr. Apps, its maker, in gold letters of considerable size. In taking a long spark, the stands that support the terminals were placed nearer to the coil than usual; and the attraction of these gold-leaf surfaces was sufficient to divert the spark from its course, and visibly to break it up into portions.

In the darkened theatre at the Polytechnic, the long flash lights up the room and the audience with the peculiar lurid glare so well known as an effect of brilliant lightning at night, and displays the features and action of every one present. But it is curious to note that, the flash being of instantaneous duration only, it allows no motion to be seen. We should think, if guided by our consciousness alone, that the flash lasted an appreciable time; but this would be an error, due to the persistence of the impression on the eye, after the flash itself had ceased. If the room be made perfectly dark, and if the spectators all raise their arms and wave their hands to and fro as quickly as they can, the flash will display the position of the arms, but not the movements of the hands. *While the flash lasts, the hand has no time to move*, and is consequently seen, as if motionless, in the position in which the flash finds it. It is in contemplation to exhibit the same effect in a more complete way by affixing a picture to a revolving disc. When the disc revolves so rapidly that no outlines of the picture can be distinguished by means of any ordinary light, they will be perfectly seen in a darkened room by the light of the flash. It lasts so short a time, that the revolving disc does not change its position in the brief period.

It is the smallest part of the advantage expected from the new coil, that it allows all the luminous and all the destructive phenomena of chamber electricity to be exhibited, in hitherto unapproached beauty and intensity. Men of science anticipate from it new discoveries of high importance. In the intervals between the public exhibitions of arti-



ficial lightning, the effects of the coil are being closely studied by those who are best able to appreciate them; and we believe no long time will be required in order to prove that Mr. Pepper, in his ever zealous catering for the entertainment and instruction of his especial public, has laid the foundation of real and solid scientific progress.

### THE WEDDING DAY.

THE author of "Giants and Dwarfs" has here\* brought together, from a variety of sources ancient and modern, the ceremonies attendant upon betrothal and matrimony in all the kingdoms of the earth. He has searched amidst the ancient records of the primitive Jews, the historians and poets of Greece and Rome, and has not neglected to avail himself of the monumental history of Assyria and Egypt, in order to obtain memorials of marriage customs, and to trace back to their origin the many curious superstitions in connection with them, which exist alike among civilized and uncivilized nations. Our author, however, does not profess to give "an exhaustive account of the origin and history of matrimony, nor an elaborate statement of the conditions under which it could or can be legally effected, nor a disquisition upon the religious, social, and domestic relations and duties of married life." He has rather endeavored to chronicle and to reduce to a form suitable for popular reading the different modes in which the marriage contract was entered into from the earliest times, and the many singular usages which were associated with the weddings of our ancestors. Such is the aim and purpose of the author, and as he confesses that his volumes are especially intended for popular reading, we cannot of course justly criticise them as a work intended to satisfy the student of social dynamics. And yet we must find some fault with the form into which he has thrown his volumes. Although his work is not intended as a systematic treatise, we do look for a judicious arrangement of facts, even in a popular work. Why should that long-suffering mortal, the general reader, have to do all the generalization for himself, while the philosopher, better fitted for the duty, finds in works intended for his perusal that it has already been done for him? This we take to be the prevalent omission in authors who write for the multitude, and who imagine that the devourers of books, the classes who live upon the latest and most gorgeously got up works of the circulating library, care not for style and arrangement, but only for new facts and ideas. We do not find fault with Mr. Wood for any defects of style or carelessness of composition, but we do complain of his want of method, and the careless throwing together of his material. We can imagine our author compiling his work in the British Museum Library, writing off so many sheets a day, returning home and sticking them on a file, and afterwards packing them off to the publishers without taking any more trouble. However, readers in search of novel information on the subjects on which Mr. Wood treats will find plenty in the volumes before us. We willingly give the author a proper amount of praise for the trouble he has taken with his Index and Tables of Contents, which are full and complete; and in a book of this kind full headings to the several chapters cover a multitude of sins.

Not the least interesting portion of the work

before us is that devoted to the archæology of marriage among the early Christians, and more especially among our own ancestors. Christian marriage appears to have grown out of the marital customs of the Jews, and the ancient Greeks and Romans. In olden times it was not a religious ceremony, but a social contract. It was only essential that the bridegroom should lead the bride from her father's house to her new home in the presence of witnesses. The Ancient Britons occasionally celebrated their marriages at a cromlech in the open air, but more frequently no ceremony of this kind was gone through. The Anglo-Saxons held the nuptial tie in the greatest respect, and no marriage was lawful without the consent of the woman's Mundbora or guardian:—

"If such consent was not obtained, the husband was liable to penalties, and he acquired no legal rights over either the wife or her goods. For this consent the lover always paid a mede or price, in the nature of a present, according to the rank of the lady. It was therefore advantageous to a father that the 'spindle-side,' or female part of his family, to use Alfred's term, should outnumber the 'spear-side,' or male members thereof. The parties were solemnly contracted, and a friend of the bridegroom became surety for the woman's good-treatment and maintenance. Her dowry was fixed; and all the relations of both parties within the third degree were invited to the marriage feast. Each one made some present to the couple; and the Mundbora gave them arms, furniture, cattle, and money. This was called the Faderfrum or father's gift, and was all the fortune that the bridegroom received.

"On the day before the wedding, which generally took place within six or eight weeks from the time of the contract, the invited friends of the bridegroom went to his house, where they spent the day in feasting. On the next morning they went armed and on horseback to the house of the bride, under the conduct of the foremost man, to receive her, and conduct her to her husband. This martial show was both for compliment and to prevent a rescue by any former lover. The bride was led by a matron, called the brideswoman, followed by many young women, termed the bridesmaids, and attended by her Mundbora and other male relations. On her arrival she was received by the bridegroom, and solemnly betrothed by her guardian.

"The united companies then proceeded to the church, attended by musicians. No marriage was lawful without the presence of the Mundbora at the ceremony, and he gave the bride to the bridegroom, saying, 'I give her to be thy honor and thy wife; to keep thy keys and share with thee in thy bed and goods.' The parties received the nuptial benediction from the priest, sometimes under a veil or square piece of cloth, called the care-cloth, held at each corner by a man, to conceal the bride's blushes; but this was not used in cases where the bride was a widow. After the benediction both of the parties were crowned with flowers, which were kept in the church for the purpose. A ring was used at the marriage as well as at the betrothal. Some authors say that at the marriages of the Anglo-Saxons, the Mundbora presented the bridegroom with one of the bride's shoes, as a token of the transfer of authority; and she was made to feel the change by a blow on her head given with the shoe. The husband was bound by oath to use his wife well, on failure of which she might leave him; but he was allowed to bestow a moderate castigation upon her."

\*The Wedding Day in all Ages and Countries. By Edward T. Wood, London.



Among the Anglo-Normans an intended marriage was published three times in church, as is the custom at the present day; and the husband also had to obtain the consent of the wife's guardian. In feudal times the lords of manors were invested with the power of disposing of their orphan wards in marriage as they thought fit, and this was one of the grievances which the malcontent barons laid before King John at Runnymede. The frequency of very early marriages among the children of the old nobility is thus explained by the desire to avoid wardship. The sponsalia or betrothal was formerly an important preliminary to marriage, and was often made before a priest, and always confirmed by gifts, by the joining of hands, by the interchange of rings, by a kiss, and other formalities. Thus in *Twelfth Night* the priest speaks of a betrothal:—

"Confirmed by mutual joiners of your hands.  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings."

In this ceremony the woman appears to have had the advantage, for Strutt, quoting a manuscript in the Harleian Library says: "By the civil law whatever is given by way of betrothal gifts betwixt them that are promised in marriage, hath a condition (for the most part silent) that it be had again if marriage ensue not; but if the man should have a kiss for his money, he should lose one half of that which he gave. With regard to the lady, however, this does not apply, for the manuscript goes on to say: "yet with the woman it is otherwise, for kissing or not kissing, whatsoever she gave she may ask and have it again." A very common custom at betrothal, especially among the lower orders, was to break a piece of money in two pieces, of which the man kept one and the woman the other:—

"Butler, in his 'Hudibras,' hints that the broken piece of metal should be a crooked one:—

'His wit was sent him for a token,  
But in the carriage crack'd and broken.  
Like commendation ninepence crook'd,  
With — To and from my love — it look'd.'

In olden times certain ideas of good fortune attached to crooked money. Gay, also, in his 'What d'ye Call It?' alludes to the practice thus:—

'Yet, justices, permit us, ere we part,  
To break this ninepence, as you've broke our heart.'

Fibert, one of the characters, breaking the ninepence, says, —

'As this divides, thus are we torn in twain,' —

and Kitty, joining the pieces, replies, —

'And as this meets, thus may we meet again.'

In Gay's 'Fifth Pastoral' he says, —

'A ninepence bent  
A token kind to Bumkinet is sent.'

It is difficult to trace the origin of the wedding-ring, but it appears to have been at first the token at the betrothal, and was not necessarily employed at the second ceremony. The ancient Romans certainly used rings at their betrothals, and the Christian Church apparently borrowed from them the wedding-ring. After betrothal the Anglo-Saxon maiden wore the ring on the right hand, but at the marriage it was transferred to the left. Among the Anglo-Normans the ring was always worn on the middle finger of the right hand, while in the latter part of the seventeenth century the wedding-ring was often worn on the thumb. The Quakers reject the ring as a remnant of pagan superstition, and in the time of the Commonwealth the Puritans endeavored to abolish it for the same reason. Thus Butler, in the "Hudibras," commemorates this:—

"Others were for abolishing  
That tool of matrimony, a ring,  
With which the unsanctify'd bridegroom  
Is marry'd only to a thumb."

Mr. Wood gives us some amusing scraps in connection with this subject:—

"Although a ring is absolutely necessary in a Church of England marriage, it may be of any metal, and of any size. Some years since a ring of brass was used at Worcester at a wedding before the registrar, who was threatened with proceedings for not compelling a gold one to be employed. A story is told of the wedding of two paupers, who came to the church and requested to be married with the church key, as the parochial authorities had not furnished them with a ring. The clerk, feeling some delicacy about using the key, fetched an old curtain ring from his own house, and with that article the marriage was celebrated. The church key was used in lieu of a wedding-ring at a church near Colchester early in the present century: and that was not a solitary instance within the past one hundred years in this country. The Duke of Hamilton was married at May Fair with a bed-curtain ring. 'Notes and Queries' for October, 1860, relates that a ring of leather, cut transversely from a finger of the bridegroom's glove, was used as a substitute for the wedding-ring on one occasion. A clergyman unjustifiably stopped a wedding in India because the bridegroom offered a diamond ring instead of one generally in use. In Ireland the use of a gold ring is superstitiously required."

Bridal nosegays and posies were of very ancient origin. The introduction of orange-blossoms into wedding bouquets is probably derived from the Saracens; a custom which perhaps our chivalrous knights of the Holy Cross brought back with them from the East in the days of the Crusades. Among the Eastern nations orange-flowers are the emblems of a prosperous marriage. In England flowers have always held a conspicuous place both in the form of posies, and strewed in the path of the bride from her house to the church. Thus in "Vox Græculi," 1623, the spring is termed "the nosegay giver to weddings"; and the author of "England's Helicon" says, —

"Now busie maydens strew sweet flowres."

A sprig of gorse was often added to the bridal bouquet, perhaps on account of the old adage, "When the furze is out of bloom, kissing is out of fashion." Rosemary was also worn at weddings in the olden time, in order to strengthen the memory. Thus, in a writer in 1584, we find:—

"Rosemarie is for remembrance  
Between us day and night,"

while Herrick, in the "Hesperides," addressing a rosemary-branch, says, —

"Grow for two ends: it matters not at all  
Be't for my bridal or my burial."

According to Mr. Wood, the bride-cake at weddings can be traced to the Roman custom of marriage by confarreatio, when a barley or wheaten cake was used. The throwing of old shoes after the bride and bridegroom seems to symbolize an assault upon the person carrying off the bride from her father's house, and is a relic of a custom still in vogue among many partially civilized communities. There are many wedding proverbs of "merrie England," like the saying,

"To change the name and not the letter,  
Is a change for the worse and not for the better,"

which we cannot here even enumerate.



Some of Mr. Wood's chapters on ancient legends and the wedding customs of nations in different parts of the globe are, at the least, very entertaining, and will, we doubt not, attract many readers. Here is the account of the wedding-ring of Joseph and Mary:—

"Whatever may be the fact as to the use of marriage rings in the Bible days, monkish legends relate that Joseph and Mary used one, and, moreover, that it was of onyx or amethyst. It was said to have been discovered in the year 996, when it was given by a jeweller from Jerusalem to a lapidary of Clusium, who had been sent to Rome by the wife of a Marquis of Etruria, to make purchases for her. The jeweller told the lapidary of the preciousness of the relic; but he despised it, and kept it for several years among other articles of inferior value. However, a miracle revealed to him its genuineness; and it was placed in a church, where it worked many curative wonders. In 1473 it was deposited with some Franciscans at Clusium, from whom it was stolen; and ultimately it found its way to Perugia, where a church was built for it, and it still performed miracles; but they were, as Hone says, trifling in comparison with its miraculous powers of multiplying itself. It existed in different churches in Europe at the same time, and, each ring being as genuine as the others, it was paid the same honors by the devout."

In ancient Sparta, celibacy was considered infamous, and by the laws of Lycurgus criminal proceedings might be taken against those who married late or unsuitably, as well as against those who did not marry at all. Plato wished to punish any man who did not marry before the age of thirty-five; while among the Romans Augustus imposed a bachelor-tax, which perhaps our modern legislators who wish for the sympathy and approval of the gentler sex may hereafter see fit to impose on the defiant club dandies of the present day. Perhaps, however, the gay bachelor might reply that, like the ancient Seythians who would not marry a maiden until she had killed an enemy, he would not marry the fair one who haunts his dreams until she, too, had killed an enemy; until she had overcome that inordinate love of dress, that growing taste for luxury, and, above all, that slothful and indolent temperament which is the greatest enemy to true happiness and social progress. There was a custom prevalent in Albania, which we should gladly see adopted nearer home, in order to avoid trouble and to prevent those unpleasant mistakes which are so frequently occurring in highly civilized communities. The Albanian unmarried girl wore a red skull-cap, upon which were sewn the Turkish paras and other coins which formed her dower. The larger pieces of gold were always placed in front, in order to make the damsel more attractive in the eyes of her admirers. But there was an ancient Assyrian custom which also deserves consideration:—

"Among the ancient Assyrians all marriageable young girls were assembled in one place, and the public crier put them up to sale one after another. The money which was received for those who were handsome, and consequently sold well, was bestowed as a wedding portion on those who were plain. When the most beautiful had been disposed of, the more ordinary looking were offered for a certain sum, and allotted to those who were willing to take them. Hence all the women were provided with husbands.

"The Babylonians, like the Assyrians, held a kind of market of their daughters at certain times every year. They were assembled in a public place, where they were exposed to general view, and disposed of to the best bidders by the public crier. The money given for the purchase of the handsome ones was applied to portion out those who were deficient in personal attractions. This custom was said to have originated with Atossa, the daughter of Belochus."

We will close our notice of Mr. Wood's suggestive and amusing volumes by alluding to a custom prevalent in the East Indian Archipelago among a certain tribe called "head-hunters," who are not allowed to marry "until they have made room for their probable progeny by cutting off the heads of some of those among whom they are living." We commend this useful regulation to the notice of the stony-hearted disciples of Malthus and Mill.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

ENGLAND is very anxious for a new poem from Tennyson.

MR. DICKENS is no longer on the sick-list, but has resumed his long walks and his hard work.

GUSTAVE DORÉ has declined the official invitation to accompany the Empress to Suéz, his artistic engagements being so numerous and pressing that it would be impossible for him to absent himself from his atelier in October.

It having been stated in innumerable journals that Mr. Anthony Trollope had lost his lawsuit against Baron Tauchnitz, the Leipsic publisher, Mr. Trollope throws a damper on the gossip by saying that he never had a lawsuit with the Baron.

GARIBALDI is still undecided as to the title which his novel is to bear. The object of the work is to exhibit the corruption of the Roman priesthood. He called it at first "Celia," then he changed the name to "Roma Militante." But he is still dissatisfied.

AN explosion, attended with a comical result, happened the other day at Paris. Through an escape of gas a large clothing-house blew up, and the people who hastened to the scene of the fire were horrified on beholding the street strewn with legs and arms. These limbs, however, proved to be only the remains of the innumerable "dummies" stationed at the shop windows.

COMMENTING on the melancholy news that "the French Ambassador had his face slapped by a high Chinese official at Pekin," the *Pall Mall Gazette* asks: "May we not learn a lesson from a barbarous nation? How much blood and treasure would be saved if two manly representatives of different nations, when arguments were exhausted, were to strip and have it out, then and there, without the intervention of fleets and armies!"

It must be admitted that the new words and phrases which French writers occasionally add to the language are often exceedingly pointed and expressive. M. Nestor Roqueplan has been very happy in his efforts in this direction. It is he who invented *le gandin*, and baptized *la cocotte*. During the reign of Louis Philippe, observing how invari-



ably when the *grisette* made a step upwards in the path of immorality she hired an apartment in the Quartier Laffitte (then extremely fashionable), he renamed her *lorette*, and the word is likely to endure. The tribe of little consumptive, rickety, scrofulous children which abound in Paris received from him the name of *les petits crévés*, and just now he has invented *la Parisine*, an expression which is henceforth to indicate a new type of feminine individuality among the *Parisiennes*.

A LONDON journal says that however irritable the English may be on some points, however much they may repine at the evils to which all flesh is heir, there cannot be a doubt that Londoners offer a noble example of people meeting violent deaths at street-crossings with a calmness and patience which must surprise other cities whose inhabitants are not in the habit of being run over, smashed, and mangled by dozens.

ROSSINI's unpublished music has been sold by Madame Rossini for six thousand pounds. That is at the rate of forty pounds per composition, there having been one hundred and sixty-one pieces. When asked for his autograph, Rossini invariably wrote a stanza of four lines, expressive of long-suffering love, which endures, but is silent. Ten copies of these four commonplace lines were found amongst his papers. These autographs sold at the same price as his musical compositions, — that is, at £ 40 apiece.

THE inhabitants of Bordeaux, says a French paper, were greatly astonished one morning, not long since, to see floating from the summit of the spire of Saint-Michel a colored flag, said to be a piece of a curtain, on which was drawn a heart pierced by an arrow, and underneath were the words "Liberté, Paix." The spire is about 375 feet in height, and extremely difficult of ascent. What interest or fantasy could have induced any man to perform such a feat at night puzzles every one. Two workmen have been employed to get down the banner.

MADAME GUICCIOLI in her recent book about Byron has brought to light an old friend of the poet's, R. Belgrave Hoppner, who writes as follows to the editor of the *Athenæum*: "I regret to learn that Madame Guiccioli has made so free with my name and opinions respecting Lord Byron. I hope she does not also say that I enjoyed the advantage of her acquaintance at Venice, for although I cannot absolutely say I never saw her, I can safely assert the next thing to it. Lord Byron was always very kind to me, and having three horses at the Lido (the long island which separates the Laguna from the sea), offered me the use of one of them. Sometimes he called for me on his way there, sometimes I went to his house to meet him. On one of these occasions while he was at his breakfast, a female crossed the room, entering on one side and leaving it at the opposite door, in whose appearance there was nothing to attract attention, and I actually took her for one of the maids of the house, learning only from him when she had passed that it was Madame Guiccioli. If I had met her five minutes later, I should not have recognized her, so little had I observed her.

"I certainly did not approve the life Lord Byron led at Venice, and as far as I felt myself warranted in doing so, never scrupled to tell him so; but we were nearly of the same age, which, with our differ-

ent positions in life, would have only rendered me ridiculous if I had affected to play the Mentor with him. In all my intercourse with him, I almost invariably found him cheerful and good-natured; or if at moments he was less so, he accounted for it by saying his foot caused him much pain. This I have no doubt was very often the case. In a previous letter I have said he led "a foolish, disreputable life," on which account I well remember to have told him he made himself ridiculous in the eyes of every one, and I have little doubt it was his disgust with the very life he was leading which made him take a dislike to Venice, and glad of the opportunity the connection he about this time formed with Madame Guiccioli offered him to quit it altogether. It was pretty evident to me that he at first cared little for her, however much his vanity may have been flattered on seeing the impression he had made on a young lady of rank in society so different from the other women he had known since his arrival in Venice; and it depended on the toss-up of a halfpenny whether he would follow her to Ravenna or return to England.

"To this latter step I strongly advised him; but the dread of the reception he might meet with there, and the encouragement he received from Madame Guiccioli, to follow her, prevailed over his better genius (not meaning *myself*), and decided his fate. . . . Lord Byron was occasionally annoyed by the impertinence of English travellers, who forced their way into his house, or followed him about; but he was far from showing any disgust with them in general, frequently coming to meet strangers of an evening at my house, though he well knew when he came there that he would not find us alone. I don't believe that Lord Byron was naturally of a saturnine disposition, but think the misanthropy, that figures as part of his character in his early writings was merely a poetical fiction. His love of pleasure, and the eagerness with which he pursued it, certainly seem to prove him to have been of anything but a melancholy disposition. During the Carnival at Venice he was a constant attendant at the Ridotto, a kind of masked ball, where he witnessed scenes which supplied him with materials for his 'Beppo.'

"He had always a box at the Fenice Theatre during the season. He passed his evenings at one or other of the three houses occupied by Venetian ladies, where strangers had an opportunity of seeing something of Venetian society, and he readily took part in any amusement that was offered him, to which he was always willing to contribute his share. So far I am able to confirm Madame Guiccioli's opinion, that he was not of a misanthropical disposition; but this has nothing to do with the life he led at Venice; and she is decidedly wrong in asserting that I was his constant companion of an afternoon, unless she alludes to our rides together on the Lido, as I only spent the evenings with him when he came to my own house, or when I met him in the visits he paid to those of the Venetian ladies I have mentioned. I visited him sometimes in his box at the theatre, but this is not what Madame Guiccioli would wish to infer.

"Lady H —, who saw Lord Byron frequently at Genoa, and also Madame Guiccioli, assured me she was convinced he went to Greece to get away from her, which I can well believe, as he had lived four years with her, — three more than, according to his own account, it was in his nature to live with any woman."



# EVERY SATURDAY:

## A Journal of Choice Reading,

SELECTED FROM FOREIGN CURRENT LITERATURE.

VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1869.

[No. 182.]

### THE COURTYARD OF THE OURS D'OR.

BY MISS THACKERAY.

I.

ON a hot August morning, in a quaint old Flemish city, the sun shone brightly into the courtyard of the Ours d'Or.

Earlier in the morning the sun had vainly tried to creep in through the low-browed arch that gave entrance to the Inn from the little Place outside; but it could not succeed in reaching farther than midway up the broad vaulted passage, which had Clémence's parlor and her father's counting-house on the left, and the kitchen on the right. The sunshine, however, had no mind to be baffled by the whim of the old gray stones, soon climbed high enough to peep over the quaint roofs of the rambling building, and poured thence an intense glow of golden warmth into the courtyard at the end of the passage.

The splash-plash of a little fountain tinkled merrily in the sudden brilliance, gold-fish darted to the surface of the water to warm themselves, and the leaves of the tree-fuchsias round and about showed prism-dyed through the sparkling water-drops.

It was only a small square court, planted like a garden, and overlooked on three sides by the inn-windows. It was bordered by rustic arbors, with vines clambering over them; in these of afternoons pipes were smoked, and beer and coffee drunk by round-faced Belgians. Just now all was as fresh and well ordered as if no one but the gardener had access there.

Canaries hung in these arbors. They sang out loudly as the sunshine gilded their cages.

But for the noisy birds and a few peacock butterflies darting their glowing colors in and out among the tall fuchsias, the courtyard basked in the sunshine in its own still fashion. The small round paving-stones grew hotter and hotter till the spray of the fountain dried as it reached them.

It seemed a scene waiting for an actor to move across it.

There was a glass door between the two arbors that faced the arched passage; it opened, and old Madame de Vos came forward into the courtyard.

"Tiens, tiens! it is a heat to stifle." The old woman waddled across to the shade of the passage as fast as she could, pulling the large hood of her straightly falling black cloak over her primly quilled cap, till she left visible only the snowy muslin strings.

"Elodie, Elodie! where, then, is Mademoiselle?"

No answer coming, Madame advanced to the kitchen-door. It stood open, and through it glowed a dull red heat, worse than the blaze of the courtyard, for this heat reflected itself again with interest from the brass pans and pots and kettles glittering in every corner.

Inside this kitchen all things shone hotly except Elodie's face: a pale, thin countenance on a small, erect body. She wore just the same sort of snowy cap that Madame de Vos did, tied under her peaked chin; but here all likeness ended. The bulky dame who filled up the doorway would have made four of the slight, active cuisinière of the Ours d'Or.

"Pouf! was there ever such a heat?" Flat-faced, pink Madame de Vos turned up her blue eyes as if they, too, suffered.

"Madame has no need to come into it," Elodie spoke gravely over one shoulder, and went on trussing her fowls.

"Where is Mamselle Clémence? I want her."

"Here I am, bonne maman! What wilt thou?"

Opposite the kitchen were three entrances to the house: the largest, that in the centre, opened into the inn itself; on each side of it were Monsieur's counting-house and Mademoiselle's parlor. Clémence's voice came from this last doorway.

"Come to me, child; and then Elodie can hear the news at the same time. Ah, ma foi! that all the affairs of the family should be thrust on my shoulders!"

At the word "news," Elodie turned round sharply. Her sunken gray eyes were full of eager interest, and as Clémence crossed over a soft flush had risen on her cheek, and a glad dancing light sparkled in the large, thoughtful eyes.

A minute ago you would scarcely have called Clémence pretty; she was too pale, and her gray eyes had wanted color till the blush on her cheek made them glow.

"The Sœur Marie, thy aunt at Bruges, is ill, and the Superior asks that one of her people should go to the Hospice with speed. It would kill me, as thou knowest, Clémence, to travel with such a heat; besides, how could I quit the Ours d'Or when thy father is not there? It is thou, Clémence, who must obey this summons."

The liquid eyes drooped, the soft color faded; for a moment the girl stood silent, her lips parted, her hands clasped together.

"Well?" This came very impatiently from Madame.

"Bonne maman!" — the warm blood came rushing into Clémence's face, and the words were



spoken quickly, — "I cannot go; thou knowest why I wish to stay at home. Louis said to-day or to-morrow, he may arrive at any moment, and I — I have not seen him for so long. Why cannot Rosalie go to Bruges?"

"Rosalie! Rosalie is a child; of what use to send her?"

"But we are not sent for to be useful," Clémence pleaded, her tender, wistful eyes fixed on her grandmother's stolid face. "The good seurs love the aunt too well to yield any care of her to a stranger; it is only that she may see one of her own people again. Bonne maman, I have not seen la tante Marie for so — so long, she will not recognize me. Rosalie has not left her these five years, — she loves Rosalie, — send her, bonne maman; how could I be absent when Louis arrives?"

The sweet, imploring voice might have touched Madame de Vos's heart through all the pink fat which enveloped it, but that she hated contradiction; and also for the reason that Clémence had looked while she spoke more than ever like her dead mother. There was the same slender bending figure, the same transparent skin and dark hair, and, above all, that same strange earnestness in the eyes, and resolute fervent spirit which had in days gone by so bewildered Madame when she looked at her son's wife. For Madame de Vos came of a pure Flemish stock, — physique and morale were alike solid and stolid. In her family no one had ever been slender, or poor, or dark haired; and she had felt herself aggrieved when Auguste de Vos, her eldest son, — the landlord of the flourishing Ours d'Or, — had married Clémence de Trudin, the orphan daughter of a poor French gentleman.

What could he expect of such a transparent, unusual-looking creature but that which had come to pass? For only a year ago the younger Madame de Vos had died of decline: a disease mainly caused, so said her mother-in-law, by a dislike of eating and drinking and a love of books. She died, and left her sorrowing, idolizing husband with four children.

Clémence was twenty-two, and it seemed to Auguste de Vos that she could take her mother's place in the management of her two little brothers; but before he could rouse himself to settle anything he got an imperative summons to visit his mother at Louvain.

"Of what canst thou be thinking then, Auguste?" she had asked. "Is not Clémence fiancée to the Lieutenant Louis Scherer? and who shall say how soon he may purchase his discharge, and come home and marry her? and then, ma foi, what will happen? and the child Rosalie so beautiful and but sixteen years old? Will it be convenient, I ask thee, my son, to bring up such a child in the Ours d'Or with no better mentor than Elodie? Bah — that is what it is to be a man!"

When a man has loved his wife dearly, — so dearly that life and everything belonging to it have lost all interest or flavor without her, — he is easily managed; and Auguste de Vos, after a few more maternal harangues, began to see that it might be well for his girls that their grandmother should come to the Ours d'Or. Naturally he did not call to mind his mother's faults; they had met seldom since his marriage; and his wife had rarely grieved him by repeating the petty unkindnesses she had endured during the old lady's visits. For Madame de Vos had never forgiven the dark-eyed gentle wife her want of fortune; and now, as she looked

at Clémence, the old dislike grew strong, — a dislike which had been intensified by her son's blind devotion to his wife.

"Just like her mother!" and then aloud and severely, "Clémence, you speak follies; you are the eldest, and you must go."

"And why does any one go?" said Elodie, standing erect, with her hands behind her. "The patron will be home to-night; he will go in the morning to Bruges, and he will take Mamselle Rosalie, and she can stay with the Sœur Marie; there, it is settled."

"But no; thou art not a mother, Elodie; thou canst not comprehend the feelings of a mother. My daughter, my Marie, must not be kept waiting for the selfishness of a love-sick girl. Fi done, Clémence, when I was young, my lovers came after me; they waited my pleasure, I did not wait for them. I am ashamed of thee."

Clémence kept back a hasty answer, but her eyes flashed.

The old lady walked away to the parlor.

"It is too unjust, too hard; if my father were but at home!"

The words were said to herself, but Elodie read them in her face. She put her lean brown hand tenderly on the young girl's shoulder.

"Go, my child, it is better; the bonne maman could go herself as to that; we can do without her; but if the Sœur Marie should be worse, thou wouldst then sorrow at not having obeyed the summons. Go at once; who knows but that thou mayest come back this evening?"

But the savor of the various stew-pans on the charcoal stoves within warned Elodie that she must return to her duties; and besides, in her heart, the cuisinière thought her young mistress's anxiety excessive.

"Allons," she said, cheerfully: "Monsieur Louis will not arrive to-day, I am sure of it; the sooner thou art gone, my child, the sooner home." And she went back to the stewpans.

Plash — plash, went the jewelled drops of the fountain, the canaries sang loudly, the gold-fish seemed to be listening, for they came to the top of the water and opened their wide mouths as if to say "Bravo!"

The glass door opened again, but this time it was not Madame de Vos who came out into the sunshine. It was a fair, rounded, well-grown maiden, with golden hair wreathed in abundant plaits, — a very sweet and blooming creature, — the bloom and sweetness of seventeen, that indescribable charm of youth which fades so quickly; which a few hours of sunshine withers out of spring flowers. The tender, soft blue eyes, the delicate, peach-tinted cheeks, the smooth, fine texture of the white throat, the firm, rosy lips, all told of youth in its first freshness, and in Rosalie de Vos, of youth conscious of its own beauty and eager to try its power.

"It is nice to be at home for good," she said, and she sat herself down in one of the arbors. "Why, I was only twelve when I went to Bruges; home is not so dull as our convent, but oh! it might be much better than it is. Why should our rooms be shut off from the rest of the house, and why does Clémence say I may never come out here after one o'clock? it is triste to be so near life and fresh faces, and forever to be shut up with bonne maman and Clémence."

She yawned. It was too hot to stir out of the



arbor, or she would have crossed over to the passage so as to look out into the Place.

"Ma foi, it is triste; at the convent I had my tasks, and they filled up time; it is all very well for Clémence, she who has a lover, and she is twenty-three! I wonder what kind of a lover he is to marry so old a fiancée? he must be ugly or stupid."

The *salle-à-manger* lay beyond the kitchen detached from the rest of the house, and could only be entered through the courtyard.

The clock struck one, and a sound of voices came up the arched passage.

"What does it matter?" thought Rosalie; "Clémence is away, and my father too. I will amuse myself to-day; grandmamma never scolds me; the trellis screens me; I can see and I am not seen."

The dinner-bell pealed loudly, and in trooped guests with hungry faces, some from the inn, others from the town, for the *table-d'hôte* of the Ours d'Or had a reputation.

Alphonse, the stout head-waiter, asked the oldest of the guests to preside in the absence of his master, and then proceeded to compound the salad-dressing with calm solemnity.

The windows of the *salle* looked into the court, and Alphonse stood facing them. Just as he was putting his finishing stroke, the vinegar, he started so suddenly that an extra spoonful, at least, flowed into the thick yellow cream of which he was so proud.

No wonder Alphonse started. With such a dinner on table as no other inn in the town could boast, an individual, a *militaire*, too, by his walk, instead of coming into the *salle* as fast as possible, — for one course at least was served, — was deliberately crossing the courtyard towards one of the arbors.

It was incredible; but in the mean time the salad was ruined.

Rosalie saw the stranger too, and she blushed. It was pleasant to feel that she was more attractive than the savory fumes issuing from the open French windows of the *salle*. But when the visitor came up to her he bowed and begged pardon.

"I could not distinguish through the leaves, *Mademoiselle*. I mistook you for *Mademoiselle de Vos*."

He bowed, begged pardon over again, and retreated.

Rosalie was vexed.

"How comes he to know Clémence, I wonder? How handsome he is! He has come to see our father on business, and Elodie has referred him to Clémence; and yet" — she knitted her pretty eyebrows — "Elodie knows that my sister has gone to Bruges. I must go and tell grandmamma."

She was not daring enough to cross the courtyard in full view of the *salle*, so she passed in through the glass doors, up a back staircase leading to the family sleeping-rooms, and then down another which led her to the parlor.

"*Bonne maman*" — here Rosalie stopped; the handsome stranger sat talking to her grandmother.

"Aha, Monsieur Louis! this is our Rosalie, the flower of our house. Rosalie, my well-beloved, this is Monsieur Scherer."

And the old lady looked from the handsome soldier to the blushing maiden. "Ma foi, what a fine couple they would make!" said she to herself.

Louis Scherer thought his future sister-in-law very pretty indeed, and his looks said so. The old

lady smiled approvingly, and patted Rosalie's soft pink hand as the girl stood beside her, blushing with surprise and confusion.

"You are thinking, Monsieur, that she does not resemble Clémence, and you are right. Clémence is a *De Trudin*, but this is a *De Vos pur sang*, or I might rather say a *Van Rooms*; she takes after my family absolutely, — we have always been fair and blue-eyed. Ah, but it is sad when a race degenerates!"

But Monsieur Louis Scherer kept on looking at Rosalie as if he could never tire of her face.

"*Bonne maman*," said the girl, softly, "hast thou told Monsieur where Clémence is?"

"Yes, yes, my angel, I have told all to Monsieur. Thy father will arrange all when he returns; and now we will eat if dinner is served."

At dinner-time Monsieur Louis began to talk to Rosalie.

"And why did I not see you before?" he asked.

"I was at the convent, and when the holidays came your regiment went away. Were you here long?" She looked up at him, but his admiring gaze made her blush again.

"Three months or so." He spoke carelessly; he had forgotten all about that far-off time since he had seen Rosalie.

"Do you write to Clémence very often?" There was a saucy tone in her voice. "Clémence will be home to-morrow," she thought, "and then he will have no time to speak to me. I shall make hay while I can."

"Often? O yes, I think so"; but he spoke in an indifferent manner, and pulled his fair mustache while he looked at Rosalie.

The young girl glanced at her grandmother. The heat and the dinner together had been overpowering. Madame nodded in her chair. Rosalie looked frankly up into Louis's eyes and laughed.

"Why does *Mademoiselle* laugh?" He drew his chair closer to hers.

"You make me laugh; I cannot help it."

He was ruffled; he asked his question again more earnestly.

"Will not *Mademoiselle* tell me why?"

Rosalie blushed till Scherer thought he had never seen any one so distractingly lovely.

"You will think me silly, Monsieur," she said, "but there was an old *sœur* at Bruges, — *la Sœur Marthe*, — and she used to talk to us about men; she said they were ogres, and she said we must beware of them, and — and —"

"And you think I am an ogre. I thank you, *Mademoiselle*."

"No, no, no. I did not say that." She pouted up her pretty lips coaxingly, — she was afraid she had angered him, and she wanted him to stop and talk to her. "I only wondered," she went on, archly, "whether all the men in the world look at people as hard as you looked at me just now. I thought it was perhaps for that reason *la Sœur Marthe* said they were ogres." She laughed out so merrily that he could not feel affronted.

"*Mille pardons*!" Then he bent over her and whispered, "It is your fault if I looked too much."

The glance, or the tone that went with it, flushed Rosalie's cheeks more deeply than ever; her eyes drooped, and for a minute her sauciness deserted her. It soon came back.

"But you must not call me *Mademoiselle*," she said; "it is ridiculous when we are to be brother and sister."



Louis Scherer rose up abruptly and looked out of window into the courtyard.

"Come," he said, "we will go and sit in the arbor."

"I cannot go," pouted Rosalie. "I may only sit there in the morning."

"Every morning?"

"Yes, every morning."

"I wish it were morning then. You would laugh at me if I told you what you seemed to me sitting there just now."

"Just now, and I never guessed who you were: *ma foi*! I had imagined Clémence's fiancé to be a so — so different person."

"What kind of man did you imagine him?"

"And that is just what I shall not tell you, Monsieur," — she shook her pretty head saucily, — "for you would then find out what I think of you now."

They were still standing together in the window, Rosalie resting her soft round arms on the cushioned ledge, and Scherer bending over her till his face nearly touched hers.

"Hein!" said a sharp voice, and they both started apart.

Elodie turned from them to sleepy Madame de Vos, who yawned and sat stiffly upright.

"I have brought these cakes," the old woman spoke gruffly. "I gave them to Alphonse, and the imbécile has forgotten them. They are the cakes Mamselle Clémence chooses for her *jour de fête*. So I have made them to-day for Monsieur Louis."

"Yes, yes, Elodie, thou art thoughtful. You remember Elodie, Monsieur Louis?"

The young soldier nodded at her, but the cuisinière went back to her kitchen muttering. Something had put Elodie out of temper.

Monsieur de Vos came home in the evening; he was delighted to see Clémence's lover.

When Rosalie and her grandmother went to bed, the two men sat and smoked in silence.

At last De Vos rose.

"We are both tired to-night, *mon ami*; we will talk business to-morrow. In your letter to me you proposed that the marriage should take place a fortnight after your return. Well, you and Clémence must fix the day between you, and leave the rest to me. I will fetch her home to-morrow."

He paused for an answer, but Louis stood silent; seemingly he was very busy putting his pipe into its case.

"Good night, Louis!" said De Vos. "I am giving you the best thing I have to give; if I had known two years ago all that was going to happen, perhaps you would not have got my consent so easily."

The tremor in the full strong voice moved the young soldier.

"I will try to deserve her," he said, holding out his hand. "Good night!"

But at breakfast-time the honest, manly face of Monsieur de Vos looked clouded, and as soon as Louis Scherer made his appearance he went up to him.

"*Ma foi, mon garçon*! I have bad news for you. I have a letter from Clémence; she asks to stay till the end of the week with her aunt. It is possible that my sister may recover, and the presence of my good child comforts her. Still," — he smiled as he spoke, — "I do not say what may happen when Clémence hears that you are really here at the Ours d'Or."

"Bah! Bah!" Madame's dull round eyes opened to let her superior wisdom out. "Why need she hear it? Clémence must not be disturbed. She has promised, and she would not retract. Why, then, should she be disturbed? If she learns that Monsieur Louis is here, she will weary to return home."

De Vos looked at Scherer. To his surprise the young soldier made no answer. In came Rosalie, fresh and blooming, full of pretty excuses for being late, as she bent down to be kissed by her grandmother.

"*Paresseuse*!" said the old woman, fondly. "Allons, thou and I must amuse Monsieur Louis till Clémence comes home."

De Vos got up from table, and nodded smilingly to the three.

"Arrange it as you will. I must go to work, and leave you idle ones to your play. *Au revoir*."

Scherer looked after him with an irresolute face. Just then Elodie came to clear away breakfast, and Madame de Vos settled herself in her arm-chair and began on her everlasting tricot.

The young man cleared his throat nervously, and Madame de Vos looked up at him. He must speak now, but his words came hesitatingly: —

"I am thinking of leaving you to-day, Madame; Clémence is away, and I am not wanted here. I go to Alost to see my father and my mother."

Then came a little pause, while his three listeners digested his words after their own fashion.

Elodie nodded her head approvingly. She said to herself, "Good youth; he finds no pleasure in the house now that Clémence is not in it." And she smiled as she carried away the coffee-pot and the table-cloth.

Rosalie's firm, full lips pouted redder than ever. "He shall not go," she thought. "I have been counting on these four days, and I will not lose the chance of amusing myself."

The grandmother's eyes grew large and round, as the wolf's did once on a time to Red Riding Hood. "Leave us because Clémence is away? The foolish youth does not know of what he speaks. My Rosalie must open his eyes." Then she said to Louis, "Go away, do you say? But that would be too unreasonable, my dear Louis." She laid her fat hand on his coat-sleeve, — "You must not go away; my son will think that you are offended, and, *ma foi*! what do I know? it is possible that Clémence may return sooner, and then how can I explain your going away? Aha! tell me that a little!"

This fair-faced, happy-looking young soldier was troubled; and trouble was a new and uncomfortable sensation. Till now he had managed to get through life without it. He had got into debt, but then his father had arranged that for him. He had always had friends in plenty among his comrades, and women had always smiled on him.

Till he saw Clémence de Vos he had sunned himself, like a butterfly, in these smiles, caring nothing for the weight that might be attached to the flattering words he gave so readily in exchange. But there was something more than a mere pretty face in the innkeeper's daughter. It may have been that the secret of her power lay in her carelessness of the flattery he had always found so successful. His captain was a distant relative of the innkeeper's wife, and took the youth with him to the Ours d'Or; and very soon after the arrival of his company in the quaint old Flemish town, Louis Scherer had asked Madame de Vos to induce her



husband to consent to his betrothal to Clémence. The young soldier had a pleasant, frank way with women that won through all reserve and prejudice; Auguste de Vos thought Scherer too young and frivolous a husband for his favorite child, but he could not withstand her mother's pleading, and he consented reluctantly to the long engagement.

So far Scherer's faith had stood the test. The two years were over, and he had come to claim his bride; but he was sorely troubled.

Rosalie's face had haunted him all night, and when she came down to breakfast she was still lovelier than he had pictured her, — as fresh as a morning sunbeam. He grew more and more disturbed, and when Madame de Vos called on Rosalie to help in amusing him, it seemed to him that the only refuge from so exquisitely dangerous a trial to his constancy lay in flight. He should be all right again when Clémence came back; Clémence always made him feel calm and peaceful. He looked up; Rosalie's fair head was still bent over some flowers she had been examining; it seemed to him suddenly that he was no longer troubled, and that he might just as well await Clémence's return at the Ours d'Or.

"Alphonse! Elodie!" cried Madame, "the goat! the thief! ah!" and she bustled out of the parlor into the courtyard, and charged a goat — that was diligently nibbling the vine-leaves — with the ball of worsted on the end of her knitting-pins.

## II.

Four days passed away. On the evening of the fifth day Clémence stood once more under the gray archway of the Ours d'Or. There was on her earnest face a chastened look. In the quiet room at Bruges she had seen so much of the real beauty of life, — patience, sweetness, self-denying endurance, and, above all, so cheerful and loving a conformity to ills and trials, that she asked herself now, as she stood ready to enter once more into the distractions of the outer world, which was true happiness: enjoyment to the full of the good things of this life, or the ineffable peace and joy that shone out of the pale eyes of the suffering Sœur Marie?

The sunlight had faded, but its heat lingered yet. All was still within the archway; Elodie was not in the kitchen; on the other side the parlor-door stood open; there was no one within. Clémence breathed a sigh of relief; she might muse a few moments longer, and she went on into the courtyard. There was light there still, but the birds had left off singing, the little fountain plashed quietly into the stone basin, and the gnats hummed everywhere; there was a feeling of luxury in the repose of the place.

All at once the hush was broken. A low murmuring of voices came from the arbor at the farthest end of the courtyard. Clémence looked round; the clustering vine-leaves hid the faces of the speakers, but she saw Rosalie's blue gown.

Clémence guessed that her father was the other tenant of the arbor; a childish thought came into her head.

"I will surprise them," she said. She crept noiselessly to the arbor and peered through the vine-leaves. Rosalie's head was turned away hidden on her companion's shoulder, but his face met Clémence's gaze, — it was not her father, it was Louis Scherer.

A little cry from Clémence, then a start and some

confusion; it seemed but a second, and then Louis was beside her, holding her to his heart and kissing her tenderly.

When Auguste de Vos came in to supper Rosalie was missing.

"The poor child has a migraine," said the grandmother; "she has gone to bed. Clémence has come home."

The good father passed on into the courtyard to call in the lovers. The moon had silvered the fountain, but it was dry and silent now.

Monsieur de Vos held his daughter in a long, fond embrace. He knew that in the future he could not be to her that which he had lately been, and the remembrance of her earnest, watchful tenderness since his deep sorrow had come upon him thrilled in his voice and manner to-night, though he tried to speak gayly.

"Well, young folks, is the day fixed?"

Clémence linked her arm through her father's.

"We have not yet spoken of it," said Louis.

"There is no hurry, mon garçon, so far as I am concerned. You need not think we want to lose our Clémence."

He squeezed her hand fondly in his arm.

"But if Clémence will consent," — Louis spoke very fast; he seemed to be driving his words out against their will, — "it will be better to keep to the old arrangement, and let our marriage be on this day fortnight."

"That is right, my lad, quite right! First pledges should never be broken; it is weak and frivolous to alter."

The brave, kind father had striven to put will-  
ingness into his voice; but the little hand lying close against his heart felt it heave as if a strong, suppressed sob was kept in prison and wanted to get out. . . .

Rosalie came down to breakfast pale and heavy-eyed.

"You go out in the sun too much," said her father, and then he went back to his beloved newspaper. Elodie had come into the room, and there was a strange and angry significance in the glance she bestowed on Madame de Vos.

The fulness of her joy made Clémence selfish. She had no thought of any one but Louis, and she followed him out into the courtyard without even looking at Rosalie.

One comprehends that "the first-fruits" was a most precious offering. What second joy can equal the first? — the first view of mountain scenery, — of the sea, — the yearly joy of the first day of spring, — or, the most intense of all, the first day of reunion after separation, — all these have ecstasy in them as fleeting as breath on a mirror, as the glory of the rainbow.

Clémence seemed to walk on air. As she stepped out into the flood of sunshine, the birds were singing one against another, every sparklet of the fountain seemed to bid her welcome.

"Shall we go towards the old abbey?" said Louis.

She nodded, and ran away up stairs. She had hardly patience to put on her hat and cloak; in her joy and excitement every moment robbed of the delight of his presence trebled in length.

She was hastening down stairs again when the door of her grandmother's room opened.

"Come here, Clémence; I have wool only for



to-day. Thou must get me more; thou wilt pass Schmelger's magasin, in the Marché aux Grains; thou must not forget this. And stay, I will seek all the patterns; I must get my bags. Tiens! tiens! Where are they?"

Clémence answered, eagerly, "Louis is waiting, bonne maman, and if you have enough for to-day, I will manage to get you some for to-morrow, this evening. Good-by, now!" and she ran away.

An unpleasant smile came into Madame's face.

"Louis is waiting! Ma foi! the poor boy would be content to wait all day if he had Rosalie to talk to. How can this end? I must see how far things have gone with my sweet angel, and then I must make these foolish children happy in the way I consider best suited to them. Yes, I am the most fitting judge." And she went on rapidly with her knitting.

A cloud had come over the sunshine of Clémence's happiness when she came in from her walk, and yet she could not tell whence it came.

She stood in her little room taking off her hat. "Am I exacting," she asked herself; "do I expect too much joy from mere human life? What does this troubled longing mean?" Then a pause, while thought searched deeper; then, with a little sigh, "Have I exaggerated? in these long months of absence have I dreamed over his words and his looks till I have made them out to be more tender, more — I cannot even say what I want in them. I don't know what I miss, only something is gone." She buried her face between her small hands. "It is so ungrateful to murmur; he is very kind and thoughtful for me. O, what is this that has come over me? Am I growing wicked?" A look of terror was in the pure, earnest eyes as she suddenly raised her head and pushed her hair from her forehead. "Just now it seemed to me that he made my fatigue a pretext, and was glad to shorten our walk, because he was tired of me — or is it this," — a calmer look came into the lovely, troubled face, — "is it that all earthly joy is unsatisfactory, and this feeling is sent me thus early to wean me from desiring it?" Again she mused: "No; even la Sœur Marie said I ought to think much of Louis and his love, and I must. It seems to me that he is my all, — the very sun of my life; and what have I been doing? — blaming him for want of love, for I suppose that is really what I mean."

She went down stairs; her troubles seemed increased rather than soothed by self-communing.

Except Rosalie, every one looked grave and pre-occupied; she had recovered her spirits, and kept up an incessant flow of talk.

Clémence tried to be at ease, but her lover's downcast face checked her; a sort of embarrassment came when she spoke to him.

"It is fancy," she thought. "Why, my father is silent also, — they are both engaged in planning our future life. How grateful I ought to be to have a place in the thoughts of two such men! I must conquer this disquiet, or Louis will perceive it."

That night both the sisters' pillows were wet with tears.

Tears with the young Rosalie of wild grief at the injustice which was breaking her heart, and at the perfidy which could love her best and yet persist in wedding her sister. On that evening when Clémence had surprised them in the arbor, — although Scherer had not actually professed to love

Rosalie, he had yet drawn the ardent, indiscreet girl to a sudden half-confession of her passion for him, — a passion which the poor, vehement child told herself, in the midst of her humiliation, that he had been trying his best to kindle since he first saw her. Some women would never have arrived at this knowledge; but Rosalie's over-mastering vanity saved her from the self-reproach of having sought Louis.

"I shall die of sorrow," she said, as she lay sobbing in the moonlight; "and then, perhaps, both he and Clémence will be sorry, and will come and cry over my grave."

And Clémence lay awake, too, alone in her room, with widely opened eyes, trying to regain her lost peace. What was this that had come to her? The character of all others that she had held in aversion was that of a jealous, untrusting woman. And what was she now?

And yet Clémence was not jealous. She never dreamed that her lover's faith had gone astray to another; she only felt her love was not returned; she longed for something that she missed.

Through the long night she tried to school herself with severe reproaches.

"It is not his fault," she said. "He has not changed; it is I, who love him too much. He has been going about in the world, meeting continually with fresh distractions to his thoughts; while I have stayed here brooding over the one idea till I have made an idol of it."

Tears gave no relief to the craving, restless torture. "I cannot help it," she said. "I must love as I love him now forever." But morning brought hope with it. "It may be the very strength of his love that has changed him so. Ah! when we are married these fits of moody silence will disappear, and his frank, warm nature will assert itself again. I will not think any more," she said.

She found Louis alone in her little parlor. His greeting was warmer than it had been since his first arrival.

"I am going to Alost, my Clémence, but I shall return soon, and bring my father and my mother with me."

It was hard to think of parting, but it was a relief. This little separation might help them both, and yet tears came into her eyes as she looked at her lover.

"Only for a few days," he said, but he did not smile; he looked towards the doorway, from her.

A sudden impulse mastered Clémence.

"Louis," — she clasped her hands tightly together, — "do not be angry with me; it is only love that makes me speak. Are you sure you wish to be my husband?"

He stood looking at her, then a faint flush rose in his cheek.

"You are joking." He tried to laugh. "I should not have returned to claim you, Clémence, if I had not wished this."

In came Madame de Vos with Rosalie, and Clémence did not get another moment with her lover.

And when he had started for Alost, it seemed to her that she had awakened from a painful dream. How full of morbid fancies she had been! If Madame de Vos had not come in when she did, she might have worried Louis with a confession of all her doubts and misgivings. And with the relief from doubt her usual energy returned. All the important articles of her trousseau had long been



ready; but there were some trifles which required her attention, and in the selection of these she wanted Rosalie's help and taste.

She went into the old lady's room to look for her sister.

"Where is Rosalie?"

"Rosalie must not be disturbed," said Madame. There was sadness in her voice, and there was anger, too, but Clémence did not notice it.

"Bonne maman, I must have her to go with me to Madame Grégoire's. She has to choose her own dress, you know, and she can decide for me. No one has such a charming taste as Rosalie."

"She shall not go, I tell you." There was a tempest of passion in the grandmother's broken voice. "Clémence," she went on, "thou art a monster of selfishness. What, then, I ask thee, is it not enough that the happiness of these two hearts is forever sacrificed to thine, but thou wouldst employ, for thy vanity, the time the poor innocent gives to her tears."

Clémence felt sick and trembling; her grandmother's indignation brought a conviction of guilt to her timid heart; and yet she did not know her crime. The haunting shadow of these last days had come near her, and was each instant taking a more real shape; but she could not move or speak. She could only look with the earnest, imploring glance which had so much power to irritate Madame de Vos.

"But, Clémence, it is all very fine to look at me in that innocent way. Bah! thou hast been blind if thou hast not seen it."

"Blind!" the voice was faint, and full of fear.

"Bah—bah—bah!" The old woman lashed herself into fresh anger, so as to steel her heart against the entrance that plaintive word had nearly found. \* Clémence, if thou art not blind, thou art, indeed, selfish. How, then, should it happen otherwise? These two are made one for the other. Rosalie's gown for thy wedding with Louis! Her shroud more likely; for the sweet child will die of her despair."

Clémence started. She went up to her grandmother, and took a firm hold of her arm.

"Speak more plainly," she said, in a hard, strained voice, that startled Madame. "Do you mean to tell me that Rosalie loves Louis?" An angry flush rose on her cheeks.

"Not more than he loves her. And why should I not mean to tell thee? It is the kindest and the best office I can do thee, Clémence." Her voice was less angry, and she laid her hand on the young girl's clasping fingers. "I warn thee in time not to force thyself on an unwilling husband."

For a moment Clémence stood crimsoned, almost suffocated with a horrible fear. Had Louis never loved her? Then the blood retreated as suddenly as it had come. Once more she felt free to speak.

"How do you know this?" She spoke with authority, and Madame was cowed.

"I know it from the child herself. Besides, was it not enough to see the change that came over Louis at thy return?"

"Ah!" burst from the pale lips; but there was no answer; and the grandmother's voice was not so firm when she next spoke.

"He has not been like the same creature, that poor youth. It is not surely possible that thou hast thought him happy? But, Clémence, I ask thee to convince thyself. Ask Elodie, ask any one of the household. They must tell thee how happy he was

with Rosalie. He could not bear to lose sight of her a moment."

Madame paused for an answer; but Clémence only raised her head defiantly, as if to repel sympathy. Then she went away.

In that quaint old Flemish city, in one of the side chapels of a small church, is a beautiful picture of the Crucifixion. At midday a woman came into the little chapel and knelt before its altar. At three o'clock she was there, still kneeling.

The sacristan had observed the woman as he walked up and down the aisle. At first she knelt rigid, immovable as one of the statues around her, her face hidden by the falling black hood. As he passed again the head was bowed low over the clasped hands, and the whole body shaken with a tempest of sorrow. The sacristan was tender-hearted, and he moved to the other end of the church to get out of sight and hearing. Now, at three o'clock, he passed again by the Chapel of the Crucifixion. The woman knelt there still, but her grief was hushed. Her hands were clasped, but her head was thrown back, and the sacristan saw a young face, tear-stained, but no longer sad, the dark eyes fixed in loving contemplation on the picture above her.

When he passed again the chapel was empty.

Long ago instinct had told Clémence that she had a high, proud spirit; under the loving rule of her father and her mother this had rarely been aroused. Her grandmother's words this morning raised a storm of passionate indignation that mastered sorrow.

When she left Madame de Vos she hurried to her own room and locked the door.

"It is a conspiracy, a plot, made by bonne maman herself to rob me of Louis." She flung herself on her knees beside her bed, and hid her face while the storm of passionate anger swept over her. Not for long. Like a cold hand laid on her heart came the remembrance of Rosalie's loveliness and her own inferiority.

Jealousy was not long added to her suffering; there must be hope to feed that pain; something in her own heart told Clémence after a while that hope for her was over.

But the vehement anger returned. Her own passion terrified her; she could find no power to strive against it, and almost mechanically she hurried to St. Michel's.

She had been taken there as a child to see the famous picture of the Crucifixion, and an instinct, perhaps the consciousness that she would not be known or recognized in the far-off, quiet little church, had taken her there to-day.

And Clémence stayed there till the evil spirit within her was laid; till a holy and calm light shone into her troubled heart; till she repented her anger, and resolved to give up self entirely, let the pain be what it might.

As she left the church, something seemed to whisper her not to put delay between her purpose and its execution. She turned in the direction of the railway station.

It was a great relief to find that a train was about to start for Alost; she drew her hood closely over her head, and entered one of the carriages.

So long as the train moved on she never flinched from her purpose; but here is Alost, and she must take her way alone into the strange town. There came to Clémence a feeling of unreality in that



which she was about to do, and her purpose faltered.

"Have I not been hasty and romantic?" she thought. "What if the whole story should be untrue? O, what will Louis think of me for following him to his own home?" But the sure conviction came back.

And then if she were not to find him, how could she announce herself to his father and mother as the girl to whom their son had been betrothed, but whom he no longer loved? She stopped and looked wistfully back towards the station. Just then the chimes of Alost began to play; the sound cheered her. She turned into a little shop with sponges roped like onions on each side of the door.

"Can you tell me where Monsieur Scherer lives?" she asked.

"Monsieur Scherer?" An apple-cheeked old man in a blouse pushed before his stolid-looking son,—"Dame! there are many Scherers in the town of Alost; is it then the Scherer whose son the militaire returned this morning? Tiens! there he is, mademoiselle,—there is Monsieur Scherer, fils, opposite."

Yes, there on the opposite side of the way was Louis. Clémence's heart seemed in her throat; for a moment she could not move, and then she came out of the little shop, and Louis saw her. He was by her side in an instant.

"Clémence, what is it? what has happened?"

Her courage was going fast; face to face again with him her words would not come.

"Louis," she said, at last, but without looking at him, "I want to speak to you, but not in your own home."

He looked at her wonderingly; it seemed to him that she had lost her senses, but still her calmly spoken words compelled him to obey her. He led the way like a man in a dream into a small, deserted street, and then a thought occurred to him.

"We have a fruit-garden hereabouts," he said, "and I have the key; I was going there for my mother."

A little way on, and they came to a high wall. Louis Scherer opened a small door in it, and Clémence found herself in a walled garden, shaded by pear-trees. Their entrance startled a troop of brilliant butterflies from the scarlet-runner vines. The two stood facing one another just within the gate.

"Louis,"—she spoke simply and quietly—"why did you not answer me truly this morning? Why did you not say, 'I love Rosalie'?"

His eyes fell, and her heart sank with them. Till then, Clémence had not known that hope yet lingered.

"What cause have I given you for jealousy?" he said, sullenly; and then, "You are making us both unhappy, Clémence."

She laid her hand gently on his arm. "Do not be angry with me. You will not when you have listened. I was agitated, I met you so suddenly, and I began wrongly. I have not come here to anger you, my Louis,—it is the last time I call you so. I came only to set you free. I want you to be happy. No, do not stop me. No one shall ever blame you. I shall tell my father that I have broken with you,—that—that—I do not wish to be your wife."

"And do you not wish it, Clémence?"

A great struggle was going on in the young soldier's heart; his recollection was coming back. He held both her hands while he waited for her answer.

A deep blush spread over her face, and her eyes drooped. It was so hard to speak.

"No, I do not wish it," she said, at last, and the true clear eyes looked at him again. "You do not love me as I must be loved. You thought you loved me two years ago." His eager denial would be heard. Clémence smiled sadly. "Well, then, you did love me; but now you have found one better suited to you, and your love has changed. I do not blame you—only—if you had told me at once—at first,"—she stopped; she had resolved not to reproach him.

She had borne up bravely; but now the break in her voice conquered Louis.

He fell on his knees beside her, still holding both the little hands; he covered them with kisses.

"Clémence,"—his voice was hoarse and choked,——"I was blind—mad—wicked. I yielded to the fancy of a moment—it is not more. Pardon me—O, pardon me, and give me back your love!" And as he spoke the words he believed in them.

She drew her hands away. She had not counted on this trial. It was the sharpest agony of all; and yet he must never know it. She would not fail now.

"Louis,"—her voice shook, but she tried to steady it,——"it is only your kind heart that speaks now. Listen. Rosalie loves you; and you must marry her. In a few days you will have learned that you love her; that it is not in your power to make me happy. I should be wretched with a husband who could not love me with all his heart; and then what would life be to you or me? Now let me go."

It seemed as if a mighty change had passed over these lovers. This loving, submissive Clémence was all at once a being to be revered as well as loved. Louis felt so infinitely abased before her, it seemed wonderful that he could have dared just now to kiss her hands. If she would but listen to him! his weak heart still whispered; but that was not possible. She only answered,— "No, Louis,—let me go."

Slowly and with bent head he opened the gate for her.

"When will you return to the Ours d'Or?" said Clémence.

"I do not intend to return there."

She gave him a look, half sad, half smiling,—a look that often came back to him in the future; then she drew her hood closely over her face and hastened back to the station.

It is evening again in the courtyard of the Ours d'Or; the little fountain's plash is almost plaintive in the stillness; stillness now, but not so long ago stern and angry words had been spoken in the vine-shaded arbor; only Clémence's tears had power to subdue her father's indignation.

There had been a long pause, and now Auguste de Vos spoke again:—

"But for thee, my darling, the false-hearted fellow should never have darkened the old archway again, for I can see exactly what has come to pass, and how it all happened, spite of thy tender artifice. Elodie has not been silent since thy departure; she was not blind, as I was. If it must be, let him take Rosalie at once, and then thou shalt come back from Bruges, my Clémence, and thou shalt be thy father's comfort and blessing. . . ."

And Clémence still keeps house for her father at the Ours d'Or, for the "bonne maman" went back to Louvain on Rosalie's wedding-day.



## OXFORD BEFORE COMMEMORATION.

How to see Oxford, and when ?

Questions to be carefully pondered by the visitor who meditates a trip to the old university town upon the banks of the Isis ; for Oxford is in a special degree dependent upon contingencies of times and seasons for the impressions which, favorable or unfavorable, she may leave upon the stranger's mind. Viewed under atmospheric influences of an untoward nature, when the clear brightness of early October has given place to the fogs of November, — and an Oxford fog in point of discomfort is second only to a London fog, — that seat of learning, which boasts of King Alfred as its founder, is about the most uninviting place conceivable. Its graceful spires and beautifully proportioned towers are almost lost to view amid the general opaqueness of the air. Classical piles of antique building, which under happier aspects are rightly called majestic, seem heavy and sombre, while the graceful curve of the High Street — which, by the by, Mr. G. A. Sala certainly ought to celebrate in his "Streets of the World" — simply appears an interminable vista of drizzle, vapor, and mist. We might perhaps supplement these brief hints as to when Oxford is *not* to be visited, by mentioning the circumstance that certain other conditions than those of time and weather must be fulfilled if it is wished for an excursion to that university to leave a pleasurable, rather than a painful effect upon the memory. For instance, old Brown, the banker, who paid a visit to Oxford some two years ago, and the three Miss Robinsons, who were there chaperoned by a judicious aunt, just a year ago, would give you very different accounts indeed of the city, the university, and their inhabitants. If Mr. Brown's opinion were asked, he would not hesitate to record a verdict of an extremely unfavorable nature. The place may be pretty enough, only he could see precious little in it. As for the undergraduates, he thought them the most objectionable set of young coxcombs and spendthrifts with whom he had ever been brought into contact. The tradesmen were all swindlers, and the college tutors not much better. But then it must be remembered that this asperity of judgment is, in a certain degree, to be possibly accounted for by the fact that the sole purpose of Mr. Brown's visit was to look into the affairs of his somewhat extravagant son, — a process which involved the liquidation of sundry not wholly insignificant liabilities, for Brown, junior, had managed, as in undergraduate parlance it is termed, "to run a pretty considerable mucker." On the other hand, the Miss Robinsons thought everything was perfectly charming. The undergraduates were delightful ; the balls were perfection ; and the picnics under the shadow of the Nuneham woods were divine ; for the time chosen by the young ladies for their visit was about the middle-June, when the Oxford Commemoration gayeties were in full swing, and their host was none other than a very favorite cousin, the son of that same discreet relative under whose espionage their academical pilgrimage was performed.

Not that from the diversity of these experiences we would lead our readers to infer that we recommend them to choose the celebration of the *Encenia* or, as it is more commonly known, Commemoration, for the occasion of their visit. On the other hand, we most distinctly would not. Any person who would take our advice, would indeed manage to

make himself acquainted with Oxford when clad in its summer dress, but would also so time his visit that he escapes the consummate boredom of the great annual academical carnival. Let it be assumed, in the first place, that the intelligent stranger wishes to make himself acquainted with the ordinary every-day life of Oxford at this agreeable period of the year ; let it be further laid down that he is disposed to take his pleasure leisurely, and that he is systematically opposed to indecent haste when the object is enjoyment. Judged by these canons, — and we take it they are the true ones, — Commemoration is a gigantic imposition, — a traditional delusion. In the first place, Oxford under her customary garb is not seen at all, and persons who trust to their Commemoration experience for true and accurate ideas of academical life are miserably deceived. In the second place, the relentless manner in which the stranger is hurried through all kinds of ordeals, miscalled those of pleasure, precludes the idea of genuine enjoyment. He is made to dance all night ; he is roused up at unseasonable hours for a heavy and indigestible breakfast ; he is dragged about and ruthlessly lionized during the whole of the morning, suffering, not improbably, from the combined pangs of ennui and dyspepsia. At one he is made to sit down to lunch ; then comes a flower-show ; then, at half past five, dinner ; then private theatricals, and, to wind up all, perhaps another ball, while the next morning is the signal for the recommencement of the performance *da capo*. If this account appears to have the demerit of cynicism, it certainly has the merit of truth.

But Oxford preparing for Commemoration is a very different thing indeed from Oxford in the midst of Commemoration. If the latter is only spurious delectation, the former is certainly genuine. Three days of summer weather, then, — to stay more than three days in Oxford at a time is a great mistake, for in taking one's pleasure, as in eating one's dinner, one ought to leave off with an appetite, — are a really thorough treat. As a rule the time to be chosen is very early in June, when the sun seems brighter, while the air withal is fresher, — when the foliage on the trees is greener, and the birds sing more merrily than at any other period of the year. Whether as regards inanimate nature or animate, that is the season when the life-blood of Oxford seems the fullest in the veins, and when the pulses beat the quickest and the strongest. Then is the time when her sons are busiest on the river, on the Cowley Cricket Ground, ay, and even in that dismal haunt of examiner and examinees, the schools, — the time, in fact, when the academical year is just culminating, and when, as a consequence, the scene is the most interesting and active. If in October Oxford is visited by some beautiful days of sunshine, — if the walls of some of the colleges are lovely to look upon, clad in a dress of red autumnal creepers, which the sun seems to light up with gold, — if even then the river swarms with boats, and the captains of crews are keeping a sharp lookout for promising recruits, — its attractions cannot compare with those of the early June, simply because one does not then find every side of university life so fully represented.

The obliging reader will perhaps kindly imagine that we have arrived in Oxford about that time which we have indicated. The sky is divinely clear and the sun scorchingly hot ; the hour is four p. m. We have taken up our quarters at the Mitre.



the only genuine Oxford hotel now remaining, for the Star has given place to the Clarendon, and the old Angel is being pulled down to make way for the Examination Schools. A novel edifice of imposing dimensions, the Randolph, has been constructed; but as we object on principle to these somewhat pretentious and usually inhospitable hosteleries, of which the proprietors are companies, we stick firmly to the Mitre. You may live there like a prince, and if you pay for it in proportion, you are only doing what you would do elsewhere, and the game has certainly been worth the candle. Moreover the waiters are civil, do their best to make you comfortable, and succeed; while the air, if sometimes redolent of cigar-smoke, is also redolent of classical tradition. We glance idly up and down the High, — Oxford etymology drops by ellipse the "street," — and it occurs to us that a stroll might be advisable. "Lodgings for Commemoration" is the superscription borne on the placard which is hung up in almost every window. We pass on, and leave the lodging proprietors to make their harvest — a very golden one — while the sun shines. A fortnight has to elapse before Commemoration is due; but, notwithstanding this, we notice that there are several who have already learned the lesson of wisdom which we have tried to teach, — that it is better to visit Oxford before than during Commemoration, — for we meet with more than one group composed obviously of visitors piloted by academical friends. If we look up, on our right hand or on our left, we shall see Young Oxford taking his ease in the approved summer fashion of the place. Just outside the windows yonder you may see a delicately constructed iron frame. A red damask cushion constitutes a species of lining; and with arms recumbent upon this, dog-like as the watchman in the Agamemnon, the undergraduate of the period takes, from his lofty post, his survey of the situation. He is not alone, for a friend shares with him the comfortable appendage mentioned above. A silver — we will call it silver for the poetry of the thing — tankard lies between them, containing claret-cup; a pipe — young Oxford affects pipes in preference to cigars, when within the precincts of his university — hangs languidly from the mouth of each, and the pair are indulging in their comments and criticisms upon those who pass below. These two young gentlemen are rather by way of being exquisites; and if they find a pleasure in looking at the scene round them, it is a reasonable supposition that they also find a pleasure in glancing down at their own faultless clothes; for in this fashion does Young Oxford delight to take his ease.

Oxford has been called the City of Spires; with as much propriety might it be called the City of Bells. From noon to night, from morn to dewy eve, the air is seldom without a suspicion of tintinnabulation. When we awake from our comfortable slumbers to-morrow morning, it will be at the summonses, needed or not, of "those chapel bells"; and now, as we stroll in the beautiful summer afternoon, gazing the while upon every conceivable development of academical life, young and old, grave and gay, — clear as the sound of silver, from many a tower, borne over the stately elms of many a college garden, we hear the musical message which tells us that the hour of evening chapel is near at hand. Not by any means a popular institution are these vespers during summer time, for Young Oxford enjoys having its afternoons uninterrupted by any such roll-call. Still, college ordinances, with

their inexorable routine, require, as a rule, one attendance daily at the chapel; and if that attendance has not been given before the day has begun, it must be volunteered as it is drawing to its close. Here as we stand in our station in the High, we have a capital opportunity of witnessing the undergraduate, with a sprinkling of the graduate world, returning *en route* to those organ-pealing, dimly lighted shrines. From the river, from the cricket-ground, from basking like water-lilies in pleasant punts on the Cherwell, and from serenely defending their wickets on the Bullingdon Ground, —

"While the Buttrass of the period  
Bowled them his peculiar twisters";

from constitutionals, from cross-country larks, on some of Charley Symonds's nags, from quiet drives through Nuneham Park, the undergraduate world streams in to chapel, — some slowly and reluctantly, others as taking a pride in being present at the coming ceremony. For in the undergraduate community the ritualistic element is more or less represented; and it is one of the articles in the creed of undergraduate ritualism never to miss an evening service. We cannot pretend to have much sympathy with this phase of university life. Your youthful ritualist is very likely only passing through a short-lived stage; but while it lasts it is an unpleasant one, — unpleasant to the verge of absurdity. Those two young gentlemen who walk up on the other side of the street are two specimens of this type, Messrs. Reredos and Mullion, of St. Ambrose. Their dress is sombre, but they each of them wear rather massive watch-chains, bedecked with crosses and sundry apostolical devices. Having spent their twelve terms within the walls of their college, they are now in lodgings, and strange stories are told of the mock priestly scenes enacted by this enthusiastic pair, for they have taken up their habitation together. It is believed, and believed on good authority, that if you got the chance of examining the contents of their wardrobe, you would come across stoles and vestments of marvellous cut, and multitudinous hues. It is also reported that if you could gain an *entrée* to their apartments at certain hours, you might see strange scenes of devotion celebrated, — wonderful obeisances performed. Each of them also happens to be great in the way of vocal music; and if they accelerate their steps now, it is that they may not fail to take their places among the chapel choir. When there, they will make themselves conspicuous by the complexity of the religious evolutions and manœuvres through which they will go, by the somewhat obtrusive audibility of tone with which they will repeat the responses, and the unflinching energy which they will display when the anthem is sung. The chapel bell has only four minutes more to ring, when a light dog-cart drives up to the college-gates; a neatly got-up groom is in waiting, and two young gentlemen get down. These are Messrs. Dashville and Fenton, two college intimates, of a very different stamp from our ritualistic young friends. They are in a great hurry; the reins are thrown to the Automedon who stands close by, and the pair hurry off to put on their gowns. Only a minute more. They are seen rushing down their respective staircases: now they are at the chapel door, and have saved their distance by a second or two, — a fact upon which, as they walk up the aisle to take their seats they congratulate themselves not a little; for our two friends — of a very different turn from Reredos and Mullion — have been told by the Dean



of the college, that unless they manage to keep one chapel per diem during the remainder of the term, they will assuredly, out of regard to one or two little irregularities, be sent down at once. The warning has had the desired effect; and though, as Mr. Dashville says, after the ceremony is over, to Mr. Fenton, they have only done it by a shave, it has been done, after all.

The last of the chapel bells are hushed, and we stroll back to the Mire to dress for dinner, for to-night we dine, by appointment, with the Rev. Percy Bulteel, fellow and senior tutor of St. Ambrose. As we reach our friend, the Rev. Percy's rooms, we find him deep in examination papers; for, as he tells us, "Moderations are on," and he is unfortunate enough to have been appointed a moderator. *Appropos* of a celebrity who is both an examiner and a don, it may be worth while to say a few words towards correcting a mistake, deplorably prevalent, touching this bifid character. During the last twenty years — especially during the last ten — a very marked change has come over the composition of the *genus* "Don." It has ceased to be at all wholly made of those crusty, cross-grained specimens of humanity, living in a world of their own, with no sympathies and no experiences beyond such as are shadowed forth to us in all the regulation stories of college life. Instead, we shall now find, as a rule, the tenants of an Oxford common room not differing very materially in kind from highly educated gentlemen elsewhere; while the examiner of the period has emphatically ceased to be that natural foe to the whole kind of undergraduates which the uninitiated love to fancy that he constitutes. He plucks, and must pluck occasionally, — "plough" they call it now, but the difference in nomenclature does not change the disagreeableness of the proceeding, — but he does so reluctantly, and with more pity than anger at undergraduate ignorance. An admirable type of the new Oxford fellow is the Rev. Percy Bulteel: young, — he is scarcely more than five-and-thirty, an accomplished scholar, an admirable oar, and a thorough-going gentleman. The story runs that, not very long ago, a staid and somewhat stern Paterfamilias brought up his eldest son to matriculate at St. Ambrose. He arrived at a singularly untoward time, — 2.30 in the afternoon, when full swing is being given to the physical as distinguished from the intellectual energies of Oxford.

"Is the Dean in?" asked Paterfamilias of the porter.

"No, sir," was the reply. "Won't be in till chapel time, for he has gone down to Cowley to coach the Eleven."

"The senior tutor then?"

"He's on the river with the Eight, sir," was the reply to this further query.

Mr. Bulteel tells us the anecdote, and also relates to us how, when Mr. Jones finally committed his son to the care of the authorities of St. Ambrose, he did so with the expression of an earnest hope that he might not be led astray by his love for athletic pursuits to neglect his academical studies. Not much fear of that, however; for Mr. Bulteel is not only the most active college tutor but the best private coach in Oxford.

St. Ambrose dining-hall is not troubled with a large attendance of undergraduates just now; for in the fine days and long evenings of summer, it is, to a great extent, the fashion for those who are not vindicating the prestige of their college upon the

cricket-ground, to betake themselves to some agreeable sylvan retreat for the purpose of an early afternoon repast, to be followed by a substantial supper — *a noctes canaque deum* — when they return to college. They then pull down to Sandford Lasher, where the double object is achieved of getting the best dip possible in the Isis and of eating the most delicious of eels; or perhaps to Godstowe, the traditional prison-house of Fair Rosamond, whither they row under the shade of murmuring lime-trees, or drive in one of those snug little basket-carriages, which, from their abundance in Oxford during the summer-time, might have been supposed to be manufactured for the special convenience of the undergraduate. Others there are, too, — *rapidis juvenes*, in the questionable Latinity of the author of "Verses and Translation," — the *élite*, in their own estimation, of the University, members of a club known as the "Bullington," which boasts of a cricket-ground of its own, and a barn for a dining-place.

But by this time we have been introduced to the senior fellow at the St. Ambrose high-table, and dinner is already almost over. We wind up with some choice Stilton, and a wine-glass of that very particular old ale upon which the cellars of St. Ambrose pride themselves, and in five minutes more we have taken our seats at the mahogany table in the centre of the common room, which we enter after having surmounted a long flight of stairs.

The table in question is laid for dessert; the windows are open, and through them we gaze over the tops of graceful trees, past a beautiful lawn, — the "Fellows' Garden," — upon the towers of All Souls. Obliquely the rays of the setting sun stream in upon us, reflecting themselves upon the glossy mahogany, and lighting up the claret jugs with a ruby lustre. Could anything be more attractive? As visitors, we are made the most of, and, with a placid sense of enjoyment, we sip our Lafitte — St. Ambrose is famed for its wine of this vintage — with a sense of tranquil enjoyment and with a conviction that, of all lives in the world, that of the well-to-do Oxford fellow is the most purely pleasurable. And so, perhaps, it is, though after a time just a little monotonous; for there is much sameness in the society of most university common rooms. Ah, those common rooms! what different spectacles have they witnessed! For it is not to be supposed that they are wholly devoted to the agreeable conversation and the consumption of the excellent beverages which are this evening *de rigueur*. They are also the stern tribunals from which justice is meted out to peccant undergraduates, as well as decorous feasting halls to judicial dons. At the expiration of each term, an institution, known in the different colleges by the name of "Collections," is celebrated, — a kind of examination at which the intellectual progress made by the student is tested, and his moral deportment criticised. Paper work is succeeded by *visû voce*, and very abominable to the majority of undergraduates, this latter ordeal is. Mr. Sportoke, we will imagine, has just received a summons from the college porter before those grave and reverend seignors, who are going to pass their judgment upon his conduct during the past term.

"Has Mr. Sportoke," inquires the head of the college, whether he be entitled principal, master, or provost, of the dean, "been tolerably regular in his attendance at chapel?"

The question is of course merely formal, for the



answer has been arranged already between the two dignitaries.

"I regret to say," replies the dean, "that Mr. Sportoke has given me much dissatisfaction in this respect."

The provost, if provost he be, shakes his head gloomily at this intelligence, and then appeals to the senior tutor.

"I hope," is the sanguine tone in which his inquiry is propounded, "that Mr. Sportoke has made satisfactory progress with his college lectures?"

But the answer here again is not exactly what the interrogator expressed himself as anticipating; and the unlucky Sportoke is informed that a continuance of such habits is not to be tolerated; that discipline will be upset, and that a repetition of such offences will be met with immediate and relentless rustication. — *Exit Sportoke.* Our friend Mr. Bul-teel informs us that some such scene as this has occurred on this very spot that morning. We express our surprise, and sip our claret.

But the races are going on, and we determine to ramble down to the river's banks. *En route* thither we meet several groups bound in the same direction. But the surpassing loveliness of Christ Church meadows on this divine evening arrests us even more than our fellow-travellers. Where is there such a noble avenue to be found as that designated by the name of the "Broad Walk"? Can Kensington Gardens show anything to equal it? Where will you see trees of nobler girth, of more plentiful or more verdant umbrage? And then the evening air is heavy with odors, and louder even than the light laugh of the undergraduate is heard the opening note of the shrill musical nightingale. But here we are on the St. Ambrose barge, and the boats are just commencing to row down to Itfley, the starting-place. We will not attempt to describe the race. That has been done already *passim usque ad nauseam*: we will merely for a moment glance around at the spectators. That rather ancient gentleman is one of the oldest residents in the University, — quite an academical troglodyte; he gained his fellowship at the commencement of the century, and he never leaves his college, except for a month in August, a fortnight of which he spends with a brother who has a living in Cornwall, the remainder of the time being devoted to his attendance upon a paralytic sister at Leamington. His Cornwall brother, however, has daughters, — two very pretty girls, whom this venerable old gentleman, by way of fulfilling all his duties to his relations, invites to spend a fortnight with him every year at Oxford, under the care of their mother: and at the present instant these two young and charming ladies are with him on the college barge, for a headache prevents Mrs. Esmond from coming out, and the two Miss Esmonds would not lose an evening of the races for any consideration. It must be confessed that their aged and reverent uncle is — as indeed he looks — somewhat out of his element amid this merry and frivolous crowd; but he looks upon the discomfort as a duty to his family, and he congratulates himself upon the circumstance that a year more must pass before another June comes round. As for entertaining his nieces actually at Commemoration, nothing will induce him to do that: so he effects this kind of compromise with their tastes for academical dissipation, and gives them just a foretaste of these gayeties, — a piece of diplomacy upon which we congratulate him, and for which the young ladies ought also to be thank-

ful, for reasons mentioned above, — *sua si bona norint.*

Other fellows of Colleges there are younger indeed by much as well as certain more sapient undergraduates, who knowing well, from painful experience, the utter misery of entertaining friends at commemoration transfer their hospitality to the fortnight preceding it. So that altogether there is no lack of muslin dresses, of bright young faces, or of opportunity for ruining one's self in the matter of gloves; for what young lady ever witnessed a boat race without wishing to back her opinion in Houbigant's wares?

Well, the race is over now; we do not much care who has bumped whom, whether Trinity heads the river, or Corpus, or Queen's: and we are not going to attempt to relate the marvellous struggle between Brasenose and Exeter, which took place at the Gut or at Sander's barge. It is quite enough to know that the contest is ended, and that we may stroll Mitre-wards, or, if you like it best, into College, where we shall doubtless find some hospitable undergraduate who will give us a cool draught of Moselle cup, or of the more homely bitter, for our *forces* begin to grow *aride*. As we re-enter the High Street we hear the echoing of a horn; we look down, and in the dusk of the evening see the St. Ambrose College Cricket drag driving towards us, while we ourselves have taken up our station on the St. Ambrose steps. And here the Eleven with their friends alight. They have won their match, have dined on their ground, and are generally in high feather. Ah, there is another drag! Come from the same haunt of cricketers, and as we stand here, yet another. The place is alive with them, and very pleasant indications of undergraduate animation they are, — indications, moreover, which had we deferred our visit till the time when Commemoration was in full swing, we should never have seen. It is almost dark now, but the air seems full of life for all that.

As we stand on the St. Ambrose steps we think we recognize a form of an old college friend, — a very great intimate indeed in the days when Plan-cus was Consul. He comes nearer; it is, it is, old Jones; but he is not alone; on his arm there trips a neat, natty dressed little form.

"Jones, old fellow," we say, as we greet him, "is that you?"

As Jones returns our salutation, he introduces us to the little figure we had already noticed, which belonged to no less a person than Mrs. Jones.

"You see," he tells us, "I have come up from Hocus-cum-Pocus — by the by, I have the living — to take my masters (i. e., the degree of M. A.), and as I never could stand Commemoration, I chose this, as I think, the pleasantest of all times, and I have brought my wife with me. Will you come and see me go through the formality at nine A. M. to-morrow?"

We promise, and Jones passes on.

As we return to the Mitre we find a number of letters awaiting us from different townsmen who have known us years ago in our undergraduate days and who also let lodgings, wanting to know whether we should like capital accommodation for Commemoration. On this point we have already enunciated our opinions, so that they need not be reiterated here.

We are in the schools quad, faithful to our appointment with Jones. We could not have timed our visit thither better, for not only shall we have



the opportunity of witnessing the conferring of the degrees, but we see a host of youths who are at present engaged in endeavoring to pass the ordeal which must inevitably be undergone before those degrees can be received. As we pass through the large quadrangle we meet on every side a variety of white-chokered youths just on the point of entering the schools: some are in for "Greats,"—such in the slang of the place is the final examination for degree called,—others for moderation. The expression of the different countenances which greet us is a genuine study. There is the languidly confident, or seemingly quite careless passman who wanders up to the door, chats, with a friend or two, and then walks in; there is the nervous candidate, who busies himself to the last moment with mastering, or endeavoring to master, some mysterious *memoria technica* which contains in a few unintelligible words the chief points of the ethics, or the principal facts of the Testament history. But we take leave of these and hurry to the building where degrees are to be given.

Making our way in through a troop of undergraduates, some to turn out full-fledged B. A.'s, who stand round the door discussing the class list, the prospect of So-and-So getting his fellowship, and of the approaching Commemoration being gay, or the reverse, we discern Jones, in the midst of several other incipient M. A.'s, struggling into a Bachelor's gown, hired by him, with the regulation rabbit-skin hood, for a modest consideration, of the obliging clerk of the schools, who stands close by. He beckons us to his side, and we walk out of the vestibule into Convocation House itself. We take up our position close by Mrs. Jones, who has come to see her lord and master achieve the last honors that the University can bestow upon him, unless, indeed, Jones, in days yet to come, receives the honorary degree of D. D., or D. C. L.,—a contingency which, looking back on our old chum's academical achievements, we mentally decide with ourselves is the reverse of probable. Convocation House itself is imposing, rather from the dignity of the ceremonies celebrated within its precincts, than for the aspect of the mere edifice. Up and down either sides are ranged long oaken benches placed there for the benefit of those who may wish to witness the ordinance undergone. At the top of the room,—for room it really is,—on a species of throne slightly elevated above the remainder of the floor, is seated the Vice-Chancellor, supported on his left and right by the two Proctors. At the bottom stand the deans of different Colleges, who introduce to the said Vice-Chancellor the undergraduates and graduates of their respective colleges, who are aspirants for the various degrees. We must suppose that all the fees have been paid in the above-mentioned ante-room to a certain academical dignitary who is ensconced in a little oaken box. This being done, nothing remains but to be formally presented to the virtual head of the University, and to be saluted a Bachelor, Master, Doctor of Divinity, or whatever other title may have been assumed. As it happens there are a good many degrees to be conferred to-day. The first who go up to the Vice-Chancellor, and after a long beatification pronounced upon them by him, depart glorying in the appendage of D. D., are two country schoolmasters, and one or two old rectors. Next come the masters,—a formidable batch. The "Dean of Balliol," is the name called out by the University officer on the right hand of the

Proctor, and the Dean of Balliol accordingly makes his appearance. Then ensues a slight Latin colloquy between himself and the Vice-Chancellor, finally he presents his different charges; they kneel down, after having gone through the formality of taking an oath to the effect that they will never conspire against the Church or Queen, and, rising up, depart. After a little waiting the Dean of St. Tristram brings forward our friend Jones, who, submitting to the same ceremony, takes upon himself the same obligations, has his head patted by the Vice-Chancellor, and is told that he has the academical sanction "to dispute and to teach, and to do everything else in this University which properly appertains to the degree of Master of Arts,"—for the benefit of our lady readers we translate the Latin formula. Mrs. Jones looks on approvingly. Jones walks up to her where she is seated on the spectator's bench, takes her out, and as he makes his exit is met by his old college scout who has furnished himself with a master's gown for his former part proprietor.

The process known as tipping is gone through, and the Rev. Mr. Jones leaves Convocation House, having enjoyed thoroughly being up for his master's,—not, be it known, so much for the sake of the additional dignity with which it has endowed him, as for the opportunity he has had of meeting old college friends, scattered, in their different occupations, to the four winds of heaven, who once in a way have again met together, bent on one and the same mission. These are the times at which A. comes across B. after having lost sight of him for four or five or any number of years. All this time A. has been working away in his country parish, and B. has perhaps been grinding at law in the vain expectation of briefs, or has possibly been losing his health and his liver under Indian suns. As the friends greet each other outside Convocation House, many are the hurried notes compared as to how the intervening time since they last met as undergraduates struggling to get through the schools has been spent. What has become of Smith? what of Leserton? and has any one heard anything of Gibbs,—you remember Gibbs? and where are you living now, Thisleton? and do you know anything of Manning, who used to live in the rooms opposite you? It is wonderful how speedily old associations are revived under the shadow of these familiar towers.

But let us linger behind for a moment and glance at those who are at this present instant in *statu pupillari*, but who before many minutes are over will have thrown aside the bib-like undergraduate's gown for the long flowing sleeves of the costume worn by the B. A. That gentleman rather older in appearance than most of his compeers, who is being conducted in front of the Vice-Chancellor by the Dean of his College, is none other than Mr. Messiter. To-day is really the proudest of his life; for he has at last safely established himself beyond the reach of all examiners and examinations. Nearly seven years ago he matriculated at Oriel; but if you look for his name in the University Calendar you will find that it no longer figures among the list of members of Bishop Whately's old College, but that he has retired to St. Alban's Hall. The meaning of the change? Well, our friend Messiter has been unfortunate in his schools,—in plain English, he has failed on various occasions quite to satisfy the examinational standard. He has been plucked at least three times for everything for



which he has gone in; and so the fellows and tutors of Oriol recommended him to retire into the private life of a hall. But at last he is through; and when, a week since, Messiter gained his *testamur* for his final schools, the news went like wildfire throughout the circle of his rather numerous academical friends. Even when the long-wished-for little piece of oblong paper which certified the joyful fact was brought to Messiter by a trusty friend, who had frequently been on the same errand, but with very different results before, he could scarcely believe his eyes. If you scrutinize him closely at this present moment, it is possible to see that he is not completely at his ease, — not, indeed, that he has not by this time realized the blissful truth of his having done forever with “those wretched schools,” but because there are certain other circumstances connected with his University career which make him feel anxious to have fairly clutched the B. A. within his grasp. For Messiter, like a good many other of his friends who have protracted their stay at the pleasant University of Oxford, and who have spared nothing to make their time as pleasant as is reasonably possible, has managed to contract a considerable crop of bills. And at the last several of his tradesmen turned, as he expressed it, “rusty,” and demurred to his proceeding to his degree: a step, by the by, which the representatives of Oxford commerce have it quite in their power to adopt with respect to undergraduates pecuniarily embarrassed. The process is very simple. The creditor, whosoever he may be, has but to pluck the gown of the Proctor who walks once up and once down the floor of Convocation House, as the names of the different incipient B. A.’s are read aloud. The banns are forbidden, and the ceremony is stopped. Hence, too, by the way, the real etymology of that mysterious word “plucking.” But Messiter has managed matters with the skill of a financier and a diplomatist; he has made arrangements with his tradesmen, and he believes that all is right. And so, in spite of his previous misgivings, at the last moment, turns out to be the case. Messiter’s name is called out aloud; no one interposes, and in the twinkling of an eye the object of his ambition is reached, and the B. A. robe assumed.

We will turn for one moment more to another gentleman who is on the point of grasping the same dignity as that which Messiter has just achieved, and whose personal appearance is very different from that of any of those around him. An undergraduate he is, certainly; we know as much from his gown and the company amongst which he is; but in other respects his semblance is emphatically clerical. What is he? who is he? why is he there? Now the real fact is this; our friend yonder is a clergyman, it is true, — is, in fact, none other than the curate of Mudbury-cum-Littleton, the Rev. Barney Bloker. But he was ordained under exceptional circumstances. Industrious when at college to a proverb, he fared considerably worse than the idlest of his fellow-students with the examiners. Not all his suits of rusty black, nor his spectacles, nor his thin, lank hair, nor his general ungainliness of aspect, managed to procure for him a *testamur* in the degree schools. Meanwhile term after term flew by, and Bloker, senior, after having long and patiently cherished the dream that his immaculate son was possessed of genuine talent, began, when the “plucks” followed fast upon each other, to entertain not wholly unreasonable suspicions as to

his powers, and to suggest, that as education was such long and such expensive work, he should give it up, and in reality take up his place at the tail of the paternal ploughshare, whose honors he had vindicated so well at the University. But at this communication the heart of Bloker, junior, began to faint within him: he had only “Greats” to pass, and why should he not stay on till the last terrible obstacle was surmounted? His ambition was for the church, and into the church he was determined, if possible, he would go. Meanwhile, on a sudden, a most felicitous opportunity of effecting a compromise presented itself. By a piece of marvellous good luck, Bloker met with a country rector who wanted a curate; would Bloker come? “How could he,” helplessly he replied, “without having taken his degree?” “Oh!” responded the genial ecclesiastic, “that we can easily manage. If you will but promise the bishop and myself that, after being ordained, you will pass your schools, I have no doubt that I can use my influence with his lordship to ordain you.” Bloker, overjoyed, leapt at the proposal. The Bishop of B—— was not as strict as others of his order, and the consequence was that in three months’ time after the colloquy ensued, Bloker was able to prefix the title of “Reverend” to his name. Still, there were those dreadful schools which must be gone through. Bloker went up once from his curacy and failed: a second time, and with the same result. But when “Greats” next came round, Bloker began to wax desperate, and after evening service one Sunday night he informed his rector, —

“I am going up to Oxford to-morrow, and I have made up my mind not to return till I have passed my examination.”

“Then,” was the immediate response of this facetious ecclesiastic, as, with an air of affectionate regret, he seized hold of Bloker’s hand and shook it heartily, — “then, my dear fellow, good by forever; for I shall never see you again.”

But the rector’s prophecy is falsified, for Bloker has managed to satisfy the examiner this morning; and while we have been indulging in these reminiscences, has actually put on his gown. If he walks out with an air of visible pride, and if, as he ascends the pulpit in the parish church of Mudbury-cum-Littleton, on Sunday morning next, he feels that he has added at least six inches to his stature, will it be wonderful?

But we were very nearly forgetting an invitation which stands on our engagement-list for two o’clock to-day, — an invitation of no ordinary character, to lunch with Amberville, of St. John’s, who has this morning put on his gown, and who is known as having perhaps the most beautiful rooms in a college, which, taken as a whole, is certainly one of the prettiest in Oxford. Amberville happens, also, to be one of the richest young men in the University, and possessed of an artistic taste which does not fall short of his income. His rooms are a study: and I promise you that the *déjeuner* which is to be served up in them presently will be equally perfect in its way, for Mr. Amberville, of St. John’s, is not in the habit of doing things by halves. Imagine to yourself a long, lofty, oak-panelled apartment, furnished with a variety of tables of every conceivable shape and every conceivable material, from gold-threaded marble down to maple; there are two large bow-windows which gaze out on the surpassingly beautiful gardens of St. John’s, and which are fitted up outside with a hanging garden of



flowers, that even Babylon, under Semiramis, could not surpass; ottomans, and temptingly luxurious arm-chairs of every description that an original genius for comfort could devise, are strewn about over the sumptuously rich carpet, all covered with the softest of silk damask; the dark-oak panelling of the walls is varied here and there by rare proofs before letters, or with exquisitely cool water-colors. As we enter, we can hear the rustle of the trees outside, and as we look across the room, we see an open door communicating with a smaller apartment in which there plays a miniature fountain of scent. Meanwhile, from some unseen quarter, we catch the sound of subtle melodies played by a most delicately attuned musical-box. Such is a rough sketch of Amberville's rooms, — something unique in Oxford; for undergraduates are not able, as a rule, to keep their chambers in such faultless trim; but then Amberville does everything in a manner peculiar to himself.

In due time lunch is served by Amberville's scout, assisted by his own private servant. It is more than a lunch; it is a perfect banquet. The iced cups which go their round are simply delicious, and as we take a leisurely survey of matters, it occurs to us that even as the soul of Pythagoras is said to have passed into a peacock, so the spirit of Apicius or Lucullus must, at this present moment, be animating the languid form of the young academical epicure who is our host. One thing only, reader: don't imagine that the style of feast, or the style of apartment is common to the Oxford undergraduate; for Amberville, as we have hinted, is one of those brilliantly meteoric exceptions who occasionally flash across the academical sky.

We will wander out into those tempting gardens upon which Amberville's rooms look down. They are full of surprises: just as one fancies one has hopelessly lost one's self in a labyrinth of shrubbery one comes upon a beautiful lawn, with grass recently mown and smooth as velvet. Here, in some cool nook, reposes an undergraduate of the college, who though an edition of Plato's "Republic" lies by his side, is really amusing himself from the novel or the magazine which is in his hands. Another turn, and we come across a recumbent group of two or three, who, with their faces half covered with their straw hats, are stretched upon the emerald turf, beneath the shade of those "immemorial elms." We can discern a silver tankard amongst them, but nicotine is entirely unrepresented, for the laws against smoking in the St. John's College Gardens are very stringent indeed. But this gentleman who comes towards us, tall, black whiskers, grave, and clerically dressed, who is he? and is that his sister, or —? Ah! that is a young don, who has acted upon the advice which, in the course of this paper, we have more than once given, — to the effect that the most favorable time at which to ask friends to visit Oxford is not in the busy hum of Commemoration, when the St. John's gardens are nothing but a noisy arena for flower shows and fancy fairs, but rather when June is in its infancy, and there are still, quiet nooks in those delightful groves, where Strephon can woo Chloë unmolested and solitary; and the dignity of a fellowship does not render its possessor any more proof against such temptations than the most impetuous of undergraduates. But let us leave the Rev. Anthony Morells to wander on at his own sweet will with his cousin, and make our way yonder till we are in the centre of the large lawn of the gardens.

Ubiquitous as the passion for croquet is known to

be, there is something which surprises us in seeing no less than two games going on in front of us. One set is made up of undergraduates, another of fellows, — for, frivolous as the pastime may seem, Apollo does not always keep the bow strung, and the college don has acquired a passion for toying with the croquet balls. Let him play on in peace. As for our undergraduate friends, they have introduced into their set a few of those fair young friends whom their relatives have brought up with them on a few days' trip to Oxford. They are all merry enough; they don't seem particularly intent upon the game; but they are enjoying themselves, and that is enough.

There are other places whither we would fain take our readers. We should like to show them the glorious lime walk of Trinity and the exquisite garden of the college. We should be glad for them to hear, in imagination though it was, the pealing symphonies of the Magdalen Chapel choir, and the gay melodies of the Queen's College Glee Club. But we are not long enough in Oxford to do and to see everything. We have given glimpses — and that is enough. There are certain pleasures which *commendat rarior usus*, and to our view that of lionizing Oxford is among them.

## LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

I.

It was dead low-water at Wansford Road Station. The tide of trains, express, ordinary, and goods, which dashed by between the hours of 8 and 10 A. M. (for but few of them stopped at that small roadside halting-place) had run out, and for the last three quarters of an hour the precincts had been as silent and undisturbed as the aisles of a fashionable church on a week-day. Mr. Morgan — book-keeper, clerk, and superintendent, all in one — was immersed in a study of long ledgers, which seem to have been invented to keep the minds of the officials in such places from stagnating. Jem Dobbs, the sole porter and pointsman on duty, was occupying the horsehair seat invented by the company for the punishment of their passengers, sunk in that professional half-slumber which has still an eye and an ear open for any sounds of business. Seeing that he was on duty for an average fourteen hours a day, it was very well for him that he had acquired something of the faculty ascribed to great military commanders, of snatching an odd ten minutes of sleep whenever the movements of the enemy, — in his case the "ups" and "downs" — would let him.

Suddenly Dobbs jumped up, and was out on the platform in a second. The distant rumble of the up-train from E — for London had mingled with his blissful dream of the tap of the "Railway Hotel," and roused him to his duty of bell-ringing. Mr. Morgan had not heard the sound, apparently, though he was wide awake. But then it was not his special business.

"She's before her time this morning, Jem," said he to his subordinate when he re-entered, casting a look at the office clock as he spoke.

"It's Buster as is driving," said Jem, "he's allus either afore his time or arter; he were brought up on the Westland Junction, where they does all their work on their own premises, and the platelayers makes the chronometers."

"Ye're early to-day, Joe," remarked the porter, as the engine drew up at the platform.



"Well, I were late yesterday," replied Joe, with an air of entire self-satisfaction.

"You goes on the system of averages on the Junction, I suppose; we an't got to that pint yet on the main line. Well, you've got to wait, you know, — two minutes and a half."

There was but one passenger for Wansford, and as he was a second-class, and appeared to have but a single carpet-bag, Jem Dobbs shrewdly calculated that he was quite equal to the weight of that himself, and resumed his own talk with the driver.

"Here's to-day's Telegraph for you, Jem, — I suppose you han't seed it?" Coming from the rural metropolis of E——, the speaker was in a position to confer these kind of literary obligations on his friends at the smaller stations.

"I don't care for no Telegraphs," said the other, moodily. Indeed, the newspaper, having passed through the hands of the driver and his mate during their half-hour of refreshment at E——, was not a tempting-looking object except to a very earnest politician. Jem held out his hand for it nevertheless. "I don't want no papers. What's the use of a newspaper to a man as is nailed to this 'ere platform fourteen hours out of every twenty-four? What odds can it make to him about politics? Lots of talking in Parlyment," he continued, glancing with an air of disgust either at the long speeches or at the dirty pages. "Ah! I des-say! much good they does a-talking."

"There's all about the Hirish Church."

"Bother the Hirish Church! What harm did the Hirish Church ever do me or you? If they'd take off the Hirish Mail, now, as keeps me out of my bed till one in the morning every other night, kicking my heels in this here solutary hole, I'd say they did some good. I'm turned Tory, Joe, I am. I do n't admire so much progress; it drives a man off his legs, and wellnigh off his head too. You've heard of this Hact as this new company's got passed?"

"The Millford and Ashwater? They're to have running powers over this line, I'm told."

"Ay, and we shall have lots more work here a signalling, and no more pay, I'll be bound, for it. Running powers! I wish I'd my foot behind some of them directors, Joe, I'd give 'em some running powers — bless'd if I would n't."

"Time's up," said the station-master, issuing forth watch in hand. There was the usual whistle and shriek, and with a slow, lumbering motion and much panting, like an unwilling monster, the train began its work again.

"Hold on there! hold on!" shouted the official suddenly, when they had scarcely yet got well under way. "Here's Sir Francis coming down the hill," said he to the porter. "Hold on!"

"Hold on!" echoed Dobbs, frantically rushing to the end of the platform, and raising both arms with the due telegraphic motion. Glancing round, he saw the dog-cart rapidly nearing the station, with the driver's arm raised in correspondence. Quickened by the thought of a possible shilling, he ran some fifty yards along the line, still shouting and gesticulating after the fast-retreating train. But the wind was contrary, and Buster did not, and the guard would not hear; and Jem returned panting to the platform to see Sir Francis jump down at the station-door — just one half-minute too late.

"How's this, Morgan?" said he, as the station-master came forward to express his regret. "Why, they're off before their time!"

"I think not, Sir Francis," said Mr. Morgan, respectfully, glancing up at his clock. The baronet drew out his own watch, but it more than confirmed the station-master. He was evidently a good deal annoyed, but he was too much of a gentleman to blame others for punctuality.

"By Jove, Lizzy! we're too late, after all," he said in a tone of vexation to a young lady who had accompanied him, as he went to help her down.

"How very provoking!"

"I've been here fifty times to meet this train, and never knew you all so sharp in my life before," said he, with an attempt to smile.

"Quite true, Sir Francis, — it is very seldom we are so exact to time; the train came in early, and had to wait a minute or two, but there was no one here, you see, and so —"

"Of course, of course, Morgan. There's no one to blame but myself; but it's very annoying to miss it by so little. I had an engagement I wished especially to keep to-day."

"I'm very sorry, I'm sure, Sir Francis," said the station-master, with a manner as if he meant what he said; for Sir Francis Hargrave, if not exactly popular, was generally respected in the neighborhood, and had even once or twice sent Mr. Morgan a little present of game in acknowledgment of polite services in his department. But in the midst of explanations and apologies the station-door opened, and another would-be passenger appeared. It was a young man in the dress of a superior mechanic, carrying a small bundle.

"Train gone?" said he, almost breathless.

"Just gone," said Jem, with an emphasis on the first word, as though he congratulated himself and his questioner on having timed it so nicely. There was no malice, but only a general sort of civil misanthropy on the porter's part towards the general public. He saw a good deal of the weaker side of human nature. People were so stupid; coming late for trains, as if it was not quite as easy for those who had all the day before them to be ten minutes beforehand as two minutes behind (he should like to know what the company would say to him if he was two minutes late to signal in the half-past five train these blessed winter mornings); bringing luggage with unreadable addresses, or no address at all; expecting it to go all right, even under the latter conditions; or, in cases where it was legibly directed, duly labelled, and put out on the platform, hovering over it to his, Jem Dobbs's, personal inconvenience (these were commonly lady-passengers), in the evident belief that the company would make away with it, leave it behind, or otherwise unlawfully dispose of it, if they were allowed the slightest chance. Then people asked such utterly needless and unreasonable questions; expecting him to know, and to be able to explain to the dullest comprehension the time-tables, not only of his own line, but of every line in or out of connection with it; to be able to give an exact guess, if a train were late in arrival, as to "how much longer" it would be; and, to crown their aggravations, standing at the carriage-doors when the train was just starting, to give some parting message that might just as well have been given ten minutes before, or insisting on kissing each other on tiptoe through the window.

"Gone!" echoed the young man, with a face of consternation. "Why —"

He turned round to face a slight, girlish figure which had entered close behind him.



"We're too late," he said, — "too late."

"When does the next train go for London, sir?" asked the girl timidly of Mr. Morgan. There was great anxiety in her face, but she seemed the more business-like of the two.

"There's none till 1.25," said the station-master; "you'll have an hour and a half to wait."

"Have you a telegraph here?" interjected the young man rapidly.

"Telegraph? No," said Jem, in a tone which implied that things were not come to that pass of aggravation yet at Wansford Road.

The girl meanwhile was studying the time-table, running her finger nervously along the lines.

"The express does not stop here," she said. "How far is it to Croxton, sir? it stops there. Is there any conveyance to be had that would take us on there in time?"

The young man caught at the idea eagerly.

"Yes," said he, "a fly, or gig, or anything; it is worth trying." And he began to count the coins in a purse which did not seem over-well filled.

But no conveyance of any kind was to be had at the "Station Hotel," unless by previous order from the little town of Wansford, which was two miles off.

"It's no use, — it's no use," said the disappointed traveller, trying hard to suppress evident emotion, as he walked out upon the platform, where the girl quickly followed him.

There had been another more interested spectator of the scene than either of the railway officials. The young lady who had accompanied Sir Francis had marked with a woman's sympathy the look of distress in the face of the girl (who might have been a year or two younger than herself), and was now engaged in an earnest whisper with her brother, for such was the relationship between them.

The baronet turned round sharply. "Very well," said he. And he stepped out upon the platform where the other two were walking, — the girl clinging to her companion's arm, and looking up pitifully into his moody face. Sir Francis touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Is it really important to you, young man, to catch this express for London?"

"O yes, sir, yes!" said the girl, answering for him, as he turned round to his questioner with a somewhat bewildered and half-resentful expression. There was nothing to resent, however, in Sir Francis's manner, though it was more business-like than sympathetic. Time and words were precious.

"Jump into my dog-cart, then, here at the door, and my groom will get you there in time. Look sharp, Johnson!"

The porter caught the baronet's decided tone, and the groom, who was walking the mare about, was summoned to the door again before the young man could half understand the offer, or express his thanks.

"Do you go with him?" said Jem to the girl, as she handed up the little bundle to her companion already seated by the groom's side.

"No, O no!" said she; "make haste!"

Sir Francis stood at the door looking after the dog-cart for a minute or so, as it drove rapidly off. He had his watch in his hand.

"She'll do it in the time, Morgan," he remarked, as they turned a corner out of sight. He was more interested in his mare's powers than in the emergencies of a stranger. "O, will they, sir, do you

think?" said the young girl to him appealingly. Her eyes were straining after them too.

"Yes, yes; they're safe to do it," said the baronet, looking at her with some curiosity. He was half-amused and half-embarrassed by her earnestness. He was not much accustomed to these appeals from "young persons" in her station of life. But she had a very beautiful face, he saw now; and he had an artist's eye for faces.

"Yes, he'll be in time, my — good girl." He had almost said, "my dear"; but with a happy presence of mind he corrected himself. Then he walked back into the station to get out of the way of her thanks; for he saw tears in her eyes, and he did not care to see a woman cry, — even a plebeian. Neither, to do him justice, was he a man to desire such impassioned thanks for a mere good-natured action. He had done it to oblige his sister; but when he saw how pretty this other girl was, he felt very well satisfied that he had done her a kindness too.

"And what are you going to do yourself, Sir Francis?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"O, I should have had to wait here, I suppose, anyhow, for the 1.25 train. We're going to Moulsham, and the express would n't help us, — don't stop there, you know. You won't mind waiting here, Lizzy? It's a great nuisance, — I shall be late for that meeting; but, you see, Vernon will expect us to dinner all the same. I think we ought not to disappoint them. I'll just take a stroll about and smoke a cigar. Have you a book?"

She shook her head. "I shall do very well, — don't mind me, pray."

"And I must have left the Times in the dog-cart. How stupid of me!"

"Here's to-day's Telegraph, miss," said Jem, producing the paper from the office window. "It a'n't justly fit for a lady's hands, but it's only theingin black, — perhaps if you was to take your gloves off, it would n't hurt." Jem had an idea that the little hands would wash, but the lilac kids certainly would not.

"O, thank you! never mind. Now you see, Francis, I'm quite provided."

"Well, Mr. Morgan will take care of you, and I'll look in." He lighted his cigar, and was going out at the door opposite the platform. The girl who had accompanied the young traveller was still waiting in the office.

"She wants to thank you, Sir Francis," said the station-master, to whom she had been speaking. She came forward a step or two, but still seemed too shy to address him.

He turned to her good-humoredly. "O, it's not worth mentioning, — it will do the mare good." It was wonderful what an expressive face this young person had; and there were tears in her eyes. "Don't say a word," he said, in a very kind tone; "good-by." It was not at all his habit to say good-by to "young persons" he encountered on railways.

At this moment a whistling scream was heard in the distance, and Jem Dobbs rushed frantically across the office, and out upon the platform.

"Only the down express, Sir Francis," said Morgan, in explanation.

What is the strange attraction which draws every one to see an express go by? It was a question which Jem Dobbs would have felt much relieved to have got answered satisfactorily. Why should he continually have not only to shout and warn and remonstrate, but to rush along the edge of the platform at his own personal risk, and push



back the curious fools, young and old, who seemed to be always trying how near they could stand without the train touching them?

It was no wonder that the girl, to whom railway travelling was a novelty, should go to the door to look. Even the more aristocratic young lady was standing in the office window, and Sir Francis himself turned and went out to see. Certainly he had the excuse of having nothing better to do at the moment.

"Take care there!" shouted Jem from the points, which he had gone to attend to.

"Take care," said the baronet. But she was careful enough. Sir Francis did not seem to be so very much interested in the passage of the express, after all, for he turned his back to it as it came roaring up; it gave him the opportunity, at all events, of looking into her face again without rudeness, as she stood absorbed in watching its rapid approach. He dropped his cigar as he turned, and reached to pick it up almost at her feet. There was an iron clamp on the platform, fastening together two flag-stones which were somewhat worn. More than once Mr. Morgan had written to headquarters to advise their removal as dangerous. The baronet's heel tripped on this as he recovered his cigar, and he staggered backwards right on the edge of the platform as the train came rushing up. Instinctively he put out his hand, and the girl clasped it. He was quite off his balance, and the strain was almost too much for her. There was a loud scream—from the window, not from her—as for one terrible instant the two swung together almost over the platform, so that the hindmost carriages brushed the person of Sir Francis as they flew past. The girl held on bravely, though she was dragged a step or two from her position. The station-master had rushed forward the moment he saw the peril; but the whole scene passed instantaneously, and by the time he had grasped the girl's dress with one hand the train had passed, the danger was over, and she had fainted and fallen on the rails. The fall was in a measure broken by the station-master's grasp; but when Sir Francis, who had recovered himself, by a spring forward, stooped to assist her, the blood was trickling from her forehead, and she neither moved nor spoke. She had struck her head against the rail.

"Good heavens! is she killed?" said he, in an agony.

Mr. Morgan was calmer. "Only stunned and faint, sir, I think; she did not fall heavily,—I had good hold of her."

The two men lifted her carefully into the office, and laid her on the horsehair bench, which had never been found so convenient. The cut was not severe, so far as they could judge.

"Send at once for the nearest surgeon," said the baronet.

"I fear we can't be spared here," said the station-master; "but I'll step across to the hotel, and get some one from there to run up to Wansford."

"I'll go myself," said the baronet; "Lizzy, you see to her—get some water."

"Yes, yes," said his sister, "go at once; there's not much harm, I hope."

There came a sigh from the patient as she spoke, which the experience of Mr. Morgan pronounced an excellent sign. He was so far right, that before Sir Francis had been gone many minutes, the color had partially come back into her face, and she had once or twice opened her eyes. The landlady of

the little public-house close by—dignified by the name of "hotel"—came in, and though a vulgar, fussy woman, she was some help to the others under the circumstances. She was anxious to have the patient carried over to her parlor, but this the station-master did not advise. "It's a noisy place, miss," he said, in an aside; "she'll be better taken up to Wansford, after the doctor has been."

"Who is she, Mr. Morgan? Do you know at all?" asked the young lady.

Mr. Morgan had no idea. Jem had no idea. He had seen the young man once or twice, he thought, about Wansford lately, but he was a stranger to the place.

There was consciousness in the eyes the next time they were opened, and they looked round with a mute and questioning distress at all the strange faces. Miss Hargrave signed to Mr. Morgan and Jem, who were hovering about and looking on with the kindly but troublesome helplessness common to their sex in such emergencies, to go out of the way. "We shall manage very well now," she said to them. "You are to lie still, dear, and be quiet; you've hurt yourself."

Apparently the sufferer gained confidence by what she saw in the gentle face which bent over her. She shut her eyes again, and lay quite still for some minutes. Then she looked up again and asked,— "Where is my brother?"

"He has gone to London, you know, dear, and I'm to take care of you till he comes back."

"Oh! I remember," said the girl, with a look of pained anxiety. "Can I go home now,—to Wansford, I mean? I think I could go now," she said, half raising herself.

"We've sent for something to take you there,—it will be here very soon," said Lizzy, with pious falsehood. "You're to be very quiet till it comes. You have had a fall, but you'll be yourself again in a very little while."

"I know—I know," said the girl. "Was he hurt?"

"My brother, do you mean? O no, it was you that fell,—and you saved his life, I do believe. But you must not talk."

"Tell me the gentleman's name,—I asked the clerk, but I was not sure what he said."

"Hargrave—but never mind."

"Sir Francis Hargrave?"

Lizzy nodded, as much as to decline talk.

"Are you his sister?" said the girl, springing half up, and looking wild enough, as her hair had come all loose while they were bathing her temples.

"Yes,—but I'll tell you nothing if you won't lie still."

"Oh!" said the other, "forgive me! do forgive me! O, if I had but known! do n't think hard of me!" Her pleading was piteous. She was wandering, no doubt, and Miss Hargrave was seriously alarmed. But she was a sensible girl, and kept her presence of mind.

"I'll go away," said she, stoutly, "if you will talk."

"Say only you'll forgive me, whatever comes of it!" said the sufferer, seizing her hand. But there was a hazy look about the eyes, and her voice grew weaker. Lizzy Hargrave promised forgiveness lavishly, and succeeded at last in calming her so far that she lay down again, still holding the hand she had taken.

She lay quiet after this, and sank into a doze.



Miss Hargrave sat and watched her, waiting anxiously for her brother's return with the surgeon. He was longer than she had hoped. But the patient was now breathing easily, and the doze seemed to have become a sound sleep, for the tightly clasped hand was relaxed, and at last withdrawn altogether. She picked up *Jem's Telegraph*, which had dropped on the floor, and glanced over its pages. There was not much in it to interest her, and she began mechanically, as people will do in such cases, to read some of the advertisements. At last she was struck by one in which a familiar name appeared.

"One Hundred Pounds Reward. Wanted, evidence of the marriage of Richard Hargrave with Mary Gordon, in or about the year 18—. The marriage took place in Australia,—probably at Ballarat. The name of one of the witnesses is supposed to have been John Somers, who came from the neighborhood of Wansford, in Essex. Apply to R. H., 15 Crown Court, Clifford's Inn."

The coincidence of names was at least curious, and she read it over more than once. A start from the sleeper, however, led her to drop the paper hastily, lest its rustle should disturb what she hoped might prove the best restorative.

The surgeon had not been easily found; but Sir Francis brought him at last, as fast as his horse and "trap" could carry him. He would not pronounce a very confident opinion as to the amount of injury his patient had sustained. The cut was nothing, and there was no external mischief. The symptoms which he did not like were the outburst of wandering excitement of which Miss Hargrave informed him, and the subsequent drowsiness which continued now, even in spite of the disturbing presence of so many strangers, of which indeed she seemed only partially conscious.

"She must be taken home at once, and put to bed," said he, "and we shall know more about it to-morrow. You said you had made some arrangement for her conveyance, I think, Sir Francis? I had better stay, perhaps, and see her safely landed."

"Very well," said the baronet; "yes, I have arranged about all that." He called his sister aside, and whispered a few words. Miss Hargrave's face brightened, and she quietly pressed her brother's hand. The three stood together by the fire in the office, interchanging an occasional commonplace remark in a low tone, Mr. Morgan having retired to his insatiate ledgers. Sir Francis was thoughtful and silent. For want of some better subject of conversation, his sister took up the *Telegraph*, and pointed to the advertisement she had noticed. Her brother glanced at it, made no remark, but after a minute or two took it up and read it again.

"Curious, is it not?" said his sister.

"Yes," said the baronet; "I've seen something like it before. It's an old story."

He dropped the paper on the ground,—indeed, it was not tempting to handle more than one could help. Then he turned and looked out of the window.

"Here's the carriage at last, thank Heaven! We're going to send her up to the Hall at once," he said to the surgeon, in brief explanation; "she'll have more chance there than in her own lodgings; and Mrs. Hargrave, as you know, doctor, is a first-rate nurse."

He had found out, while hunting the surgeon up and down the little town of Wansford, that two per-

sons answering to the description of this young man and his sister had been occupying some very humble lodgings there for the last few days, though his informant did not know their names.

The girl, still only partly conscious, was carefully lifted into the carriage, in which all necessary preparations had been made, and Miss Hargrave found a corner there for herself. With the surgeon seated on the box, they set off at once for Wanscote Hall.

"I shall wait here till Johnson comes back, Lizzy,—he can't be long now. We must give up the Vernons to-day, of course; you must write and explain."

It was not above three miles to the Hall, and in less than half an hour the sufferer was safe in bed in a darkened room, with Mrs. Hargrave, that aunt of aunts, as her niece called her, sitting in her kingdom by the bedside. She had seen plenty of trouble of all kinds; but to look at her placid face now, you would have said that in all her life she had never even known a care. Trouble had refined, not corroded her.

## II.

The mare meanwhile had covered her seven miles easily within the three quarters of an hour allowed her, and Croxton Station was reached before the express for London came in sight. Johnson, the groom, had vainly tried to engage his companion in conversation during the drive. Beyond replying—judiciously enough—to his remarks upon Brown Bess's good qualities, the young stranger had been abstracted and silent. When he jumped down, however, he thanked the man warmly, and offered him a half-crown.

The groom looked at the money sheepishly. "No, thank you," said he; "you're very welcome for my share of it, sir." He added the "sir" almost involuntarily.

"Take it, my good fellow," said the other; "this lift may be worth many half-crowns to me."

But Johnson looked at the little bundle tied up in a handkerchief, and thought there were not many half-crowns' worth there, at any rate.

"No, sir, thank you," he said, not moving his hand from the reins; "Sir Francis would n't like it." The man was not selfish; not so many men of his class are as their masters are apt to think. "I wish you a good journey, sir," he added, as he turned round, "and I hope no offence."

"That chap's a gentleman, I do believe," said the groom to himself, as he drove round to the inevitable "hotel," to wash out the mare's mouth and his own before returning. "He don't talk altogether like one, nor he don't wear no gloves, but he's got a gentleman's ways."

The object of these remarks reached London in due course, thanks to Sir Francis's help, not an hour after the train which he had missed. Taking a cab from the terminus, he drove straight down to the London Docks.

"Whereabouts would the Diana Vernon lie, for Port Philip?" he inquired of the first respectable-looking seaman he could find.

He was directed to the vessel at once,—not a hundred yards distant. She was not off yet, then. "When do you sail?" he asked a boy who was carrying something on board.

"At six this evening. Are you a-going?"

"No. Can you tell me if Jack Winter is on board?"



"Ay; he was, howsumever, a quarter of an hour since."

He brushed past the lad on the narrow gangway, thereby drawing out rather a large oath from so small a blasphemer, and in another minute had the object of his search pointed out to him. It was a bluff, greasy-looking man, sitting on a barrel, with a short pipe in his mouth, apparently not over-sober, to whom he was directed.

"Are you John Somers, formerly of Painter's Ridge, Victoria?" The speaker asked the question quickly and decidedly, but in a low tone of voice. He read the true answer in the seaman's face in a moment, greasy as it was. There was no mistake; he had found his man.

"Well," said the person addressed, with an oath, and a laugh which was not meant to express pleasure, "you takes liberties with my name, mate. Anything else as you'd like to know?"

"Yes," said the other, quickly, "a good many things, which I think you can tell me. You are John Somers?"

"I an't called so on board the Dirty Diana; you can call me so, if you like, — or by any other name, if it strikes your fancy, youngster." And he stuck his pipe into his mouth again, and his hands into his pockets, with what might have been either defiance or contemptuous indifference.

"Look here," said the younger man, "never mind about the name, — I may be wrong; but I will make it worth your while to listen to me, if you'll step ashore anywhere with me for ten minutes."

"You be blowed!" said Jack Winter, or Somers: "we're off in a hour, and I've no time to listen to your business." He spoke with some hesitation, however, for he saw the other's tremulous eagerness.

"You've nothing to fear from me," resumed the stranger, "and everything to gain. I want you as a witness; and I say again, I'll make it worth your while." And feeling nervously in the old purse, he slipped something into the sailor's hand.

Casting a glance round the deck of the vessel to assure himself that no one was watching them, Jack Somers looked into his hand stealthily. The color of what he saw there was enough. Calling to the boy as he passed, he charged him to tell the captain, if any inquiries were made, that he should be back "in no time," and motioned to his new acquaintance to follow him. He led the way to one of those common resorts for seamen which abounded in the neighborhood.

"Ask for a private room, youngster, if you've any magging to do as you don't want made too common. They'll give you a parlor if you pay for it."

The pair were soon seated in a low, close room, redolent of stale tobacco and worse odors.

"Now, John Somers," said the younger man (he quietly assumed the identity, and the other did not now seem inclined to dispute it), "you see I know you; but I'll call you Jack Winter for the present if you prefer it. I've no objection," he added, with a half-laugh, "to a fancy name, if it suits a gentleman's purpose; I've hailed by more than one myself of late. But you were John Somers when you saw Richard Freeman married."

"John Somers it was," said the man, sententiously, though with some surprise. He was quite at his ease now; for whatever doubtful points there were in his previous history, Richard Freeman's name was in no way connected with them.

"You saw him married?"

"Well, I did."

"You remember the name of the — lady?"

"Well, she was n't that much of a lady; but I remember her well enough, — Mary Gordon; she were some sort of a cousin o' mine."

The young man slightly flushed, and spoke rapidly.

"You witnessed the marriage. Did you know Richard Freeman well?"

"Better than I know you."

"Was that his real name? Did you know him go by any other?"

"Well, there was few of us as went by our Sunday names out there, you know. I don't suppose as his name was Freeman. I've heard he left another name behind him in England. I can't justly say as I remember it."

"Was it Hargrave?"

"Hargrave? I do believe it was! I've got a paper somewhere as he gave me to keep, with his marriage lines on, and I count that's the name as is on it."

"You've got his marriage certificate? Then it's worth a hundred pounds to you, my good fellow, that's all, if you'll come with me," said the younger man, excitedly.

"The devil it is! Are you in sober earnest, mate, or have you been a-lushing it?"

The other hastily drew out a small pocket-book, and produced a scrap cut from a newspaper. It was the same advertisement which had attracted Miss Hargrave's attention at the station.

"Who'll go bail for the truth of this here?" asked Jack Somers, prudently.

"If you'll come with me at once to my lawyer's, and bring the paper you spoke of, and tell him what you've told me, you shall have part of the money down, and the rest when you give your evidence."

"I don't like lawyers," said Jack, shaking his head. "I allus give them sort as wide a berth as I can."

"If your story be true, — as I have no doubt it is, mind, — I'll make it two hundred."

"You're flush of your promises, youngster. Now let me ax you a question, — you've axed me a pretty many. What's Dick Freeman, or whatever his name might be, to you?"

"He was my father," said the young man.

"D— me if you don't favor him, now I look at you. You've a considerable spice of his ways about you, too. Well, Dick was a good pal to me; I liked Dick. And you're Dick's son? I don't know as I'd ha' gone near a lawyer again, of my free will, for the chance of the hun'red pounds you talk about; but I were always a sot chap, and I'll go with you, if I miss my trip. You'll have to see me through with the cap'n, mind you, — you and your lawyer-chap. He's good for that much, I suppose?"

The two men got into a hansom, and drove rapidly to a small court near Clifford's Inn. They were shown into a room almost as close and dingy as that which they had left. Mr. Brent, the lawyer, whom they found there sitting at his desk, went far to justify, in his outward appearance, Jack Somers's prejudice against the profession generally, — which however, it is only fair to say, was founded on certain personal experiences not of a favorable kind, connected with what he himself termed "a spree on shore," but which was known in the jargon of the law as "assault and battery," and which had led to his shipping himself on board the Diana



under his present *alias*. He had been assured, however, in the course of his drive from the Docks, that the law at present had no terrors for him, but rather a prospect of considerable advantage; so that when he was presented to Mr. Brent by his lawful surname, he made no difficulty on the point.

"So we've got our witness, Mr. Hargrave," said the lawyer, when the introduction had been duly made. "I knew Furrirt was right. Never knew him fail, sir,—that is, when properly paid. Always pay a man well, Mr. Hargrave, when you want your work well done. That's a maxim of mine. I'm sure you'll agree with me, Mr. Somers?"

Jack Somers indicated his assent to so sound a principle.

"You'll be well paid for your work, sir, as you'll find; it's Mr. Hargrave's wish,—excuse me if I call you so for the present," he added, turning to the younger man,— "it's Mr. Hargrave's expressed wish to act in the whole of this business on the most liberal principles. Do I represent you correctly, sir?"

"Yes, yes," said the one whom the lawyer called Hargrave, in a tone of some impatience. "But we have no time to lose, Mr. Brent; the vessel of which Mr. Somers is mate sails this evening."

"She must sail without Mr. Somers, then, my dear sir; we cannot possibly spare him, now we have him. The law must lay an embargo on you, Mr. Somers. But we'll make that all right," said the lawyer, as he saw signs of restlessness on the sailor's part. "I'll send down my clerk at once." He rang the bell, and gave his instructions to a squinting young man who answered it. "We'll serve a subpoena on you in due form in the course of the evening," he continued; "we could not part with you, sir, on any account; and, as I observed just now, you will be more than satisfied for any inconvenience. He knows of the reward, Mr. Hargrave?"

"I knows," said Somers, with a wave of his hand, perhaps implying that such things were not necessary to discuss between gentlemen,— "I knows; but I'm not sure I'd ha' come here at all, but as he says he's a son of Dick Freeman's. I liked Dick."

"You witnessed the marriage of Richard Freeman—we'll call him so, you know—with Mary Gordon, in March 18—?" said the lawyer, referring to some notes.

"Month o' March, was it? Well," he said, after some calculations of his own personal movements, "I pritty well think it was; leastways, when they were married, I saw the job done, that's sartain. And I promised Dick I'd remember it."

"At Ballarat, were they married?"

"Quite right," said Jack.

"There was a fire there, some two or three years after? The wooden church was burnt?"

"The whole town were burnt, as you may say."

"Then the registers were burnt. It's all right, it's all right," said the lawyer, eagerly; "that corresponds exactly with Furrirt's information. Capital fellow, Furrirt; never wrong. Mr. Somers, you're the man that has given us a deal of trouble—and expense; but we're very glad to see you. You're the 'missing link,' Mr. Somers, that we read about in the—in the—"

Mr. Brent was not sure it was in the Scriptures. In his natural exultation at having caught his witness, he was wandering out of the safe paths of law into the thorny thickets of literature; so he wisely pulled up with a cough which covered his retreat.

There was no doubt, however, that they had got the very man they had long been looking for, and that Mr. Furrirt, of the "Private Inquiry" Office, had done his work quite successfully. The particulars of the sailor's evidence were very soon committed to writing by Mr. Brent, read over, and duly signed with Jack Somers's mark.

"Most complete case," said the lawyer; "I don't suppose Sir Francis will go into court against it. We've got the marriage certificate, the only surviving witness in person, the baptism certificates; in fact, there's not even a legal doubt. I propose to reopen negotiations with the other party at once. Compromises are against our interests, of course, but as an honest lawyer I always recommend them, especially in family cases, you know, Mr. Hargrave,—especially in family cases, where feelings have to be considered. Mr. Somers will stay with you, or where we may easily find him, I conclude?"

Young Hargrave had drawn out his pocket-book, and had a bank-note in his hand.

"Here, Somers," he said, "there's the fifty I promised down. It's about the last of the lot, Mr. Brent," he added, with a half-bitter laugh. "They were hard got. I hope they won't be wasted."

"You hand this to me in trust for Mr. Somers," said Brent, looking significantly at the younger man, and arresting the note on the way across the table. "This is in part payment of the reward offered, and I am authorized to hand it over to Mr. Somers immediately on his evidence being given in court to the effect of this deposition?"

"You're a precious cunning old duffer, you are," said Jack Somers. "Suppose I says as I won't squeak till you hands me that over—eh? two can play at hold-fast, I'd have you remember. But if there's any slice o' luck coming to Dick Freeman's son, as I count there is from your talk, I arn't the man to balk him of it. You may keep the flimsy till I axes for it, lawyer; mind it don't stick to your fingers, though. And now, Mr. Hargrave, I'm getting dry."

Hargrave was considerably embarrassed what to do with his witness, now he had caught him. He looked at his legal adviser in some dismay; but that gentleman, in no way offended by the sailor's uncomplimentary address, after quietly securing the note, recommended them both to a house in the immediate neighborhood, where he assured them they would find every accommodation in the way of board and lodging. He called young Hargrave aside before they parted.

"I think, with all submission, Mr. Hargrave, I'd keep him within reach, though I don't think he's inclined to bolt; but safe's safe, you know. And I propose to go down myself to-morrow or next day to make a last offer to Messrs. Hunt, Sir Francis' people. They'll listen to reason now, if they are the wise men they pass for."

"I don't want hard terms, Mr. Brent, remember; I don't seem to make you understand the one thing I care for,—establishing the marriage. I won't forego my rights in one way; but it's not a matter of money with me, remember that. I want no accounts of the estate, as you call them, or arrears of any kind. It's hard enough on him as it is."

"Pooh! he had enough of his mother's, without the baronetcy. The Wanscote estates are not above half his income."

"So much the better. But I want no back-reckonings; let bygones be bygones."



"You really are the most unreasonably reasonable client that I ever fell in with in the course of my profession," said Mr. Brent; "however, they can hardly fail to close at once with such terms as you insist on offering; except that your very liberality might seem, perhaps,—we lawyers are suspicious, you will say,—to imply a doubt of the strength of our case."

"You don't think there is any doubt?"

"Not a shadow. I'm risking a good deal on its validity, you know, Mr. Hargrave; if I don't call you 'Sir Richard,' it's merely that I don't wish to seem obtrusive."

"You don't risk much," said Hargrave, bluntly.

"Time and brains are money, sir. And the case, remember, was not so promising when our terms were made. I'm getting an old man, too, and your annuity won't have to run over many years."

"I'm not grudging you what I agreed to,—not at all. We'll look in to-morrow, shall we?"

"Early, if you please,—or rather, this evening. I'll get this, Mr. Somers's, evidence into proper shape; and to-morrow, as I said, I shall go down to Wansford."

### III.

When Sir Francis Hargrave reached home, he found the medical report of the patient not wholly satisfactory. Evolved from the professional cloud in which the surgeon thought fit to wrap his information, the plain truth was that he feared some injury to the brain. The baronet was very urgent, first, that further advice should be had; and secondly, that the surgeon should not leave the house for the present; and when the first was pronounced wholly unnecessary, and the second all but impossible, seeing that there were cases in and about Wansford which were considered quite as interesting by the parties immediately concerned, Sir Francis reluctantly compromised matters by getting from him a promise to return that evening to the hall to dine and sleep. A *tête-à-tête* dinner with Mr. McFarlane was rather a high price to pay as a retainer for his services, no doubt; but in his present mood, the owner of Wanscote was inclined to be liberal.

"Rest and quiet are worth all the doctors in the world for the next four hours," said McFarlane, honestly; "and I'll be with you at seven, if that case goes at all as it should."

He returned in due course, and pronounced his patient to be going on admirably; in fact, he found her comfortably asleep. The dinner passed,—so well, that the surgeon, who had never dined at Wanscote before, even pronounced the baronet in his heart to be "not a bad fellow"; a large concession on his part, since he had imbibed the modern doctrine that peers and bishops and baronets, and suchlike, were utter anachronisms in an age of realities. He enjoyed his dinner and his wine none the less, rather the more; it was diverting some small part of capital to the interests of labor. He was leisurely sipping his coffee with the same pleasurable feeling, and Sir Francis had taken out his watch, and begun an apology about having letters to write which would oblige him to leave Mr. McFarlane to amuse himself for an hour or so, when a message from Mrs. Hargrave summoned the surgeon up stairs.

The patient had awoke, at first apparently much revived, and perfectly sensible. She had asked with some natural surprise where she was, and when in-

formed, had begged in a very excited manner to be allowed to see Miss Hargrave alone. The elder lady had humored her, but had re-entered the room very soon on a slight excuse, entertaining a prudent suspicion that it might be desirable, for the patient's sake, to cut such an interview short, if she continued to betray excitement. The result seemed quite to justify the interruption; for she found her niece in a sad state of bewilderment. The girl was now insisting on getting up, and returning to what she called her home, after puzzling poor Lizzy with fresh entreaties for forgiveness for some imaginary wrong. Yet there was more than method in her madness, if such it was. She inquired anxiously whether her brother had caught his train to London, showing a perfect recollection of all the circumstances of his journey. They did not know at all how to deal with her, and Mr. McFarlane was requested to give his advice.

The surgeon felt her pulse, and asked the ordinary questions.

"You think I am wandering, sir," said she; "I know I am not. I was shaken a good deal, but I am quite recovered now. I can walk to Wansford quite well, or you can send something for me, as it is so late,—but I cannot stay here. Pray, *pray*, don't keep me!"

"My dear young lady, you are in my hands, if you please. I'm absolute here,—monarch of all I survey,—and I can't allow you to leave this room to-night. But I'll do anything else for you, and I dare say you'll be well enough to go to-morrow. Can I write to any one for you, or do anything for you in Wansford? Would you like any of your friends sent for?"

"Yes, yes," said the girl, "if I only knew where to write to for him. I'm not sure of his address."

"Well, let it all alone till to-morrow; you'll be better then. I'll give you something now that will do you good."

He went out of the room with Miss Hargrave, leaving the elder lady still in attendance.

"She's got something on her mind," said he. "Her pulse is all right, and she's rational enough. The cut on the temple is quite superficial. It's on her mind, and she may worry herself ill. Perhaps she said something to you?"

Miss Hargrave hesitated. Her own idea had been that this strange girl had escaped from a lunatic asylum, but that her brother, or husband, or whatever he was, would hardly in that case have left her so unceremoniously at the station. "She has been talking to me rather strangely," she replied; but she had a delicacy in repeating all that had passed.

"Well, we'll give her a composing draught to-night—quite innocent—but it's not a case for medicine. She's in trouble, poor thing."

There was a complaint called love, which admitted of all manner of complications, and for which there was no known remedy in the old or new pharmacopœia,—*nullis medicinalis herbis*, as Mr. McFarlane said when he found himself in classical company, quoting the Latin grammar of his boyhood. He had not the smallest doubt in his own mind that this was a virulent case of the disease, but he was not quite sure whether he could venture upon a joke on that subject with a baronet's sister. Was the young man whom she called her brother any brother at all? Had they run away together, and had she or he repented? Well, he was not called upon to settle these questions. He went down to



the drawing-room, but Sir Francis was still in his library, and Miss Hargrave soon pleaded fatigue and retired. So Mr. McFarlane, having had a long day's work and a good dinner, and never being over-fond of his own company, wished himself good night, and went off to bed.

There was nothing whatever to detain him the next morning. Beyond a trifling scar on the forehead, his patient was none the worse for the accident. Sir Francis begged him to call again; but it was not without remonstrance—he was very honest in his work—that he consented to look in the next day. The girl's excitement had considerably subsided, and the pain which Lizzy Hargrave showed whenever she talked of leaving the Hall without the surgeon's permission—which that young lady had privately begged him not to give—seemed to have overcome in some degree her reluctance to remain. Her protest grew more feeble, and the tears she shed now were rather those of gratitude to her kind hostesses than of distress.

Miss Hargrave was, perhaps, rather of an impulsive nature. She had been her brother's companion from her earliest years, and could hardly be said to have a friend of her own sex. It might be these circumstances, combined with a little love of patronage, which made her take so very decided a fancy to this stranger, moving apparently in so totally different a sphere from her own.

There was something specially attractive about the girl too. She had not all the conventional manners of polished society, it was true; but she had been brought up, as Mrs. Hargrave soon gathered from her, in Australia, and the probable manners and customs of society there left a large margin for allowances. In gentleness and delicacy of feeling, which are the same in one continent as the other, the guest was the equal of her entertainers,—in intelligence, certainly not their inferior.

"She is a very remarkable girl, this Miss Freeman," said Mrs. Hargrave, after a long conversation in the drawing-room on the first occasion of her appearance there.

"She's a darling," said the more enthusiastic and less logical Lizzy. "What do you think, Francis?"

What the brother thought he did not say. He had said very little the last two days. But in the evening, when they were assembled again, the talk happened to turn on Australian scenery. A casual remark made by their young guest betrayed that she had some of the tastes, at least, of an artist.

Water-colors were Sir Francis' passion, and he had a very fair share of skill in that accomplishment. He did what he could not always be induced to do to oblige his visitors,—he went to the library, and produced a portfolio of rough but very clever sketches. People were generally so stupid, as he said, pretending to admire what they knew nothing at all about. But it was not so this evening. The admiration of his new friend was very quiet and subdued; but the few remarks she made were quite enough, to the ear of the initiated, to betray a very considerable proficiency in the art.

"Oh! show her that pretty sketch you made for me of the two ponies," said Lizzy; "that's the best of all."

He turned over the portfolio, and found what she wanted. "It's a wretched thing, Lizzy, as I've often told you," he said, as he threw it out.

"I like the rougher sketches better," remarked

Miss Freeman, quietly, after a glance at it; for she was evidently expected to say something.

"Exactly," said the baronet, turning it on its back, "you are quite right; I can't draw animals,—I always wish I could. You are quite right,—and honest. I dare say you can do a great deal better than these things."

"My father was considered to draw well," she replied; "and he took great pains with me,—at one time; and I was very fond of it,—that's all."

She seemed to speak under very great restraint, and Sir Francis, with the tact of a gentleman, soon put the drawings away. He tried to draw her into conversation on other subjects, but she became very silent, and soon asked leave to retire.

Sir Francis had obtained more particulars about his guest than the rest of his household were aware of. He had found out the widow with whom young Freeman and his sister had been lodging at Wansford for the last four or five days, and had perfectly satisfied himself as to their entire respectability, to say the least. He had also ascertained that the young man had been searching registers, and making very particular inquiries as to the Hargrave family. The advertisement which had caught his sister's eye had brought to his recollection an old report, to which his legal advisers gave no credence whatever, of a marriage contracted by a deceased uncle in Australia, and of a claim set up, or proposed to be set up, by the children of such marriage, to the baronetcy and the Wanscote estates. But this story had been set afloat a few months after his own succession to the estate, now fully three years ago, and the matter would hardly have been allowed to sleep so long had the claim rested on any plausible foundation. Richard Hargrave, an elder brother of Sir Francis' father, at a time when his own prospects of succession seemed utterly remote, had gone off to the colonies (to the considerable relief of his relatives) and had died there. He had formed a discreditable connection in England before he left, and very probably the woman had followed him to Queensland, and passed herself off as his wife; but that he had any legitimate heirs was highly improbable. Were these Freemans the claimants? Sir Francis had even taken the trouble to call on his lawyers, and drawn their attention to the repetition of the old advertisement in the newspapers. Mr. Hunt, the shrewd old senior partner, laughed.

"It's old Brent at it again; I know by the address. He's getting money out of some poor devil, but he can have no case. Mr. Richard Hargrave had a natural son, no doubt,—possibly two or three; but he never married that woman, unless it was within six months of his death. And that would be perfectly immaterial to us, you know, Sir Francis."

Mr. Hunt was the family adviser and friend of many years, and his voice was to the young baronet as the voice of an oracle. It was rather disagreeable, however, even this shadow of a claim; more especially if, as he began strongly to suspect, he had one of the claimants now in his house, connected with him by this new and singular obligation. He would like exceedingly to do something for this young man and his sister, and it would interfere very unpleasantly with his intentions if they or their advisers should be inclined to regard his offer in the light of a bribe or a compromise. The baronet was in a very uncomfortable state of mind altogether—a fact which did not entirely escape his



aunt's observation. He treated his reluctant guest with scrupulous kindness and attention, but he left her entertainment almost entirely in the hands of his sister and Mrs. Hargrave. Miss Freeman had so far yielded to that lady's arguments as to consent to remain at Wanscote until her brother returned from London; and Sir Francis had left instructions at Wansford that the latter, on his arrival, should be fully informed of his sister's whereabouts, and the circumstances which had brought her to Wanscote; or that any communication received from him should be forwarded to the Hall at once by special messenger.

"You pain us all considerably, Miss Freeman," he said to her on almost the only occasion they happened to be left alone, "by your extreme eagerness to leave us; but you have the right, and we submit."

"I am very sorry to seem so ungrateful,—indeed, I am."

"Nay, excuse me, it is not a question of gratitude on your part; and that's just what I can't understand. Philosophers tell us (and I am cynic enough to believe) that people hate the sight of those who have laid them under an obligation; so that, if I were anxious to get rid of *you*, it would be all quite in accordance with our delightful human nature. But when a man has done another a real service, it is said he feels kindly disposed to him,—feels a sort of property in him, you see,—ever afterwards. I suppose the rule don't apply to a woman."

It was difficult to say whether he spoke more in jest than in earnest, though it was with a laugh of badinage that he uttered the words, and he looked out of the window as he spoke. She made no immediate reply; and when he turned round he felt sure she was in tears, though she held her face down close over some pretence of work which Lizzy had found for her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, gently,—"really I beg your pardon; there is something I do not understand about it all, I see. I am very unlucky. I won't say anything more on the subject. When you get back to your own friends, perhaps you will so far forgive me as to let me know if there is any possible way in which I can further your brother's views in life. I owe *him* nothing, you know," he added, laughing, "so perhaps he won't be proud; indeed, I did something for *him*."

"Oh! you have all been most kind to us from the first,—that makes it so—so—"

"So very disagreeable?"

She was only a girl of nineteen, though her self-dependent life had given her much of the experience of a woman; and the absurdity of the conclusion made her laugh, just a little laugh, in spite of her real distress. It was the first time she had done more than smile.

He came nearer to her, and spoke earnestly and quietly enough.

"Is it because we are rich and you are poor that you should be too proud to accept our gratitude? Is that quite as it should be?"

"No," said the Australian, looking him full in the face for a moment,— "no, it's not that, Sir Francis; I've seen men living like princes one week and beggars the next. I don't think very much of money. I've known what it is to want it, too,—a want I suppose you cannot even understand. But money's a miserable thing,—a miserable thing, I mean, for people to quarrel about."

He thought he began partly to understand her;

but Mrs. Hargrave came into the room at the moment, and he went out for his morning's ride. When he returned to luncheon he found his aunt waiting for him.

"This young thing's brother's come, and he's in the library,—a rather impetuous young man, it seems to me. He wishes to see you before he takes his sister home; so if you were to go to him at once it might perhaps be as well."

Sir Francis found his visitor awaiting him; Miss Freeman was with him, but left the library as he entered. He put out his hand frankly; the young man had the bearing of a gentleman, and was in more presentable costume than when they had last met.

"Mr. Freeman, I think? though our last meeting was rather a hurried one."

The young man bowed. "I have to thank you, Sir Francis Hargrave, as I have only lately learnt, for your great politeness—kindness, I should say—to a stranger. I do thank you, though I could almost wish that kindness had not been done. Still more I thank you for your goodness to my sister."

Sir Francis interrupted him. "You have been misinformed entirely, Mr. Freeman. I am the person to offer thanks, if thanks could repay, or were desired. To Miss Freeman's bravery, under God's providence, I owe it that I am here alive."

"Pooh! the girl put out her hand, she tells me, as any one would, and you caught it. There is no obligation. We don't think much of such things where we came from. And most of you English gentlemen, I take it, would have sent a poor girl home with a ten-pound note, perhaps, to pay the doctor, and called next day. You have dealt with her as if she were one of your own, she tells me; and I say again I thank you for it."

He spoke somewhat roughly, but there was heart in his tone and words.

Again Sir Francis warmly disclaimed the other's interpretation.

"I say," he continued, "you and yours have treated my sister as if she were one of your own blood. You were right, sir,—she is a Hargrave by birth and name."

"Indeed!" said the baronet. He saw now pretty well what was coming.

"I am come on an unpleasant errand, and I want to get it done. My name is Richard Hargrave, son of Richard Hargrave, your father's elder brother."

Sir Francis bowed. "You claim to be his lawful heir?"

"I do. Not exactly in the sense you put it, however. I came to England to make out my right to this baronetcy, and this place, I suppose," said he, looking round him; "but more than all, I had a fancy to prove I was not the bastard your lawyers chose to call me. I have done it, sir. I have full proof—your lawyers have admitted it—of my mother's marriage, and my own legitimacy. But I offer you terms,—fair terms, I think. Acknowledge me as my father's son; give me enough for a fair start in the new country—it suits me better than the old; buy me a farm, and stock it—I leave it to you; and I'll never trouble you about the title or the estates."

Sir Francis smiled and shook his head as the other ran on.

"I know what you think,—you think the claim's a bad one, or you think I'm a fool. Perhaps I am that last; my lawyer tells me so, however. But I



can see the loss to you will be far greater than the gain to me; you were brought up to this sort of thing, you see, and I was n't. Nor I don't altogether hold with your primogeniture laws. I don't see why my father should have had all the estate, just because he happened to be born a year or two before yours. And a handle to a man's name is no great use in a new country. And the long and short of it all is this: it's more than likely I might not have made my case so clear but for your help; and I think I should expect this old house to fall down and smother me if I turned you out of it."

"My good sir," said the baronet, as soon as he could get room for a word, "these things are all best left to our lawyers. No doubt you are well advised, but we won't discuss it here."

"Look here," said the other, producing a small packet, and, after hastily unfolding it, throwing it on the library table; "there are my proofs. Show them to your lawyers, if you will. I quarrelled with mine this morning before I could get them from him. Or you and I could settle it. Read them, and if I'm wrong, I'm wrong. If not, you'll do what I ask of you, and you may keep them, if you will."

"Pardon me, sir," said Sir Francis, somewhat haughtily; "I dispute your claim because I believe it to be unfounded, but you mistake me if you suppose I would keep or take what was not my own." And he pushed the papers back to their owner.

They were interrupted by the entrance of a servant.

"Mr. Hunt, Sir Francis, wishes to see you."

"Show him in."

The staid man of business would have started, but that he never allowed himself such an indiscretion, when he saw the visitor with whom the baronet was closeted.

"I came, Sir Francis —"

"You came just when you were wanted, Hunt. Mr. Freeman wants me to act as my own lawyer, and his too, I believe — a responsibility which I decline."

"What is it, Sir Francis?" said the lawyer, taking a seat, — he was quite at home in that house; "what is it?"

Sir Francis shortly explained the claim, and the proposal which had been laid before him.

"This young gentleman was so good as to show me these papers this morning," said the lawyer. "I glanced at them at his special request, though, as I told him, it was quite out of the course of business."

"And you admitted these certificates were all right," said the Australian.

"I told you I saw no reason to doubt that they were genuine," said the lawyer. "Of your own baptism certificate, indeed, we have a copy in our office, and the existence of the marriage I always thought very possible."

Sir Francis Hargrave could not check a half-exclamation of surprise. Mr. Hunt, however, was perfectly composed.

"I also told you, if you will be good enough to remember, that we had a complete answer to the case. A certificate of baptism, sir, is unfortunately no evidence as to birth. I did not expect to find you here, but I can have no objection to show you what I brought to show Sir Francis, as soon as we heard of the revival of this claim. Here is the registrar's certificate of the birth of one Richard Hargrave Gordon, son of Mary Gordon, single

woman, of Wansford, in 18—. (Just one year previous to the marriage at Ballarat, you will find.) And I have this morning, since you called on me, seen the woman Lester, — you remember, Sir Francis, — who is prepared to give evidence of the birth.

"I don't want to enter into any particulars that might be painful to you," continued the lawyer, to the young man, who stood silent and perturbed, and had turned very pale, with one hand laid heavily on the library table; "but the subsequent baptism of a Richard Hargrave by the chaplain of the *Nemesis* at Geelong is, you see, quite compatible with his birth as Richard Gordon two years before. That you were aware of this I do not for a moment assume," he added, hastily, as the other made a sudden exclamation.

"Mr. Freeman," interposed the baronet, "you made me a proposition just now in the way of compromise; it was a handsome one. I accept it. Name the locality where you would wish to settle, and Mr. Hunt has my instructions at once to —"

"No!" shouted the Australian; "I wanted justice, not charity. No, Sir Francis Hargrave — I beg your pardon, I ought to thank you, but I'm taken aback; you've rather knocked me down, you see. Your tale's all right, I dare say; it's what I've heard before at times, when my mother was in a passion with me. Let me see the paper. Ay, it's all right enough, no doubt. And this is n't worth a rush," said he, taking up the marriage certificate. He tore it passionately in two, and threw it on the floor.

"Stay, sir," said Hunt, quickly picking it up; "young men are hasty. That paper concerns others besides yourself. You have a sister: unless I much mistake, that proves her the legitimate daughter of the late Mr. Richard Hargrave."

"Ah," said Sir Francis, with considerable interest; "there seems some complication in this case, Mr. — Hargrave, I say again, I accept your first proposal; it will be fair enough for us both, and less than you thought your just claim."

"No," said the new claimant; "I'll go back to the diggings. I'm young enough to make a fortune yet, and I won't spend it on lawyers, you may be sure."

Sir Francis Hargrave walked round the room, and laid his hand on his cousin's shoulder.

"Richard Hargrave," said he, "we are blood relations. Your sister has saved my life. Let me do a kinsman's part by you, Mr. Hunt, kindly leave us to have a talk together. Come back to dinner, will you? and we'll have some of your sound advice then."

"I'll give some now, gratis," said the old lawyer. "Don't throw away friends, young man; they are not picked up so easily as gold is." Then he bowed and took his leave.

Sir Francis followed him civilly to the door, and closed it carefully after him. The young Australian stood silently looking at the torn certificate, which Mr. Hunt had laid on the table.

"You must take your own course as to your future life," said the baronet. "I will say no more now on that head, except that I sincerely feel for your disappointment, and I shall always remember the generous proposal you made to me. But in this at least you will indulge me, — be my guest for a few days."

The other shook his head.

"You owe me a kindness," said the baronet. "I have a selfish and personal reason for what I ask."



He gave way, though with evident reluctance. Grasping his hand, Sir Francis thanked him warmly; then he took him at once to his sister, and left them together. It was not long, however, before Lizzy Hargrave interrupted them. Her brother had told her at least enough of the state of the case to let her into the secret that she and Madeline Hargrave were first cousins, and that he very earnestly desired that they should be good friends. Mr. Hunt's presence at the dinner-table saved, perhaps, some embarrassment to all parties; and before he left, late in the evening, the young Australian's scruples had been in a great measure removed. His sister, it was plain, was considered no intruder in the family; and for her sake he was content to remain a week as a guest at Wanscote. Sir Francis's quiet kindness won the young man's heart before that week was over; he had known most of the rougher side of life hitherto. He went with the baronet to London, and in another month he sailed to take possession of one of the best "runs" in Victoria.

But his sister Madeline only accompanied him as far as the steamer which carried him out; and she returned to Wanscote as Lady Hargrave.

### SELLING A HORSE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

I HAVE often thought that there was no more searching test of a man's temper and self-control than to submit him for an hour or so to the insolent demands and outrageous insinuations of a cross-examining barrister. If a painful operation in surgery were to be conducted, not for the extirpation of some baneful disease, or to arrest the progress of some dangerous malady, but solely to display what there might be of disordered or impaired organization in the patient, — if the man were to be operated on to discover whether the valves of his aorta were in good working order, his lungs free from adhesions, and his digestive organs in good repair, — it is just possible that the inquiry would cost a great deal more than the answer was worth; and yet the system of cross-examination proceeds very much on an assumption of this nature; and is far less directed to elicit truth and unravel difficulty than to confuse and confound some unhappy individual who, awed by the solemnity of the occasion and the novelty of the place, finds himself subjected to a series of impertinent reflections, corrections, and sneers, with the palpable design that, proving too much for his temper, he may betray himself into anger, and, worse, perhaps into self-contradiction.

How poor a figure men cut under this torturing process — even men of brains and ability — our daily journals inform us, since not only is the witness strictly limited to the terms of an unqualified reply, but the slightest attempt to resist the insolence of his questioner, or to retort on his rudeness, is suppressed by the court, at the threat of punishment held over him. The judge is like an old sportsman, in fact, who, though he no longer follows the hounds himself, enjoys a run amazingly; and while etiquette forbids him giving a "tallyho," his concurrent smile and genial look show that his heart is with the chase. It is indeed a *mauvais quart d'heure* that a man spends in the witness-box; but I solemnly declare that I'd rather be worried by Coleridge, or badgered by Chambers, than I'd go through the course of mortification, impertinence, and outrage incurred in the operation of selling a horse.

There are men who have never gone through the process, and who will not unnaturally perhaps set down what I have said to some peculiar fretfulness, or impatience, on my part, — some native irritability, and say, Why should the sale of a horse be a greater trial of temper than that of a house, a farm, a pleasure-boat, or a bale of merchandise? And I reply, simply because it is not a house, a farm, a pleasure-boat, or a bale of merchandise, but a horse is the thing to be sold. Of course I do not apply what I have said to all horses, nor to the screw you drive over to the station on damp mornings, or the slave that takes you out to dinner, and waits till all hours to bring you back; nor to the cob with the initial spavin, that starts always on three legs, and never comes to the fourth till he and you are bathed in perspiration; nor to that old wall-eyed gray that, being a daisy-cutter in youth, is now a stone-breaker, and stumbles over every third step in his trot: from each of these you accept severance with equanimity and calm. You took their services while you had them with as little sense of an identity about them as a mackintosh cape or an umbrella. I speak of the horse that you cared for and affectionated, — the horse you rode with satisfaction to yourself, and admiration from the world, — the horse you had carefully "made to your hand," whose temper, studied and well considered, you had adjusted exactly to your own requirements — the animal that knew you and your passing mood of chagrin, depression, good spirits, or bad, as nothing else in your household did or could know you, — who exulted in your days of buoyancy with a bounding animation, as he sympathized in your sadder hours with a quiet demeanor, — a thorough courtier, in fact, if it be not abuse of terms to call anything so loyal and so faithful a courtier. It is, indeed, a hard necessity that compels you to part with him. No need to ask what the nature of the necessity. You have been at the wrong side of the post with fortune. There are various ways of being so, and that is enough. You are driven to that moral death which people blandly call retrenchment.

Only they who have gone through this operation know anything of its tortures. All the things which have grown up around you, till from familiarity they become part of you, — the very complements of your nature, without which you could not address yourself to grave thought, nor give yourself up to gay enjoyment, — all these to be chronicled and catalogued in an auctioneer's list, and scattered to the four winds of heaven! The arm-chair you had ruminated and reflected in till its padded back had seemed to have been designed for your occipital region, bought for a rheumatic invalid! Your study table, at which your woven fancies were manufactured into "copy," sent to a counting-house. Those green morocco *causeuses*, on which your choicest friends loved to lounge and smoke, while wit and wisdom blended themselves in the talk, and men showed how an Attic flavor could season the easy converse of daily life, — these have caught the eye of a cigar-divan proprietor. And so it is with everything, — the half-dozen pictures you picked up in your rambles abroad, — that Cuyt at Haarlem; that Mieris at Bruges; the Andrea del Sarto at Bologna; and the sweet bit of golden glory and splendor by Paulo Veronese chanced upon at Venice, — your wonderful '34 Margaux, sent to you as a special favor of that rare producer and exquisite judge, M. Lallande, — that delicious



tipple of velvety softness and delicate aroma, every drop of which was priceless,—bought in for a freshman at Oriel, to be “wined” at orgies over broiled bones and devilled biscuits, and suchlike abominations,—emblems all of the baser uses we ourselves are coming to.

These things, however, you part with painfully, regretfully, and sorrowfully; but the sympathy with inanimate objects does not touch you in the tenderest point. At last you hear some one call out, “Is there not a liver-chestnut hackney? I thought I saw something about a six-year-old horse, warranted sound, and perfectly trained to the saddle.” Now are your troubles about to begin in earnest; you have borne the taste of your drawing-room furniture to be abused,—its over-gorgeousness, or its excessive severity; you have heard your Vandyke called a copy, and your Rembrandt a “croute”; your claret, too, has been pronounced flat from age, deficient in bouquet, and weak in color; and your Persian carpet, for whose authenticity the faintness of the tints vouched, has been declared to be almost worn out. Well, you have gulped down your indignation, and perhaps consoled yourself in thinking of the ignorance of your critics; but now has come the moment when ignorance becomes insult, and censure an open offence. You bear up tolerably well at being told that it is a pity he is not gray, or black, or bay, or roan; that the purchaser hates chestnut; that chestnuts are hasty, fretful, hot-tempered, and so on, and that he would not take a present of a chestnut; then from another that he is too tall, or too short,—without exactly saying for what,—that he has something treacherous about his eye, or that his tail is not set on in some peculiar fashion which the buyer admires; but at length you come to more touching censures than these.

“Shows a deal of work,—those fore-legs won’t stand it much longer,—back tendon knotted a good deal!” cries one: “A leetle bit too straight in the pastern for my taste,” says another, “and feet a trifle too small,—bad shoeing would soon contract that heel for you.”

“What’s this here?—capped hock—ah! and a threat of blood-spavin too. That’s enough for me.”

“Are you sure his wind is all right?” asks a third. “I thought he flanked a good deal after that canter. Would you mind letting your servant give him a sharp gallop? has he carried a lady? will he run leader? how does he jump timber?” are all poured in upon you by people who have no thought of a deal; and once more come in the doubts upon “that eye, or that tendon, or that frog.” Now, with a full conviction of your beast’s soundness, and a thorough belief in your critics’ ignorance, these suspicions are so many insults to your understanding, and wounds to your pride. Had there been no question of sale, you would have resented these impertinences as personal injuries. The converse of “Love me, love my dog,” is “Abuse my horse, abuse me.”

Last of all comes the fellow who walks round your beast, with his eyes ranging from the pastern joint to the knee,—never higher, and, with a jerk of the head to the groom, says, “Take him in.” That wretch I could fire every barrel of my revolver at.

Although you are well aware that the animus of all these disparagements is to knock something off the price,—that in every censure of your beast’s

ears, or mane, or tail, there is the question of a ten-pound note,—the insolence is not diminished by that consciousness. You arrive at last at the fatal fact,—that where money comes in, courtesy goes out, and that he who has to dispose of anything, enters the field as a dealer, and must look for no other civilities than such as are common with his craft.

Where a man’s love for his horse has become a sort of family affection, where the honesty of the animal has made itself a place, like a trusted quality, in his regard, where you feel that sort of attachment that it is no abuse of terms to call friendship for your beast, it is a sore trial to hear his points discussed by ignorance, and his powers desecrated on by flippant insufficiency.

For my part, I have to own that I have never figured in the position without feeling like a slave-dealer. It was as though I was setting up to sale, not only the strong thews and sinews that had served me, but the sterling qualities of temper, courage, and endurance,—the brave intrepidity that had carried me nobly through danger,—the dash and spirit that had rallied my own heart to daring, and the loyal obedience that had yielded to my will, even when that will had been little better than a caprice, if not half a cruelty.

Perhaps the worst of all, however, is the sense that throughout the whole transaction you are treated like one little better than a swindler; every assertion you make doubted, and every assurance you gave of your beast’s soundness, temper, or performance, set down to the score of an unprincipled rascal, who would perjure his soul for the chance of a stray five-pound note. The men who would listen to you with respect and deference possibly on any other subject, who would hear your opinions on matters of weightier moment, and accord you at least the courtesy of appearing to think you a person of truth and character, have here no scruple whatever in showing that they distrust and disbelieve you; that they look on you as a man pleading to a certain brief, and only eager for his fee. The people who would not impugn your veracity, nor think of treating you with discredit, have not the slightest hesitation now in listening to you with open incredulity, and actually permit themselves the liberty of cutting jokes on your assertions,—and all this because you are about to SELL YOUR HORSE!

## FOREIGN NOTES.

A TABLET and bronze medallion have been affixed to the house in Hamburg where Mendelssohn was born.

THE English journal *Once a Week* is about to change hands again. *Once a Week* changes hands about once a year.

PETER CUNNINGHAM, whose death was lately announced, was the eldest son of Allan Cunningham, the poet, and was born April 17, 1816.

FELICIEN DAVID has been elected to the place in the Institute of France vacated by the death of Hector Berlioz. Among the competitors was Prince Poniatowski.

TENNYSON has nearly completed a new volume of poems. He has been engaged on the work since last October. Tennyson is, perhaps, the most fastidious of authors as regards his productions, and



has, it is said, a printing-press at Farringford, so that his works are first set up by his own hand. His copy comes to the publisher in type.

VERDI, Ricci, and Petrella have contributed the greater portion of the Rossini monumental mass. Mercadante declined to co-operate, pleading his advanced age.

A REQUEST has been presented by the ladies of St. Petersburg to the authorities, soliciting permission to found an establishment for the publication of literary works written by women.

A NOVEL style of head-dress in Paris is a garland of tulips worn upon the head, so arranged that the heat of the room causes the tulips gradually to unfold, displaying diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. The expense is trifling!

CIVITA VECCHIA has just been lighted with gas, but there are still in the Papal States only two towns, Rome and Civita Vecchia, that have abandoned the old oil lamp; and even in these last gas has only been introduced into the aristocratic quarters. At Velletri, Viterbo, Frosinone, &c., the streets are still lighted with oil, and by candles burning before the images of the Madonna.

SPEAKING of important new books, the Bookseller says: "We are looking forward with much interest to John Forster's biography of Walter Savage Landor, now on the eve of publication. It is a comfort to think that the life of the grand old poet, whose last years were spent in half-voluntary and half-forced exile, should have fallen into such entirely competent hands."

AN English paper says: "Mr Swinburne is at work on his 'Tristram and Ysolt' which, when finished, is intended by its author to exhibit the poetic capabilities of the subject to Mr. Matthew Arnold, who treated it in a volume of his early poems." If Mr. Swinburne's poem is half as fine as Matthew Arnold's 'Tristram and Ysolt,' it will be altogether the best thing that Mr. Swinburne ever wrote.

THE drama flourishes among our English cousins. The managers of the Royal Alfred Theatre have resolved on the exclusion of all children under five years old from the theatre. For the reception of such children, while their mothers are at the play, a babies' cloak-room has been established in one of the large rooms at the theatre. The charge is twopence for each baby; and nurses, feeding bottles, milk, and all the necessary etceteras of a nursery, are provided for that sum.

THE Figaro corrects the popular notion that M. Thiers was the son of a blacksmith of Aix. It says that his father was an advocate of the Parliament of Marseilles, and his mother, Marie Madeleine Amie, the daughter of a delegate of the commercial population at Constantinople under Louis XV. The latter was married to a lady whose sister was the wife of Louis de Chenier, so that M. Thiers's mother was cousin to the celebrated poet André Chenier, who perished on the guillotine in 1793.

THE Examiner and Review has an appreciative notice of Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks." The critic says: "The present work, although it cannot lay claim to the same nobility of purpose as the former one ['Uncle Tom's Cabin'] is yet above it as a literary composition, and will do more to place the

name of the authoress among the higher ranks of her craft than any previous effort of her pen. 'Oldtown Folks' is written with a singular outspokenness and religious impartiality, which is remarkable, as coming from a lady of known deep feeling on sacred subjects."

MR. HOWELLS's recent paper in the Atlantic Monthly on "The New Taste in Theatricals" has attracted considerable attention in London. The Leader says: "By the English moralist the charge that has been brought against this country by a writer in the Atlantic Monthly will be regarded as much more unpleasant than the Alabama claims can be regarded by the English politician. We are not only accused of having created the taste for burlesque in America, but of being its chief, nay, its almost sole exponents in that country. . . . We could almost wish that the author had not written so well, that, in finding fault with his style, we might have questioned his honesty. Unfortunately the article is a very brisk and undeniable performance. The degrading exhibitions of the burlesque actress are hit off to a nicety; whilst our burlesque writers, our actors and our audiences are filleted with a lash of irony which English dramatic critics would do well to imitate or borrow."

THE Pall Mall Gazette thus speaks of Mdme. Patti's reappearance in London:—

"No reception, no amount of applause lavished upon her in London, can strike Mdme. Patti as particularly enthusiastic, after the frantic expressions of admiration with which she was greeted, night after night, at St. Petersburg, where the inhabitants seem anxious to compensate by their own personal warmth for the extreme coldness of the climate. One is inclined to fancy that there is something meant in these extravagant demonstrations, which might have the effect of rendering their object discontented with the milder approbation offered by Paris and London. But it is really the way of the Russians. They will call on one of their own dancers sixteen or eighteen times at the end of a very successful ballet; and we should not have been astonished to hear of Mdme. Patti's being summoned before the curtain at least twice or three times as often,—say from forty to fifty times. How many times Mdme. Patti was recalled, what was the precise value of the diamonds presented to her, we can no longer remember; but this we do know, that since her visit to St. Petersburg Mdme. Patti's voice has become fuller, her style firmer, her acting more intensely dramatic, while her execution is as brilliant, her delivery of cantabile passages as expressive as it has been any time during the last seven years. 'Care Compagne,' the first words of Amina's first recitative, must be magic words to Mdme. Patti, for it was with them that she first enchanted a London audience, as it was with them the other night that she at once renewed the charm. At St. Petersburg she would have been recalled a hundred and fifty times, a subscription for diamonds would at once have been opened, and the critic of the principal journal (as actually happened in the pages of the *Journal de St. Petersburg*) would have published an article on the heroine of the evening fourteen columns long. In England we are not less appreciative, but we are more calm, and it is certain that no editor would allow fourteen columns to be occupied by a musical criticism even in the parliamentary recess."



















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